

way. As she reached the narrow court, she saw in front of her a figure which immediately touched the pathetic chord in her heart. It was a very old woman, dressed in mourning, walking heavily on a stick, very neat, and clean, and decent, but obviously poor. She seemed tired, as if she had come a long way; she carried her Bible, a large shabby book with a clean handkerchief folded above it, and a sprig of dried southernwood peeping out from between the leaves. On the broken pavement the little old lady stumbled, and Bessie was immediately at her side, helping her with her strong young arm, and smiling, though with eyes a little wet, down into her small, sweet, withered old face.

"Eh, thank ye, my lamb," she said, in the broadest Scotch. "My een are failin'. I'm sair failed a' thegither, but ye thanku' that the Lord gives me strength to get as far as Crown Court."

"Yes," said Bessie, a little unsteadily, "that's a good thing for Crown Court." "It's my meat and drink for the hale week when I'm able to come. Eh, lass, you're young and I'm auld, but nane o' us can live without the means o' grace."

The sweet old world bell began to tinkle, and they entered the church. Bessie sat by the little old lady's side throughout the service, and more than one pair of eyes recognized her, and more than one heart was glad to see her back in the house of God. But she did not give any of them a chance to express their joy; she slipped out during the singing of the last hymn, and it was a long time before the little old lady missed her sprig of southernwood. It lay on the table by Bessie Forrest's side that night, when she essayed to write the most difficult letter of her life. It was finished at last, and posted, and the next morning Bessie was out of work.

But her heart was serene. She was right with the God of her fathers, and the Psalmist's words had been her song in the night.

"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging for bread."

MARRIED LIFE.

Julius Moser gives the following counsel from a wife and mother:

"I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you; to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue! The tear of a loving girl, said an old book, is like a dew drop to a rose; but that on the cheek of the wife is a drop of poison to the husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy you will become so—not in appearance, but in reality.

"The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you, and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed upon you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings."

This is most excellent advice, and worthy of being treasured up.

LIGHT FROM THE STARS.

It has been found by photometric experiments on the light emitted by the stars of different orders of magnitude that the light of a star of the sixth magnitude amounts to only one-hundredth part of the light of a star of the first magnitude. Hence we conclude (always supposing the stars to be of equal magnitude and splendor) that a star of the sixth magnitude is ten times more remote than a star of the first magnitude. Now the bright star Alpha Centauri may be considered as typical of a star of the first magnitude. Combining our knowledge of the relative distances of Alpha Centauri and the stars of the sixth magnitude with the conclusions above arrived at, it follows that if Alpha Centauri were transported to 750 times its actual distance, it would still be visible in Herschel's twenty-foot reflector, and consequently there might be perceptible in such an instrument a star the distance of which is 750 times greater than the actual distance of Alpha Centauri. Now the absolute distance of Alpha Centauri from the earth, as ascertained by the researches of various astronomers, may be stated in round numbers to be 20,000,000,000 of miles. Hence we arrive at the astonishing conclusion that the distance of the stars which are faintly visible in a twenty-foot reflecting telescope, such as Herschel employed in his observations, is not less than 15,000,000,000 of miles. Light, which traverses space with a velocity equal to 186,000 miles in a second, would therefore occupy more than 2,000 years in passing from such a star to the earth. Well might Herschel remark that the visibility of a star in the present day is proof—not of its actual existence, but rather of its having existed for hundreds, it may be thousands of years.—Good Words.

HOW SELF WAS BLOWN AWAY.

"I'm tired of everything, mamma. Do tell me what to do!" said Beth Lincoln, coming into the room where her mother was sitting. "I am tired of everything and everybody. Please tell me what I can do."

"Is my daughter tired of herself?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with a slight emphasis on "herself."

"Why, yes. Didn't I say so, mamma?" "How would it do to stop trying to please self, of which you are so very tired?"

"Mamma, what do you mean?" "Just then dear little Madge came toddling into the room and wistfully said: 'I haven't any one to play with.'"

Mrs. Lincoln gave Beth a meaning look, and said: "How would it do for my big girl to get away from self and amuse my little girl?"

Mrs. Lincoln was called from the room, and she found two happy children when she returned half an hour later. What were they doing? Beth was blowing soap bubbles, and Madge was trying to catch them. Mrs. Lincoln stood for a moment in silence, thinking: "What a beautiful picture!"

Beth looked up and saw her mother, and said: "Aren't the bubbles beautiful, mamma, and isn't Madge a dear?"

"I have two dears now. But what has become of that tired self?"

"Blown away, mamma, with the bubbles," laughed Beth.—Exchange.

Hold yourself well in check. The weakness and inefficiency of the men and women who cannot hold a tight rein over themselves in the emergencies of life are most pitiful.

If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in the autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

DELICATE LITTLE CHILDREN MADE WELL AND STRONG.

The little ones are frail. Their hold on life is slight. A slight disorder may become serious if not promptly attended to. At the very first symptom of trouble Baby's Own Tablets should be given. This medicine promptly cures indigestion and all stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, and brings the little teeth through painlessly. You can give the Tablets with equally good results to the new born baby or well grown child. Mrs. R. G. Flexell, Usbridge, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a perfect medicine for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHY SUSIE WAITED.

"Let's say our prayers out loud, Susie," said Mabel, as the two little sisters were getting ready for bed one night.

"All right," answered Susie. So the two said their "Now I lay me," and their "God bless papa and mamma" together. Then Mabel jumped right up on her bare feet, but Susie still kneeled a quiet little while by the white bed.

"What are you waiting for, sister?" asked Mabel.

"Why, I was listening for God to answer," said sister; "don't you 'member Miss Joseph said we musn't hurry over our prayers? She said that was like the little boy that knocked at her door once, and then ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me."

"Did He say anything to you tonight, sister?" asked Mabel, looking startled. Susie nodded.

"Oh, sister! What?"

Susie didn't answer just at first because it is not easy to talk about what that little inside voice says. But in a few minutes she said in a low tone, "You know we said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadie Burwell, 'cause we had a fuss today; and while I waited, God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'"

"Will you tell her, Susie?" persisted the eager little questioner.

"Yes, of course I must tell her."

Mabel crept into bed quietly, saying to herself that she would wait for God's answer, too, and wondering if He would tell her to confess about breaking mamma's cut-glass flower vase.

JAPANESE RAILWAYS.

Two girls, relating their experiences in Japan in the "Wide World Magazine," give a glimpse of travelling by night by rail in the country of the chrysanthemum. They write—The train was crowded with Japanese, and when night came the long seat was divided up into portions, and the upper berths were pulled down, and we all huddled into our respective bunks, men and women mixed up together. It was distinctly trying to be obliged to hoist oneself up into a high upper berth before a mixed assembly, and more trying still to descend in the morning with the very incomplete toilet which one was enabled to make in a reclining position, but the blissful ignorance of our Japanese neighbour that there was anything unusual in such a proceeding considerably relieved our embarrassment. His attitude and calm matter-of-factness were very reassuring, and the wonderfully cheerful conductor who brushed our clothes and fastened our blouses seemed to consider himself specially suited for the post of lad's maid.

Can the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We grow not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches the least upon scandal.