

The Family.

AFTER HARVEST.

THE days of the harvest are past again; We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves, And gathered the apples green and gold...

So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth; So full of promise, so gay with song; To the hill of joy and the dream of love...

When the apples are red on the topmost bough, We do not think of their blossoming hour; When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit...

TORONTO MISSION WORK.

ABOUT a year ago the Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Toronto divided the city into districts, corresponding in number and convenient in location, to the several city congregations...

WE ARE FIVE.

I STARTED out as a Home missionary in Ohio with my horse and saddle-bags. Not long after, Ellen was joined to me and we constituted a household. That was forty years ago this month.

There are some, alas! who, partly from lack of care, partly from deficient education, and sometimes from inherent waywardness, will become frivolous, vain, empty-headed and hollow-hearted women. They will hate life's cares and slight their duties...

Better be a servant, with no relief from a tedious round of common tasks, than an empty-headed, fippant woman, with no thought beyond self, and no God but worldly pleasure.

There are some, alas! who, partly from lack of care, partly from deficient education, and sometimes from inherent waywardness, will become frivolous, vain, empty-headed and hollow-hearted women. They will hate life's cares and slight their duties...

arrives." The time necessary for the drive was computed. Mart noted its completion. He hears a carriage drive up to the door and stop.

Father, mother, brother, all arrived, but not in time to cheer his dying moments. For the first time since Ed's wedding, we were all together; but we saw only the body of our dear Mart lying so peaceful in his casket.

A carriage with seats for four suffice for us as we returned from the prairie grave. But my heart insists "We are five," though one rides in a chariot of glory in the spirit land—the celestial city.

Yes, "We are five." I shrink from signing my name hereto. Many readers of the Northwestern Presbyterian will recognize the picture. Others will know me as the old "Honourably Retired" stated clerk of the synod of Minnesota.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN.

YOUTH is jealous of restraint everywhere, but nowhere is there such eagerness for independence and the assertion of self among the young as in America. To a certain extent this is natural and desirable in young men, but it certainly has attained an abnormal development among girls.

Sometimes the future of one dearly beloved seems trembling in the balance, while it is still uncertain whether the right path will be chosen, the wise course taken, the proper sphere selected, and peradventure such an alliance formed as shall bless and beautify rather than curse and darken life.

There are some, alas! who, partly from lack of care, partly from deficient education, and sometimes from inherent waywardness, will become frivolous, vain, empty-headed and hollow-hearted women. They will hate life's cares and slight their duties...

Whatsoever may be the temptations to independence, it is a foolish thing for youth to be in a hurry to break away from restraining influences, and to be too eager to measure its untried strength with difficulties, and temptations, and trials which are severe and dangerous.

Whatsoever may be the temptations to independence, it is a foolish thing for youth to be in a hurry to break away from restraining influences, and to be too eager to measure its untried strength with difficulties, and temptations, and trials which are severe and dangerous.

ful occupations, which are sweeter to them than what little souls call amusements, and which have no self-righteousness in them to blight their real benevolence.

I WOULD NOT CHOOSE.

THE light burned dim in the sick-room, and cast long shapeless shadows upon the wall. The nurse from her low seat by the fire glanced uneasily towards the bed where restless movements indicated a wakeful condition of her charge.

"I cannot sleep," said the sufferer, whose bright eyes gleamed with more than natural brilliancy. "How long the night is!"

"I will go to her," said the mother; and in a few moments she had taken her usual place by the bedside.

"Alice," said she, taking her hand, "can you not sleep?" "No, mother, I seem to grow more wakeful and restless. Tell me, mother, am I going to die?"

"I do, mother," and the flushed face wore an expression of acute distress. "I cannot die yet; I am not ready. I think I love my Saviour; I have given myself to Him, but I want to live in this beautiful world.

"I hope you may, my dear, but you know our times is in His hand. I love to think of death as a sleep from which we shall awake in heaven."

"But I do not want to go to heaven now," said the agitated girl, "I want to live longer."

"Listen to me, Alice," replied the mother, holding firmly the restless hands. "Would you like to live until old age takes from you sight, hearing, strength, and intellect?"

"Oh, no, mother, no!" "Would you wait until you enter the new home that will be made destitute by your death, leaving perhaps, children who need a mother's care?"

"I would go when He wills, and as He wills, mother. Please tell Him so for me, and let me say, 'Thy will be done.'"

When the mother arose from her knees she saw a look of peace upon the troubled face, and a sweet smile accompanied the scarcely audible "Thy will be done."

"Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine Not ever murmur nor repine Content whatever lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

In the morning, when her mother entered the room she greeted her with a glad smile, saying, "I am better, mother, can it be that I am to get well?"

"Why should I live? It seems better to go now." Gently the mother repeated: "Lord, it belongs not to my care Whether I die or live, To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give."

"Then if my life is given me, it will be that I may serve Him, that I may do good in this world; I will not forget that."

The patient, docile spirit contributed largely to her recovery, and health soon returned to Alice. She is still living; she has passed through seasons of sorrow, suffering and trial. She has been called to part with children and friends near and dear, but her life seems ever to repeat:

Content whatever lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. —Zion's Herald.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR BOYS.

NOT to tease girls, or boys smaller than themselves. When their play is over for the day, to wash their face and hands, brush their hair, and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and sit down to it your mother when she comes to get down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service. To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.