MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

M. L., TATAMAGOUCHE.

I am trusting in my Saviour,
Trusting in His precious blood,
Trusting Him to guide and lead me,
Till I cross cold Jordan's flood.
And though now the storms may gather,
I shall reach that happy land;
For I know He holds me safely
In the hollow of His hand.

Through the waves and raging billows
Beat upon me all the while;
I can catch, through all the tempest,
Glimpses of my Father's smile.
And He bids me look above me;
Look away from self and sin;
Look to Him who stands to help me,
From the world's great noisy din.

When at times I almost falter,
And my faith is very weak;
I am strengthened by His favor,
Which I find, if I but seek.
For He sends those trials to me,
That I may grow strong and brave,
Strong to strive lost souls to save.

He has trodden o'er life's pathway;
And He braved the world's cold scorn;
He has labored without ceasing
For the weary, sick and worn.
He has felt the pangs of sorrow,
Which are felt by all below,
And He toiled for poor lost sinners,
Just because He loved us so.

Yes, He left His Father's bosom;
Left His pure bright throne above;
Left it, that we might not perish,
In the fulness of His love.
Oh the agony He suffered
When on earth He shed His blood!
That we all might be forgiven,
He, the blessed Son of God.

Oh the precious love of Jesus!
Oh the depth of riches sweet!
Riches, full of heavenly comfort,
Which we find at Jesus' feet.
From my Saviour's blessed footstool
May I never stray away,
Till at last I gain an entrance
To the realms of endless day.

Mrs. Loring's Awakening.

It was one of those warm July mornings in which summer sometimes seems to delight to impress upon us all the fervency of her nature. Mrs. Loring wearily opened her eyes, after a fitful, uneasy slumber. She was awakened by the noise which her husband was making as he performed his toilet. The shades were drawn up to the tops of the windows and the broad, warm rays of the sun were streaming into the room. How her head ached! and how weak and unrefreshed she felt! She looked at her husband with a sort of wondering admiration, as he stood before the mirror, brushing his hair with immense energy, loudly whistling the while. "How well, and full of life he seems," she thought, and she said, "Tom, do you never feel tired?"

"Oh, no, indeed," he replied: "I don't know what it is to be tired."

"Nor sick?" she continued.

"No, never, my dear."

"Oh, To-, I do feel so weak and weary this morning," she said.

"Well, my dear," replied Tom, carelessly, "if you want to be strong and hearty, you should exercise more, and take good care of yourself—but don't stop to talk now, it is time this moment that you were up, for you know there is a great deal to be done this morning."

Yes, indeed, she well knew that, for this was the day appointed for the Sunday school picnic down at Paradise Bay. All the previous day she had toiled to make preparations for this fete, and in the great cool pantry just off from the kitchen, were carefully laid away a half bushel of light, flaky crullers, sprinkled with white sugar; half a dozen loaves of lemon and sponge cake; two large platters of tongue and chicken sandwiches, folded in damp napkins, and covered with large tin pans, to keep them moist and fresh. Beside these, she had prepared some of her dainty soda biscuit, of which Mr. Loring was so proud. He boasted of his wife's cooking, and well he might, for she had a deft way of measuring and mixing, which made whatever she put her hand to turn out just right.

Tired as she was, there was no alternative but to rise and take up the burden of the day. The family must have breakfast, and the baskets of eatables were yet to be packed ready to go. So she had made ahasty toilet, twisting her beautiful hair into a tight knot at the back of her head, threw on a dingy calico wrapper, and went out into the kitchen, where Lisbeth, the little German girl, whom she had taken from the village alms house to keep her, was already frying sausage for breakfast. The hot sun streamed across the floor, the flies buzzed about, and the strong odor of the frying pervaded the room, and made her feel more faint and ill. Peter, her seven-year-old son, was perched on the back of a chair, rummaging the top shelf of a closet, in search of fish-hooks, which he had hidden up there in an old tea-pot, away from his brother Edmund. Mrs. Loring walked to the stove, pushed the frying-pan back, and placed over it a tin cover to keep in the smell, closed the blinds, drove out the flies with her paper whisk, and directing the little maid to set the table, she proceeded to measure and sift her flour, in preparatory to making her biscuit. Meanwhile in the meantime bustled in and out, with the boys at his heels, hauling out from closets and drawers various baskets, kettles and boxes in which to pack the good things they were to take to the picnic—and papers and string, knives, towels, bottles, pans and pails were strewn in their wake like wreckage on the sea. Through the open door, she could see her daughter Minnie, swinging herself in the hammock, cool and calm, turning over the leaves of a new book. On the table in the corner was Minnie's white dress (which she had washed the evening before) rolled up tight in a towel, yet to be ironed, for her to wear to-day.

Mrs. Loring sighed—but went on with her work. At length the biscuit were made and baked—soft and snowy on the inside, crisp and brown on the outside; the breakfast was ready, and the hungry family gathered around the table, full of fun and excitement.

"Minnie," said the mother, "please pour out the coffee, I will not come in just yet, for I want to press out your dress while the irons are hot."

No objection was made to this. She was not going to the festival. The demands upon her strength in making ready the eatables had left her no desire to join in the pleasures of the day, and the family had grown accustomed to leaving her out of all their plans.

Ironing, alone in the heat, she listened to their talk and laughter, and a bitter feeling crept into her heart as she thought, "I have no part in all this, except to do the drudgery."

The meal was soon over, and the confusion increased, for the boys were to be dressed, and Mr. Loring called continually upon his wife for one thing or another. Minnie was in her room getting ready to go, and poor Mrs. Loring was almost beside herself as she tried, while lending a hand now here and now there, to direct Lisbeth to clear up the kitchen and get the dishes washed.

At length the voice of Mr. Loring calling her loudly from up stairs caused her to leave everything and rush breathlessly to him. "Yes, Tom, what is it?" Tom stood with his back to the window, holding a small hand glass before him, carefully pulling out with a pair of tweezers here and there a grey hair from among his whiskers. So intent was he that he did not remove his eyes from the face in the mirror to the jaded one of his wife, but said serenely:

"Margie, it has just occurred to me that perhaps it would be well to let Lisbeth go with us to-day; there are a good many things she can do to help us, and poor girl, I notice she looks rather dull this morning. I think a holiday and a little 'let up,' from her work would do her good. Don't you think, as we shall all be away, that you could do without her to-day?"

Mrs. Loring opened her blue eyes wide at this speech. They flashed and flamed just for a moment, as she thought, "He is far more solicitious concerning his servant than thoughtful of his wife. Her husband while waiting for her answer, smiled at himself in the little glass as he twitched out one very white hair, and did not see the look of indignation in his wife's face.

Well, Margie," said he, at last looking up, "what do you say."

"Oh, yes," she replied pleasantly, "she can go if you wish it."

"All right, then," said he "tell her to get ready at once, for the wagon will soon come for us."

Lisbeth was nearly wild with delight at the unexpected pleasure, and started at once for her room, but she turned back again.

"But the dishes, ma'am, and the beds," she said, "and who will make the supper? It must be that I shall not go."

"Yes, Lisbeth go," said Mrs Loring, "and you can help all the more when you come home." Thus reassured, the girl sped away to don her holiday finery, and be ready to join the party.

At last they were all gone. She watched them from the door, until they had passed the turn in the road just beyond the saw mill, then she went back into her disordered house, and did what a woman would naturally do under the circumstances—she dropped into a chair, and cried as if her heart would break. Cherry, the big black cat, who had been for many years a pet in the family, walked back and forth, rubbing himself against her dress, mewing and purring, as if troubled to see her grief. "Ah, Cherry," said she "You and I are left here alone, and I am grateful even for your sympathy," and she arose and poured out a saucer of milk for her old friend in acknowledgment of his affectionate concern.

At this moment she heard voices under her window. A couple of tardy ones were hurrying on to overtake the party.

"The Lorings are gone," said one.

"Not Mrs. Loring," replied the other, "she never goes out. She was such a pretty bright girl when he married her, but she has grown now to be a poor faded out drudge."

She listened in amazement. The words were a revelation to her. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that I am alone in fault?" and her thoughts went back fifteen years, when Tom Loring and she stood up in the pretty parlor of her fathers house, in another State, and how the wedding guests had praised the manly beauty of the groom and the loveliness of the bride. How Tom would follow her around like her shadow, and never seemed happy out of her sight; how when they went to live in the little cottage under the hill, that she had resolved to be a model house-keeper, and how her new duties led so fully occupied her time and made her so tired that she had no inclination to go out among their old friends in social visits as Tom delighted to do. Then the children came, Minnie, Edmond, and Peter, and with them more care and less strength. How often she had repulsed Minnie's offers to "help mamma," and had driven the boys from the kitchen because it was so much easier to do the work her self rather than to be bothered with their noise and awkward efforts to help her and so, in all these years, little by little, it had come to be understood that "Mother never went out;" that mother was always busy in the kitchen, and rarely ever joined in any festivities—and yet, no one could bake better bread, or cake, or pies. Her soft soap was the boast of the village, her pickles and perserves always won the prize at the country fair, but she had grown to have a pinched, listless look, her pretty brown hair was done up in a careless fashion, and her clothes were plain and dowdy. She was always at work, and must dress for it, and many an evening, late into the night, did she spend in the kitchen alone, while the family were in the sitting room busy with their various occupations, the boys with their lessons, Minnie with her fancy work, or entertaining her young friends, Mr. Loring with his newspaper or books, for he was a home man, and enjoyed his home evenings rather than that questionable gathering place for men in the country, the village store and post-office. Often when she had heard them talking and laughing together, she felt bitterly toward her husband and children, and wished that she could die and get away from all this indifference and hardwork into that land of love and happiness and sympathy, which was just beyond. But now! oh! how many things came to her! Had she not persistently put the love and consideration of her family away from her? Had she not, after all, brought this on herself? Tears, not angry tears now, were trickling down her cheeks, and as she moved about, putting the disordered house to rights, she was thinking and planning. A new light had dawned upon her, and this is what she did.

She opened the door of her pretty little parlor, so cosy and tasteful, with its piano, bookshelves, upholstered furniture and lace curtains, and she walked directly to the long mirror between the windows, looking earnestly and attentively at the figure she saw there. It was that of a woman about thirty-five, not bad looking, with large, expressive blue eyes, but darkly underlined hollow cheeks, hands rough and unshapely. A form tall, but slightly bent; gaunt and limp-looking in her faded calico wrapper.

"I don't wonder much," said she. "I have chosen to be a drudge. I look like one. No wonder that they treat me as one. No wonder that my husband does not care for me, and my children are indifferent. I have a duty in this matter which I have never realized before. To make them respect me, I must first respect myself. To be the adviser, friend, companion, and true wife and mother I crave to be, I must not make the kitchen my home; but if I must work there, then they must share my labors.

Now I will see what can be done in the way of permanent improvement," and she proceeded upstairs to her room, and opened the door of her wardrobe. There hung good dresses enough, but it had been months since she had worn any of them. Selecting a trimmed black silk skirt, she laid it out on the bed, and then, opening one of her bureau drawers, she took out a white mull sack, trimmed with lace and lilac ribbons. This had been a birthday gift from her sister who lived in the city, but it had been put away as being quite too dressy for her ever to wear. Then she let down her hair and rearranged it with braids and crimps in a manner becoming to her, and proceeded to array herself in the garments she had selected. Again she passed into the little parlor, and stood once more at the looking glass. How different from the shabby, forlorn-looking being she had seen there a short time before! and she registered a vow that it should never be seen there again.

"And now," she said, "I am going to give myself a holiday." So she closed the blinds and doors, and taking the last magazine and a pillow, she went out under the shade of the old oak tree, and and, gathering herself into the hammock, for the first time in her life she read herself to sleep—a deep, peaceful, restful sleep, and when she awoke she felt stronger and better than she had done for weeks.

The sun was nearly down. The party would soon be coming home, but she did not stir. She had laid the wood in the stove all ready to light, and filled the tea-kettle, but no further preparations had she made towards getting the supper.

Presently she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs along the country road, the singing and the laughing of the returning merry-makers; still she remained quiet.

Mr. Loring, Minnie, Edmund, Peter and Lisbeth were set down at the door with their empty baskets and boxes, and she smiled at their consternation as they exclaimed, "What are the doors shut up for?" "How awfully still everything is?" "Where's mother?" Still she remained silent in her swinging retreat. After a short wondering search, the boys shouted, "We've found her. Here's mother, out here in the hammock, and she looks just too lovely for anything."

"Hello!" said Mr. Loring, as he came out in the yard, "what up? Why, Margie! how sweet and pretty you do look," and he stooped down and kissed her softly on the cheek, while Minnie pressed closely to her mother's side and affectionately took her hand.

"Sit down a moment, children and Tom," she said, "I have something to say to you;" and she sat up in the hammock and rested her feet on the ground, while they, awestruck with her manner, dropped into the rustic seats which were near.

"I have been doing a good deal of thinking," she said, "while you have been away, and I have resolved to turn over a new leaf." And then she told them what I have related to you. They listened attentively, with mingled curiosity and admiration, and acquiesced heartily in the plans which she in her new role, unfolded to them.

From that day the Lorings were a happier and more united family. Not that the change was brought about at once, but gradually a division of labor was instituted.

Minnie, in time, became her mother's loving companion and able assistant. The boys learned to perform many little household service to help their mother. Mr. Loring developed into a thoughtful, helpful husband, and when he came to know by experience how hard his wife had toiled, was not only willing, but deemed it quite necessary that she had a strong, competent person to assist her. Mrs. Loring grew to be patient and winsome, and took her proper place in the family and in society. One little remark made by Peter will indicate the nature of the change. "I say, Edmund," said he one night as they were undressed for bed, "how nice and pleasant mother is; I am real proud of her; what nice stories she tells, and what beautiful songs she sings; and yet I used to think she could do nothing but scrub and scold."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A Parable With a Point.

A gentleman who had accumulated a vast fortune was suddenly seized with an impulse to help somebody. He employed an agent to secure him three poor men, who were reported to be worthy, as objects of his generosity. They were invited to call at different hours at the elegant residence of the generous benefactor.

To the first who was introduced he gave the choice of three kinds of business. Choosing the grocery trade, the rich man gave him the sum of $3,000, with which to commence and carry on the enterprise. The second preferred the dry goods business, and to him was given $6,000 to purchase and stock a store. The last selected farming, and he was started with $10,000. Each made his investment, and for five years everything went well enough.

After five years' trial the grocer, the dry-goods man and the farmer were still alive, their families had been fed and clothed, and their affairs were in good shape. One morning, towards the close of the fifth year, the agent of the benefactor of these men called upon each in turn, beginning with the one who had received the smallest amount.

"Good morning," said the agent. "Five years ago my master gave you $3,000. He is to-day in need of money to carry on other benevolent enterprises, and has sent me to see how much you will give to help in his charitable work?"

"I am glad you called on me," said the grocer, promptly and cheerfully, at at the same time handing the agent a five-dollar bill, and saying, "Take this, and call again when your master needs more."

The agent called at the well-filled store of the dry goods man, and stated his object.

The merchant heard the agent, and then abruptly hurried away to serve a customer, the net profit of that single trade being, as he gleefuly told the agent on his return, about three dollars. He then invited the agent into the office, and after making several inquiries concerning the kind of enterprise contemplated, and expressing his idea that the "heathen at home" needed to be taken care of first, handed the agent one dollar, saying, "I hope it will all be used."

Calling upon the farmer, the agent reminded him of the $10,000 which he received, and stated the needs of his master likewise. The farmer excused himself while he consulted his crop record and his wife, and after looking at the clouds in the sky, and speculating about the dry season, and saying, "I don't expect to see it rain for a month," handed to the agent a quarter of a dollar, remarking as he did so: "Don't expect too much of us hard-working farmers. Twenty-five cents is a good deal off a sheep's back."

How many grocer, merchant and farmer Christians, who believe in and acknowledge a Divine providence, and hold their property and stock at a net valuation of thousands of dollars, yet who dole out their pittances of twenty-five and fifty cents, when they ought to be turning into the Lord's treasury for benevolent and missionary work not less than five or ten or even twenty dollars a year?

It is neither charity nor benevolence to pay preachers who preach to us; or to build churches in which to worship. That only is benevolence which blesses others without any hope of return.

Brother, have you ever given so as to feel that it was a sacrifice? Is it too much for you to give five dollars a year towards saving the world?—*Christian Guardian.*

Self-Made.

A wealthy business man not long ago made a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there, was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you a self made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Weelright's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place; and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I got something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there, you studied by yourself—"

"Oh, no, bless you no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and trammels, into the fire, and she burned her hand pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar, and filled my basket as usual.

"'They look very well on the outside,' I thought, 'and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they are gone, I'll get some sound ones.' Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinking of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"'Ned,' said she, in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those specked apples?'

"'Se—sell them stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"'Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son,' she said promptly. 'Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!' Then she cried, I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles; but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are probably doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."—*Youth's Companion.*

—Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, dropped this sentence in a sermon the other day: "The proverb says, 'The devil take the hindmost.' Christ steps in says, 'I will take the handmost.' Society in general adopts the devil's maxim. The society made up of the friends of Jesus—the Christian church—stands for the other policy. But does it always make its attitude plain to the man or woman who is 'the hindmost?'"

The Beauty of Lichens and Mosses.

Lichens and mosses! how of these? Meek creatures; the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. They will not be gathered like the flowers for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child its pillow. Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth's children. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above among the mountains the silver lichen-spots rest, star like, on the stone, and the gathering orange-stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—*John Ruskin.*

A "Put and Call."

This is a funny phrase to the uninitiated, but all the brokers understand it. They use it when a person gives a certain per cent. for the option of buying or selling stock on a fixed day, at a price stated on the day the option is given. It is often a serious operation to the dealer, but there is a more serious "put and call" than this: when you are "put" to bed with a severe cold and your friends "call" a physician. Avoid all this by keeping in the house Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery, the great cure for pulmonary and blood diseases. Its action is marvelous. It cures the worst cough, whether acute, lingering, or chronic. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumption, Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

Is the work difficult?
Jesus directs thee.
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Jesus protects thee.
Fear not and falter not;
Let the word cheer thee
All through the coming year—
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—*F. R. Havergal.*

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