CALLED ASIDE.

"I have somewhat to say unto thee." Called aside-From the glad working of thy busy life,

From the world's ceaseless stir of care and Into the shade and stillness by thy heavenly For a brief space thou hast been called aside.

Lonely hours Thou hast spent, weary on a couch of pain, Watching the golden sunshine and the falling Hours, whose saddength only to Him was known,

Who trod a sadder pathway, dark and lone. May not the little cup of suffering be A loving one of blessing given to thee? The cross of chastening sent thee from above By Him who bore the cross, whose name is Love.

Hast thou no memories of that "little while? No sweet remembrance of thy Father's smile? No hidden thoughts that wrapped thee in their Of Him who did such light and grace unfold?

Called aside-Perhaps into a desert garden dira. And yet not lone, when thou hast been with him, And heard his voice in sweetest accents say, "Child, wilt thou not with me this still hour

Called aside-In hidden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread, Deeper to drink at the sweet fountain-head; Closer in fellowship with him to roam, Nearer, perchance, to feel thy heavenly home.

Called aside-O! knowledge deeper grows with him alone, In secret oft his deeper love is shown, And learnt, in many an hour of dark distress, Some rare, sweet lesson of his tenderness.

Called aside-We thank thee for the stillness and the shade We thank thee for the hidden paths thy love

And, so that we have wept and watched with We thank thee for our dark Gethsemane.

Called aside—
O! restful thought—he doeth all things well—
O! blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell;
So, in the shadow of thy cross to hide,
We thank thee, Lord, to have been called aside.

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

"No, no! Do not give me thirteen pence!

"And why so? I asked in surprise. "No, not thirteen! You can give me a shilling and owe me the penny."

"But why?" "Oh, thirteen is an unlucky num-

"Once again, I ask, why?" "Oh, it is Judas' number!" "And why not Peter's or

John's ?" "Well, I don't like it," replied the shop-woman, at a loss for an

"Then, in my turn, I must ask

"Because thirteen is the number of the house I have lived in for healing life; then the living fruit of twenty years, and if any one on active holiness springing from this earth is happy it is I. Besides it new principle. was in that very house that I became so happy. Certainly No. 13 beautiful and true." has not been an unlucky number "Then, serving God with all our

"And Friday?"

God's truth."

"Since my childhood I have remarked that all sorts of pleasant things happen to me on that day.' "It brings you happiness, then?"

"Like all the other six days that the good God made!"

Lord's death! A day of misfortune!" happiness for us! Day that mani- that there is nothing 'unlucky' but fested the infinite love of God to sin, and no day 'unfortunate' but our souls! My dear friend, it is that in which you fail to serve God. God's word we should hide in our Let your constant prayer be, 'Lead hearts, and not these idle sayings of man. Let us shake off these foolish superstitions about days and numbers, and apply ourselves to

"Ah, sir," said the woman, "we must believe what we are told !" "That is what I can not admit.

We must believe the Bible and throw to the winds the superstitions of man." "But who knows whether the

Bible is true?"

of G od!" "Is it not great presumption to

Lay one is taught of God?' The presumption of a beggar who speaks of the alms he has re-

by his free grace."

things." "But people were not more true in those ancient times; quite the contrary.

"For instance, how can we be sure that the Bible has not been hand?"

"In many ways. If we are learned we can read books written in every century since the Christian era, as far back as the third. There we find long and numerous quotations from the Bible, clearly provwhat it is now."

"Very likely, sir. But every books."

"Yes, my friend, listen to me, one to his own way.' This comes feels, 'I am a sinner, a lost sinner!"

something to reproach himself doubt. He found that an odious

"Yes, but every one does not feel that he is guilty, lost and in awful danger. When he does, he feels great anxiety and great distress. Then when he reads of the wonderful love of God in giving his Son to die for us, when he finds that he has only to put his whole trust in Christ for salvation, when this good news comes home to his heart. he is then filled with joy unspeakable."

"What! Immediately?" "Why not? Being justified by faith we have peace with God."

"That is convenient." "What do you mean?"

"That since one is saved by faith, one may-'

"Sin as he likes, and indulge all his evil inclinations?" "That is what I meant,"

"Well, then, no. That cannot be. True, living faith, the only saving faith, is a transforming power. It unites the heart to God, and fills it with love to him. God's holy Spirit teache him to hate sin, and inspires him with an ardent desire to devote himself to his Saviour, and to do all he can to please him.'

"And what would please him?" "A pure, holy and loving life, in which the thoughts, the words, and the actions are all in harmony with his will."

"Ah! yes, I understand. It is very beautiful, but it is the very reverse of my ideas."

"What do you mean?" "I thought that one must become

holy in order to deserve pardon.' "That is man's system. Man says, 'Be saints in order to be saved!" But the result is only "And I like it particularly, as superstition, disappointment, and well as Friday," said I with a smile. infidelity. The word of God reverses infidelity. The word of God reverses this false system, for it says, 'Be saved in order to be saints!' That is to say, first salvation, pardon,

"Oh! sir, I like that. It seems

heart, we are freed from superstitious fears. We live in happy trust, fearing only one thing.

"And what is that?" "To displease our God by sinning against him. Farewell, my friend Let God's word be your study, and you will be able to say with David, "But Friday! The day of our Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every "Say, rather, day of grace and false way.' Then you will learn me in thy truth and teach me.' May God bless you, and guide you in his ways."—Sel.

### QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME.

One of the great charms of her Majesty has always been her voice. the clearest and most unfailing in-"Who? Every one who is taught literature we have repeated notes of admiration for this pure and peerless voice. "Lady de Dustanville ceived! God reveals himself to us full, clear and sweet, and most disciety. tinctly heard." Passages of this kind "Ah, sir, if we had lived in the an- might be multiplied. Miss Fox cient times it would have been hap- gives some very pleasing incidents find out the evils of the cast-iron py for us! Then we might have of the early days. "Uncle Charles system of the graded schools is the been sure of the truth of these dined with us. He was delighted opinion of The Courier, of Buffalo. and dazzled by the display on the Queen's day, and mentioned a right | their children jeoparded in exerty saying, I wonder if my good peo- are concerned, mean nothing. By welcome gift? altered in passing from hand to I am to see them?' pointed out as and untrammelled men and women your door every day. Give him a teach me how to make ginger cake, and listless. Of all things, I disdies to attend her and expose theming that the Bible was then just selves to the danger from which she the special knowledge required to the poor children of the day school. would not shrink.'

one can not read those learned year to visit the Queen and the are work to boast—they almost run Master's work. Scatter the books should expect the potatoes to burn and idle away your time at the prince, and almost entirely took themselves.'

"Certainly not. But the best of the management of the whole meall proofs is open to all: the proof nage into his own hands. He put that God gives to all who study his all the details of the management to learn. God sneaks to the heart philosophical basis. He passed at of these true disciples. They une will from the broadest generaliza- What is one snow to the violets? What is one derstand his voice, and "Mow it.", tions on the British constitution to the smallest details of the nurserv. The organization and superfor I am telling you the truth, intendence of the children's depart-When a man compares what he is ment occupied a considerable porwith that which, according to God's tion of Stockmar's time. In one of word, he ought to be, he then per- his letters he writes: "The nurceives that he is sinful, selfish, un- sery gives me more trouble than godly, coveteou—in a word, a guilty the government of a kingdom would creature. 'All we, like sheep, have do.' We may mention that the gone astray. We have turned every little princess (the crown-princess of Prussia), now a woman, bloomhome to his own conscience, and he ing with health and life, was for many years a sickly child, whose "Oh, as to that, every one has rearing long seemed a matter of system of red-tapeism pervaded the management of the royal household. It was in the hands of their great state officers—the lord steward, the lord chamberlain, and the master of the horse. These are always noblemen of high rank and great political position, who of course delegate all the practical duties into the hands of subordinates. The result was that all the tricks of the Circumlecution Office were to be found in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. There was a great deal of the how-not-todo-it element. The outside of the palace belonged to the department of woods and forests; the inside cleaning of the windows belonged to the lord chamberlain's department. The lord steward lavs the fire, and the lord chamberlain lights it. The lord chamberlain provides the lamps, and the lord steward must clean, trim and light them. If a window-pane was broken, or a cupboard door went wrong, there was a whole series of formalities to be gone through before either could be mended. Stockmar complains that there was no one to receive visitors, and show them their rooms; and that they wandered about the corridors alone and unassisted. M. Guizot relates that this was a circumstance which once actually hap pened to himself. It was through this state of things that the boy Jones was enabled at one o'clock in the morning actually to hide himself under the sofa of the room next the Queen's bedroom, just after the birth of the Princess Royal. Once when the Queen was taken ill there was nobody whose business it was to attend to such a matter; until at last a domestic had the presence of mind to hail a cab to come to the door of Buckingham palace and to drive off to fetch a doctor.

We have reason to believe that all the anomalies which Stockmar pointed out in his memorandum have been rectified. The royal household is now a model to every household in the kingdom. Its guests are made as comfortable as in the most home-like home in the land. Indeed, in the pleasantness and freedom of the arrangement, Windsor Castle seems almost Liberty Hall to its visitors. The Baroness Bunsen writes: "I have always liked the visits at Windsor; the comfortable quiet and independence in which one could spend as much time as one would of the day in one's own comfortable rooms, where I have written letters and read books for which I had no time in London. The period of state stiffness was often restricted within the narrowest imaginable bounds. She amusingly observes: "One must make an N. B. that, when one visits queens, they give one everything but matches. I was once in the extreme of distress for one at Queen Adelaide's." Before parting with Baron Stockmar, however we must favored with reading? Look quote his striking language respect- around your own neighborhood, and ing the Queen: "The character of see how many there are who would To the initiated the voice is always the Queen develops itself to great be glad of just those papers you advantage. She gains daily in dex of character. In contemporary judgment and experience. The man, toiling beyond her strength, candor, truthfulness, honesty and discouraged by the daily routine of fairness with which she judges of men and things are really delightwas in the House of Peers when the ful; the impartial self-knowledge Queen first appeared. It was a with which she speaks of herself is most imposing sight. Her voice was thoroughly charming.—London So- many days, and her children, too, see a sick sister, and was gone for healthy games. If I were the town

of assassination, she "forbade her la- no common council yet elected, or to guide others to heaven. likely to be, has either the brains or

OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

Rise up out of the skadows, my heart, and come that God gives to all who study his all the details of the management with nee; with nee; word with prayer, and carnest desire of the royal household on a sort of You are young and strong and buoyant. What is one storm to a sea?

> frost to the rose ? Next June lt is all forgot, 'en. Except-enly Got. He knows.

And the shadows, why should you They are damp and chill and gi 'im; They take all warmth and brightness heart and brain and limb.

Come out, O heart! in the sunshine; in this golden, laughing light Lift up your voice and thank the good God that it is not always night! Fanny Driscoll.

## THE HUMAN HEART.

Since the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Sir William Harvey, the study of the human heart has been steadily growing in importance, not only in its relation to disease, but also in connection

with its normal functions. Physiology teaches us that the human heart is a valvular organ. about the size of the closed fist; that it is enclosed in a sac or pericardium and is placed obliquely in the thorax between the lungs, occupying a space about four inches in width. measures about five inches in length, three and a half in width, two and a half in thickness, and weighs in the adult male from ten to twelve ounces, and in the female from eight to ten.

The average number of beats per minute is seventy. There are also two sounds of the heart, called the first and second. The whole time of a heart pulsation may be divided into four quarters, the first sound occupying the first two, the second sound the third, and an interval of silence the fourth.

To carry our investigation a step farther, we find that the multiplicity 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 in a year, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, 73 tons per day and "in the course of a life with which we sometimes meet, it has She could collect money for the propelled a million and a half tons missionary work of the Church, but

blood!" Is it, therefore, surprising that nurse the sick, but she will not. such a complicated power as that She could sing in the church or should be affected by the common play the organ, but she will not. daily events of life, such as sleeping, She could speak to her young as eating, walking and resting? Yet sociates about their salvation, but such is the fact. During sleep it she will not. She could attend the declines in frequency; after eating, prayer-meeting and help the singor while exercising, it is quickened. ing, but she will not. She could ma'am.' But for all that, I hardly Examined from morning to evening, contribute freely to the ordinary ex- ever look his way, that there are becomes slower by degrees. Lying down the pulse is slower: in not. She could read many valuable a sitting posture more frequent; religious books, but she will not. and still more so when standing.

A diminution of atmospheric pres- Ladies' Society to Aid the Poor, but nurse followed; and little Jeanie. sure is found to increase the beats she will not. She could be very of the heart. Thus, Dr. Frauland, whose natural pulse is only 60, found that after six hours sleep on the summir of Mont Blanc (thus ex-day, "Come thou good and faithful cluding the effects of recent muscular effort), his pulse was 120 per minute; on reaching in the descent the so-called "Corridor," it was 108 at the Grand Mullet it was 88; and at Chamounix it was 56. But for all these natural complications which so modify and at times seriously interfere with its life work, nature though momentarily resting, yet has continued to repair her own waste without any interruption or recognized suspense.—D.M. Patterson, M.D.

# WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of all these books and papers? I'd like to know. The house is full of them."

But why keep your house full? Why not give them to others less want to destroy. See that poor woher life. Perhaps one paper from

their part in life.

Make up a bundle of papers for lift our schools out of the rut in Satan is busy sowing seeds of evil Stockmar came over nearly every | which—as the opponents of reform | followers of Christ, be busy in your

As the little winged seeds, floating trust you in the least As the fittle winged seeds, notething upon the air, watched over by the "Mamma!" said Emma with sun upon good ground, have sprung up, . What makes you say, that? and brought forth abundantly, so in have never tried me at all. Why do the great harvest day glorious fruits you think I wouldn't do as well as a may be found, as results of these girl in a book?" little winge I messengers, scattered "Haven't I tried you, dear? De

A V. UNSANCTIFIED S MELL.

Christian worker from Boston was ho, ding some evangelistic ser- on the table; while my little girl was hor and reighboring town. At reads a story about another little the conclus. 'on of one of the meet girl who helped her mother." ings a deacon, of the church came to him and said :

"So you think vou are sanctified,

"Well, yes, I rathe." think I am. "Then you think th. It you can't see how hard I would work; I sin any more?" "Oh, no! I do not think that; I

am afraid I shall." "Well," said the deacon, "I don't think I am sanctified.'

"No," replied the brother, wit." a little hesitation and deliberation. should not think you were; you don't smell like a sanctified man."

The deacon was soaked with tobacco juice from head to foot. The conversation closed, he went home and thought. For the first time in his life the idea dawned on him that just also in nuch." there was any difference between the smell of a sanctified man and a tobacco user. He could not readily dismiss the matter from his mind. The words struck him, until at length he renounced the filthy weed, and now it is to be hoped, smells more like a sanctified man. Surely when men lay apart "all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness,' of beats amounts to 4,200 per hour pipes and tobacco will be quite likely to be discarded, with the other abominations.—The Wayside.

> "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD' -She could teach in the Sunday School, but she will not attend it she will not. She could visit and penses of the Church, but she will useful in the service of her Saviour, but she will not. Yet she expects her Lord to say to her at the last servant." But how can it be, and be truthful?—Central Baptist.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS. God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys, The noisy boys, the funny boys, The thoughtiess boys-God wants the boys with all their joys, That he as gold may make them pure, And teach them trials to endure; His heroes brave

He'd have them be. Fighting for truth And purity. God wants the boys

God wants the happy hearted zirls, The leving girls, the best of girls, The worst of girls-God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And to reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace, That beautiful The world may be. And filled with love And purity. God wants the girls.

## EMMA'S AMBITION.

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face; there is just your store, yes, one single item from the loveliest story in here! It is that paper, or but two or three lines about a little girl who was ten years | play, play and make a business of it, may cheer and encourage her for old, and her mother went away to I like to see boys play good, carnest may catch the inspiration from a a whole week, and this little girl I would give the boys a good spacimore cheerful countenance to go made tea and toast, and baked po- ous play-ground. It should have That parents are beginning to forth, braver and stronger, to take tatoes, and washed the dishes and plenty of soft green grass, and trees didevery single thing for her father; and fountains, and broad space to Isn't there some feeble person, kept house, you know, mamma. run and jump, and to play suitable shut out from the restless world, to Now, I'm most ten years old, and I plays. I would make it as pleasant, "They see." it says, "the health of whom some paper, giving news of could keep house for papa. I wish as lovely as it could be, and I would what is going on, either in near or you would go to Aunt Nellie's give it to the boys to play in; and merry quibble, perpetrated by my tions to achieve results which, so remote places, or containing words and stay a whole month, and let when the plays were ended, I would Lord Albemarle, who, on her Majes- far as the true objects of education of hope and comfort, would be a me keep house. I know how to make tell them to go home. For when toast, mamma, just splendidly! and boys hang round the street-corners ple of London are as glad to see me as and by they will perceive that live See that little boy, that goes past custard; and Hattie said she would and the stables, they get slouchy their immediate cockney answer to are what is needed in our school paper to take home. Perhaps it some day. Won't you please to go, like a listless boy or girl. I would the quibble, V. R." She relates the rooms, rather than an iron-bound will keep the father and boys home mamma?" "I don't think I could have a hundred boys like a hundred touching incident that when the machinery of which both teacher in the evening to read it. It may be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. East- vachts, with every spar straight and Queen drove one day to the park, and pupil are the slaves. And it save one from being a wreck in man. "The mother of that little every rope tant, the decks and sides just after a dastardly attempt, in fear will be admitted, too, in time, that society, and make that one a light girl in the book, probably knew clean, the rigging all in order, and that she could trust her little daugh- everything ready to slip the cable ter; but I should expect you to and fly before the wind, when the leave the bread while it was toast- word comes to go. But this can ing, and fly to the gate, if you heard not be if you lounge about the a sound that interested you; and I streets, and loaf about the corners, and papers. We cannot trace out in the oven while you played in stables and the saloons.—Anon.

all the hidden workings of each on e. the sand at the door. I couldn't

Great Director's eye, have fallen prise and indignation in her y oice.

here so thickly. Scatter these little you know it is just three quarters healing leaves, with the breath of of an hour since I sent you to dust prayer, up higher you will find a the sitting-room, and but everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and these papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys

"O well, said Emma, her cheeks. very red, "that is different; noth. ing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do like keeping house for papa, you would wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken.'

"Mamma," said Emma again. and her voice showed that she was ver 'y much surprised.

They certainly do-listen . 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is injust in the least, is un-

"And once he said to a man, Well done good and far thful servant, thom hast been faithful over a few things: I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?"—Pansy.

#### CHESTER'S TROUBLE.

"Poor fellow!" said nurse Perkins, and she took up the corner of her apron and wiped away a tear. 'He just lies and cries half the time; I do fee! so sorry for him."

"But he isn't in pain now," said. the doctor. "I don't understand what so many tears are for: that isn't like a boy. His foot is gone to be sure, but he is getting well, and will soon be able to travel about on crutches. Boys generally spring right up from such trouble.'

Nurse Perkins shook her head. 'He doesn't," she said. "I try all I can to make him comfortable, and he is real patient-never gives a bit of trouble; and when I ask him if his limb pains, he says, 'No. ars on his tace.'

must be something else that is troubling him," the doctor said. She might be a member of the Then he went to his bedside, and who wondered if he cried because he lost a foot, slipped her hand into her mother's and went along.

> "Come, my boy," said the doctor "it is time you cheered up. It won't do to mone because you have lost as foot. You must just make the other foot, and the hands and brain work the harder. You are getting well fast, and in a little time you will learn to walk almost as fast on one foot as you did on two." But Chester did not smile.

"It is not that," he said sadly, his lip quivering. "I can't help thinking that it is my own fault that I lost my foot. If I had done just as mother said, I would not have got into that scrape and hurt it; and now mother is dead, and I can never tell her that I am sorry."

#### GO HOME BOYS! Boys, don't hang around the

corners of the streets! If you have

anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tolacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business and then go home. If your business is THE

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