

are a group of younger children, from Anna, the child of seven, upward to the eldest brother. The wife of the sick man, the mother of the children, is well nigh prostrate in her grief, for it has come upon her in an unexpected moment. Two weeks ago her husband was the strong, active man of business, full of his plans, and prosperous in them all.

These two weeks, how quickly have they been numbered! The slight illness, the feeble, pallor struck frame, then the deep-seated fever, and the mastery of disease, these have brought the strong one to the gate of the grave, and he has summoned his family together that, in as brief a manner as possible, he may dispose of his property to them.

"Henry must have the house on ——— street, and half the ownership of ——— block; Adnan and James the bulk of houses in ——— place; Maria, the house on ——— street. Wife and Anna must remain here and ———."

But the father can proceed no further. Choking emotion, and his great weakness, have overcome him; he falls back, draws his arms across his eyes, and remains silent. Dear little Anna, his pet, his darling, she comprehends but slightly the meaning of the scene but her heart is breaking for her father. He is going to die, to leave them; this she knows; but where is he going?

It is not a religious family; they have been kind, amiable and true to each other, but they have been living for this world. In the bosom of this child untrammelled thought pierces beyond the present, and in that deep, sad stillness, with the sick man just about to step into the dark unknown future, she makes the startling inquiry—"Have you a house, papa, where you are going?"

Oh, no! the poor man had not a house prepared for him. He had never wanted the Saviour to prepare a place for him, and nobody else in the wide universe could give him a heavenly mansion. Are there not many, very many, in his condition?

Reader, have you a house where you are going?

REFUGE FROM STRIFE.

I have all along been vastly too much disquieted by the misconstruction of

those who did not comprehend me, and have suffered much, both from the fatigue of refuting and explaining the same thing a hundred times over, and from the vexation felt in finding that in spite of every effort there is a character assigned my views the very reverse of every principle by which I am actuated. But why should the opposition of men thus affect me? Does it not test my belief in the reality of an all-perfect mind, that is now looking on when I suffer so painfully from the adverse understanding of the limited and subordinate minds by which I am surrounded? Would it not nobly accredit my faith in God that in quiet communion with him I found a resting-place when sorely urged by the strife of tongues? To him may I at all times patiently commit my cause, and be still in the thought that he is my God. Let me consider him who endured not merely the controversy of adverse judgments, but of adverse wills, the contradiction of sinners, and let me not be weary nor faint in my mind. "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "for every bad, there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.—A little New Zealand girl said to a missionary, that her thought was, that she would wait under the cross of Christ, that she might catch his issuing blood; and that, like a child hanging at its mother's breast, she might partake of the grace of God.