

company to tea, always went the first thing and washed the cellar stairs, had tendencies in the right direction. . . . "If there is to be any dirt in the house," said the best housekeeper I ever saw, "let it be where I can see it; let it lie on the parlor tables and chairs, rather than be allowed to remain under the beds, and in corners, where it will become rich soil for the development of germ-of disease" . . . "Girls," said grandmother to us one day, when we had been having one of our what Aunt Dinah would call "clarin'-up times,"—"girls, my grandmother used to tell me that one keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans."

God's Chosen are the Free.

BY REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

No slaves are they who Jesus love,
For God hath set them free,
They rise to seek the things above,
Led onward by God's heavenly dove
His glorious rest to see.

In ardent prayer and grateful praise
They keep the royal way!
Jesus the light of all their days,
No power their upward progress stays
To his abiding day.

They look upon the things unseen—
The things of heavenly birth;
Their faith transcends this passing scene,
And hope leaps o'er the gulf between
The things of heaven and earth.

Jesus the soul of all their joys,
Their glory and their guide!
On him are fixed their faithful eyes,
And each upon his love relies,
Who for his people died.

They, too, with Jesus Christ are dead,
But risen with him indeed!
They follow their exalted Head,
By his own Word and Spirit led,
A royal chosen seed!

Come all in evil bonds to-day
At Jesus' cross to bow,
No longer from your Saviour stay,
Cast your unholy chains away,
Your freedom waits you now.

No slaves are they who Jesus trust,
His yoke is loving rest;
He lifts his people from the dust,
They live by Jesus Christ the just,
With endless freedom blest.

Helen Carter's Lesson.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"I DON'T know what to do," said Helen Carter to herself. She had been sitting by the window for the last half-hour looking out into the street, but not, apparently, noticing anything that passed before her eyes. In her hand was a bit of paste-board, which entitled the hearer to one of the best seats in the Madison Theatre, where the star actress of the season was playing, and the question in Helen's mind was, should she use this ticket or not.

It was only a few months since she had given her heart to Christ, and come out before the world as one of his professed followers. She remembered only too distinctly, as she sat here thinking, how much she had been wont to say, before her own conversion, about the inconsistencies of professing Christians. She had declared repeatedly that if ever she was a Christian she would be one—she would never try to serve both God and mammon.

It had never seemed to her in those days that a follower of Christ ought to be found in the theatre or ball-room, but she did want so much to go to-night.

"It is a thoroughly first class play," she said to herself. "That makes a difference. I would not think of going, for a minute, unless it were, and I would not make a practice of going even to the best very often; but there can't be any harm for once. I wouldn't have bought a ticket, but as long as this was given to me I think I will use it. I shall probably never go again in my life."

And having come to this conclusion, Helen arose and went about her morning duties; but she did not feel as happy as usual, by any means. One of the first things she had planned to do that morning was to write a note to Daisy Prentiss, one of the girls in her Sabbath-school class, urging her to give her heart to Christ; but, for some reason, she did not feel like doing as she had intended.

"I don't believe it would do any good, even if I did write it," she thought; "she knows well enough what she ought to do, without my fussing to tell her."

Which was by no means the way Helen had felt about it only yesterday. Then she had longed so earnestly to have Daisy decide now, and had prayed that God would put helpful words into her heart to speak.

"Helen," said her mother, presently, "won't you go down street on an errand for me?"

Helen assented promptly. Perhaps she could forget some of her troublesome thoughts on the way. At the very first corner she met Marian Phelps. Helen admired Marian so much, she was so talented and beautiful; but she had often thought that she was far from being really happy, and ever since she had found Christ herself she had longed to have Marian know and love him also.

"It is just what she wants to make her happy, and take that restless, discontented look out of her eyes," she thought. "And she would make such a grand Christian, she is so earnest about everything. I don't know of any girl that could be such a power for good as she could."

Once or twice she had ventured to say a few words to Marian about her new-found joy, and her wish that she should seek the same for herself. But Marian had always turned the subject, without saying much one way or the other, and Helen had a feeling that she was watching her closely. They had gone only a few steps when they met Sue Archer.

"Isn't it just lovely to-day?" she said. "I didn't know what to do with myself in the house, so I came out for a walk. Oh, Helen, Mrs. Grant told me she sent you an extra ticket she had for to-night. Isn't it splendid?"

Helen's face crimsoned. Why need Sue have said anything about it before Marian? Marian herself turned, with a look of grave surprise.

"You are not going, are you, Helen?" she asked—and there was a wistful tone in her voice, Helen fancied.

"I had not really decided," she said, hesitatingly.

"Of course you will," spoke up Sue, promptly. "It's the best thing there'll be this season. You are going yourself, aren't you, Marian?"

"Oh, yes; but I'm one of the world's people, any way, you know," replied Marian, and this time there was a ring of bitterness in her voice.

Their ways separated just there. Helen did her errands, and went home as uncomfortable in mind as ever she remembered being in all her life.

"I don't see why she need feel so about me," she said impatiently to herself, as she put away her things.

But, even with the words on her lips, her eyes fell on her open Bible on the stand—open to that last chapter of John; and mechanically she read first the threefold query of command, and then hi-

questioning what should be the duty of another: "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry until I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." Helen turned, and went back to her seat by the window. She had been answered, as well as the disciple of old.

"I'm going right over to Marian's this minute," she said, impulsively. "If I had any influence I have probably lost it now, but I will tell her that I am sorry for hesitating even a minute."

Marian's greeting showed plainly her surprise at this unexpected call, and was not quite so cordial as usual—but Helen paid little heed to that.

"Oh, Marian, I'm so ashamed," she said, directly; "I wouldn't go to-night for anything in the wide world, because I see now that my Master would not want me there; and, Marian, I do love him truly, after all. I don't see how I could have thought for an instant of doing anything to grieve him, or bring dishonour to his cause; but I am sorry enough now, and, oh, I do want you to love and follow him too. Won't you?"

Helen's eyes were full to overflowing, and Marian's also, as she put out her hand.

"I am not sure but I shall now, Helen," she said; "but five minutes ago I had given up all thoughts of it. You see I had watched you so closely, and said if you were true, and proved to me that there was really a difference between professing Christians and others, I would follow also. If there wasn't any difference, I might as well stay as I was. It seemed to me, if you were really in earnest, and felt all that you professed, you couldn't be just like us. I thought if you really cared for better, higher things, you wouldn't for these; and I was so disappointed this morning! But now, if you will help me, I will try to."

"I have learned a lesson to-day," said Helen to her mother that night; "and it is that, no matter what any one else does, I must follow only Christ."
—Our Youth.

A Touching Incident.

A PATHETIC scene is described in *Winslow's Monthly*. A wretched creature, a woman, whose appetite conquered all other motives of action, was brought before a Chicago magistrate for drunkenness. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and a girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's hand, he cried out: "Come on! We's got to get that money, or mam'll hev to go to gaol. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll get it!"

The children hurried out of the court-room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to gaol," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and, laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:—

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't get no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to gaol 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed, "Your mother shan't go to gaol, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge; and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees, and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life, and try to be worthy of such a son as that.