

The Family.

"I PROFUNDIS."

REFRATH Thy hammer, Lord! I lie With contrite spirit prone...

With frequent disappointments sore And many a bitter pain...

Smite, Lord! Thy hammer's needful wound My battle-hopes confound...

Smite! till from all its idols free, And filled with love divine...

"HOW WE KILLED THE MINISTER."

THOSE are the very words in which she put it.

It was the senior deacon's wife who told me the story at the seashore last summer.

She was old Mrs. Deacon Snow, from Jackson—one of the fifty-seven Jacksons, more or less, in the United States.

"Now, I pity a young minister who has his experience to get. Some of the people are ready to eat him up at first, and then very likely they are the first ones to get tired of him."

"Poor Mr. Hopkins blamed himself, examined himself, lacerated his own heart, tortured himself with that introspection (it all came out afterward), till he became convinced that he had mistaken his calling, and finally he broke down, sick from worry, wounded high unto death by pin-pricks."

"You say you should think the Jackson church people were like a pack of hounds in full cry after one poor, terrified hare?"

"And what became of Mr. Hopkins?"

THEN saw I for the hours are fleeting And the seed must fall to-day...

second experience of knowing what they don't like in him. Mr. Hopkins did not solicit the knowledge, but when without his seeking it came, he accepted it in humility as a means of grace; but, unfortunately, a frame of humility did not happen to be his special need.

"People were not slow in noticing his dejection, and they whispered that he was losing his interest. Some had suggested that it would be well for him to exchange offices, so he did; and then they complained because he was away so much.

"You say he should not have listened. I grant it, but he felt that it was his duty to hear of his faults. But I really think that did not distress him so much as when they began to tell what Mr. Hume had done (that was his experienced predecessor)."

"Mr. Hume used to call on every family in the parish twice a year, and pray with them."

"This is my property, madam!" he began in thunder tones; "and I would advise you in future be careful as to whose belongings you appropriate."

As she took a key from her purse and fitted it to the lock, Willis, rapidly recovering his senses, saw how refined and beautiful was the face turned toward him.

"And what became of Mr. Hopkins?"

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A LITTLE TEMPER.

"He's the very best boy in the world; his only fault is his temper."

"Yes, it was to his credit that he thought his church so united, and pure, and peaceful, and heavenly. But that did not make it so.

"I am not willing," said this conscientious minister, "to hear of wrongs that have been done. I need to believe in my people. I want to, and I mean to. And I cannot, I must not, feel that my church is not a unit in endeavor and work."

"But he began to lose his hopefulness. You could see it. He did not preach with so much animation. He looked dejected, and then he began to wonder whether he was really the right man for the place, whether he had come up to the expectations of the people, and, just at this unfortunate stage, one of those officious persons whose conscience cannot be satisfied until he has 'freed his mind,' told Mr. Hopkins that some one had said his prayers were too long, and that his sermons were not doctrinal enough, and as this poor young divine had a feeling that he ought to know all of his shortcomings, he lent an open ear for any opinion that might be expressed.

"Now, a minister may imagine that it is for his good to know what his people think of him, but he will never be likely to put himself in the way of a

from the law school which had succeeded the academy. His family was now in straitened circumstances; for not only had the expenses of his education been heavy, but they had met with reverses which swept away a large part of their income.

"I make you this offer," wrote Judge Caton, "not only because of my old friendship for your father, but because I have heard from your instructors such favourable reports of your talents, morals and business habits."

"The depot at the junction where they stopped for dinner was close and crowded. The meal proved unsatisfactory; his uister had been blackened by a careless porter; he had an unpleasant altercation with the ticket agent over the change, and rushed out on the platform to see, as he supposed, his valise, which he had left for a moment, vanishing up the steps of the rear car in the grasp of an elderly woman."

Willis' anger was at its height. He rushed through the crowd of hurrying passengers, elbowing his way to left and right, to the alarm and dismay of the belated host, pushing an officious brakeman to one side, swung himself to the platform, and, crowding down the aisle, brought the offender to a standstill, as he roughly snatched the valise from her grasp.

"This is my property, madam!" he began in thunder tones; "and I would advise you in future be careful as to whose belongings you appropriate."

The roused, indignant look in the lady's eyes, as she turned toward him, only added to his wrath.

"This car is for ladies and gentlemen," said that official, with a quiet emphasis on the last word.

"As she took a key from her purse and fitted it to the lock, Willis, rapidly recovering his senses, saw how refined and beautiful was the face turned toward him."

"The lock yielded beneath her fingers, and the door opened, revealing a mass of tacked and ruffled muslin, which brought the colour in a sudden flood to her accuser's cheeks."

"Is the young man satisfied?" she asked with quiet irony.

And, followed by the jeering laughter of his fellow-passengers, Willis, covered with shame and confusion, sank into his seat to brood over his discomfiture.

"And you are Willis Keyes," he said, slowly, piercing him through and through with his sharp glance.

"Let me explain. I was on the train yesterday at Newmarket, and witnessed the disgraceful scene in which you were the principal actor."

It was a bitter lesson; but Willis in his humiliation did not deny his need of its teaching. Then and there he registered a vow that his enemy should be struggled with and overcome.

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THE FIRST CHINESE RAILROAD.

For many years foreigners have been endeavouring to overcome the prejudices of the Chinese sufficiently to enable them to build railroads in that populous country.

As their superstitions and prejudices do not extend to clocks and watches, we may expect an immediate reform, and "railroad time" to be in use all over the empire.

labourers and washmen, in their hearts think they belong to the chosen nation, and that we are the barbarians.

But soon such an intense opposition was manifested by all classes, high and low, and especially by the carriers of merchandise and passengers on the rivers and canals, that after one year of operation, it was purchased by the Chinese Government, which tore up the rails and even leveled the embankments.

Great changes have occurred in the succeeding twelve years. Many of the upper classes of Chinese have been abroad among Western nations, as ministers, consuls and merchants, and they saw the advantages of rapid communication afforded by railroads.

At first they only admitted the telegraph wire, so that in 1884, there were over 3,000 miles of wires, while there was not one mile of railroad.

The authorities were delighted at finding themselves in instant communication with their ambassadors in Paris or New York, Berlin or London.

A few years ago, Tso Tsung 'ang, a great warrior and statesman, died, leaving a solemn request of the emperor that he would establish railroads for the benefit of the nation, and especially as a means of defence.

But even then there was great difficulty in overcoming the prejudices of the prejudiced people. So Li Hung Chang, the Prime Minister, one of the most enlightened men in the country, had a small circular railroad built at Tientsin, where, for a small sum, people could amuse themselves by going round in the cars.

At first the little puffing engine was much dreaded, but the populace soon got used to it, and then Li Hung Chang had short roads built for Government use.

When this was not built without great trouble, and even riots, where the railroad had to pass over or near tombs, sacred from time immemorial, for the worship of his ancestors is about the only thing the Chinaman really does hold sacred.

But last autumn, the line—reaching from the coast nearly to Peking—was opened with great ceremony, and has worked very successfully.

As a result, commerce and agriculture will increase and industries flourish.

Only on the coast are dollars (Mexican, generally), in use. In making a purchase the silver is produced, and after its quality or purity is settled, it has to be weighed.

The introduction of railroads must make an entire change in Chinese currency, for they have no coin but brass or iron cash, which pass at about ten for one of our cents.

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Of course, when a crowd of passengers are buying tickets for a train, such a mode of payment would not do. So it will be necessary for them to have a coinage of silver, and this of itself will be a great benefit to the country.

It will also become necessary to adopt a foreign standard of time to run the trains by on these roads.

Each period is known by the name of an animal, and is farther divided into chiks or quarters of an hour.

For time-keepers they have sun-dials, water-clocks, and spiral incense sticks, arranged like the hour-candles of early English times, to burn for a certain length of time.

If you ask the time of day, you will be told that "it is near the dog," or "two-eighths from the rat," but nearer the exact time you cannot get.

The Chinese hate all foreigners, whom they call "Fan-qui," and even the coolies who come to this country as

labourers and washmen, in their hearts think they belong to the chosen nation, and that we are the barbarians.

THE SECRET OF GORDON'S WONDERFUL POWER.

WHAT was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankee would call his capability in all things, small as well as great.

When steaming quietly up the Nile, a monkey, with which he was playing, fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him.

When the leaves are around us flying, When the birds and bees are being On their autumn quest,

When the sun shone in every morning, so he could see the piles of nuts parked nicely in the corners, near his bed of soft, dry leaves.

"Why," said he, springing from tree to tree on his way home, "should I work to gather food when I might live in the farmer's barn? There is plenty of corn and often something fresh to be had. And I am quite tired of these dry things."

"Oh," said the farmer who saw him sitting on a high beam, "so you are the fellow who nibbles my corn."

"Where Emin I," by Colonel H. G. Prout, in November Scribner.

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PLAYING THE FOOL.

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"You, there!" shouted the first driver in loud and angry tones.

"You, there, yourself!" replied the second, equally loud.

Such other travellers as came along took the other side of the road and passed them by. It had become a question of endurance.

"If there's one thing I hate, it's a human hog."

"Just what I was going to ask you," said the other man from his load of hay.

"Four miles out, to John Dayton's. Where is your hay going?"

"No, no, let me turn out. I'll turn."

The Children's Corner.

DOING ITS BEST.

I AM but a tiny cricket, Living in a summer thicket, There I take my rest.

In my song there's no complaining, Even when the sky is raining, Birds fly east and west,

Clad in garments dark and sober, Here I linger till October, Sunshine warms my breast.

A PRETTY red squirrel lived in an old hollow oak. His door was a round hole where the bark had broken away, so far from the ground that nothing could get to him.

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