

The Family.

HYMN OF THE CITY

NOT in the solitude Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see Only in savage wood And sunny vale the present Deity, Or only hear His voice Where the winds whisper and the waves re-joice

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI

REACHING London, Gavazzi gave lessons in Italian, and had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door.

In 1858, and as a result of close study of the Bible and contact with earnest Christians, the greatest event in Gavazzi's life took place—his conversion to God, and the new departure of consecration to evangelical work.

Though, as a Christian patriot, he was again with Garibaldi in 1860, in the Sicilian campaign, which ended in the handing over of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with eight millions of people, to the sway of King Victor Emmanuel, and again in 1866, in the Tyrol, and at Mentana in 1867, it was to care for the wounded, and to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to circulate Bibles and tracts.

From the time of his conversion no subject so exercised Gavazzi's mind, as the unity of the Evangelical Church in Italy. His first attempt was to found a National Catholic Church in Florence, in 1859.

The notable feature of Gavazzi's character was simplicity. He was truly without guile. Neither policy nor cunning entered into his plans.

and two gold medals awarded him in America. The same simplicity was incarnated in his efforts to Christianize Italy. His only aim was the spread of Christ's kingdom—not a sectarian, but a spiritual form.

The year came round, and with it came Grandfather Ferris with his eyes and spectacles, and sharp, kindly eyes back of them.

The next morning three neatly folded papers were laid by his plate, and that same evening he came to the family sitting room with them.

"Well, Oscar, I see you have here— Purchased second hand bicycle \$20.00 Sold " " 10.00 Purchased new " " 40.00 Won race with new " " 15.00 On hand, new bicycle and, " " 50.00

"I see. Shrewd, very shrewd! Won a race, too, with the new one." "Took the first prize over Blie Kemp. He tried hard to get it. You see, he rode Trapp's and was to live half the prize if he won—wanted to set up some sort of a street stand, I believe; but I spun right away from him all."

"Ah!" said Grandfather Ferris, simply, as he turned to Ned's paper, "so you've tried printing, eh?" as he read: For one second hand press \$5.00 By first gift of cash. "500 cards printed " programmes printed " Total \$10.00 Balance on hand, press and " type, paper and cards, ink and sundries " Total \$10.00

"Just so. An eye to self, I see; but it's right to do any work that you undertake." He turned to Nan's paper, and he spoke, and looked closely at it.

"Most what?" asked Uncle Fother, suddenly laying down his paper. "Most in every way—money and good to every one concerned."

"An old lady told me that a certain little girl gave her one dollar's worth of car-fare tickets, so that her consumptive daughter would not have to walk to her work in bad weather; and so she has not missed a day or been sick this winter, when she used to have a doctor's bill to pay every spring, and be in danger of losing her place besides, as well as of going into quick consumption by exposure. Then that worsted—Mrs. Handy, who knits lace to sell, could tell you something about it. She started out with fifty cents worth of material, and now she makes a decent living off her sales, she tells me."

NAN'S TALENT.

"HURRAH for grandfather!" shouted Oscar Ferris, holding up a bright shining gold piece. "Twenty dollars—just think of it! What did you get, Ned?" "I didn't get but ten."

and every buyer was pledged to pass the money on to some one else in need, who would do the same. And I expect it's going yet. Such things never stop.

"Well, Grandfather picked up the paper again, as Uncle Fother paused. "I don't know about the last item," he replied.

"No, but drunken Ben Poke did," said Aunt Sue, dropping her crocheted work hastily. "I know Mrs. Poke told me at the temperance meeting last winter, that if she could only afford to keep strong coffee on hand, she believed she could keep her husband from the saloon, and conquer his taste for liquor. Yesterday I met her again, and she stopped me, the tears running down her cheeks. 'Oh, Miss Fother,' she said, 'I must tell you how Ben has stopped his drink, and we're pickin' up now with his wages, and it's all owing to your Nan with the money she gave me for coffee, and we both fought the liquor with it, and I believe Ben's saved.' That's where it went to."

"Oh, grandpa, I didn't lend it!" Nan exclaimed. "Well, if that isn't lending, I haven't understood my Bible," he muttered. "Why didn't you tell where it went to at first?"

"I didn't see where I could make any money with it, and it seemed wrong to let it lie in my purse, but I didn't want any one talking of such things," she answered, with a bright blush.

"Well, who has made the most?" asked Grandfather Ferris. "Oscar has the most in trade, money and shrewdness. Ned has the most useful and profitable knowledge with his press, but Nan has a mortgage on two business stands, has saved one life perhaps, and a man's manhood, and has contributed to a good many people's happiness."

"Who would have thought her talent would have turned out so?" he remarked the next day, as they were critically examining the lovely watch on its satin bed.

"Business, boys," said Grandfather Ferris, "is a good thing, but one must have a care in all transactions for profit, because selfishness begets greed, and greed cunning, and cunning dishonesty, in many cases. There is no investment in many cases."

"She never looked so beautiful to me as when she was in her coffin!" She had never before looked so beautiful to the speaker; but why? Because since the first flush of wedded life, when, in her girlhood's bloom, she had given herself to him, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse," he had forgotten to notice what a treasure he held, and had suffered her outer life to wither and die, while the inner blossomed into noble womanhood.

"I intended to test your capabilities for using money, children," said their grandfather, "and a gold watch was to belong to the one that made the most of it."

"The boy's eyes sparkled, and Nan's lips quivered. "Most what?" asked Uncle Fother, suddenly laying down his paper. "Most in every way—money and good to every one concerned."

"Well, as I happen to know something about Nan's profligacy, I guess I'd better explain."

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The Children's Corner.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I AM Jesus' little lamb Ever glad at heart I am; Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me, All things fair and good He shows me. Even calls me by my name Every day He is the same.

MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ONE

Ned had a watch, a very good one, though a little old-fashioned. There was one thing about it which displeased him; it was a key-winder, and all the rest of the boys carried stem-winders.

"Why, Ned," said father, "every jeweller says key-winders are the most reliable and durable. Besides, there is no such solid gold in any watch cases in your school."

"Father, Mr. Smith says he can't change the watch to a stem-winder, but he can make it look just like one."

WHY CHARLEY LOST HIS PLACE

CHARLEY was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place.

Charley was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself, and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and leaving the children to dry their tears, went on towards the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old grey cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley in astonishment.

Our Story.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF McNEIL

BY ALEXANDER HARRIS. Author of "Jan Voder's Wife," "The Daughter of Five," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

"You are not permitted to do evil that good may come. It is a pernicious fallacy! It is an insult to Almighty God to suppose that He must borrow the devil's tools to do His work with! All that concerns you, Grizelda, is to do right."

He had bent towards her and taken both her hands in his. The majestic force of conviction was in his face and words, Grizelda could not but be sorry for the wrong she had done in the presence of an accuser at once so faithful and so kind. So he perceived in her face the resolve he desired, and he left her in the full hope that she had seen the reasonableness of his reproof, and would be true to her conscience and her womanhood.

Grizelda intended to be so. She resolved to keep out of temptation, and for three days Maxwell rode to his self-appointed tryst and found no one to meet him. Then his confidence began to waver; his vanity was wounded, he perceived that there were influences at work to prevent any meeting between him and Grizelda, and the fiercest passion in man—the passion of chase blended with the passion of revenge—was fully roused in his heart.

It would be a far more perfect satisfaction to his will that his influence should be the dominant one in McNeil Castle; that it should fill all the rooms with a sullen sense of wrong and dissatisfaction; put enmity between the child and the father, and make his marriage at last a ceremony in which he would condescend to accept the girl whom he had made unfit for any society but his own. Of course, like all other schemers, he forgot to take into account any countervailing influence, any unforeseen contingent. He simply conceived a plot, and demanded of destiny that it should be carried out.

His first movement was to write to Grizelda, and as he had resolved to fully commit himself the letter was a passionate entreaty for an interview. It was Grizelda's first love letter. It made her cheeks burn, and her heart throb with delight. There had been nothing underhand or secret about the delivery of it; it came with the same open and undisguised manner.

Only Helen suspected its nature. Laird never noticed his daughter's pressed excitement. He was a plover's egg, and talking in a phlegmatic, desultory way of the birds breeding in the upland mooses. There was something pitiful in his innocent unconsciousness of the wrong before him—something shocking in the readiness with which his child ordered her smile to meet his, and assumed that air of happy contentment which she thought the best blind to the watchful love surrounding her.

For in the moments in which she read Lord Maxwell's letter she resolved to take her own way. The decision was instantaneous but positive. By a mental action she put behind her instantly every consideration that could make her waver. For, Alas! men and women are all The children of our first mother Eve. What is given is lightly valued; And the cunning serpent is ever near To show them the mysterious, unvisited tree. And heaven itself is not heaven If the forbidden fruit be withheld.

So when the breakfast was finished, she went to her own room and read over and over the few lines which had so powerfully influenced her.

"Beautiful Grizelda—I have been watching three weary days for a sight of your face. Your wonderful favour surely gave me some reason to hope for it. Let me see you, I entreat! I know not how I shall endure another day without you. I live but to think of you, to hope for you, to watch and wait for a glance from your eyes, a word from your lips, and a touch of that hand, whose touch can make me the happiest lover in the world. Surely you will walk in the fir plantation this afternoon. Another disappointment will drive to despair—your adorer,

"MAXWELL." It was a very ordinary letter; it had cost the writer scarcely a thought; but for it the foolish girl was ready to cast away all the sweet love which had cared for and guarded her and blessed her throughout her life. The writer was a comparative stranger, who had put himself outside the goodwill of the community, and who had been covertly guilty of a serious injury to her father's interests; but now she was quite ready to find excuses for all his faults, even though she had to slander those who loved her to do so.