

The Family

LIGHT IN THE GLOAMING

BY REV. W. W. HARRIS. The moon was grey, with his heavy clouds And his blinding bursts of rain...

BEREAN NOTES

LESSON III. THE PEOPLE FORGIVEN. Exod. 33: 12-20. Topics: The God of all Grace, Golden Tablets. There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. Ps. 130: 4.

I. GENERAL STATEMENT

Israel still encamped at Sinai, B. C. 1491. After the golden calf had been destroyed, the Levites, at the command of Moses, slew three thousand of the idolatrous people...

II. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

1. THE GRACE OF GOD SOUGHT, vers. 12, 13, 15, 16. 1. Moses deeply troubled.

Moses. Now talking with God in the "tabernacle" that is, in a tent set apart as a temporary meeting-place with God...

2. THE GRACE OF GOD PROMISED, vers. 17, 18. 1. The presence of the Lord. My presence. Not the presence of an angel, simply...

but I, Jehovah, the covenant-keeping God, will go with thee. His earnest prayer avails. James 5: 16. 2. Best through grace. GIVE REST TO MOSES' FREEDOM FROM DISTRESS...

3. THE GRACE OF GOD PROCLAIMED, vers. 19-20. 1. Moses' broad revelation. I beseech thee. The term reveals the overwhelming earnestness of a devout soul struggling for all that heaven will bestow. SHOW US THY GLORY...

My goodness. God will show me thyself unvalued! 2. God's mode of revealing his glory. MY GOODNESS. God will show me thyself unvalued! 2. God's mode of revealing his glory...

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

HOW THE SEWING MACHINE WAS BOUGHT

BY S. ASHIE FROST. "Papa," said little Susan Weston, climbing upon her father's knee, "what pleases you so much to-day? You have been smiling to yourself all dinner-time."

"Something has pleased me to-day, Susan. If you and Jonny would like to hear the story, draw up your chairs."

"A story," said Mrs. Weston, looking up from her sewing. "May I hear, too?"

"If you be very good," said Mr. Weston, smiling, "let me see, how old are you, Johnny?"

"Twelve, Sir."

"Well, my story is about a boy just your age. It is nearly a year since I first saw him. I was very busy one afternoon last winter when I saw a little boy coming into the store, whose face attracted my attention at once. It was not a very handsome face, but it was earnest and bright; a strong, good face, it I ever saw one. The boy was poorly clad, but his clothes were clean and whole."

"May I see the boy?" he asked.

HOUSE AND GARDEN

IN THE ORCHARD

COOL, mental shadows 'neath the old, gnarled trees. A fresh-blown meadow, stretching to the right, Beyond, dark shrub life on wooded slopes...

When, slipping low, October's magic came, From gloomy fens transmuted gold draws up: A dreary quiver 'n' no brooding bird...

And the sun's work, and night is heard, She drowsy drops repeating what 'she did, She did it, she did, when days were long and bright, And full of busy noise from morn till night.

Or, such autumn life! O buds of June! Beneath these weighted boughs of gold and red, As one who sudden hears a long-lost tune, With hushed and almost reverent step I tread, Breathing once the delicate perfume Of fresh-ploughed earth and fields of rosy bloom!

Or promise fulfilled! O hopes of youth! With humble heart I place them side by side, Thankful to Higher strength if aught, herewith, Of ripened, golden harvest, doth abide; And for the rest, well! the dear Lord know Why some fair buds to fruition never grow!

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ORCHARD AND NURSERY

Nurserymen will soon commence to send out stock, and all who have to procure their trees from a distance ought to send their orders at once. If delayed until the trees are wanted, the stock of many of the best varieties will often be exhausted.

Every day he came, punctual to the minute, rain or shine, and he was the most prompt and reliable errand boy I ever employed. Little by little the dollars rolled up on the account until one evening in the fall, I was here after dinner, just before you and your mother came home from the country, when the door-bell rang, and in walked Harry Cummings, my errand boy.

"I found this, sir," he said, when I was sweeping out the store, "and he handed me a me a roll of bank-notes I had thought was safe in my pocket."

"Please see if it is all right, sir," he said, "it was under the counter."

"I counted the notes, two hundred dollars, and then taking out one twenty dollar note, said: 'I should have offered a reward for this, Harry, if you had not found it.'"

"I am glad I saved you that, sir," he answered. "I'll bid you good night."

"But you have earned the reward," I said, putting down the twenty dollars. "Will you take it or pass it to the machine money?"

"Mine! all that! Oh, sir, pass it to the machine. You see I'll have to take another week to get that money, and the machine is to be a surprise."

"I may as well spend twenty dollars with so much pleasure in my life, Sir! This was a great lot on the machine, and this afternoon when Harry came, I told him to pick one out for his mother."

"We selected a first-rate one, handsome, too, and I promised him one of our best teachers should go to show his mother how to work upon it."

"When it was on the cart, ready to go, I invited myself to go with Harry and see it delivered. He had asked me to write a note telling his mother the price was honestly earned, and I told him I would tell her."

"So away we went, and when we reached the little house, the cart was just turning the corner of the street. Harry opened the door, very softly, and the men lifted the machine into the parlor. Then Harry led me to a small sitting-room at the back of the house, where a pale woman in a widow's dress was sitting busily. She rose and offered me a chair, and I told her I had come to see if I could obtain Harry's services in the store at five dollars a week. You should have seen the boy's eyes."

"He can go to evening school," I said, "and I will see that he has some time to read and study. I cannot spare him now, having had his services so long."

"My afternoon and Saturdays, mother," Harry said, "I told you I was not in mischief, I was earning you a present. Come and see."

"And he danced fairly into the parlor, his mother and I following."

"It's yours," he said, dancing round the machine; "all paid for, and lessons on it, too. Ain't it splendid?"

"His mother was as delighted as he expected, and that is saying a great deal."

"Oh, sir," she said to me, "he's been a good son since his poor father died. Every morning, summer or winter, he's up and makes the fire while I'm dressing, and while I get breakfast he brings up all the coal for the day so I won't have to go into the cellar; and every step he can save me he does. But how he ever made all the money to buy a machine out of school hours, I cannot understand."

"I got a dollar and a half a week, mother, for errands, and ten or twenty cents extra when there was snow to clean off the sidewalk, or any other odd job, and Mr. Weston gave me twenty dollars."

"No, you earned that as well as the rest," I said, and his mother fairly broke down and cried when I told her about the roll of money."

"So, Susan, now you know what pleased me so much to-day. To-morrow Harry becomes my errand boy, and I know he will be a faithful one. There is the making of a noble man, Johnny, in the boy who can work steadily and faithfully for months for such an object as Harry had, never taking one cent from his hard earned money for his own pleasure, never failing in his self-imposed duty. Harry is a boy, only twelve years old, but I honor him."

"But papa," said Susan, "you are rich, why didn't you give his mother a machine?"

"Because the pleasure would not have been so great to either Harry or his mother. Think how proud she will be of her good son every time she touches her machine, and how glad I will feel that he persevered so well whenever he sees it. It is a little subseam in the dull routine of business for both of them, as well as for me."

"Any mother would have been proud of such a son, said Mrs. Weston gently, "and when he has a holiday you must let him spend it here. We will be glad to see him, will we not children?"

"There was a very hearty 'yes, ma'am,' and then the brother and sister, thanking their father for the story, opened school books and went busily to their duty for the evening, Johnny wondering a little if he could ever have the self-denial, industry and patience of Harry Cummings.—M.E.H.

THE RISING STAR

The setting of a great hope is like the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.—Longfellow.

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