The Family.

SUMMER'S EVE.

Oir, the Joy of well-earned leisure, When days seem made for pleasure, And the peaceful hush of Neture all the weary being fills ; When clear friends go forth together In the goden August weather, To the ocean or the mootland, or the everlasting hills I

Some, whose work hath been with algour, Gather strength and Joy and vigour,
On the breezy mountain summit, free as birds that sing

Others in the mellow gloaming,
Through the harvest fields are roaming,
Or rejoicing in the ripple of the salt tide on tho shore.

There is merry childish laughter Where the wavelets following after Scatter in a shousand sparkles round the feet that dance

There is al ence deep and tender Where, far off, the sundown aplendour Shines an aftermath of glory on the meadows of the sea.

Sweet to rest, our labour anded He such joy and peace attended, When the summer leans to autumn and the light is in the All the fever of endeavour

Seems to pass away forever, And life's many cares and troubles like the great sea sink to rest.

-Leisure Hours.

RRV. J. MURRAY MITCHELL, LL.D.,

JOHN MURRAY MITCHELL was born in Aberdeen in August, 1815. He was one of a large family, and three brothers, as well as himself, became ministers of the Established Church of Scotland. After getting his "primary education" at the parish school of Kinneff, in Kincardineshire, he ent, in 1828, to the grammar school in Aberdeen. Here, as a favourite pupil of Dr. Melvin (one of those "hero schoolmasters" who roused the faculties of their best scholars to enthusiastic action). he laid the foundation of that classic taste which, under other circumstances, might have degenerated into finical dilettantism, but which, in the course of his laborious life, he has turned to good account in the study of various languages and the elucidation of several systems of philosophy and religion.

In 1829 he entered Marischal College, Aberdeen taking the second place in the Entrance Examina-tion; and during the four sessions of his undergraduate course he gained prizes in every class. At the close of that course, in 1833, he stood highest, over all, in the examination for the degree of Master of Arts: Classics and philosophy were his favourite studies. He entered the Divinity classes in the Aberdeen University in 1833, and brought to the study of theological subjects the same powers and the same ardour which had made him quasi senior wrangler a few months before. While he did as much as any, and far more than most, of his fellow-students in the acquisition of theological, historical, and linguistic knowledge, he stood out as an earnest Christian, and, even then, as a realous advocate of missions. It is interesting to know that at a time when missionary zeal was acarcely existent anywhere in S.otland, his ardour in the work was excited by contact with the sous of Dr. Milne, one of the pioneers of missions to the Chinese. It required some courage in those days to attempt, in connection with the Church of Scotland, what Mr. Mitchell successfully accomplished, the formation of a Juvenile Missionary Society. In the course of his theological curri-culum, he formed the resolution to become, at its close, if it were God's will, a missionary to the heathen; and this resolution was confirmed by a

meeting with Dr. Duff in 1836.
For the last session of his theological course (1837-8) Mr. Mitchell transferred himself to Edinourgh, where Dr. James Hamilton and Mr. John Braidwood (afterwards missionary at Madras) were among his intimate associates. He was known at this time among his classmates as a distinguished student, an amongst them and the religious community of Edinburgh as an earnest Christian. In the former capacity he gained a gold medal in the Church history class, for an essay on "Eusebius as an Ecclesiastical Historian," and in the latter he took a leading part in the formation of the "Ladies' Society for Promoting Female Education in India." It was in connection with this society that he began his career as an author, by writing several tracis which were largely circulated, and which did much to awaken interest in the great

Having been "licensed" as a probationer by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, he was appointed by the Foreign Missions Committee as a missionary to Bimbay, and was ordained to the ministry in July, 1838. On his arrival in India, in November, he entered with heart and soul upon missionary work, teaching, along with such admirable coadjutors as Dr. Wilson and Mr. Nesbit, in the General Assembly's Institution. He soon qualified himself for staking an effective part in vernacular work. For many years, generally in Hombay, and occasionally in Poona, he did energencally the work of an evangenet. His knowledge of the Marathi language especially was both popular and scholarly, and he took his full share in the important work of the translation and revision of the Bible in that language. He also wrote a considerable number of tracts aid books in Marathi. Without disparage-ment of any other member of the noble band of Indian missionaries, it may be said that no one's labours were more abundant or more varied, no one's zeal more ardent, and that no one stood higher in the estimate of the European and native community. Till 1843 a missionary of the Established Church, and thereafter of the Pree Church, of Scotland, he, throughout, willingly and cordially co-operated with all evangelical missionaries. He originated the Bombay Missionary Conterence, and became its first secretary. Nor did he hold alnof from work among his countrymen. Always a welcome preachet to English-speaking congregations, he and his missignary colleagues ministered to the Pree Church Congregation in Bombay for two years after the Disruption, and while at Prona he acted, at the request of the Government, as chaptain to the Presbyterian soldiers of a Highland regiment, as well as other British residents.

In much of his work he was aided by the cooperation, and in all of it he was sustained by the mpathy, of his like-minded and accomplished Mrs. Mitchell is the daughter of one of the 4 heroes of the North, the late Rev. Mr. iness. She has been all along, and n invaluable helpmeet to her hus. of the morning affects the spirit and temper of the spring.

band, and has done, and is doing, good work for cook as well as the kitchen fire, and like all un

In 1857 Mr. Muchell came to Scotland and die all in his power to foster the missionary spirit, which Dr. Duff had done so much to call forth, At this time he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen. Dr. Mitchell returned to India in 1859, and Indoured at Poona with his usual zeal until 1863, when, Mrs. Mitchell's health having completely broken down, and his own being much enscebled, they returned home, and Dr. Mitchell's official connection with Western India came to an end. Almost immediately on his arrival in Scotland lie was chosen minister of the Free Church Congregation at Broughty Perty, an important surburb of Dundee. His congregation rapidly of her servants to irritate her into discharging increased, and it might have been reasonably existem on the spot, or doing, or saying some other pected that the remainder of his days would be rash thing which, while it affords a momentary spent at home. But it was otherwise appointed. The mission staff of the Free Church in Calcutta having been greatly weakened, Dr. Mitchell was asked by the committee, on the urgent recommenda-tion of Dr. Duff, its convener, to proceed thither, Heatonce convented, although his doing so involved no small sacrifice. He proceeded to Bengal in 1867, and remained till 1873, gaining great influence over the hearts and the minds of the educated natives. He was also instrumental in forming the "Union Church"—an important European congregation at Simla. He was earnestly invited to become minister of this church; but this he declined, as he desired to work especially for inlasions, Before leaving India he took part in the Missionary Conference held at Allahabad, the first great storm, and shortly diffuse over all the sunshine and Decennial Conference in India. Returning home calm of her own cheerful, unperturbed spirit. And in 1873, he became Secretary to the Foreign Missions Committee. This appointment he held till happen, and that will happen to every house-1878, when the lamented death of Dr. Duff necesmother. The sudden or ingering sickness of her situted the making of new arrangements, and he became hon, secretary. Being thus set free from official work, he wrought none the less, but gave his whole heart to the advancement of missions. With hand and heart, by tongue and pen, in public and in private, on platforms and in pulpits, in church courts, and temporarily in the Academic chair, he pleaded the cause of missions—the cause of God and the cause of man.

In 1880 Dr. Mitchell went to America to attend a meeting of the "Pan-Presbyterian Council" at Philadelphia. He read a paper on "Union and Co-operation in Missions," and otherwise took part in the proceedings of the Council. From Catifornia Mrs. Mitchell and he proceeded to Japan and thence to China and India. In India he spent fully two years most profitably in carrying out some of those studies and observations to which he could not devote so much time as his tastes would have led him to devote while he had regular work to do as a missionary. He lectured and preached incessantly all over the country. All this was without cost to his church.

All through his career Dr. Mitchell has been a prolific writer. Most of his publications have been designed for the benefit of the Hindus; and the

Maratht, and English being all his own.
Besides contributing many articles to magazines and Reviews, Dr. Mitchell has published, in English, "Letters to Indian Youth on the Bvidences of Christianity," which is in its ninth edition, and has been translated into several Indian larguages; "Blements of Christian Truth;" "The Conflict of Ancient Paganism and Christianity;" the "Life of the Rev. Robert Nesbit;" a "Lecture on the Indian Mutiny;" and has contributed to the Religious Tract Society's "Present Day Tracts" treatises on "The Zendavesta," and the "Hindu Religion." His largest work, next to his "Life of Mr. Nesbit." and in some respects his most im-Mr. Nesbit," and in some respects his most important, sentitled, "Hindulsm, Past and Present."

It should be added that Mrs. Mitchell has also written several interesting books. Since the days of Bishop Heber, amidst the innumerable books descriptive of Indian places and Indian peoples, by male and female writers, very few indeed are more graphic, and not one indicates a warmer heart towards the country and its people, than her "Missionary's Wife among the Wild Tribes of Bengal," "In "ndis," and "In Southern India." For several years the state of health of husband

and wife has necessitated their spending the winter in a mild climate, and Dr. Mitchell has ministered, with great acceptance, to a congregation of rest and tourists, British and American, at Nice. – The Christian.

A USEFUL HOUSEHOLD MAXIM.

An oriental sage was once asked by his sovereign, also a wise and good man, to give him a saying that should be appropriate and restraining in times of prosperity and pleasure, and a consolation and comfort in times of adversity and sorrow. Difficult as was the task of finding some sentiment or truth that would be suitable to these widely opposite conditions, even the wise tuler was satisfied when the sage gave him the saying, "Even this shall pass away"; and it is said that he had it en "raved upon a ring which he wore ever after. But whether the ruler of a great empire found this a useful maxim or not, certain it is that for the ruler of the smaller empire of the home, the mother, it is a very comforting little sentence, and, if reflected upon, may oftentimes help her in those difficulties and trials in household life which can only be overcome by patience. The thread of family life, even in the best regulated homes, has an inherent tendency to get into snarls. As Mrs. Harrier Beecher Slowe says: "There never yet was that home or frmily where everything could be made to run 'just so'." Things are always happening in the most unexpected manner; the best and most systematic plans are inadequate to meet all the emergencies that arise when the different individualities of parents, children and servants all act and react upon one another. The best way in which these roughnesses, these tangles, can be atraightened out is to wait a little; to let time help overcome the difficulty, and in order to do this cheerfully, it is well to say to ourselves: " Even this shall pass away." Take, for instance, the discomfort and confusion that may overtake an ordinary-sized family when, on awaking some early autum morning, a cold, foggy, dismal, unseasonable rain is found to be falling. A fire must be built in the sitting-room or nursery on account of the baby or the very little ones, and the chimney will be almost sure to smoke. Warm garments are needed and called for by all the members of the family, and must be hunted out from among the packed-away winter clothing, which, probably, only the mother knows where or how to find, if, indeed, she does in the sudden call for them. But the baby cries and de mands her whole attention. The discomfort and thousands after her to heaven,"-The Day-

cultivated spirits, she makes it an excuse for grumbling, bad service, and in nine cases out of ten for positive insubordination and impertinence. The boys and men about the house are unreasonable and impatient in their demands for service and attention, and altogether it is a very uncomfortable domestic atmosphere that prevades the house. How easy under such circumstances for the house mother to give way to temper and raise a storm about the ears of a family that she i Add tenfold to the general discomfort, and to say sharp and cutting words that shall leave the sting of un-happiness for days and weeks to come I How easy for her, also, to make her own labours more difficult and complicated by allowing the conduct of her servants to irritate her into discharging gratification to temper or a sense of power, reacts with most damaging and mornfying results upon her own convenience and comfort? How much better for her to reflect that, in a little time, these annoyances and this condition of things must necessarily pass away, and to preserve good temper and speak in gentle tones amid the surround-ing confusion. And if the mother will but control her spirit and take a few moments for reflection; if she will but look up and beyond, even in the midst of labours, inconveniences and discomforts, to what heights of spiritual screnity and coinfort may she attain! And thus lifted shove the earthly and material plane of life, she may calmly view and firmly guide the course of the domestic happen, and that will happen to every house-mother. The sudden or lingering sickness of her children may throw all household methods into disorder; the necessity for changing servants on account of incapacity or insubordination, will for a time disturb and roughen the whole current of family life; the unexpected visitors, the inopportune callers at times will discommode her and interfere with her plans of work; the muddy day comes, and the children spoil their clothes and track mud all over the house; the seamstress fails to come at the appointed time, or ruins the garments which are needed in haste; financial cifcumstances compel the use of outworn or inconvenient articles of furniture and clothing or the doing without needed articles altogether. All these things distract and annoy and trouble, but they are only aggravated by being met in a complain-ing, irritable spirit. Far, far better to possess one's soul in patience and say: "Even this will pass away " liut a far deeper import will attach in the faithful mother's wind to this helpful and instructive saying when it is applied to the imperative, all-absorbing and often exhausting care of children. The mother's life is frequently so wholly filled with providing for the material wants of her children that it seems for the designed for the benefit of the Hindus; and the prevent writer can testify to their value for this end. Nine or ten of them, of greater or smaller size, are in Marathi; and one is trilingual—the Sanskrit, Marathi, and English being all his own.

Besides contributing many articles to magazines and Reviews, Dr. Mitchell has published, in English be little, and fretful, and troublesome; the little, and fretful, and troublesome; the suit not always be little, and fretful, and troublesome; the suit not always be noticed. nouse will not always be noisy and always geiting out of order; those boys will soon be in school, then in college, then gone from home to trouble or brighten it no more. The little girls that make so many demands on you for aprons and buttons and doll dresses, will soon be grown to womanhood, and then gone to homes of their own. Then you can have order in your house; then you can have leisure and quiet. He as happy as you can even in these busy, care-crowded days. Think how dreadful it would be to miss one troublesome little noise-maker from among the flock.

"The mother in the sanshine sits Beside the cottage wall,
No sound disturts, but while ahe knits
The gathering tears down fall,
The little hind-ting thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may knit on."

In one other very important period in her child-ren's lives will the thoughtful mother find the eepest import to this little saying. Nearly all children, especially nearly all boys, pass through a period in the development of their characters when they seem wilful, unconscientious, impatient of reproof, sour and rude. It is a period requiring the greatest patience and wisdom on the part of parents, and children must be led and cannot be driven through it. It is in some degree the result of the mental and moral, as well as physical, struggles that are a part of the development from childhood to manhood or womanhood. Love and gentleness only can restrain now, for the boy and the girl are passing into the period when, if re-atrained at all, they must restrain themselves. But by the grace of God aven this period will pass away, and faithful parents are often permitted to receive out of it sons, and daughters, who are spiritually new creatures; and so the maxim of the ancient sage and the words of the apostle teach the same lesson: " Even this will pass away;" and, 'Ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God ye may receive the promise."—
Mrs E. H. Starrell, in The Interior.

"PAPA, HOW MUCH DO I COST YOU?"

A LITTLE girl, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard to part with the pet of the family, with her golden hair, her loving blue eyes and affectionate nature, how could she be given up? Her father fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitterly. He tried to say, but could not, "Thy will be done." It was a struggle and a trial such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been tying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed. "Papa, dear Papa," she said at length. "What, my dear?" answered the father. "Papa," she asked in faint, broken accents, "how much do I cost you every year ?"
"Hush, dear; be quiet," he replied, in great
agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on. Hut, please Papa, how much do I cost you?" To soothe her he replied, though with a trem-

bling voice, "Well, dearest, perlians two hundred or three hundred dollars. What then, darling?" "Because, Papa, I thought may be you would lay it out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by." With a bursting heart her tather replied, kissing her clammy brow, "I will, my precious child; yes!" he added after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live; and thus my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds

PORTRAITS OF THE COPPERSMITH PAMILY.

Sour lives are written in a few words. " Enoch walked with God and was not," Is the short biography of the first translated saint, Paul portrays the life of a church enemy thus: "Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil." Alexander did not leave his photograph when he had the haverld but his leave he commended to the leave he can be a commended. left the world, but his image is stamped on the copper penny that still exists, and in the lives of copper penny that saint exists, and in the lives of his descendants. I have become arquisited with many of his family, and will give their portraits in a series of pictures. How Alexander did "much evil" Paul saith not; but the answer's heard in the evil" Paul saith not; but the answer's heard in the sight that often escape the lips of pastors as they witness the large proportion of his copper in church collections. Mr. Alexander, jun.—This son I met at Lancaster, Pa. And this was the way he talked. "Mr. Long," he said, "I am tired of church matters. It is always 'give,' give'—a constant reaching into the pocket." As these comarks were interrupted with heavy draughts on remarks were interspersed with heavy draughts on his pipe, I was tempted to ask, "Which costs you most—which requires you to "give," fgive, most—your tobacco or your church? Let's see: 5 cents a day would be a small sum for tobacco-35 cents a week-\$17 a year. How much weekly for the church?' His only answer was a puff of smoke, I found out afterwards that his habit was to give one penny in church collections. Thirty-five cents weekly for tobacco—one copper cent for salvation I Miss Alexander, jun.—Her portrait I give just as she was taking her hist look before going to the Academy of Music for an evening entertainment. She gladly dropped her fifty-cent silver piece as admission fee. It seemed no great sucrefice. Next Sabbath I saw her in chuich, arrayed in God's silk, and decked with His gold; and as the collection basket passed from her fingers, that sparkled with God's jewellery, she dropt in one conner cent! I was surprised, until I remembered that she was the daughter of Alexander the copper-smith. Alexander's Widow.—There is a likeness of one for whom she is often mataken. Some think the "certain poor widow" that "threw in two mites, which make a farthing," was Alexander's widow; but that can't be, for she cast in all that she had, even all her living." Many, in giving a penny, call it the "widow's mite," when it is not the one-thousandth part of their all. The real Mrs. Alexander gives the "farthing" out of her "abundance," and but seldom looks UP. Those who give the cent when not able to give more may well look up, for they shall receive a reward. Such pennies count as jewels in the Saviour's book of remembrance. A mystery it is how the Alexanders manage to choke the voice of conscience, so that after drinking all the week from the streams whence "all blessings flos," on Sunday they can lay on God's altar, as a thank-offering, the smallest possible gift—one cent—that which is next to nothing, and then arise and loudly sing with God's people the old doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."-Pres. Mess.

ACKNOWLEDGE THE DEBT.

A VENERABLE clergyman said recently " Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death eve seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church. I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she newed, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done. She succeeded; sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and attong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a wornous, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursues and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious, in an agon of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried. 'You have been a good mother to us!' Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered: 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone. How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given to them! Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to get as much money as the governor will stand. Look at his gray hair, his governor will stand. Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay him the debt you owe; but at least anknowledge it before it is too late."

A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

ONE day, a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent. There are many serpents among the bonks now-a-days; they nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers who e per-fume intoxicates the senses. People read and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, by the gorgeousness of the word-painting, and hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinu-But it stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up, on what multi-tudes will be inscribed "Poisoned by serpents among the books!" Let us watch against the serpents, and read only that which is instructive and profitable. - Exchange.

THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

Par s in her fading howers the summer stands. Lake a new Niobe with clasped hands, Silent above, the flowers, her children lost, Slain by the arrows of the early frost. The clouded heaven above is jude and gray, The misty earth below is wan and drear, The haying winds chase all the leaves away, As cruel hounds pursue the trembling deer; It is a solumn time, the sunset of the year.