

The Family.

SUMMER'S EVE.

Oft, the joy of well-earned leisure,
When days seem made for pleasure,
And the peaceful hush of Nature all the weary being fills;

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

There is merry child-like laughter
Where the wickets following after
Scatter in a thousand sparkles round the feet that dance

Sweet to rest, our labour ended,
By such joy and peace attended,
When the summer leans to autumn and the light is in the west;

-Laisure Hours.

REV. 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.

In 1829 he entered Marischal College, Aberdeen, taking the second place in the Entrance Examination; and during the four sessions of his undergraduate course he gained prizes in every class.

For the last session of his theological course (1837-8) Mr. Mitchell transferred himself to Edinburgh, where Dr. James Hamilton and Mr. John Braidwood (afterwards missionary at Madras) were among his intimate associates.

Having been "licensed" as a probationer by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, he was appointed by the Foreign Missions Committee as a missionary to Bombay, 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.

In much of his work he was aided by the co-operation, and in all of it he was sustained by the sympathy, of his like-minded and accomplished Mrs. Mitchell is the daughter of one of the heroes of the North, the late Rev. Mr. Ness. She has been all along, and is an invaluable helpmeet to her husband,

band, and has done, and is doing, good work for the women of India.

In 1857 Mr. Mitchell came to Scotland and did 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.

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.

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 present writer can testify to their value for this end.

Besides contributing many articles to magazines and Reviews, Dr. Mitchell has published, in English, "Letters to Indian Youth on the Evidences of Christianity," which is in its ninth edition, and has been translated into several Indian languages.

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 residents and tourists, British and American, at Nice.

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.

cook as well as the kitchen fire, and like all uncultivated spirits, she makes it an excuse for grumbling, bad service, and in nine cases out of ten for positive insubordination and impertinence.

"The mother in the sunshine sits
Beside the cottage wall,
No sound disturbs, but while she knits
The gathering tears down fall,

In one other very important period in her children's lives will the thoughtful mother find the deepest 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.

"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?

"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 father 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 Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

PORTRAITS OF THE COPPERSMITH FAMILY.

SOME lives are written in a few words. "Knoch 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 copper-smith, did me much evil."

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."

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.

THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

PAPA in her falling lowers the summer stands,
Like a new Niobe with clasped hands,
Silent above, the flowers, her children lost,
Stain by the arrows of the early frost.