

there is an infant church with about seventy-five names on the roll. My present appointments are to preach there every Lord's-day in the afternoon, while I preach in this place both morning and evening. I pray the Father to give me strength of body and mind to efficiently perform His work here. Pray for me, dear brothers and sisters. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." Amen!

"Bless'd be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far-off remove,
We still are one in heart."

The Family.

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound.
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young.
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nellie the Miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to day.
And Nellie is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But, both till we fall into ruin and wreck
To our fortune of toll are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.
—Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Magazine.

THE BOYS WHO ARE WANTED.

"Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything;
These are wanted every hour.

"Not the weak and whining drones;
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of 'I can't,'
But the noble one, 'I'll try.'

"Do what'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
'Put your shoulder to the wheel,'

"Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will."

A CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm within. A host of evil passions may lurk around the door, but they never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face. It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a little face, but somehow this cheery little face ever shines, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the pleasant face is gone.

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less cheerful. Welinger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it, and say "God bless this dear happy face!" We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone. And after it is gone, how the remembrance of it softens our wayward natures! When care and sorrow would snap our heart-strings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way seems less dreary, and the sorrow less heavy.

God bless the cheerful face! What a dreary world this would be without this heaven-born light! And he who has it not, should pray for it as for his daily bread.—Parish Visitor.

A SAD PICTURE.

"Is there any one here who wishes to see me?" asked Judge Hood at the close of the calendar in the Newark criminal court.

A respectable looking man with a pale face walked up to the desk, and in a slightly tremulous voice said:

"If you please, Judge, I want you to lock me up."

The magistrate stared wonderingly at him, and asked:

"What for?"

"For vagrancy, your Honor, and drunkenness. My name is George Collins. I am a jeweller, and well known here. I have a wife who will have nothing to do with me. I was respectable once, but drink has brought me to this. I saw my wife last night, and she advised me to get locked up, as the only way to keep from the bottle," and he raised his hand and wiped away an unbidden tear.

"Are you not ashamed to come here and tell me this in open court?" said Judge Hood, evidently interested by the man's quiet and intelligent manner.

"Yes," was the sad reply, "but it is the only way. My will-power is all gone. I have no longer any control over myself. I obtained work in New York last week, and as soon as I was paid I went straight to the saloon counters and drank all the money away."

"Well," said the Judge, sadly, "lock him up on a charge of vagrancy till evening, and I will make inquiries," and the poor wreck of what was once a man was marched off to the cells.—Irish World.

THE FORMAL CALL IN PERSIA.

The visitor sends notice an hour or two previous to calling. If the visit is one of importance, notice is sent the previous day. You will go in a fashion suited to your social position and rank of the host. Whether on horseback or in a carriage, you will be accompanied by a number of mounted attendants. As you approach the house, servants, mounted or on foot, come forth to meet you, and one returns with speed to announce your coming. A dozen attendants escort you to the reception room. According to your relative rank, the host meets you at the foot of the staircase, at the door, or at the upper part of the room. The question of seats is one also requiring the utmost circumspection in observing the various shades of rank. If your rank is superior to that of the host, you are invited to occupy a sofa alone, at the upper corner, while the host sits on a chair or on the floor at your right. The left is more honorable than the right in Persia. If of equal rank, he occupies the sofa with you; but if you are inferior, then the positions are reversed. The upper corner of the room is in any case the most honorable position. If a number are present of various ranks, each one knows his place at a glance. The passing of refreshments is also a matter of undeviating strictness, the number and quality

depending upon the time of day and the character of the guest. The *kaban*, or water pipe, offers a fine opportunity for a display of Persian manners. According to precept and custom, a Mohammedan cannot smoke the same pipe with a Christian, and, except on rare occasions when the host is a man of progressive views, a separate pipe is furnished for a European visitor. But among Persians it is the custom for the highest in rank to receive the pipe first, offering it to each in turn before smoking himself. For an inferior to accept the offer is an incredible offence against good manners. But each in turn after this ceremony takes a few whiffs at the pipe, all taking care to eject the smoke from the bowl before offering it to the next. The attendants on such an occasion leave their shoes at the door, and retire backwards.—S. G. W. Benjamin, in the Century.

FAMILY PRAYER.

There is one mark of a household, in which God is known and loved, which is too often wanting in our day—I mean the practice of family prayer. Depend upon it, the worth of a practice of that kind can only be measured by its effects during a long period of time; and family prayers, though occupying only a few minutes, do make a great difference to any household at the end of a year. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when each morning, and perhaps each evening too, all the members of the family, the old and the young, the parents and the children, the master and the servants, meet on a footing of perfect equality before the eternal, in whose presence each is as nothing, or less than nothing; yet to whom each is so infinitely dear that He has redeemed by his blood each and all of them? How must not the bad spirits that are the enemies of pure and bright family life flee away—the spirits of envy and pride, and untruthfulness and sloth, and the whole tribe of evil thoughts, and make way for His gracious presence in the hearts of old and young alike, who, as He brings us one by one nearer to the true end of our existence, so does He, and He alone, makes us to be "of one mind in a house," here within the narrow presence of each home circle, and hereafter in that countless family of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, which shall dwell with Him, the universal Parent of all eternity.—Canon Liddon.

PUTTING RESOLUTIONS INTO PRACTICE.

At a missionary meeting held amongst the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more, and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money, "dat not be according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than the rich man, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare, take, take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the negro answered again, "No, dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the negro, "dat will do. Dat according to all de resolutions." —Family Friend.