

The Family.

A P L I A
Such tiny, restless birds,
So ready to rise and creep
The flowers round their heads
And cast by things to light some new, strange
thing
That they are tempted hard to touch—
Those little, black kind

A NEWCOMER IN TOWN.

THE rush of young people, both men and women, into the cities, is unaccountable and distressing. The letters which come asking the pastors of large churches to visit and look after these strangers, in the cities, will average for each pastor from one to three per week. Both tender and importunate are these letters. They come from parents and pastors and friends, beseeching the over-worked city ministers to look after this exposed and unreliable young person, who has just come to town.

Then, too, the disease called homesickness must be considered. These newcomers are very homesick, as a rule. They cover the old pastor, the old church and the old session in the east with a kind of halo of glory, and think of them with an affection and an enthusiasm which they never felt in those old churches. They measure the western ministers and the western churches, not by the real eastern ministers and eastern churches, but by the ministers and churches as they imagine them. That eastern minister is oftentimes a very soothing minister, and many is the good nap these people have taken under his ministrations; but now, when they think of the east through homesickness, they give all their tenderness to that old preacher, and lampoon the western preacher because he does not preach such sermons as those under which they slept in the east. Really, much of the nervousness and discontent in the west is due to this effect of homesickness. What is needed is earnest, personal, religious life, and the persevering activity of western ministers and western churches will feed and develop and exercise and discipline Christians with all possible efficiency and vigour.—Rev. Dr. Hays, in The Interior.

she had not been visited as she should have been. She had been in the church for some five years, and during that term of five years, two hundred other new people had come into the same church, and not one of them had the herself visited, or even supposed that it was part of her duty. But complainants are the last people to take up and discharge the duties, which they condemn others furiously for laying aside and neglecting.

If the newcomers mean to go into church work with the same vigour with which they go into other work, they will have no difficulty in finding friends in the church. There is not a church, large or small, that is not anxious for efficient workers. A Christian woman, accustomed to attend the woman's prayer-meeting, came to a city some years ago, and hearing the announcement of the female prayer-meeting, she presented herself at the time and place appointed. Going to the first lady she met she gave her own name, and said that in the east she was accustomed to attend such meetings, and she hoped to make it her habit in the west. In less than two months that woman was at home with all the active members of the congregation. The fact was, she was exactly the woman who was wanted. Every other woman who is wanted will find places where people will receive her with great pleasure. Useless people, however, are not wanted. And it is very doubtful whether they are really worth the running after and hunting up. Christians that have to be coddled and coaxed and fed up with beef tea and other like diet, at a mature age, are likely to be such sickly Christians that they add no strength to a congregation. They are really more trouble than they are worth.

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HOW MRS. MCINTYRE'S EYES WERE ENLIGHTENED.

THERE was a ring at the door. "The postman, I suppose," said Mrs. McIntyre, glancing at the clock. "It's too early for a caller," and she hastily put down the saucer of soap-tree bark, with which she had been treating her old black cashmere, and proceeded to the door without stopping to remove her apron, or to smooth the busy front from her forehead. It was a caller, however.—Mrs. Mayer, one of the prominent women of the church.

"I started early in order to stop for you on my way to the meeting," she said, after the usual greetings had been exchanged. "Meeting?" echoed Mrs. McIntyre, unpleasantly conscious of the presence of her apron, and the absence of her cuffs. "There are so many meetings, I don't pretend to keep up with them." "I mean the annual meeting of our missionary society," said Mrs. Mayer. "We do not often invite a speaker from abroad, but as this is our tenth anniversary we are going to have an especial treat. I believe you were at church last Sunday, so you will remember that Dr. Daniels is to address us on 'Our Sisters in China.'"

Daniels, you will be sure to be interested in what she has to say. And then you know," she added, "we really owe these little offerings of time and inclination to Him who 'gave Himself.'"

Mrs. McIntyre would a great deal rather have finished "soap-tree barking" her dress than to have heard a whole shipload of missionaries fresh from China; but it was easier to assent to her friend's arguments than to answer them, so she reluctantly prepared to put on what women call the "things."

Her mind, I am sorry to say, wandered during the early part of the meeting, for the trimming on the President's dress suggested a plan for beautifying her cashmere, and concealing its weak points. Nor did she pay very close attention to the annual report for she shared the common opinion, that an annual report is an unavoidable evil to be expected at certain seasons, like malarial fever, or mosquitoes in August.

By and by the president said, in congratulatory tone.—"Now ladies, I have the pleasure of introducing to you one who has seen heathenism face to face, and will speak to us of what she has seen, Dr. Caroline H. Daniels, formerly of Swatow."

Mrs. McIntyre speedily fell under the charm of the speaker, and listened eagerly while the physician spoke of the fruits of centuries of superstition in China: of the heroism of the Bible-women, who endured the agonies of having their feet unbound that they might be able to carry the Gospel more swiftly; of the personal indignities, the physical torture, the separation from loved ones, and the loss of all their worldly goods, which she had seen patiently endured by Chinese women who had forsaken Buddha for Jesus Christ.

There was an energetic "lookout committee" belonging to the Woman's Missionary Circle of the Bethany church and by the time Mrs. McIntyre left the vestry that afternoon, she found that she had pledged herself to become a member of the society, and had taken a mite box.

A year later, when she passed in her box at the annual meeting, she was asked to give her experience. "I am almost ashamed to tell my story," she said; "but I want you to know what our Woman's Circle has done for me, and so I shall have to confess just where I stood a year ago. I didn't realize how much I needed this help, and if our dear good sister here had simply invited me to come to the last annual meeting, I should probably have thanked her, and staid at home; but she took the pains to come out of her way to call for me, and I couldn't find it in my heart to disappoint her, so I went unwillingly, thinking all the while of the dress I wanted to finish cleansing, and not at all about my soul, which needed to be washed a great deal more. I had grown so short sighted, that a little saucer of soap-tree bark was big enough to shut out the whole heathen world! Butterick's fashion catalogues looked a great deal more attractive to me than than missionary news. I should have been more pleased to receive a receipt for a new kind of cake than to have heard of the conversion of a tribe in Africa, and it troubled me infinitely more to be obliged to economize in my purchases than to know that the work of missions was hindered because the treasury was low. I heard Mrs. Mary A. Livermore say in one of her lectures, 'Don't live in the basement of your nature.' That's what I found I had been doing."

"Since I have been reading, I have learned what discomforts the missionaries endure cheerfully, and the little daily annoyances that used to keep my nerves on edge all the time have dwindled till they are too small to be seen with the naked eye. Why, my sisters, you and I think it a hardship to ride down street sitting in a car beside a poor creature who has not yet learned that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' Probably you read, not long ago, a letter from one of our missionary ladies describing a trip of several days, I think, on one of the Burmese rivers. The weather was intensely hot; and, as she tried to teach the people about Christ, she was crowded in among natives with unwashed bodies; both men and women smoking, and having with them their food, the odour of which, she intimated, was a pretty severe test of the sea-going qualities of one's stomach. She said she did not know of anything that would induce her to undergo the annoyances which she had to submit to, if it were not the privilege of giving the Gospel to those who did not have it."

"We feel indignant if our trunk is delayed a day when we are travelling. I read of a missionary on the Congo, whose house was to be brought up in parts, ready-made, by the natives; but month after month passed, and the house did not come. The rainy season was at hand, and all the household goods, so precious in that country, would be spoiled; for they had to be left outside, because there was no room for them in the mud hut. How you and I would have worried, my sisters! 'The missionary only said, 'The Lord knows all about it.'"

what a little knowledge of missions has done for me in the moral world. You remember how the eyes of Jonathan were 'enlightened' when he put forth his rod, and tasted of the honey. The mite-box on my bureau reminds me that I am a part, a very insignificant part to be sure, but still a part, of God's mighty plan of redemption, that shall take in 'every nation and kindred and tongue and people.'—The Helping Hand.

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE

SOMEWHAT different advice must be given with regard to bodily exercises in their reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration. The vigour and quality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the peration of the blood, are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth the vigour of the system is often so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age, the tasks can not be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action can not be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining, as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age, but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.—Dr. Robson Root, in the Popular Science Monthly for October.

A LIFE spent in brushing clothes, and washing crockery, and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop, a life spent in the labourer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.—Canon Farrar.

GOOD SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

"Most boys and girls do not like sermons; they say they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily. A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt; but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man of an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Baur. A boy used to crush flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian. An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, 'That boy will beat me one day.' So he did for he was Michael Angelo. A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it, he said to himself, 'Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!' and he flung the book into the river. He was Richter, the great German philosopher. Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make man or woman good or not.—Selected.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

THERE are those who have real grace in the heart, whose manners and bearing do but scant justice to that which is within them; and there are those, on the other hand, who have succeeded in catching and cultivating outward graces of manner, so that they are exceedingly amiable and pleasant to meet socially, who are utterly devoid of grace within. I need not say which of these two classes furnishes the more creditable specimens of humanity. It is a pity that a man of a warm and gentle heart should have rough manners and be a Philistine; but you can admire and respect him, for it is not the manners that make the man, but the heart of him. When the grace is all outside, a mere polish on the surface, a veneering of the gentleman, with selfishness or coarseness in the soul—is not an honest savage better than such a hypocrite? There has been in our day a great revival of the appreciation of grace in the old Hellenic sense of the word and that is altogether good so far as it goes; but let us see to it that we do not exalt the

outward at the expense of that which is within. Give us both the outward and the inward by all means, if it be possible; but if it must be only one, for heaven's sake let it be that which is real and deep and true, if there is to be a difference between the outside of us and the inside, let that which is deepest be the best. Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.—Rev. J. M. Gibson, D. D.

The Children's Corner.

H AND PERHAPS.
If every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly,
If every heart with gladness beat,
And all were unalloyed,
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour,
In evil work, but each were fair
To love and help his neighbour—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

ELSIE'S MNEMONICS.

ELSIE was rather a favourite with the Captain of the big Atlantic liner during the voyage. He had a daughter at home about her age, so he said, and sometimes he would invite her to come up on the bridge in fine weather. So it happened that one day up on the bridge, when the sea was like glass, she spied a dark purple band, gradually growing broader and drawing quite rapidly toward the ship, across the silver-gray ocean.

"What is that," she asked. "That's a westerly wind coming," he replied. "Will that help us along?" asked Elsie. "Yes, if it blows hard enough."

"Shall you make sail?" Elsie was sure of that phrase, for she had used it several times and had not been laughed at. "Yes, I think so," said the Captain. "There's a westerly current hereabout, and we want all the help we can get."

Elsie pondered awhile in silence. Presently, "Captain," she said, "didn't you say a westerly wind?" "Yes." "And a westerly current?" "Yes." "Well, if a westerly wind helps us, why doesn't a westerly current help too?"

The Captain glanced at her quizzically. "Why, you see," and he hesitated a moment—"you see, we say that winds are east or west when they blow that way—no, the other way; but currents—well, currents are different. They go the same way as the wind; I mean an easterly current goes toward the east, don't you see?"

Elsie reflected for a full minute without speaking, then, "Why do you suppose that is so, Captain?" she asked. But the Captain had gone to the end of the bridge, and was looking very hard through his marine glasses at a distant sail. "Mr. Jones," he called suddenly, addressing the second officer, "loose the fore-sail." Then, "Miss Elsie, I'm going to get sail on her now; you'd best get on deck."

So Elsie was helped down the step ladder without having her question answered; but as she watched the men "lay aloft" and loose the big smoke-discoloured sails, she could not help wondering why people should make such contradictory rules. Afterward she was seen in the saloon with pencil and paper, and when the Captain took his seat at the dinner-table, he found a neat little note beside his plate, and here is what was written inside in Elsie's hand:

"The currents of air
Are named where they blow;
The currents of water
Whither they flow.
Thus an easterly current—
Please bear it in mind—
Runs the very same way
As a westerly wind."
—Larger's Young People.

She could not help wondering what her mamma would say when she saw every blossom picked. She could not help feeling glad that her own little busy fingers had picked none of them.

"Well," said obstinate Tommy, shaking his round head so hard that he shook off some of the blossoms from the bouquet he was holding, "I've nothing to do with that, and the flowers aren't mine, and I didn't touch 'em, and I'm glad of it. But all I said was that I heard your mother tell Amelia not to touch the flowers till she came home, and she did. If Amelia knows that she didn't mean a word she said, why, I didn't contradict her. I only told you what I heard Aunt Mantic didn't say anything to me about flowers. She knows I never pick 'em, and she knows Amelia does; and it was Amelia that she told—you know it was Susie Parker, so what's the use of being cross?"

This was nearer being a quarrel than the cousins, who lived in the same house, and were constant playmates, often reached. Susie fingered the two or three blossoms she held and looked down to try and hide the fact that there were tears in her eyes, and spoke with more dignity than before.

"Tommy Burton, you are only a little boy, and my sister Amelia is most a young lady; she is more than twelve years old, and it is very mean of you to go and say that she has done a wicked thing, when she says it is right, and she knows mamma will be pleased!"

"Oh! oh!" said Tommy, jumping down from his perch, in great excitement, tumbling his flowers in a heap at his feet, "I didn't say any such thing, Susie, you know I didn't. All I said was I heard Aunt Mantic tell her not to, and I don't see how she had any right to touch 'em after that. If you thought it was right, Susie Parker, why didn't you pick some yourself?"

It was a stroke of genius, that last question. Susie dropped her flowers and herself in a miserable little heap and cried outright. "I wanted to," she wailed. "I wanted to pick my dear mamma some flowers and put them in her room, all myself, but she told me not to and I knew I must not; but Amelia says I don't understand, and that she is older and does."

"All right, then!" said Tommy philosophically. "Let Amelia manage it with Aunt Mantic, then. Come on, don't let's touch the old flowers, or here, I'll pick them up out of the sun and carry them to Amelia, it won't do any good to let them lie and fade. Now, then, let's you and I run to the meadow and pick some of the biggest buttercups and daisies your mamma ever saw."

No sooner said than done. Susie, much accustomed to being led by the more energetic Tommy, landed the flowers she had been arranging in a bewildering tangle in front of Miss Amelia, waiting only to explain: "We are going to the meadow for daisies and buttercups." Then she was off.

"Going for weeds!" said Amelia, with a curl of her pretty lip. Only two hours afterwards she was standing with her mother looking at the flower decked rooms. "Aren't they lovely, mamma? I arranged every one of them myself. The children began to help, but they soon tired of it."

Mamma's face was grave. "Did my daughter forget that she was not to pick any flowers while I was gone?" she asked at last, in a low tone. "O, no, mamma! I remember it, and I didn't pick one until to-day, but these are for you, you see. Of course we had to have the rooms dressed with flowers in honour of your coming home. I knew you couldn't mean that we were not to pick them for to-day."

"But, Amelia, didn't I expressly say you were not to pick any until after I reached home?" "Amelia's eyes drooped before her mother's searching ones. "Yes, mamma," she said at last, seeing that she was being waited for. "I know you did, but I didn't suppose you would care if I picked them for you. I thought you would be pleased. I did indeed."

Foolish Amelia, to suppose that her mother would be pleased by a love-token whose price was disobedience. "I am very sorry," said her mother, "but I don't enjoy these flowers. Their breath says to me all the time that my daughter preferred her way to her mother's. I shall have to ask you to take them away. Carry them to the kitchen or throw them out; do what you will with them, only so I shall not have to see them any more." Her voice was low and sad, but very firm. There was no help for it. Amelia, half-blinded by tears, had to carry away all the beautiful blossoms over which she had spent her morning.

"I had a special reason for my direction," her mother said. And Amelia knew that evening what it was. Some guests whom they especially wished to honour, came to take dinner and spend the night. The guest-room and parlours were arranged by the mother's careful hand; but the flowers were daisies and buttercups Susie and Tommy brought from the meadow.

The verse that the mother gave her daughter for the next day was one that she always remembered with a little touch of pain: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."—Penny.