

## SOUND AND SIGHT.

How often it has happened that two people hear and see so differently. While musical sounds touch the heart of one, the other feels quite indifferent. Some people appear to have "eyes, but see not"; they pass through some of the most beautiful country and wonder why the faces of their companions show such pleasure, when they feel quite insensible to the charms around. One has a love of the beautiful, for which he should be thankful; the sooner the other cultivates it the better.

The earth abounds with sounds that awaken feelings of pleasure. The singing of birds, laughter of merry childhood, chime of sweet bells, and the greeting of friends.

We know there are painful sounds, such as angry voices, songs that do no one any good to listen to, and discontented remarks; these we will not dwell upon.

One speaks who would draw all men to Him saying, "Come unto Me." It is the voice of Jesus, the Friend of sinners.

Sabbath after Sabbath His servants proclaim the good tidings, warn and woo men to accept the only remedy for true peace.

Discipline here day by day may be sharp, temptations strong, but once trust yourself to the Saviour, the light of the world, and all will be well, for He will give His Holy Spirit to teach and guide you till you reach your Father's home.

Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise  
The grace that set me free.

H. W. P.

## THE ACCIDENT AT THE MILL.

"It seems such a queer name, 'Patience.'"

"It was mother's name, and she was a good woman. I've always thought if I should have a little lass I would call her after mother."

So spoke James Kershaw as he looked in the face of his firstborn, a baby girl, that had just been placed in his arms, and with a colour, as the father laughingly remarked, "A'most like a boiled lobster."

The mother rejoiced, as mothers do, in that ruddy colour, as a pledge of present health and future beauty, and replied, "The darkest babies always go fairest afterwards."

"Well, I don't mind much about looks, if she turns out a good one."

The mother assented, and then came the question of a name, an important matter, with all the long list of names as yet untouched. But James Kershaw had one in his mind already. "A queer one," his wife called it; but dear to her husband, because linked with the memory of a good mother. "Let's call her Patience," he said. "You never knew my mother, Lizzie; but that name fitted her exactly."

"Have your own way, James. Call the little thing Patience, and pray God she may never be as sorely tried as your mother was."

And the mother, with her living treasure at her breast, rocked herself to and fro, feeling, oh! so rich in the possession of this little child, her first, after six years of married life.

James Kershaw was engineer at McKinley's mill, with a salary of thirty-five shillings a week; but though very comfortably placed, they had not as yet saved anything. Childless until now, he had yet cared for a family—that of his widowed sister; and Lizzie, feeling for her husband's kindred, had cheerfully denied herself for their sakes. Then Lizzie's own health had not been good; but now she was stronger, and there seemed a prospect of saving something.

As Lizzie looked at the little Patience it seemed that her face gained new brightness, and her eyes a new light. James, always "a home bird," as he told his mates, was now fonder of home than ever. "Let me have my little woman," were always his first words on coming home, and in a minute, if a val, she would be lifted in his strong arms and tenderly caressed.

As she grew older there were grand romps, the child laughing, crowing, and making wild dashes at the father's hair as she was tossed above his head.

Lizzie's face would beam with pleasure, and afterwards she would point, half proudly, half ruefully, to the soiled frock and pinafore of her baby, saying, "I can't keep her clean, James. You will toss her about with your mill clothes on, instead of tidying yourself first."

James only laughed at soiled pinafores, and Lizzie, proud of his deep love for the child, made no trouble of a little extra washing.

Patience might well thrive. For the sake of her health, and that of his wife, James took a cottage much farther from the busy part of the city, never minding the longer walk in going to work.

As soon as Patience could walk, her first tottering steps were directed to the door when "father" was expected home, and the sight of her round cheeks, ruddy with health, more than repaid the parents for any sacrifice made for her sake.

For seven years all went well with the Kershaws: the wife stronger than of old, the husband as loving, steady, and industrious; the child, darling of both, but not the spoiled darling.

Saturday afternoon was always the holiday of the week with the Kershaws. In Manchester the mills cease working at two o'clock, and James could join his wife and little one soon afterwards. Lizzie always did her marketings on the Friday, and on Saturday, house, mother, and child were all clean and bright-looking, fit to welcome father home.

"We must keep the roses in bloom," James would say, as he patted the child's cheek; "so we'll give her an extra taste of fresh air. Dunham Park will be grand now, and, if Saturday is fine, we'll have a trip there."

How delighted was Patience to watch the packing of the little basket with its parcels of tea, sugar, bread, and butter, and to dance backwards and forwards looking for father, and all full of anxiety lest he should be too late.