

Family Circle.

Take Care.

BY ALICE GARY.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright
Or in eyelids drooping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.
—*Christian Standard.*

A Garden in the Heart.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! I don't believe I've got a single thing growing in my heart except great ugly weeds, mamma!"

Mamma had been having her Sunday evening talk with the little ones, and when the others had gone to bed, Madge sighed out this pitiful opinion on her shoulder.

The talk had been about the beautiful flowers and ugly weeds which each little child is cultivating in the garden of her heart. Mamma had likened a spirit of love, gentleness and modesty to the dear little violets, harebells and lilies of the valley, which are humble and delicate, seeking the shade. Kindly temper, helpfulness and cheerfulness, she thought, were like roses and heliotropes and verbenas or anything else bright and lavish of bloom, or of sweet perfume; while truth and perseverance and generosity are surely like grand trees of sturdy growth and wide-spreading shelter. But when she came to the weeds what a dark list it was! Ill-temper, envy, self-will, pride, falsehood, selfishness, vanity—ah, me! No wonder the poor little gardener felt discouraged as mamma pictured the thorns and thistles and coarse unsightly roots choking and enfeebling the tender flowers. And the saddest part of it is that these

weeds seem to come up of themselves and grow and thrive without a bit of care, in spite, indeed, of a good deal of stamping down. Sometimes they will spring up all at once when you think you have quite killed them out, while all the time the flowers have to be patiently and carefully tended.

Madge began jotting off on her fingers.

"Pride; yes, I know its pride when I feel ever so much better than poor Nettie Gibbs because I get higher marks at school than she does, when all the time I knew she has to help her mother and don't have so much time for study as I have. Self-will—that's when I think I know better than you, mamma, where I ought to go and what I ought to do, and want to have my own way and not give up. Ill-temper—yes, that comes along with the self-will—when Missie can't have her own way! Vanity? Yes, indeed; I was pleased enough when I went to Sunday-school this morning and saw that my dress was finer than Lucy Rand's and that she thought so too. Falsehood—I don't tell lies, do I, mamma?"

"No, dear, you do not; but be sure not to let any little shoots of deception spring up about your studies or anything else, for they strengthen fast into vigorous habits of untruthfulness."

"I'll be careful, mamma; I have so many weeds growing I can't afford to raise any more, I'm sure. Then there's selfishness—oh dear! I do like the best place at the study table, and the biggest dish of berries, and I hate to divide my candy, and I hate to give up a comfortable seat and a good book to oblige any one. Nothing but weeds, you see!"

"Don't be discouraged, my dear little daughter. Any one so industrious at spying out her own weeds must surely find a way of rooting them out, and must have been, I think, quietly cultivating one lovely little flower called Candor."

"Oh, mamma, how can I make all the flowers grow in my heart?"

"You can only do it by the help of the great Gardener, who alone can plant seeds of beauty and goodness there. He waits to hear every earnest prayer for help. He will water the tender plants with the dews and showers of his grace, and beam upon them with the sunshine of his love. But you must watch continually against the enemy, who is always on the alert to sow the seeds of all evil. It is a warfare

which must go on as long as life lasts, for the soil of human nature in these poor hearts of ours is much better adapted to the growth of weeds than of flowers—to the fostering of evil rather than good. When we trample down a vile weed, it will be sure to start up afresh—even if we tear out the very roots of some favorite sin or some cherished indulgence, some other will start up in its place."

"So there never will be any rest from pulling up, or trampling down, or tearing out, mamma?"

"Never, dear, till these flowers of the heart shall be transplanted to the gardens of the Lord, to bloom in the brightness of eternal day."—*N. Y. Observer.*

As To Alexandria.

Egypt has two great cities, Alexandria, the old capital, and Cairo, the present capital. Alexandria is the second great city of the country, the capital, as it may be called, of Lower Egypt. It has indeed had a diversified history since it was founded in the year 332 before Christ, by Alexander the Great, after whose death it became the residence of the Ptolemies, who made it, next to Rome and Antioch, the chief seat of Grecian learning and literature, which spread thence over the greater part of the ancient world. In that renowned city was the most remarkable library of that remote age, containing according to one authority 700,000 volumes or parchments, in which were the collected writings of Rome, Greece, India and Egypt. Alexandria could in those palmy days boast of having 600,000 inhabitants. It had reached its greatest splendor when it came into the possession of the Romans about thirty years before Christ, from which time its decadence was at first gradual, and then rapid, till in the fourth century no buildings of any importance was left in it except the temple of Serapis, which in 398 A. D. was converted into a Christian church. Again prosperity smiled, and the city rose to a high degree of magnificence, so that when captured by Amru, the Arabian general, in A. D. 640, it was described as a place containing "4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 12,000 dealers in fresh oil, 12,000 gardeners, 40,000 Jews who pay tribute, and 400 theaters or places of amusement." Its subsequent decline was somewhat arrested under the Egyptian caliphs, and some revival of prosperity was enjoyed during the

Middle Ages, so that it became an important emporium of trade between the East and the West, till the discovery of America, and of the passage to India by the Cape of

Good Hope, which nearly annihilated its commerce. Eighty years after, its population had dwindled to 6,000, but such has been the increase of prosperity since the city became a station on the overland route to India, that the population now approaches a quarter of a million, about a fifth of whom are foreigners. In 1870 there were 238,888 inhabitants, among whom were Arabians, Turks, Jews, Copts, Greeks and Franks in large proportions. Since then the number has considerably increased. Its partial destruction is highly calamitous as it has been doomed to extensive devastation by fire and slaughter, with miles of burning streets and thousands of massacred people.—*Ex.*

Anecdote of General Jackson.

It was either Dr. Blackburn or Dr. Henderson, of Tennessee, I am not positive which, who was to preach in the Presbyterian church of Nashville one Sabbath morning. It was during the session of the legislature and the court of that city, and the fame of the strange preacher drew out a large number of prominent public men to hear. Various popular amusements were prevalent in that region in that early day, that were some of them immoral and cruel. Among others were chicken-fighting, and dog-fights, and card-playing, and other forms of gaming. The minister was celebrated for his power of description and word painting, and also for his scathing denunciations of such sports. He had intended preaching on this subject that morning, but when he entered the pulpit and saw so many of those distinguished men before him, and among them, Judge Jackson, as he was at that time called, his heart failed him.

"Had I not better change my subject, and preach something that will not give offense to these men? I may only make them angry, and perhaps do them no good."

Then, after a silent prayer for the guidance of the Spirit, the thought came to him, "Shall I fear the face of man? Shall I not deliver the message which my Master has given me to deliver?" After this all his fears were gone, and he said he never had greater liberty in the pulpit in taking off those popu-