

## Family Circle.

## Nobility.

Imbedded deep in the gravel  
Of a dark Brazilian mine,  
Two precious diamonds of rarest worth  
Awaited their time to shine.

And as one without the other  
By a miner was borne away,  
It said, "How I pity your wretched fate  
Down here in disgrace to stay.

"You might as well be a pebble,  
For your worth is nothing here;  
Oh, how you must envy my happier lot,  
To go to a higher sphere!"

"I envy you not," said the other,  
"Be your station ever so high:  
Not *where*, but *what*, we are in the law;  
And you are no more than I.

"However our spheres may differ,  
We are made of the self-same stuff;  
If you are a polished diamond, I  
Am a diamond in the rough.

"I may not attain the lustre  
That your different lot will give;  
But if with a true and noble end  
In my humble sphere I live,—

"Though you are found in a palace,  
And I in the gravelly earth:  
Yet the law that nature governs  
Makes each of equal worth."

Youth's Companion.

## Imitation.

Children must imitate somebody or something. You could not help it if you would, and you would not help it if you could. Babies learn to talk by imitating the sounds they hear and see made by people about them. You begin to imitate before you know what you are doing, and you will go on imitating as long as you live. I once knew a little boy who had been brought up with his grand-parents, and saw very little of other children. It was amusing to notice how old-fashioned he was in all his ways. He copied grandfather and grandmother without intending it.

But you have often set yourselves to imitate some one on purpose. The boy just comes to school sees a bigger boy, who is at the top of his class, wins many prizes, gains the good-conduct medal, is a first-rate cricket and football player. He thinks, "I will be like that boy," and makes him his model. He does not succeed at first, perhaps, but he keeps on trying. He does not become like the boy he admires all at once; it takes him months and years.

A monk wrote a book teaching people to live as Christians should. He called it "The Imitation of Christ." Could he have found a more suitable title? I think not; for every real Christian is trying to

become more and more like Jesus Christ. Remember that he was once a child, so that you need not wait till you grow up before you can copy him.

You must be like Jesus before you can act like Jesus. Even if you *could* do what he did without being like him, he would not be satisfied. God reads our thoughts, and he requires truth in the inward parts—that is, he will have us sincere in all we say and do. The first step toward the imitation of Jesus Christ, is to ask God to give you a new heart. A boy once made up his mind that he would be gentle and loving and truthful and good as Jesus was. He tried hard for a little while, then he said: "Mother, it's no use my trying to be like Jesus, because even when I do what pleases him, I want to do something else." Only God himself can conquer that difficulty for you. He will, if you ask him.

Imitating Jesus Christ, you will find work for every day in the year. You will have a great many copies to do before you learn to write properly; a great many sums to work out before you are a good arithmetician. You cannot translate a page of "Caesar" without a dictionary the first day you begin to learn Latin. Surely a lifetime is not too long to spend in forming yourselves after the pattern of Jesus Christ. For we must be like him at all times and in everything. It is not enough to be gentle like Jesus; you must be truthful as well. We may be forgiving, but we are not like him if we are not also obedient.

How much you would do to please father and mother, especially when you feel how dearly they love you. God calls you his children, and he tells you you are "beloved" by him. One very strong reason why you should be imitators of God, is because he loves you and you love him. Nay; you cannot imitate him unless you love him, for if he loves, and you copy him, you must love too. Think each day of this year, "I am God's child, and I must be like my Heavenly Father." Then try to imitate him more exactly day by day. Pray to him to help you, and never forget that he is very near you, and is pleased with your effort, however imperfectly it may succeed.—*Early Days.*

A life without Christ is the life of an orphan.—*Lobstein.*

## Girls, Learn to Cook.

Yes, yes, learn how to cook, girls, and learn how to cook well. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. It is sometimes asked, sneeringly, "What kind of a man is he who would marry a cook?" The fact is, that men do not think enough of this; indeed, most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so short-sighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and, indeed, his success in life, depend in a very great degree on the kind of food he eats; in fact, the whole household is influenced by the diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats, hot bread and other indigestible viands, day after day, and they will need medicine to make them well.

Let all the girls have a share in housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted, and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels which enervate both mind and body and unfit them for everyday life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces doing housework. Their sedentary habits, in overheated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their house-keeping and fine needlework. Let the present generation add to its list of real accomplishments the art of properly preparing food for the human body.—*Sel.*

## Afraid of Spiders.

Carrie jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.

"They are curious things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight fixed eyes."

"Dear me! And maybe she's looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie.

"They are very fond of music." "I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen."

They can tell you whether the

weather is going to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will be clear, they spin a long one."

"That's funny."

"They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. I saw one on the window pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you didn't know that the spider can spin and sew too, she spins her web and she sews leaves together for her summer house."

"What a queer thing a spider is," said Carrie, beginning to forget her dislike.

"Yes, and she has a queer sister in England, who makes a raft, and floats on pools of water upon it in search of flies for her dinner."

"I should like to know what it's made of."

"She binds together a ball of weeds with the thread she spins."

"I wish we could go to England."

"And there's another of the family who lives under water in a diving-bell, which she weaves herself."

"How I should like to see her!"

"Maybe you would rather see the one in the West Indies who digs a hole in the earth. She lines it with silk of her own making, and fits a door to it, which opens and closes when the family go in and out."

"Yes, yes," said Carrie, "how delightful!"

"But you would be afraid of the inmates?"

"Perhaps not, now I know their family affairs."—*Our Little Ones.*

## A Knowing Carp.

The wonderful instinct of animals has been proved by hundreds of anecdotes, so that when another true story is added to the already long list we are scarcely surprised. Nevertheless, the following incident which took place in Vienna, Austria, is not without interest.

A cook went down to the fish-market to make her purchases, and stepping on board one of the boats in the canal, she was at length successful in coming to terms for an unusually fine carp.

Now, as is well known, the carp is very fond of life, and will live out of water for a long time, if only its gills be kept moist. When, therefore, the woman placed the fish on the top of her open market-basket, the fisherman gave her a friendly