

Christian Family.

The Storm-Bell.

Over the sea
The storm-bell rings out drearily!
Anon it dies
Away in fitful, sobbing sighs,
Like a child that slumbers wearily!
And then again, with hollow tone,
It makes its moan
So drearily,
So drearily!

Ah me! ah me!
For the mariner coming cheerily,
Whence or the bell
Sobs forth its solemn deep-toned knell
Through the tempest raging eerily!
Alas! alas! for the wives that moan,
And watch alone
So wearily,
So wearily!

The Close of the Year.

Toll! toll!
Years are dying.
Time is flying
Fast away;
Hours are fleeting,
Bells ring greeting
To the Old Year's dying day:
Toll! toll!

Toll! toll!
Life is flying,
Men are dying
Day by day;
Minutes going
Warn us, showing
How our years have passed away:
Toll! toll!

New Year Chimes.

Clash! clash! peal the bells;
New Year life their welcome tells,
Wealth of sunny days to be,
Sing the joy-bells gleefully:
"Golden hours and days we give—
Hours and days in which to live
In the ways of truth and right,"
So the bells ring forth with might,
Heralding a future bright:
"Clash! clash! peal the bells."
—*Barton's Monthly.*

God's Geometry.

A pleasant writer tells of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods, reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself, "If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up, and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three lives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand, six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him there were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers, made me."—*Ex.*

To you the day is fair
As days may be;
My eyes are filled too bitterly with tears
To see.

You view a thousand graves,
And sigh at none!
My heart is breaking at the simple thought
Of one!
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tressy's Christmas.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

Mr. Whittier moved out West. So that is the way Tressy came to live there. When he sold out his store in the bustling little village where Tressy always remembered her home, and took his wife and little girl and Baby Robin to start for a new fortune in the prairie-land, the neighbors all shook their heads, and prophesied evil things. But O, wasn't it splendid for Tressy! She bade the girls good-by with a very important face, and touchingly presented them all around with locks of her hair which she stealthily cut off at night underneath her braid, till the supply gave out.

What cared Tressy if her father had lost all his money! If there was enough to carry them to their destination, that was the main thing—after that, the whole world was before them!

Tressy, looking out through the curtains of the big wagon as they drew near the farm, after the long days of journeying, felt that the whole world indeed was before her. She gave a leap from the wagon wheel before any one could help her out. She took one long, searching look about, and then she was off and around like bird. Oceans of flowers were everywhere growing. Not a house in sight but one beside their own little plainly-built home. "O!" cried Tressy, flying in, her cheeks all aflame, and her long braid, dancing in the wind, "I'm going to be perfectly happy here!"

The Hopes were "next door neighbors," being about three-quarters of a mile distant. There were the father and mother, and Aunt Jane and Jimmy—eleven-year-old Jimmy—who, having no brothers and sisters, immediately considered Tressy as sent out West for his especial benefit.

The two children went skimming over the "trail" between the houses half a dozen times a day.

"Don't you go anywhere off the trail, Teresa," Mrs. Whittier would say, when Tressy was starting for Mr. Hope's house.

"Why not?" Tressy would ask, stopping to swing her sun-bonnet, "I ain't afraid."

"Yes, because you don't know—but there might be a bear—there always is in new places."

"O, mother!" Tressy would cry, and come up to her mother's side eagerly. "I do so wish I could see a bear—just once!"

"Well, you wouldn't want to but once, I guess," her mother would reply.

"They're always black, ar'n't they?" Tress would ask, pursuing her investigations in Natural History.

"I don't know, I'm sure," would be Mrs. Whittier's answer. "Now run along, child, but be sure not to wander off."

"I don't believe there is any bears," said Tressy to herself as she ran merrily along the trail, one crisp morning in November, when everything around was so full of life and freshness that she couldn't walk straight to save her life. "I declare," she said, when almost within a stone's throw to Jimmy's house, and stopping a minute in the midst of a long skip, "it's so frisky! it's just elegant! I sh'd be perfectly happy if we could only have a Christmas! I know the girls in Berryville are going to have splendid times—I wouldn't go back there for anything—but—O dear me! I do wish father had just a little bit more money—just enough for a Christmas for Jimmy and me!"

"Tress," said Jimmy, breaking into an animated discussion on the best way to make a cart for her doll, the one relic preserved of her former fortunate days, "give me a bit of your gingerbread, will you? I think you might."

"You may bite," said Tressy amicably, "there 'tis on the stone," point-

ing to a small and rather driedup piece, reserved till the cart was done.

"All right," said Jimmy, not very careful to measure his bite. "O, dear, do you have gingerbread every day, Tress Whittier?"

"No," said Tress, "not but once a week, I guess—how does this go, Jimmy?"

"Pooh!" said Jimmy, taking the hammer out of her hand, "that ain't the way." But presently pounding his thumb, he flung it down in disgust.

"O dear!" said Tressy, "I do wish we had some money, Jimmy Hope!"

Jimmy turned around and stared at her, as she sat in dismal silence on a stone. "What's the matter?" he gasped, perfectly astonished to see her in this mood.

"I don't know," said Tressy, giving a founce, "and I don't care, for I do so want a Christmas—there!"

"Well, we can't have one," said Jimmy composedly—flying off back of Tressy. He came back again in a minute, his face rather red, and joined her where she still sat dimly thinking on her stone; and throwing himself down on the grass at her feet, indulged in a comfortable roll. "I don't care much," he said, "for I never saw one—what are they like?"

"O, Jimmy Hope!" said Tressy, clasping her hands in rapture, "they're the most elegantest things you ever saw!"

"How do you do it?" questioned Jimmy, rolling over in front of Tressy, where he lay waiting for his answer.

"O, we have a tree—and stockings—and some times we have 'em on the breakfast table and—"

"Have what?" screamed Jimmy, "you haven't told me what you have yet?"

"Why, presents," said Tressy, her eyes very wide open, "haven't you never had any presents, Jimmy? never in your life?"

"No," said Jimmy slowly. "O yes, I did once."

"What was it?" asked Tress curiously, running over the manifold gifts of her fortunate life when money was plenty.

"A basket to pick up potatoes in," said Jimmy, smiling to remember how happy that made him.

"A basket to pick up potatoes in!" repeated Tressy scornfully. "I wouldn't want no old potato basket, I'm sure! these are lovely things—O, everything you can ever think of, Jimmy Hope!"

"What, whistles—and tops?" said Jimmy sitting up straight. "And dogs and donkeys?"

"Yes," said Tressy recklessly, "I don't care what 'tis—they can all come Christmas. And they hang 'em to a tree or else put 'em in stockings and—"

"Why, Tressy Whittier!" exclaimed Jimmy, horrified beyond measure, "what an awful story you're attelling me! I shouldn't wonder if you was struck by lightning now, same's Anna and Safira were," he added virtuously.

"I didn't tell no story," said Tress, getting up and looking all around her nervously. "And besides, there ain't no lightning a-comin' anywhere."

"It can come," said Jimmy confidently. "And it'll make you go deader'n anything, Tress Whittier!"

With a small howl, Tressy flew blindly over the stones to Jimmy's side. "I—I hain't told no story," she gasped as soon as she could speak.

"Yes, you did," said Jimmy, but he was pretty well frightened to see the effect of his words, "you know, they can't hang donkeys on a tree, so there!"

"They don't hang 'em," sobbed Tressy through her blue apron—"they give 'em on Christmas—that's what I said."

"I wish somebody'd give me a donkey," said Jimmy, wisely changing the subject.

"Well," said Tressy, coming out of her fright, "I won't never give you

any more gingerbread, Jimmy Hope!" And she marched to the big stone where she had saved her bit for future use. "Why—where—tain't"—she began.

"Tress," called Jimmy, quickly, "come here! I've got something splendid to tell you!"

"Where's my gingerbread?" demanded Tressy, coming as requested, "say, Jimmy Hope!"

"Hey?" said Jimmy, looking very innocent. "There's lots of squirrels round, Tressy!"

"I don't care," said Tressy, marching up to him, "'tain't worse to tell stories, than 'tis to take folks' gingerbread, so there, Jimmy Hope! you're—you're Esau, there," she shouted, glad to find a name bad enough to hurl at him.

"Who's Esau?" asked Jimmy, whose Biblical knowledge was rather limited. "What'd he do, any way?"

"He eat his brother's soup all up—there now, Jimmy Hope! and you're just as bad!"

"I hain't eat your soup either," said Jimmy, dragging his bare toe back and forth in the sand, very much ashamed to be "Esau."

"Well, was gingerbread, anyway," said Tressy, stalking off with a dignified air. "I ain't never goin' to play with you again—never—no, never!"

(Concluded next week.)

Points in Patching.

I shall begin with the perhaps original axiom that a patch must be rectangular. A round or a "crooked" one will inevitably thrust itself into notice, as it is impossible to match the threads. Then, a patch should never be "laid on," but always "set in." To this end, first cut away carefully by a thread all that is in the least worn, and turn back and baste down an even seam all around. The corners may be slashed slightly in a diagonal direction to keep them square. Then to this opening fit the patch exactly, with the edges turned and basted; and sew it in "over and over" on the wrong side with thread of the precise shade and very fine, sewing alternate opposite sides to avoid trouble with the corners. The extra thickness caused by the folded corners of the patch itself should be cut out after sewing, and a little fine darning added to keep them secure. Now slightly dampen and press on the wrong side, and you have a neat piece of mending which can not be seen a few feet away. Figures and striped goods must of course be carefully matched; heavy woollen fabrics, such as men and boys' wear, need not have seams turned, the clean cut edge being strong enough to hold.—*New York Evening Post.*

Christian Sunshine.

Christianity is full of sunshine. In this respect it is precisely adapted to the moral condition of our world. Sin has introduced clouds and darkness where all was sunshine and joy. The havoc is terrible. Gloom has settled down on all human habitations. In the frigid and in the torrid zone, among the refined and barbaric, everywhere it is the same sad story of clouds and storms. The administration of divine grace has, however, been brightly opened, proposing to restore the primitive order, to roll back the clouds and let in bright, joyous sunbeams. The great Author of Christianity, Jesus, is Himself a sun, and Sun of Righteousness. He has risen to His predestined position in the moral heavens to set no more. Now, His full orb of glories are travelling the earth around. His bright beams are chasing away the long night of the ages, and covering the world with the effulgence and beauty of a new creation. "Behold," says Jesus, "I create all things new!" The processes of the new creation are at work. True, the struggle of light with darkness is terrible. The more than Egyptian darkness of this

fallen world mightily resists the beams of truth. But the issue is by no means doubtful. Steadily and resistlessly the burning rays of the eternal Sun of Righteousness pierce through the intervening clouds, and give promise of ultimate, Mohammedanism, Romanism, and skepticism in its multiplied phases, vainly try to intercept the rays of this great Sun. Higher and still higher, His triumphal chariot moves in the heavens above us, and soon our redeemed earth shall roll the rapturous hosanna round, exulting in the splendors of prophecy fulfilled, with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"—*Herald.*

Macaulay on Sunday.

Man! man! this is the great creator of wealth. The difference between the soil of Campania and Spitzbergen is insignificant compared with the difference presented by two centuries, the one inhabited by men full of moral and physical vigor, the other beings plunged in an intellectual decrepitude. Hence it is that we are not impoverished, but, on the contrary enriched by this seventh day, which we have for so many years devoted to rest. This day is not lost. While the machinery is stopped, while the car rests on the road, while the treasury is silent, while the smoke ceases to rise from the chimney of the factory, the nation enriches itself none the less than during the working days of the week. Man, the machine of all machines, the one by the side of which the Watts and the Arkwrights are as nothing, is recuperating and gaining strength so well, that on Monday he returns to his work with his mind clearer, with more courage for his work, and with renewed vigor. I will never believe that which renders a people stronger, wiser and better can ever turn to its impoverishment.

Some Interesting Dates.

Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates; and the reader will find such significance in the attentive consideration of the following events, all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century: Postoffices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms in 1521; Xavier, the first great missionary of modern Christianity, planted the cross in India in 1526; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving, in 1527; Jergens set the spinning wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of 10,000 future factories; Henry VIII, of England, finally and forever broke with the Pope in 1532; Ignatius Loyola founded the order of the Jesuits in 1535; Calvin founded the university of Geneva in 1537; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; Torquato Tasso wrote in 1200; religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in 1578, the first newspaper was published in England in 1288; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho and Brahe were contemporaries in 1590—these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century.—*Rev. Lyman Abbott, in Sunday Afternoon.*

Dangerous classes: the ignorant class, the indigent class, and the unemployed class. So says Joseph Cook.