

Christian Family.

Aberglaube.

I know of a noble lady
Who has never lifted her veil;
Her hand, on the aching temples,
Is tender, and cool, and pale;
Her raiment is black and crimson,
Her voice, which is seldom loud,
Is drowned by a lover's whisper,
But not by a surging crowd;
And her speech, which is heard within us
Soundeth as if from far,
And she calleth the things that are not
To rebuke the things that are.
Therefore her word is the pillar
Of whatever standeth on earth,
And if aught on earth be precious,
Her sentence gives it worth.
She is very staid in her going,
As if she knew that haste
Would scatter the manna, hidden,
For wayfarers to taste.
Yet whithersoever we hasten,
We find her waiting there;
And she walks where the ways are
foulest,
As if she trod upon air.
I have told of her speech and her going;
Of her deeds there is this to tell,
She lifteth up to heaven,
She casteth down to hell.
On earth she layeth foundations,
And others build thereupon;
When they set the headstone with
shoutings
She is far away and gone.
For the road is with them that labor,
Her rest is with them that grieve;
Her name is Faith, while you serve her;
When you lose her, Make Believe.
—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Tressy's Christmas.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

(Concluded from last week.)

"O Tressy," cried Jimmy in great remorse, plunging after her. "I'm sorry I ate it up—'twas awful good lying there on the stone—but I won't never do it again. And I'll give you the first piece of cake I get, now I will truly do come, and let's talk over Christmas. I've thought of something splendid to do, and if you'll promise, we can have an elegant Christmas."

"What'll you do?" asked Tress, relenting a little, but waiting to hear what Jimmy would propose.

"Well, come sit down," said Jimmy, delighted at his success. So the two children reposed amicably on the "gingerbread stone," to talk over the coming Christmas.

"Go on," said Tressy, drawing up her small figure and folding her hands, ready for Jimmy's great plans.

"Well, now you know," said that individual, "we can't make presents, cause we hain't got donkeys, nor balls, nor"—he stopped with a longing look.

"Nor dolls," finished Tressy, just as longingly. "O dear, Angelina's so old, she looks like a perfect fright!"

"Well," said Jimmy, "never mind, we haven't nothin' new, but I'll tell you what—let's make each other presents! you give me all your things—Angelina's all, and"—

"O no, I shan't!" cried Tress, springing from her stone in horror. "You bad, naughty, wicked boy to take my things away!"

"Why, I haven't took 'em away," said Jimmy in resentment.

"You're a-goin' to," sobbed Tress in a perfect shower of tears. "Angelina'll die if you do."

"Why, you give 'em to me, don't you understand? and I'll give you all my things," said Jimmy earnestly, putting his arm around her in a convincing way.

"Not your new knife?" asked Tress in an awestricken tone. "Will you really, Jimmy Hope?"

"Ye-es," he said, and then finished heroically—"I will!"

"Then you shall have the whole," cried Tress. "I don't care for Angelina one speck, if I can only have that knife."

"But you must give it back after Christmas you know," said Jimmy anxiously, coming up to her, "just the very day after," he added decisively.

"What?" said Tress, standing still in the middle of a skip.

"And I'll give you back all your things just the same—the shells an' all, you know," said Jimmy.

"I don't want 'em," cried Tress. "I'd rather have the knife than the whole of 'em."

"But you ain't a goin' to have the knife," cried Jimmy in alarm, "so now do you give it straight back."

"That isn't the way I meant to have a Christmas," said Tressy scornfully. "I never heard of folks doing so! I don't want 'em at all if I can't keep 'em, so that's nothin' splendid to tell, Jimmy Hope—it's just horrid!"

"Well, I don't know," said Jimmy, rolling on the grass again. "any other way to have a Christmas—so we can't have none!"

But Christmas was coming to the little prairie-land children, although all their plans failed. "Teresa," Mr. Whittier said, one bright day in December, "can you keep house along with Jimmy, while your mother and me go over to the settlement?"

"O let me go, do, father," cried Tressy, springing up from her patchwork—"I'll be just as good!"

"You can't," said her father, "we've got to bring back meal and potatoes, and there won't be room. Be a good girl and stay at home. Jimmy and you can pop corn, and the time won't seem long."

"Can we?" cried Tress. "We'll stay. Make Jimmy come right off, father, do."

"O yes," laughed Mr. Whittier, "he'll be here in ten minutes, never fear."

So father and mother and little Baby Robin were tucked in the sleigh and started off. Tressy sang gaily to herself as she ran into the woodshed for the corn and the old popper.

"I wonder why Jimmy don't come," she said as she finished shelling, and flung the last cob away, "it must be most five." And she peeped out of the woodshed door that commanded a good view of the trail for quite a distance. But no one being in sight, she turned away, and began to pick up kindlings to replenish the fire for popping. Just then a little rustling noise struck upon her ear. "Hoh-hoh, Mister Jimmy," she thought, "I won't look around!"

But curiosity getting the better of her determination, she turned her head, and there, standing just outside the door, with his fore paws on the sill and his two cruel eyes fastened on her face, was a big, black bear! Tressy dropped the kindlings and gave one bounce up the two steps that led up into the house, forgetting, in her fright, to close the door after her. Up followed the bear. Now Mrs. Whittier had hung—the last thing before she went away—ready to fry after their long, cold ride, two slices of bacon on a long nail that also held several strings of apples left to dry. The bear, smelling these, left Tressy for a minute, and ambling over to the corner, he presently twitched them down, and began to dispatch them. Without stopping to think, Tressy flew to the door leading to the stairs, and rushing up them to the loft, she opened the little scuttle door and sprang up on the flat roof, knowing from the stories she had heard her father tell, enough of a bear's chasing parties for one spell.

"And that skin will fetch a lot of money," put in Mr. Hope. At the word "money" Jimmy and Tressy pricked up their ears to catch every word, and then looked at each other and "Christmas" was in their eyes.

Just then sleigh-bells were heard. "Here they come!" cried Jimmy. "I'm a-goin' to tell 'em first."

"Come back, Jimmy," called Mr. Hope, "you'll scare Mrs. Whittier—let her git in first."

Tressy could hear her mother give a pleasant little laugh, and say, "It's good to get home, John," and then the door opened and she saw their faces! The rest was all confusion, and when

"Hulloa!" And the whistle came to a dead stop.

"Oh, don't come!" cried Tress, motioning him back and leaning over the edge of the roof. "There's a bear in the house!"

"A bear!" said Jimmy incredulously, "hoh! I don't believe it! you've been dreaming and got scared!"

"Oh, there is," cried Tress in the greatest terror. "Don't go in, Jimmy, you'll be killed—he jumped into the woodshed and chased me all into the house!"

"Well," said Jimmy, inwardly sniffing, "I guess 'twas a squirrel: I'm gein' to peek into the window." So in spite of Tressy's pleadings and bemoanings, Jimmy crept up softly and took one look in the little low window. And only one, for he immediately bounced out into the road at such a fearful rate, that Tressy, up high on the roof, thought surely the bear was after him. "O 'tis, Tress!" he gasped, "he's awful big! and he's a-lyin' down on the rug!"

"Do you suppose you could shut the door?" whispered Tress from her parapet, "so's to keep him in till father gets home?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy, who showed no great desire to approach the house; but knowing Tressy's eyes were upon him, he started with knees that knocked together in such a lively manner that he could scarcely walk, and accomplished the feat successfully. "It's done," he cried, flying back into the trail. "I ain't afraid!"

"Now Jimmy," said Tressy, "he might get out, you know, or tear the house down, so you must get somebody here, quick!"

"I'll run right home and get father, only I don't want to leave you," cried Jimmy, craning his neck to see his little playfellow.

"If you don't get somebody quick," said Tressy, "I shall freeze to death—my toes are just like ice, Jimmy Hope!"

"Oh dear," said Jimmy, "it must be awful cold up there!" Tress, do keep a-walkin'—I wish I could pitch my jacket up, and he began briskly to pull it off.

"Don't Jimmy," cried Tressy, "you couldn't pitch it so's I could reach it—and besides do hurry—I think I hear him a-movin'!"

This had the effect to start Jimmy at a pretty lively pace down the trail—but he didn't whistle.

To Tressy the minutes seemed like hours before Mr. Hope and one or two men whom he chanced to pick up, came to her rescue. She scarcely heard the preparations for the capture, and when his bearship was securely shot through the little window, the shouts and huzzas of triumph fell upon ears so benumbed that they made but little impression. The events of the past hour seemed like a dream, and she was floating—floating away—until strong arms carried her down the little crooked stairs, and into the old kitchen. Here she came to with a gasp.

"O, she ain't dead!" cried Jimmy in intense relief, "she ain't! Look at him, Tress—ain't he a bouncer!"

But Tressy turned away her head. "I've seen him enough," she said.

"It's the biggest one," said one of the men, "that's been around in these parts for one spell!"

"And that skin will fetch a lot of money," put in Mr. Hope. At the word "money" Jimmy and Tressy pricked up their ears to catch every word, and then looked at each other and "Christmas" was in their eyes.

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Tressy could hear her mother give a pleasant little laugh, and say, "It's good to get home, John," and then the door opened and she saw their faces! The rest was all confusion, and when

the hubbub cleared away, Tressy found herself in her mother's lap, tightly clasped to her heart.

"My brave little girl," Mr. Whittier would say, coming up every two or three minutes, and patting Tressy's yellow head and then going off to look at the bear again.

"I'll give you," said one of the men, "ten dollars for that bear."

"He's a beauty," said Mr. Whittier, pushing his bearship's paw with his foot. "You may have him—he's come in the right time for my little girl's Christmas."

"O!" Tress gave a small howl at that, as she sat in her mother's lap. "Our Christmas has come, Jimmy Hope! the bear's brought it! the bear's brought it!"

So in the following days the two children were taken over to the "Settlement," and allowed sweet liberty in the buying of presents, till the "bearmoney" was all gone.

And the result was that a tree, beyond any of the brightest dreams of the children, blossomed out into beauty, and stood on Christmas night in the very spot that their strange and unwelcome visitor had occupied. And the Hopes were all there, even Aunt Jane, who had always openly sniffed at Christmas, and she kept wiping her eyes on the blue stocking she tried to knit while the fun was going on. And Jimmy and Tressy, like two wild little things, hopped and danced and made the kitchen ring with their happy nonsense, while Baby Robin, his cheeks like two pinks, sat in the middle of the floor, and crowded at everything straight through. "O, what a time, Jimmy!" said Tress in a pause in the festivities, when they two found themselves alone in a corner, munching candy-balls contentedly. "Didn't I tell you folks had everything—on Christmas? Well, we had a bear—so there, I didn't tell a story, Jimmy Hope!"

"No, you didn't," gallantly observed Jimmy. "Well, this is your Christmas—now next year it's my turn. You see what I'll have!"

"Better'n a bear?" asked Tress, taking another bite of her candy-ball.

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy, unwilling to be beaten. "Yes, indeed, Tress Whittier! I'm goin' to have a Gorilla!"

—*Wide Awake.*

Select Reading.

Nearly a million and a half of Gospels and New Testaments, printed in twenty-two languages, were given away at the Bible stand in the Paris Exposition.

There are over 20,000 men in New York who cannot write. A good many of them are editors, but they are lightning when it comes to shears.

Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.—*Theodore Parker.*

Keep to your calling; let no man induce you to abandon that which you have studied for years, in the vain attempt to learn a new trade in a month. Success springs from industry and perseverance.

If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate, who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

A man may have weaknesses of character and yet be great; but no man can be great who has any littleness of mind.

To be kept from wrong-doing by fear of exposure is not very exalted virtue, but as far as it goes it is beneficial to society.

Do not think for a moment that

you can sin in some corner, and no one will know anything about it. There is no concealment for wrong-doing anywhere. Even as the phonograph gathers up the very intonation of your voice, and lays it away for a thousand years to come, so are our lightest words—our thoughts even—registered in the great book of life above and beyond us! Even as in every spot in the visible creation there is life actual or life possible, just so is there possibly in every space under the broad canopy of heaven a witness of any evil you may accomplish. Be pure and good, therefore, and walk henceforth as in the light of eternity.

Let us not forget that the first great glory of man in all ages and everywhere is the earnest fulfillment of those duties which belong to his earthly pilgrimage. Even as the mighty oak is unfolded from the simple germ contained in the acorn, even so must the soul's great heritage in the future life be developed from the humble treasures of this present existence. It would be a great mistake to presume that the riches of our higher life are to be had for the asking; they can only be had by those who deserve them. It is here that we must sow good seed—here, upon this changing scene of mortality—here, in the midst of life's rude battles and trials—if we would reap a grand harvest from the boundless fields of the Everlasting!

Your enemy is at your feet, and it is in your power to crush him! Don't do it! Better is an ounce of forgiveness than a thousand tons of vengeance! If hardness and bitterness still linger in your heart—if actual and deep wrongs have been inflicted upon you—go and look in the nearest open grave—you will not have to go far—and see what is the end for your enemy and for you. Go and think for a moment beside the nearest gravestone how little worthy it is for an immortal soul to be cherishing the passions of a wolf or a tiger, and then forgive your enemy even as you need to be forgiven!

One of the most significant indications of the great change which has occurred in the opinions of the French people is to be found in a proposition now before them, received with a great deal of favor, to erect a statue of Admiral Coligny in the quadrangle of the Tuileries, near the spot where he was killed. The Admiral was the commander of the army of the Huguenots, and a devoted Protestant. He was considered not only a man of great ability, but a Christian of exalted character. That France, which has honored Romanists and infidels, should now be reviving the memory of the Huguenots and proposing a monument to one of their most famous leaders, is a very interesting fact and a very encouraging one. Coligny was one of the victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, and a statue to his memory, on the spot once stained with his blood, would be a rebuke to Romanism. A great many of the French to-day, indeed, do not hesitate to express their contempt for and opposition to the Papacy and its adherents. It is not at all unusual to hear a Frenchman declare with emphasis that he is a Protestant. He has usually a limited and inaccurate knowledge of the faith of Protestants, but he is very willing to enlarge and correct his information. A very brief observation serves to show that France is opening to the gospel and the Church of Christ. The French, while they have lost nothing of the delicate taste and versatility which have so long been among their chief characteristics, have become much more sober and thoughtful and self-restrained during the past ten years. The change is full of promise. France is by no means an unimportant member of the family of nations. French opinions are received with respect and French ways are imitated by a great many people.—*Chicago Intelligencer.*