

Christian Family.

A Woman's Conclusions.

BY PHIBE GARY.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour that gave me birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of earth;
Put perfect sunshine into my sky.
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;
If I could have known in years gone by,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her
blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;
Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring enclose;
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason
chose;
And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep, in their
beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;
Yes! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought from me, at my bid-
ding, still
I would choose to have my part as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!
I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or
wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a
hair,
This way or that, to either side.
My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!
If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you understand;
It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime
Who knows its strength, by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin:
And how temptation is overcome,
He has learned, who has felt its power
within.
And who knows how a life a life at the last
may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we
stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say, yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!
So let my part stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

The Daughter of a King.

"I wish I were a princess!"
Emma stood with the dust-brush
in her hand, pausing on her way up-
stairs to her own pretty little room,
which she was required to put in
order every day.
"Why, my child," asked her
mother.
"Because then I would never have
to sweep, and dust, and make beds,
but would have plenty of servants to
do these things for me."
"That is a very foolish wish," her
mother replied; "and even if you
were a princess, I think you would
find it best to learn how to do these
things, so that you could do them in
case of necessity."
"It never is necessary for a princess
to work."
"There my little girl proves her
ignorance. If she will come to me
after her work is done, I will show
her a picture."
The little bed-room was at length
put to rights, and Emma came to her
mother, reminding her of her promise
about the picture.
"What do you see, my child?" her
mother asked, as she laid the picture
before her daughter.
"I see a young girl with her dress
fastened up, an apron on, and a broom
in her hand."
"Can you tell me what kind of a
place she is in?"
"I do not know. There are walls
and arches of stone, and a bare stone
floor. I do not think it can be a
pleasant place."
"No, it is not. It is a prison, and
the young girl is a king's daughter."
"A king's daughter?"

"Yes; and the story is a very sad
one."

"Please tell me about her."

"More than eighty years ago, the
King of France was Louis XVI., and
his wife was Marie Antoinette. They
were not a wicked king and queen,
but they were thoughtless and fond
of pleasure. They forgot that it was
their duty to look after the good of
their people, so they spent money ex-
travagantly in their own pleasures
while the whole nation was suffering.
The people became dissatisfied; and
when finally Lou's and Marie Anto-
inette saw the mistake they had been
making and tried to change their
conduct, it was too late. The people,
urged on by bad leaders, learned to
hate their king and queen. They were
taken, with their two children and
the sister of the king, and shut up in
a prison called the Temple."

"There were dreadful times in
France then, and every one who was
suspected of being friendly to the
royal family was sent to prison and
the guillotine. The prisoners in the
Temple passed the time as best they
could. The king gave lessons to his
son and daughter every day, or read
to them all, while Marie Antoinette,
Madam Elizabeth, and the young
Maria Theresa sewed."

After a time the angry people took
away the king and beheaded him.
And shortly after, the little son was
separated from his mother, sister, and
aunt, and shut up by himself in the
charge of a cruel jailor. Next it was
Marie Antoinette's turn to ascend the
scaffold, which she did in 1793. Her
daughter, Maria Theresa, was then
left alone with her aunt, Madam
Elizabeth.

But it was not long she was
allowed even this companionship.
Madam Elizabeth was taken away
and beheaded, then the poor young
girl of sixteen was left entirely by
herself in a dismal prison, guarded
and waited on by brutal soldiers.
For a year and a half she lived thus,
leading the most wretched existence,
and not knowing whether her mother
and aunt were alive or dead.

"Years afterward, when she was
free, she wrote a book about her life
in prison. In that we read: 'I only
asked for the simple necessities of
life, and these they often harshly re-
fused me. I was, however, enabled
to keep myself clean. I had at least
soap and water, and I swept out my
room every day.'

"So here you see a king's daughter,
and the grand-daughter of an empress
—Maria Theresa of Austria, one of
the most remarkable women in his-
tory—after having carefully made her
toilet, sweeping the bare stone of her
cell."

"Is that a true story, mamma?"

"Yes, Emma, every word of it;
and there is much, much more that I
cannot tell you now."

"What became of her at last?"

"She was finally released from
prison, and sent to Austria, to her
mother's friends; but it was a full
year after she reached Vienna before
she smiled, and though she lived to
be more than seventy years old, she
never forgot the terrible sufferings of
her prison life."

"But, my child, what I wish to
teach you is, that though it is some-
times very pleasant to be a princess,
it may be most unfortunate at other
times. Yet there are no circumstan-
ces in life, either high or low, in
which a woman will find the knowl-
edge of domestic duties to come
amiss, and in which she will not be
far happier and more useful for
possessing that knowledge."

"Little children do not always com-
prehend everything at once; so I will
not say that from that time forth
Emma took delight in dusting and
sweeping. But, bear in mind what
woman is the most happy. Not the
one who is the most ignorant and the
most burdensome to others, but the
one who uses her wisdom and her

strength for the benefit of those around
her, shrinking from no duty that she
should perform, but doing it cheerfully
and well.—*Children's Friend.*

Ruined.

A week or two ago, John S. Mor-
ton was sentenced in Philadelphia to
ten years' imprisonment in the East-
ern Penitentiary. As he left the
court-room, his friends—for the most
part fashionable and wealthy men—
surrounded the judge, clamorously
demanding that he should be driven
to jail in a carriage instead of the
prison van.

This little incident and the story of
the prisoner is worth the attention of
young men beginning commercial life.

One short year ago Morton was a
leading citizen in Philadelphia; not a
leader after the fashion of Tweed or
Fisk, but a cultured, refined gentle-
man, the descendant of a signer of
the Declaration of Independence, and
of a long line of judges and honorables,
energetic in business, and in all phil-
anthropic enterprises.

He was one of the foremost projec-
tors of the Centennial Exposition, was
President of the great Permanent Ex-
hibition, and his name was brought
prominently before the people as a
candidate for Governor of Pennsyl-
vania.

He had everything which could
give a man a solid, honorable footing
in the world, but, unfortunately, he
fell into the society of a clique of
fashionable people, of the sort who
would think the riding to prison in a
van a worse disgrace than the crime
which drove him there.

In his haste to gain money and to
vie in splendor with these friends,
Morton was led to dabble in stocks,
then to gamble in them, and finally,
in order to make up his losses, issued
fraudulent stock in a railway com-
pany of which he was President, to
the amount of two million dollars.
The man had not the hardihood of a
villain born in vice, for, on discovery,
he pleaded guilty and fainted in the
court-room.

Now, boys who read such stories
as these are apt to think of them-
selves as of an entirely different order
of human beings from these gigantic
swindlers; yet the shop-boy who sells
a lot of damaged goods to an unwary
customer, or the lad who cheats at a
game of marbles, are each in their
degree guilty as was Morton, and
afloat on the same broad highway.

Deception and fraud permeate every
part of our commercial system, and
they generally meet a temporary suc-
cess. The shopman who cheats in his
master's interest usually is pro-
moted, just as Morton with his ill-got-
ten gains was able to live like a
prince; but retribution is sure, even
in this world. The tricky clerk is
known and avoided as a tricky mer-
chant, and John S. Morton, with
shaved head and convict's dress, will
meet old age in a prison cell.—
Youth's Companion.

The Eternal Glory.

A father, dying, leaves to his child
a package, sealed and inscribed, "Not
to be opened till you come of age."
The child often looks wonderingly on
the sealed package; but he respects
the father's dying will, suffers the
real to keep the secret, and wonders
what surprise is in store for him in
the future.

The Heavenly Father gives to each
one of his children such a package,
labeled, "The Eternal Glory: Not to
be opened till you come of age."
Many a curious eye has gazed on this
package; many a curious imagination
has ventured a guess at its secret con-
tents, but they remain still unknown.
A surprise is in store for us when
school is over, and we graduate and
enter into the true life of our eternal
home.

We are indeed afforded hints of the
contents and character of this sealed

package. We know that it contains
for us some glorious rest. Said a
dying saint, after three score years of
life-battle with sin and temptation,
"In a few hours, or days at most, I
shall be where I shall no longer
wrestle with temptation." It con-
tains most glorious work.

Now we are in the wilderness, in
the earth cursed for our sakes, that
brings forth thistle and thorn, and
gives flower and fruit only in response
to the sweat of the brow. Then we
shall have passed the angel with the
flaming sword, and be where thistle
and thorn are unknown, and where
fruit and flower will respond to
human visitation. Blessed are the
dead who die in the Lord; they rest
from their labors, but their works do
follow them. We know that it con-
tains most glorious companionships—
the companionship of children who
have known no sin; the inspiring
companionship of prophets and mar-
tyrs who have fought valiantly
against sin; the blessed compani-
ship of saints who have been ran-
somed and redeemed from sin, and
made their before stained garments
white in the blood of the Lamb. We
know that it contains glorious knowl-
edge. Now we know in part and
prophecy in part; then we shall know
even as we are known; now we see
through a glass darkly; then, face to
face. We know that it contains a
passport to a glorious place prepared
for us; and for each soul a special
place and a special preparation, as for
each a special love. We know that it
contains a glorious crown. Grandeur
by far than Goethe's crown of knowl-
edge is Paul's crown of righteousness;
a crown of faith, knowledge, valor,
temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly
kindness, love.

And so we go on through life, com-
forted in our troubles, strengthened in
our trials, and elevated in our joys,
by the wondering and expectant hope
of that day of glad surprise when the
sealed package shall be opened, and
that we shall know what the Lord
hath prepared for them that love him.
—*Christian Union.*

Moses' Last Look.

The end was at last come. It
might still have seemed that a trium-
phant close was in store for the aged
prophet. His eye was not dim nor
his natural force abated. He had led
his people to victory against the
Amorite kings; he might still be ex-
pected to lead them over into the
land of Canaan. But so it was not to
be. From the desert plains of Moab
he went up to the same lofty range
whence Balaam had looked over the
same prospect. The same, but seen
with eyes how different! The view
of Balaam has been long forgotten;
but the view of Moses has become the
proverbial view of all time. It was
the peak dedicated to Nebo on which
he stood. He lifted up his eyes
westward, and northward, and south-
ward, and eastward. Beneath him
lay the tents of Israel ready for the
march; and over against them, dis-
tinctly visible in its grove of palm
trees, the stately Jericho, key of the
Land of Promise. Beyond was
spread out the whole range of the
mountains of Palestine, in its fourfold
masses; all Gilead, with Hermon and
Lebanon in the east and north; the
hills of Galilee, overhanging the lake
of Gennesareth; the wide opening
where lay the plain of Esdraelon, the
future battle-field of the nations; the
rounded summits of Ebal and Gerizim;
immediately in front of him the hills
of Judaea, and amidst them, seen dis-
tinctly through the rents in their
rocky walls, Bethlehem on its narrow
ridge, and the invincible fortress of
Jebus. To him, so far as we know,
the charm of that view lay in the
assurance that this was the land
promised to Abraham, to Isaac and to
Jacob, and to their seed, the inheri-
tance—with all its varied features of
rock and pasture, and forest and

desert—for the sake of which he had
borne so many years of toil and
danger, in the midst of which the
fortunes of his people would be un-
folded worthily of that great begin-
ning. To us, as we place ourselves by
his side, the view swells into colossal
proportions, as we think how the
proud city of palm-trees is to fall be-
fore the hosts of Israel; how the
spear of Joshua is to be planted on
height after height of those hostile
mountains. All this he saw. He
saw it with his eyes, but he was not
to go over thither. It was his last
view.—*Dean Stanley.*

The Vanishing Flood.

I have to learn from this subject of
the passage of the river Jordan, that
difficulties touched, vanish. I have
no doubt, in the distance, this river,
having overflowed in a freshet, was
very alarming. There was not one
man in all that host that could under-
stand how he could get through. But
they marched on. The priests lifted
their feet and planted them on the
margin of the river, and lo! the river
was gone. These men of God did not
wade in chin deep, or waist deep, or
knee deep, or ankle deep, but they
touched the river and it fled; they
went through dry-shod. Why, that
is true in all our histories—difficulties
touched, vanish. It is obstacles in
the distance, great anxiety about
something ahead, troubles to come,
that worry your life out. But you
approach trouble, you touch it, it is
gone. I have been told by travelers
in Africa that when they were as-
saulted of wild beasts, or about to be,
if they could only get their eyes
firmly fixed upon the wild beast, it
would cower and slink away. And
so it is in all the troubles and anx-
ieties of this life—once put your eye
of Christian courage upon them, and
they are gone.

There is a beautiful legend among
the American Indians, that Marathon
was traveling in the invisible world,
and that, going along his journey, he
saw a barrier of briars, and then wild
beasts glaring on him from the
thicket, and then an impassable
river; but as Marathon went on, de-
termined to proceed, he found that the
barrier of briars was only a phantom,
that the wild beasts were powerless
ghosts, and that the impassable river
which forbade him rushing into the
arms of his loved one was only a
phantom river. So it is in all our
lives. Trouble in the distance reached,
disappears; marched upon, vanishes;
Jordan touched, is gone.

You say there is some great diffi-
culty in the future, some great work
to be performed for God or for the
church; you say it is impossible, "I
can never go through it," and you
worry and worry. Why don't you
start? If God tells you to start, it is
safe to start—only start. Plant your
foot on the margin of the river, and it
is gone. Difficulties touched, vanish.
—*Talmage.*

Toil and be Happy.

The Christian at Work thinks
Ruskin never said a truer thing than
this; "If you want knowledge, you
must toil for it; if food, you must toil
for it; and if pleasure, you must toil
for it." Toil is the law. Pleasure
comes through toil, and not by self-
indulgence and indolence. When one
gets to love work his life is a happy
one. Said a poor man in Brooklyn,
the other day, with a family of eleven
to provide for; "If I were worth a
million dollars, I should not wish to
do much different than I do now every
day, working hour after hour. I love
it a thousand times better than to
rest." He has for nearly half a century
been surrounded by workers, and has
caught the spirit of industry. He loves
his work better than food or sleep.
He is happy who has conquered laziness,
once and forever.—*Ex.*

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