

Christian Family.

Grandma's Sermon.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood-fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,
When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that scarce was sweeter then
Than now, in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray,
But the light that shone in the young
girl's eyes
Has never gone away;
And the needles catch the fire's bright
light
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma
loves,
Shaping the stocking-toe.

And the waiting childred love it, too
For they know the stocking-song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they hear ere long.
But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night;
Only a sermon, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun,
And I am knitting the toe of mine
And my work is almost done.
With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gray-colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.
There are long, plain spaces without a
break,
That in youth are so hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we count, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the
thread,
And says that our work is done."
The children came to say "good-night,"
With tears in their bright, young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with a broken
thread,
The finished stocking lies.

The Old Year and the New.

To-night, the old year drops into the
shoreless
Sea! As silently, the new comes in,
With all its hoarded gifts (perchance its
Deep, dark sorrows) close-hidden from
our
Wistful eyes. Love's golden key has
Locked them from us, until they fall into
Our waiting hearts, like ripe fruits on the
Waiting earth.

Another year! And still our frail
Bark ripples the life sea:
With recreant homage we give the praise
To Him who crowned the days with bless-
ing
And our life with golden halos, caught
From heaven's own burnished heights.
Anew, we light the altar fires, wherese
our
Grateful love shall offer incense, whose
Curling, cloudy pillars, shall ever rise
Until they reach the eternal throne.

Looking back, we see where
Wrecked hopes strew the angry sea, and
Life is lashed by sudden, shrieking
Storms, and maddened waves that bear
Upon our fragile bark, like hordes of
Thirsty foes, to take the last red drop
That holds the life we loved.

When all the world seems a vast char-
nel
House, for buried joys, and bleaching
Bones, of hopes that wait no resurrection.
Where hearts are leaden, and weary feet
Are forced along the barren way,
Unto the far-off slopes, that once were
Glory-crowned, but now the mists
Have wreathed and thickened above,
Until the smile of God shall never
Penetrate thier gloom.

Oh, earth! we loved thee well,
Before the trafficking serpent stole the
Peace that brooded o'er its beauty,
And left it bare and blackened.

Anon, we see the rolling sea
Drops slowly into rest. The scattered
wrecks
We gather up and precious treasures
Cast up by raging storms comes to
Us on the foam-capped waves
Which—out from the depths, like brave
souls' tempest-driven,
Convulsed by affliction, will rise nearer
heaven.

And through
Our tears, we catch the gleam of wings
The flutter of sails, and lo! our sea
Is flecked with freighted fleets of good
For us.

The far-off shores are bright with spring-
Time verdure. Echo comes back to us
With gush of song, the twitter of leaves,
The dash and roar of leaping waters,
The murmuring lullaby of crystal
streams.

Content with their quiet course
Among the whispering willows that fringe
Its banks. We see where roaring
cataracts
Plunge over rocky ledges—throwing up
Their jets of spray, into the magic sun-
shine,
That turns to rainbow-hues its flying
crystals.

Mingled with this, the music
Of words—whose thrilling vibrations
shall
Pulsate the sweet air, until the atmos-
phere
Of worlds have felt their power.

And looking back upon the changeful
scene
So dark with shade, so bright with bless-
ing

We draw us nearer to the sacred cross,
Discerning where the buried sacrifice
Rose from its gloomy sepulcher, and
Bursting the bars, put on immortal
vestments.

And thus we stand upon the threshold—
We enter the veiled presence—pregnant
With weal or woe, for us and anchor
All our hopes upon His word, who
Said, "All things shall work for good."
—Record and Evangelist.

"Beautiful Snow."

Falling gently down from the open
sky or sifting its way through the
dark green fir trees, comes the "Beau-
tiful Snow," like a great white cover-
ing sent by angel hands to hide all
the dark places of the world.

Nothing is so grand or lofty, and
nothing is so small or obscure, that it
remains untouched by this magical
down, which comes falling, ever fall-
ing, until even the streets seem pure
and white, and the restless pines have
ceased to murmur beneath their snowy
burden, while no one would dream
that the old churchyard, beneath all
this purity and loveliness, was hold-
ing in its bosom many graves, the
hopes of many hearts.

But now, the leaden cloud, which
has overshadowed us only that it
might drop down pure white snow
flowers for the baby fingers, and stars
of beauty from the older hands, is
slowly parted and rolled away, and in
its place we see the "far off blue of a
cloudless sky," smiling down upon us.

Looking out upon the world how
beautiful it seems, we do not wonder
that so many poems have been dedi-
cated to the falling snow, we find our-
selves involuntarily wishing for the
silver tongue of some sweet bard, that
we too may express in fitting words
the thoughts which crowd our minds.
We forget the clouds and the shadows
of the morning in our joy at earth's
beautiful mantle, and the glorious
sunlight which falls upon it and upon
our hearts also, making the one to
sparkle more brilliantly than all the
jewels of the queen's coronet, and
filling the other with a gladness
which earth's treasures are not able
to give. Beautiful as the day is it
can not linger, and while we watch
the sunlight go out through gates of
gold, throwing a parting glory over
hill and shore, we think of our life's
day, and would only ask, that, like
the day which has left us, its evening
hours may be its brightest, and that
it may pass illumined and glorified by
the light which shines down from the
eternal city.

SYLVA LOOMIS.

Many a wife becomes careless of
her personal appearance because of
her husband's indifference. Now in
the simple manner of dress—not so
simple, either—how often men think
it beneath their notice to approve the
choice of their companions. We once
remarked to a gentleman that his
wife displayed most admirable taste
in her attire, and what think you was
his answer? With a sigh, we record
it: "Has she? Well, now, I should
hardly know whether she had on a
wash gown or a satin dress." We
involuntarily disliked him, and
thought that the expression upon the
countenance of his partner spoke
volumes.

How to Help the Needy.

BY RIVERSIDE.

There is much of well meaning
talk, and many benevolent plans made
to assist the poor—to carry the loaf
of bread to the needy. This is well.
It is Christ-like, for He cared for
bodies as well as for the souls of men.

But let us look for a moment and
see if there is not something to be
done before the loaf of bread is car-
ried in charity. Have you given em-
ployment to those you might?—that
shed to be shingled, that fence need-
ing repairs you think might last a
little longer without. Your heart is
touched by the cries of the needy,
asking for bread; how much better
to help them buy their own, earned
by honest labor.

Have you, prudent housewife, dis-
missed your washerwoman, because of
the cry of hard times, when you could
have retained her services without
impoverishing your family, or with-
holding luxuries from the table? Her
one day's work for you is of the ut-
most importance to her. She can do
nothing else; is neither fitted by
education or culture for other work,
and the bread for her little ones she
would rather earn than beg.

It is a false economy for those
whose income allows them far more
than actual needs, to withhold the
work from seamstress, dressmaker,
from any they might employ, in these
times of sorest need.

If your heart is charitably in-
clined, give employment in every
way you can, and then pay the worth
of it; not striving to secure the ser-
vices of those who will work at
starvation prices because they must
have it, but rather "provide things
honest in the sight of all men," that
there be no temptation to slight your
work, giving only the money's worth.
How much better to pay the full
value of labor done. "The laborer is
worthy of his hire."

I know of scores of mechanics and
many single women, struggling to
make an honest living, whose clothes
are shabby, whose table is scanty,
who rarely taste of meat but once in
three or four weeks. They are in our
community, and in our own churches,
have spent the savings of prosperous
years, and will not run in debt. You
ask "why not let their wants be
known?" Would you if you could
help it? "Then what shall be done?"
I will tell you; employ them and pay
well, telling them, "you are sure it
will not come amiss in these hard
times," and you will see the tear of
gratitude start, and may be assured it
will be "bread cast upon the waters."
—Household.

Sensitive Children.

Most children are sensitive, and it
is wrong to wantonly wound their
feelings by censuring them too harsh-
ly for their faults. Time cures a
great many things; children outgrow
infirmities and faults, and if right
principles of action and feeling are in-
stilled gently, constantly, wisely, the
results will ultimately appear. It is
mere cruelty to make the weak
points of a child a source of teasing
and ridicule, as is often done in
schools and families. A mental in-
firmity should be treated as tenderly
as a bodily deformity. A quick tem-
per, an irritable or timorous or teas-
ing disposition, requires far more tact
and judicious management than any
mere physical infirmity.

When grown to maturity, our sen-
sitive children become the poets,
musicians, artists, writers, leaders of
their times. Help them, too, with
their tasks, which to many of them
seem hopeless. Definitions are hard
to remember; the geography lesson
is difficult to comprehend, and won't
stay fixed in the mind; history is
dull and dead; arithmetic a hopeless
tangle of figures, and grammar more
puzzling than any possible conundrum.

The little folk need help; they need
cheer and encouragement, and who
should be so ready, so willing, so able
to give as the parent?—*Ec.*

Mother Comfort.

This beautiful expression occurs in
Isaiah lxvi 13: "As one whom his
mother comforteth, so I will comfort
you."

It was Luther who spoke of God
as being our father and mother.

Whatever there is in the universe
has been first in the mind, in the
heart, in the nature of God. Even
sex seems to be there. He calls him-
self our Father, and now he speaks of
himself as our mother.

All human relationship seems to be
intended to show us God. We could
never reach to the conception of the
fatherhood of God if we did not have
human fathers, and there are loves in
the recesses of the nature of God
which we can only reach through our
mothers.

We have just as much right to say
"Our Mother, which art in heaven,"
as "Our Father, which art in heaven."
The study of mother-love gives us an
idea of God's love for us. Nothing is
so close to a man as his mother.—His
first life is a life bid in her. His first
sustenance taken by his own action is
drawn from her. And so it is of the
soul and God. In him we live and
move and have our being. "All my
springs are in thee." We are his
offspring. Each one of us is his
offspring. It is important to remem-
ber that.

Her many children never become
confounded in a mother's heart. She
not only knows all, she knows each;
she knows his peculiarities of bodily
constitution and temperament, and
his mental peculiarities. She knows
how to reach him and what to do for
him. The wife may be fond as wife
can be, but she does not know what
kind of babe or boy her husband was;
but his mother knows it all. So the
Lord "knoweth our frame; he remem-
bereth that we are dust."

In its little hurts, disappointments,
and distresses, no one can comfort a
child like its mother; for no one will
allow for it and be tender to it, even
when it is naughty and bad. So
God comforts us with the comfort
which one needs.

He can comfort us all the more if
we will recognize that he is verily our
spiritual mother, if we can call him as
the Psalms do—our own God. An-
other man's mother may be best for
him, but my own mother is my best
comfort.

A mother's love never fails her
child. Ordinarily, as long as he
lives, though he himself should be-
come an old man before his mother
dies, she is tender towards him. In
his infancy, in the night, when others
weary, she wakes and watches and
years over him, and that yearning
goes out to him through his career of
life. She loves him with an ever-
lasting love, and the Lord says to
each one of his children, "I will love
thee with an everlasting love."

A mother sacrifices ease, comfort,
pleasure, for her child; devotes her
days and nights to the wearied, the
sick, or disabled child. Just as she
fondles, consoles, forgives, and cheers
her child, so the Lord does his child.
You readily recall a passage of Scrip-
ture to suit each word in the pre-
ceding sentence. But nothing can
make you ever think too tenderly of
God, nor feel too fondly toward him
who has said to you, "As one whom
his mother comforteth, so will I com-
fort you."—*Sunday Magazine.*

The way to meet infidelity is to preach
the gospel; the way to build up the churches
is to preach the Gospel; the way to
keep down church troubles is to preach the
Gospel; the way to check lukewarmness
selfishness, fault-finding, illiberality, world-
liness, is to preach the gospel; the way to
suppress error and sin, sectarianism and
strife is to preach the gospel; the way to
save souls and glorify God is to preach the
Gospel.

Agassiz and His Father.

A story is told of Agassiz, the great
naturalist, which, we believe, has never
yet appeared in print.

His father destined him for a com-
mercial life, and was impatient at his
devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes.
The latter, especially, were objects of
the boy's attention. His vacations he
spent in making journeys on foot
through Europe, examining the dif-
ferent species of fresh water fishes.

"If you can prove to me," said his
father, "that you really know any-
thing about science, I will consent that
you shall give up the career I have
planned for you."

Young Agassiz, in his next vacation,
being then eighteen, visited England,
taking with him a letter to Sir Roder-
ick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature,"
said the great man bluntly: "What
have you learned?"

The lad was timid, not sure at that
moment that he had learned anything.
"I think," he said at last, "that I
know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meet-
ing of the Royal Society to-night; I
will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific savans of
England belonged to this society. That
evening, when the business of the
meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose
and said;

"I have a young friend here from
Switzerland, who thinks he knows
something about fishes; how much, I
have a fancy to try. There is, under
this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish
which existed long before man." He
then gave him the precise locality in
which it had been found, with one or
two other facts concerning it.

"Can you sketch for me on the
blackboard your idea of this fish?"
said Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated
a moment, and then sketched rapidly
a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up
the specimen. The portrait was cor-
rect in every bone and line. The
grave old doctors burst into loud ap-
plause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the
story, "that was the proudest moment
of my life—no, the happiest; for I
knew now my father would consent
that I should give my life to science."
—*Ec.*

LIVER AS FOOD.—The California
Scientific Press says: "We cannot
too strongly condemn the use of liver
and kidneys as food for man. These
organs are constantly charged with
the worn out excrementitious matter
of the system, the presence of which,
when rightly understood, are disgust-
ingly offensive to the taste. Their
presence is evinced by the fact that
these portions of an animal are al-
ways the first subject to decomposi-
tion. They make very good food for
hens and dogs, but for man—never."

Till we have reflected on it, we are
scarcely aware how much the sum of
human happiness in the world is in-
debted to this one feeling—sympathy.
We get cheerfulness and vigor, we
scarcely know how or when, from
mere association with our fellow-men,
and from the looks reflected on us of
gladness and enjoyment. We catch
inspiration and power to go on from
human presence and from cheerful
looks.

Little arms encircling the neck will
make the heart light over which no
diamonds sparkle. All the grand
pictures and splendid works of art
one can possess will never adorn a
room as do the smiling faces of those
dearest to us. The things that may
be bought are pleasant to have—nor
is wealth to be despised; but never
pity the poor man who has the wealth
that gold cannot buy, nor the woman
whose jewels are those of which Cor-
nelia was so proud—good and obedi-
ent sons.