

Christian Family.

He Careth For You.

BY LIZZIE BEATTY.

He careth for thee in morning hours,
When peaceful rest hath restored thy pow-
ers;
He careth for thee in the noonday strife,
He careth for thee in the evening of life,
He careth for thee in the busy street,
When he keepeth from falling thy busy
feet;
And if thou from harm and danger art
free,
'Tis because of His fatherly care for thee.
He careth for thee when busy thy hands,
In doing the duties each day demands.
Be not slothful in business, but fervent in
prayer,
And trust to the Lord who for thee will
care.
He careth for thee when in sickness and
pain;
At evening thou wishest for morning
again;
Yet when morning's bright hours bring
for thee no rest,
Still the Lord careth for thee and knoweth
what's best.
His care will be thine through the valley
of death,
Till the moment thou drawest thy last
sighing breath;
When thou reachest the home He has
gone to prepare,
Thou wilt say, "Now I know that for me
He did care."
Then be not afraid, but go to His throne,
Make there thy sorrows and trials all
known,
For He's mighty to help as He's loving to
care,
And He's called both the hearer and an-
swerer of prayer.

The Water that has Passed.

Listen to the water-mill,
throughout the livelong day;
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away,
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell it cast;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Unless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not cannot last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh.
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take this proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

The Crowded Street.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street.
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
How fast the flitting figures came!
The mild, fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.
They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To hall in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the bed.
And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.
And some who walk in calmness here
Shall shudder as they reach the door,
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
At flowers it lights, is seen no more.
Youth, with pale cheek and tender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Goes then to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?
Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?
Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?
Some, fame-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the
light;
And some, who flout amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
Each where his task and pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not;
There is One who heeds, who holds them
all.
In His large love and boundless thought
These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

Claude's Mission.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

They named him Claude because
the doctor said that on account of a
dreadful accident which happened to
the little fellow when he was a mite
of a baby he must always be lame;
Claude is the latin for lame.

He was lame, to be sure, but what
was worse his head had been injured;
and his friends were soon obliged to
admit the painful fact that his mind
was almost as weak as his poor frail
body.

But Claude had a mission in the
world especially in his own family,
and he was most tenderly beloved by
all who knew him.

He was a veritable sunbeam in the
house. Not comprehending any of
the sorrows or obligations of life, he
was as playful, as prankish, and as
easily amused as a young kitten.

There was never a cloud on his fair
sunny brow unless some one was
cross or unhappy; then he would say
in pitiful tones, with his baby articula-
tion, "Why don't you 'mile'?" and
this query would be repeated until a
smile would be called to almost any
clouded face by his witless importuni-
ty.

I think that before little Claude
came to them Mr. and Mrs. Hawley
were both given to looking upon the
dark side of life, and to rating as too
burdensome the cares and responsibili-
ties of their married lives; taking the
grievous weight, as they thought it
to be, entirely upon themselves, and
trusting nothing to the Father above.

This little son, almost with his first
breath, precipitated a new and fearful
load upon their hearts. They were
parents now. How should the mind
of their offspring be trained? In mak-
ing plans for the education and mater-
ial comfort of their little son, for the
promising days they were never to
see, they neglected the present hour,
and so the incident came. Claude
was a hopeless cripple, dwarfed in
both body and mind!

Mrs. Hawley used to say, "It
taught me to make the most of the
present." Her friends, who expected
her to be completely overcome by the
burden of an imbecile son, were sur-
prised, as the years went by, to see
the grave, preoccupied, and somewhat
fretful woman transformed into a
bright, cheerful, happy, trusting moth-
er.

She often said in after life, "I am
thankful that before my children
came to me I had learned to wear a
smile for Claude's sake, and had found
how much cheerfulness one smiling
face in the family evoked. I had
lived in the shadows before. Every
one kept their sorrows and their cares
for my ear. I used to let the burdens
of life take the uppermost place until
my influence was so depressing that
most of my friends were afraid to
come to me with their joys, and
thought it incumbent upon them to
put on a long face and to groan over
the sin and misery in the world, and
the responsibility of life in general,
when in my presence, I remember
how surprised I was to find the joy-
ous side of many people whom I had
known for years. I had to get ac-
quainted with my friends all over
again."

When Claude was ten years old a
new baby was born to these parents,
and the poor, weak-minded boy's de-
light knew no bounds.

"There's a baby—a real, alive, sweet
'miling' baby at Claude's house," he
announced to every one who spoke to
him.

One day he said to his mother,
"When baby is a big boy I hope he
will know more than Claude does:
Claude don't know but a little. No-
body tells him so, but when Claude
tries to know things, something
crowds down on top of his head, and
won't let him know them."

For all his parents were satisfied
that the poor child could never take

care of himself, his mother taught him
all the little things his mind could
grasp; and any simple bit of knowl-
edge once acquired was held tenacious-
ly. When he failed to understand
anything he would say, "No, no, na-
ma; Claude's head won't let him
know that."

One day Mr. and Mrs. Hawley
drove away to the next town to at-
tend a wedding, leaving the house
and the two children in the care of
the nursery maid and cook. The maid
got the baby to sleep, set Claude to
rocking the cradle softly, and then she
and the cook ran across to another
street to see a mutual acquaintance.
They stayed longer than they had in-
tended, and were reminded of the
fact by a cry of fire in the street.
Running out, they saw the flames
leaping from the windows and creep-
ing up the walls of the rear part of
the house which they had left to
keep itself a full hour before.

"Oh, poor, pleasant-faced Master
Claude, and the precious, blessed ba-
by!" cried the nurse, wringing her
hands and rushing around the build-
ing, to find the flames crawling under
the kitchen door.

Looking up at the window in the
immediate vicinity of the vicious
tongues of fire, the two terrified servants
saw Claude raise the sash, and pro-
ceed as if to drop a large white bun-
dle.

"It's the baby, the blessed baby!"
shrieked the nurse. But the bundle
did not fall to the ground as she had
anticipated. It was lowered slowly,
gently, till it came to the reach of ea-
ger, waiting arms.

When Claude saw it was safe, he
stood up on the wide window-sill and
clapped his hands for joy. Then he
leaped out fearlessly into the autumn
air before any one in the crowd below
could think what the poor boy intend-
ed to do.

There were willing arms enough to
break his fall somewhat, but the dear
child, never recovered from this sec-
ond dreadful shock to his blighted
young life.

He told his mother when she re-
turned to him, pale and almost speech-
less, and clasped him in her arms,
"Mile, mamma, 'mile; Claude saved
baby. The fire that burns, burns, got
out of the stove, c'rawled up to the
nursery door, and Claude couldn't get
out. And he was so frightened, mam-
ma, that a piece broke out of the top
of Claude's head, and then he knew
what to do. He tied the baby up in
the shawl, just as grandma does when
the baby is weighed. Grandma show-
ed Claude how to tie the knot so as
to make a handle. And then Claude
took the big, white spread off from
nurse's bed and tied the corner into
the shawl-handle. Then he opened
the window and let baby down just
as the bucket goes into the well at grand-
pa's. And then Claude took the
spread off from his own bed, and tied
it round his leg. But when Claude
tried to be let down like a bucket, too,
he went falling, falling."

Before Squire Hawley's fine house
was finished, on the site of the old
one, dear little Claude had gone to
heaven.

His grave is in the flower-garden,
and a lovely white marble angel,
holding a tablet, marks the spot.
On the tablet, in gilt letters, are the
words:

"TO THE MEMORY OF CLAUDE.
EVERY SUNBEAM FULFILLS ITS MISSION."

Prayer.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the
morning sky.
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to his watchful
care.
Morn is the time for prayer.
When is the time for prayer?
In every hour when life is spared thee,
In crowds or solitudes, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee;
At home, at morn and eve, with loved
ones there.
Bend thou the knee in prayer.

—Burnet.

Boston Whittling Schools.

Half way down Temple Place, in
Boston, is a certain window, in front
of which you will always find a group
of admiring eyes. And no wonder
for the prettiest, daintiest bits of
wood carving are placed here; and if
you want to see something still more
attractive, just step inside.

Tropical plants, heavy draperies,
and a variety of pretty rugs—to say
nothing about the pet kittens and the
wee dog on the cushions—give to the
long room a very homelike air. The
tall cabinets, all of inlaid work, are
filled with daintily carved knick-
knacks, and there isn't the least look
of a "store" about the place.

This is the headquarters of the
"Sorrento Wood Carving Company."
And, if you will believe me, the whole
business is carried on just by two
energetic, talented women!

Ten years ago, Miss Hill intro-
duced here in Boston a peculiar kind
of "wood carving," to which she gave
the name of "Sorrento," in remem-
brance of that lovely city across the
Bay of Naples, where nearly all the
population are engaged in the same
sort of fret-cutting and inlaying.

It was in Canada that she acquired
the pretty accomplishment; and when
she opened her little "up-stairs"
studio, on the corner of Tremont
Street and Temple Place, her object
was simply to teach others this novel,
fascinating art.

But the numerous pupils that ap-
plied for instruction, the constant de-
mands for new patterns and suitable
woods, together with the frequent
"orders" for finished work, as this
effective style of ornamentation be-
came better known, induced Miss Hill
and her friend to enlarge their plans.

How the business has grown under
their able management! a long, but
very interesting story. Twice Miss
Hill has crossed the water to secure
some desired improvement in pat-
terns or tools; and the saw blades
that are now used by the Sorrento
Wood Company come directly from
Germany. After many experiments
they offer the public a "saw-frame"
of their own manufacture; which,
among other advantages, admits the
insertion of larger pieces of wood, and
is regulated by simpler and more
easily-turned screws.

I wonder if you know just how this
fret-sawing and inlaying is done. It
is, to be sure, much easier than the
wood carving in relief; but, after all,
it requires a deal of skill and patience.

The steel saws are sometimes as
fine as holes are made with a tiny
drill worked by a crank. This also
makes holes for pins and screws, and
rims them out with all sorts of points.

The outfit of tools necessary, costs,
according to number and quality,
from two to six dollars; and only a
few lessons are needed to teach one
how to use these magic little instru-
ments.

Many pupils have received all their
instruction by letter. And, for the
accommodation of those who live at a
distance, the Sorrento Wood Com-
pany have issued a little pamphlet of
directions, which is sent with every
box of tools.

At present, there is a great demand
for inlaid work; and holly upon
white-wood upon black-walnut—in-
deed every variety of inlaying—can
be done with these same tools. Tables
and large cabinets are now ornament-
ed tastefully in this manner, and the
work is said to be very durable.

In the pretty alcoves curtained off
from the main room on Temple
Place, lessons are still given by these
indefatigable ladies; and numerous
frames, brackets, easels, etc., are
manufactured just here. But all the
rough work is done by steam power,
and a number of hands are kept con-
stantly at work, down on Mechanic
Street, where all the cabinets and
larger pieces of work are turned out
by machinery.

Four years ago, a branch store was

opened by the Sorrento Wood Car-
ving Company in Chicago; but most
of the work is done here in Boston,
and then sent out West for more ex-
tensive sales.

Two architects, one here and one
in Chicago, are kept constantly busy
making their designs; but all the
printing is done here by young girls,
who are experts in managing the
hand presses.

The wood they always prefer to
select themselves from the lumber
yard; for it is only the best pieces of
bird's-eye maple, cedar, holly, white-
wood, horse-chestnut and black-wal-
nut that can be used for this dainty
work.

Then it must all be seasoned, and
the planks cut up into available
pieces.

In all, they employ about a dozen
workmen. But the ladies themselves
superintend every part of the work;
and when the wood is ready, it is
brought to the headquarter on Temple
Place, where none but a woman's
hand puts on the finishing touches.—
Wide Awake.

A Glance at Jenny Lind.

Before I quit the theme of song and
of singers, let me mention a glimpse
that I caught before leaving London of
one of the celebrities of the past. On
leaving the home of Mme. Albani I
crossed the street to look at the dwell-
ing of Jenny Lind. The house stands
back from the street, and a garden
that must in summer be a very bou-
quet of flowers and verdure extends
in front of it. A bust of the great
singer, life size, and in marble, stands
in the large bay window that fronts
the garden. And beside the bust sat
an elderly lady, in a white mob-cap
and white cashmere shawl, engaged in
partaking of the afternoon cup of tea
that forms so prominent a feature in
English social life. She was talking
to some one in the room, and as she
turned to the window I saw again the
face that I had last looked upon,
crowned with roses and lighted with
inspiration, on the stage of Tripler
Hall, twenty-eight long years ago.
Under the disfiguring cap, the fair
hair, now plentifully streaked with
gray, was seen rolled back in precise-
the same fashion as that which set all
the girls in America to twisting back
their tresses in those by-gone years. In
some respects Jenny Lind has greatly
changed. Few could have recognized
in the pale, worn lineaments of the
elderly lady the well nigh angelic
countenance of the greatest singer of
our day and generation. I permitted
myself but one glance, not wishing to
violate even by look the sanctity of that
tranquil home. I am told that Mme.
Lind-Goldschmidt, as she styles herself
is very eccentric and peculiar. She
still interests herself in music, being
the leader of the Bach Choir, a private
association, to which some of the first
ladies in London belong; and so se-
vere is she in her requirements, and so
strict in demanding their fulfillment,
that her high-born pupils are often
tempted to rebel.—*London Corres-
pondent.*

What wonderful vicissitudes in human
life? The present ruler of Afghanistan,
Yacoub Khan, leaped from a dungeon to
the throne. On the other hand many have
fallen from the throne to a dungeon. In
the private walks of life there are some-
times strange vicissitudes. We take a
profoundly suggestive item from a New
York paper: "Robert M. Martin once
gave \$100,000 to the churches. Yesterday
he was sentenced to the city prison for
five days for stealing one coat and shirt.
Mr. Leonard Jerome, Jr., was in court
and said that he had known Mr. Martin in
good and prosperous days gone by, when
the prisoner was a broker worth nearly a
million dollars. He failed in 1872." It
was stock gambling that did it. Had he
provided things that were honest in the
sight of all men, he never would have fal-
len so low.

—God has given us a beautiful world,
and placed man at the climax of his works;
yet, notwithstanding his exalted position,
he is the only created thing that has mar-
red its original beauty.

—If mankind were ruled by love, sin
would not have a place whereon to rest
her foot.