

Christian Family.

Children.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.
In your hearts are the birds and the sun-
shine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.
Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.
What the leaves are to the forest,
With the light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—
That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a bright and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.
Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.
For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your carresses,
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

The Heavenly Railroad Song.

The road to heaven by Christ was made,
With Gospel truth the rails were laid,
From earth to heaven the road extends,
Through life eternal, there it ends.
God's love's the fire, the truth, the stream
That drives the engine and the beam;
All you that would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him confide.
Repentance is the station then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fare then is for them to pay,
For Christ himself, he is the way.
Come, then, poor sinner, now's your time,
On any station on the line;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The car will stop and take you in.
The car is ready, soon will go,
Will you go to heaven, or no?
You will draw your wages by the way,
And to the end the best of pay.
We have on board a holy band,
They're all bound for Canaan's land,
For Canaan's land appears in view,
Where all the saints go dressed anew.
The car runs both night and day,
Nor will it tire by the way,
Until it lands in heaven above,
Where all the saints shall meet in love.

So Tired.

BY AMY GREY.

I am weary and tired this morning
With the "burden of the day,"
I long, like the little children,
To lay down my work and play.
But the work is very pressing,
My heart is so lonely, too;
It aches, and aches, as the stitches
Go wearily thro' and thro'.
It does not look like the "bitter part,"
It looks like unnatural strife—
Just having to "gather the fragments"
up,
And begin anew in life.
I look at the man and the woman
With plenty of love and heart's ease;
They never have labored one day as I,
And yet they have "wine on the lees."
But do I wish to be like them—
No battles fought and none won?
I would rather bear my own crosses
Than act as many have done.
Maybe I am tired and weary,
And our minds with the body agree,
So the darkest side of the picture
Is the only side I can see.
I will do the work that He gives me,
Whether it be heavy or light;
The darkest cloud may shift after awhile
And show the side that is bright.
—Christian Standard.

"I Will Be Good."

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say;
"I will be good—now watch me;
I will be good to-day!"
She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile:
Then a mother's kiss was on her lip,
So pure and free from guile.
And when night came, that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"
Oh, many, many, bitter tears
"Would save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to-day!"
Jesus can help us to be good;
To him we'll humbly pray;
His grace alone can make us good,
And keep us good all day.
Help us to hate all evil thoughts,
All sinful words and ways;
And in thy service take delight
Through all our earthly days.
—Sci.

Send us a new subscriber.

The End of It.

BY M. A. DENISON.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! What shall I do? I can't go to mother, for she hasn't one hundred and twenty-five cents at any time. I have no friends. Oh, what a fool I have been! Oh, what a fool!"

The lad Harry McNair, only eighteen, whose face delighted all who saw it, sprang from the chair, crushed the paper figured from top to bottom in his strong right hand, and began to walk nervously back and forth.

"I was going to do such great things,—I was going to be such a grand man! Oh, what castles I have built, and how fondly mother used to listen to me! Poor mother! she believes in me yet, and is thinking of me to-night—and I have allowed myself to be led by that devil!"

He drew his breath hard, and locked his teeth together.

I was warned, but I would not listen. Little by little he drew me on, and all the time I knew it was wrong and now I have gambled for money. He let me win for a time, and then I lost and lost, until I owe him one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and he will have it. If I refuse to make over my salary, he will go to my uncle, and that will ruin me. And he says he'll do it. Oh, how shall I save myself?"

He looked over his few possessions—a flute, several books, his best suit,—they would not sell for twenty dollars in ready money. He thought of writing to his mother; but no, it would kill her to think he had deviated from the straight line of honor. She was so proud of him, had such confidence in his love for her!

They had talked together of the severe temptations, and he had promised—what he had not promised? Besides, how could she help him? There was already a mortgage on the old house, which he was to pay, so he had decided, before he was twenty-one. He had been saving money for months for that object; but the money was all gone—squandered, lost!

"And I am lost!" he groaned, flinging himself down and burying his face in his hands.

There came a knock at the door. He knew who was there. His face flushed and then turned white. A tingling sensation ran through his nerves. If he had but locked the door, his enemy might not have found him; but poor Harry was thoughtless in this as in other things, and the handle turned as he had lifted himself up and tried to show a little spirit in his face.

"Moping, are you?" queried a low frank voice. "Never do that; it's bad for the health. Come, let's go down to the saloon; there's to be a match there between Ned Condray and Tom Walters. I tell you it will be the snuggest little game of billiards to be seen this season, and I bet on the little Frenchman."

"I don't care about going, Hamden. I've got to give up that sort of thing, and—"

A low, soft laugh, with a mocking devil in it that stung Harry to the quick, interrupted him.

"Don't be spoony, Mac; don't play the sentimental good boy of the Sunday school books; don't acknowledge that you haven't pluck enough to use the good things of this world without abusing them. You haven't learned to be a man yet, I see. There's too much mother in you—"

Harry sprang to his feet with flashing eyes.

"Don't you speak of my mother! he cried, clenching both hands. "It is almost sacrilege for me to take her name on my lips after—after—"

His lips quivered, the veins of his temples were red and swollen, and unable to command himself, he burst into tears.

His friend, vile as he was, seemed touched by this exhibition of sor-

row.

"Look here, Mac," he said, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, neither did I intend any disrespect to—your mother. I suppose you are thinking of that money. Don't let it trouble you in the least; I can wait a month or two. I'm in funds this morning, and feel first rate. Come, come, cheer up!"

"Thank you, Hamden," said Harry in a broken voice; "but I don't see how to pay you if I put it off six months, so where's the use?"

"Well, hang it, don't talk about it now! I'll put you in the way of getting it. You might make it in a night you know."

"I'll not make it by play," said Harry, sturdily.

"Perhaps not; but let's go down to Chillian's. I wouldn't miss that game for anything, and it's about time. Don't say you can't go; for you can. It will put you in spirits, and if you want to bet a trifle, I—"

"I won't do it, Hamden; I'm never going to bet again. I'll go to the saloon just for once to please you, but I mean to cut the whole thing. Only once let me get out of debt, and goodbye to all temptation of that kind. You'll see."

"Of course we shall," sneered Hamden; but the sneer was carefully concealed, though it was followed by a smile that said as plainly as though it was spoken:—

"I lead, you follow, young man."

Just here was the opportunity that God gave Harry McNair to resist the evil in store for him, but he gave way to the stronger will of Hamden, a young man as wicked and daring as he was handsome and fascinating. He could not choose at once to break his bonds and fly from the tempter. He had learned to be passionately fond of cards and billiards. It was in his blood, though he did not know it and that was why his mother had always guarded him so carefully. Close to the heels of Ned Condray, Harry, with his companion, sprang up the stairs leading to the saloon. As he did so, his foot touched something that rolled. He looked down, saw that it was a pocket-book, and almost without thought he picked it up and thrust it in his pocket. Did Condray lose it?

"Why he?" cogitated Harry, dozens of men had been up the stairs. At all events, he would not say anything, but wait till he had examined the contents,—a fatal delay.

All through the trial of the two contestants he was absent-minded, and left the moment the decision was given in favor of the little Frenchman. At home he threw the pocket-book on the table. Unwillingly he opened it. It was full of bank-bills of a small denomination, in all one hundred and fifty dollars.

No matter about depicting the struggles that tore Harry's unhappy heart—those who have been there know them. Those who have not, God keep them innocent.

Harry fell. His widowed mother, his honor, were forgotten. Early next day Hamden was paid, and after all was settled, he said:—

"So you found Condray's pocket-book, did you? Well, I'm mum; I'm going away South. Much obliged, but I'm afraid they'll be down on you. Steins' boy was looking out of the window on the first landing, and he told Condray he saw you pick it up—told him not twenty minutes ago. I thought I'd come round; glad I did. Good morning!" And with a satanic chuckle, Hamden left poor, bewildered, frightened Harry to his own conscience.

The boy seized his hat. He was quite calm, but it was the calmness of despair. He threw the pocket-book in the fire, reserving the twenty-five dollars, and then, rushed from the house down to the river, hailed a boat and was soon rowed out of sight.

One week after that, in a far-off city, a recruiting sergeant was hailed by a youth of refined and melancholy aspect, who said he wanted to enlist.

No questions was asked. The young man entered, and took his place with a dozen roistering, drunken German, and Irish recruits, silent, thoughtful, sunken-eyed, but quiet and dignified.

Of course he became more or less the butt of the coarser natures by which he was surrounded. With the same sad aspect he went through the drill, or walked passively to his quarters. Those who noticed him always wondered who he was—that delicate, thoughtful, handsome-faced lad; He talked to no one, he wrote no letters; he just moved patiently from one duty to another, till one day, while at drill, he fell down in a fainting fit.

He was removed to a hospitable, and treated for malarial fever; but his disease was heart-break. In his sleep he moaned for his mother. In his waking moments his spirit cried for her; but he said nothing until the last. One morning he called the doctor.

"Am I dying?" he asked. "Don't be afraid to tell me."

"You have, I fear, but a little while to live," replied the doctor tenderly.

"Oh, I am so homesick!" was the feeble response, through quivering lips, already pallid with death. "If I could only see mother once—only once!"

"Shall I write to her?"

"Never!" was the hollow response.

"It is enough that I have broken her heart. She must never know how I died—where I died. O mother, mother!" and with that cry the agonized soul quitted its broken tenement.

The poor mother—alas for poor mothers whose boys are led astray by evil companions!—never knew what became of Harry, only that the theft was traced to him. For a few years she lingered, mourning, yet hopeful of his return, and then she died with his name upon her lips.—*Youth's Companion*.

How To Breathe Properly.

Most people breathe properly by accident or instinct than by design; but on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this moment are suffering from more or less active affections of the lungs or throat owing to a faulty mode of respiration—in other words because they breathe through the mouth instead of through the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating drinking and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs namely, smell and breathing.

In summer time the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as in the winter season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits the mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channels of the nostril, the air passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose, becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs, but if he takes the air between the lips, and in the mouth the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membranes of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a local chill, frequently ending in inflammation. Many persons, without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over their mouth in winter if they happen to go out of doors. By doing this they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips, and virtually compel themselves to breath through the nostrils. But they could attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces to the proper and natural way of breathing. We believe that if people would only adopt this simple habit—or in

other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, "Shut your mouth, there would be an intense diminution of two classes of disease, namely that the lungs and throat, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year.—*Exc.*

How Flint Arrow Heads Were Made

A young scientist in the Smithsonian Institute, named Cushing, has just made public the discovery of the method employed in making the stone and volcanic glass arrow heads, daggers, knives, axes and razors of the prehistoric races. Up to this time this has been a great problem to all antiquarian students, but no theory has ever been advanced showing such practical results as Cushing's.

He started to solve the difficulty by putting himself in the identical position of the Aztec or mound builders—without anything to work with except sticks, varied shaped stones such as he could find on the banks of any stream, and his hands.

After making some rude implements by chipping one flint with another, he discovered that no amount of chipping would produce surface like the best of those he was trying to imitate. He therefore came to the conclusion that there was another way of doing it, and by chance tried pressure with the point of a stick, instead of chipping by blows of a stone, when, presto! he found that he could break stone, flint and obsidian in any shape he chose. Shortly he had made spear-heads and daggers that would cut like a razor, as good as any he had before him, which had been picked up from all over the world. By a little more observation he found that the "flaking," which he calls his process, on the old arrow head left grooves that all turned one way. He produced a like result by turning his stick the easiest way from right to left. He therefore concludes that the pre-historics were right-handed people like ourselves. This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that occasionally an arrow head is found that has flukes running from left to right, showing a left-handed person. The importance of the discovery is that

it shows the pre-historics to have been able to do this thing without the use of implements.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Keep Your Troubles Sacred.

A worthy wife of forty years standing, and whose life was not all made up of sunshine and peace, gives the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good, and so well suited to all married people; as well as those who intend entering that state, that we here publish it for the benefit of such persons:

Preserve sacred the privacies of your own house, your married state, and your heart. Let no father or mother, sister or brother or any third person come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help, build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur be healed at once. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Review and renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.—*Exc.*

Mother.

The velvet moss may grow upon the sterile rock—the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch—the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the dying year—flowers bloom and fade on the lonely grave in yonder churchyard—but, heaven be praised, the memory of the kind, patient, gentle, forgiving mother leaves something green, something beautiful and grateful to the soul, while in the cold hours of fate, it still winds its tendrils round the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart.