

Family Reading.

Perfect Trust.

My boat is on the open sea
Which storms and tempests toss,
I know not of the hills to meet
Before I get across.

not help watching, his pale, feeble wife
and the helpless little baby. Out in
the streets there seemed more room to
move. He avoided the hours when he
should meet his fellow-workmen re-

'Here, Steve, hold baby; will you?
while I get it ready.'
Stephen took the little creature care-
fully-- he was not much used to hold-

of silver and an empty box, and set to
work at making more; and, although
Aaron joined him the following week,
the demand could not be met.

music and culture. John likes a good
dinner, and I'm afraid he would rather
have it than manage with a poor one,
even with an intellectual wife to serve
it.

of exercising a narrow economy do
wrong when they practice it. In hard
times the wealthy should not share in
the general retrenchment, but should
spend a little more generously than
their wont; and in easy times, com-

From The Sunday Magazine.

AT HIS WIT'S END.

A STORY OF INVENTION.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNET.

CHAPTER II.

(Concluded).

All Monday Stephen went from
foundry to foundry, but trade had been
dull and was just beginning to revive,

Saturday night came. There was a
question Stephen must ask, and he
tried twice and thrice to say the words
before they would form the very sim-

'Yes, that's how it could be done.'
'What done?'
'Why, I know how I could make a
pin that wouldn't hurt.'

Sermon over a Mending Basket.
'I am perfectly worn out with my
mending and darning,' sighed Mrs.

'It seems praiseworthy in the girls,'
said Mrs. Hillman, rising and striking
a match. 'I really cannot waste an-

Domestic Misery.
No unhappiness in life is equal to
unhappiness at home. All other per-

So a bitter time of trial began; for
three long weeks Stephen wandered
about constantly asking for work.

CHAPTER III.
WHAT HE FOUND THERE.
Another Sabbath had come round,

The early dawn was hardly flushing
the sky above the crowded roofs when
Stephen the next day awoke, and he

The placid, elderly lady who sat by
the cheery open fire had listened pa-
tiently to the plaint which she had

'It would not be selfish, dear; but I
want to speak of something else. A
while ago you remember that Artie and

The other Fellow.
Not the one addressed--is generally
the sinner. An amusing incident il-

Stephen tried each evening as he
neared his house to put on the cheer-
ful air he did not feel, and enter his

'Well, old chap, are you getting on
middling?'
'No, not at all; I can't get a chance
to go to work.'

'Do? Yes, grandly!' She hastily
laid them down and turned to the cradle,
and without any apparent reason

'You love music, but it will soon be a
lost art to you. You like books, but
you never open one. You do not know

'You know, Milly,' said Aunt Mary,
smilingly, 'that I think whipping is oc-
casionally needed for some children, just

The Great Paper.
Many pieces of old paper are worth
their weight in gold. I will tell you of

Through all the years which have
passed since then Stephen looks back
upon that week as the most miserable

'Obey God, rather than man.' Step-
hen said the words sadly, and as
though speaking to himself.

'Thank God!' reverently responded
her husband. 'He has not let us be tried
above what we could stand. As long

'Aunt Mary, much of what you say
is true. I acknowledge it. But where
is the remedy? There are my six

'And you want me to hire Susy La-
throp, I suppose.'
'Susy or somebody else. More and

Visitors go to look at it with great
interest. They find it a shrivelled
piece of paper, but they know that it

He had been everywhere! He knew
the uselessness of applying where he
had been already refused, and yet it

'You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup
of tea with us? We can yet afford to
give a friend that.'

But henceforth it was no talk of loss
that their lives told. Two days later,
with a workbox of his wife's filled with

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