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## Samily Reading.

#### Perfect Trust.

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

I do not know how long or short The fitful voyage be; But patient I'll abide His time Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part, Hope is the anchor fair; The compass that it has is faith, And every oar is prayer.

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh, The ocean madly roars, But all I do is simply this: Bend closer to the oars.

At times the waves run mountain high And threaten me to strand; I fear not, for He holds them in The hollow of his hand.

The fog at times obscures my course, I see the way but dim; But well I know I cannot drift Beyond the sight of Him.

I know not where the shoals may lie, Nor where the whirlpools be, It is enough, dear Lord, to teel That they are known to thee.

And thus content I glide along, If either slow or fast, Well knowing He will surely bring Me safe to port at last.

> 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, no new workmen were required, and he met with refusals at all save one place; there he was told a foreman who understord his own particular was wanted, but the master was engaged out at a meeting, and he might call next day. When he cid call he found he was not wanted.

So a bitter time of trial began; for three long weeks Stephen wandered constantly asking for work-When he had penetrated into every workshop and foundry-yard in the vast town where he had been born and always had lived, and met invariably with disappointment, he began by his wife's advice to travel to the neighboring smaller towns.

Frequently he walked very long distances on vague rumors of employment, which always turned out to be false, fire that afternoon, and Mary, singing for the iron trade, which was beginning a hymn, was trying to quiet the child to to revive in the great town, was still sleep as she rocked it to and fro in ber stagnant in the outlying districts. Constant refusals crushed even his brave and trustful spirit, and he went now, at the end of a fortnight, on his daily search with so despondent an air that mistortune seemed to accompany him and cling naturally to his side.

home briskly, but one look at Mary's thinking.' anxious face and large, questioning eyes, and all his sham brightness vanished.

The couple had only been able, on account of the long bad times, to make but a very small provision against a rainy day. A sick sister-a widowhad needed and received help to the utmost of their power, and many unusual expenses had come to be paid during the last month, so the little savings had dwindled rapidly away, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that Stephen, on the Monday in this the third week, was obliged to go to the savings bank and withdraw their last pound.

Through all the years which have passed since then Stephen looks back upon that week as the most miserable of his life, and somatimes even now he wonders how he got through it, and owns with humble gratitude that nothing short of the sustaining hand of his God and and the patient uncomplaining, cheerful love of his wife prevented him from utterly despairing.

He had been everywhere! He knew the uselessness of applying where he had been already refused, and yet it was intolerable to remain in the house doing nothing but watch, as he could

not help watching, his pale, feeble wi'e 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 returning from that employment to gain a share in which would have been the greatest earthly happiness to himself. He wandered about fighting a sore battle. Few persons passing the man in the street in his unused working- rocked the more she cried. dress, and with that look of mistortune hanging like a mist about him, would have given him credit for being a hero, and little did he feel like one himself. And yet each night as he knelt and prayed for that daily bread which afore.' seemed so long in coming, he also offered a thanksgiving for having passed one more day without having straight' yielded to sin, for every waking hour

as though no denial was possible,passing the gates.'

'No, no; not even for them. Lord, help me to be true to thee, and to do What done?" what I'm sure is right,' he would cry in his heart; and then with hurrying feet would hasten past the well-known

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 simple sentence.

' Have we any money left, Mary? I know you've had coals to get.'

'A shilling, dear lad; but don't be low-hearted; we've three big loaves and a bit of cheese and some tea and sugar-enough to put us over Monday. Keep up thy heart, Stephen; our Lord's sure to make a way for us.'

Stephen groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

So the third week ended.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

Another Sabbath had come round, and perhaps, of all the sorrow-laden souls in the great congregation assembled in the time and smoke-blackened old parish church, none carried heart heavier than the working man who knelt with bowed head and passionately clasped hands in the shadow of the tarthest pillar.

Stephen was sitting silently by the arms, when the door opened and Aaron

'Well, old chap, are you getting on middling?

' No, not at all; I can't get a chance

to go to work.' ' Ay, but that's bad! You see,

Stephen tried each evening as he Steve, it's gotten out why Hanworth neared his house to put on the cheer- sacked thee Have you tried old Mr. ful air he did not feel, and enter his Wilson? He's of thy own way of

> Ay, and I should have got a job. maybe: but they've not work for their own old hands.'

'I'm sorry for you Steve. I wished many a time since I'd been man enough to do t' same. All these three Sundays I've been fair miserable, and I've thought such a sight of thee. I thought to mysen to day, directly I've got washed I'll go on and see Steve.'

· Have you been working every Sun-

' Ay, that we hev; and now, whenever it suits Hanworth, we shall have to do it again. He comes down for an hour in t' afternoon, looking so clean, and with a flower in his coat. It fair rouses me. But what is a chap to do?

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

'Au, it's well enough for thee, Aaron began, and then he stopped sudd-nly, for he caught sight of Mary's face, and her eyes were full of tears. She rose hastily, and began nervously moving about. Stephen looked up also.

'You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup

while I get i' ready.'

Stephen took the little creature carefully -- he was not much used to holdsng babies -in his arms; but he had hardly received his little daughter when she set up a pitiful cry. He rocked himself backwards and forwards, hold the baby closely to him, and trying to hush it; but in vain; the more he

Mary, who had gone into the cellar to fetch the bread, ran hastily up.

. What ever s the matter?' said Stephen, turned helplessly towards his wite. 'I never heard it go on like this

You've run a pin into it! Here, give me hold of her; I'll soon put it

of the day had been passed in fighting quite happy on her father's knees till temptation. A voice had been con- the poor meal was spread. Then, stantly urging him, with sometimes though Mary and Aaron talked cheersuch terrible vehemence that it seemed tally together, Stephen became quite silent, and when tea was over, and they Go to Mr. Hanworth, say you are drew their chairs around the hearth, sorry and you will work on Sunday his thoughtful gaze turned to his when he finds it needful. He will take little coild, peacefully slumbering in you back. The wages are good, and her wooden cradle, and he became Mary and the child will be provided apparently in contemplating for. Go at once: here you are just her small face. Suddenly he exclaimed .-

'Yes, that's how it could be done.'

'Wny, I know how I could make a pin that wouldn't hurt '

Then, do it, lad,' cried Aaron, 'lot's of t' women tolk would buy them; ay and men, too, for naught drives a ma out of himsen like a crying bairn.'

' But I can't do it.'

' For why?'

'Because our money's done, and we've naught even to buy pin-wire,' 'Here, I lend thee it. Will ten shillings fit thee ?"

'Ay, five shitlings will, and pleaty too; and thank you mate.'

'Nay, take ten shillings; you'r kindly welcome.'

Atter that a cloud seemed lifted from the party, and when Aaron left at nine o'clock, after again partaking of bread and cheese, he thought, as he strolled home, he had seldom spent so happy an evening, and found himself wishing he had a wife too, and home of his own.

The early dawn was hardly flushing the ky above the crowded roots when Stephen the next day awoke, and he was the earliest customer the wireseller had that morning.

Very diligently and happily he worked. Mary even heard him whistling and singing at intervals; and before dinner-time he called her.

'Wife, come hither; here are some pins finished. You must have the first,

And he held out towards her half a handful of the new universally known safety pins.

'Will they do?' Stephen added rather anxiously.

She looked at them, this first judge of his invention, examining them minutely, and then cried,-

'Do? Yes, grandly!' She hastily laid them down and turned to the cradle, and without any apparent reason picked plainly, but I tear you are robbing your sorry for the poor little things all the tace with kisses. 'My little barin, my your freshness and vitality. The house such big frightened eyes, as if she lamb! I sadly teared for thee; but father can keep us both now.' And the robe of every Hiliman, from papa to mother burst into tears.

thinking of? little one, and go back to service till times mended.'

'I thought, wife, we promised for better or worse. We must always stick

· But, Steve, soon there would have been no other way, though it would have been the very worst that could have come. We are bound to be honest thou knows, lad.

. Thank God!' reverently responded her husband, 'He has not let us be tried above what we could stand. As long as he spares thee everything else I can bide to lose.'

But henceforth it was no tall of loss that their lives told. Two days later, with a workbox of his wife's filled with to crown all, make and mend their various sizes of the new pin, Stephen | clothing. I keep but one servant, and of tea with us? We can yet afford to sallied forth and visited some of the if I were to engage another my neighlargest drapers' shops in the town. He bors would think I was proud. I don't bers one of another. I think women

work at making more; and, although dinner, and I'm afraid he would rather Aaron joined him the following week, the demand could not be met.

Safety pine became all the rage, and Stephen soon had no difficulty in obtaining money to patent his invention, nor in opening a small manufactory, which presently grew to such large dimensions that Aaron finds the salary be receives as manager a very comfortable provision indeed for the wife and little children he has now the honor of supporting.

Stephen is able to surround his Mary with every indulgence even his warm love can wish to supply her with, and perhaps the reason why he remains so unassuming and humble a man, though now a rich one, is found in the fact The baby ceased to cry, and remained that he acutely feels all his prosperity has come to him-a most unexpected gift-from following resolutely the will of God. It was because he was at his wits' end for bread that he was led to think out an I find what proved to be blessing both to himself and family and to tens of thou-ands of mothers and their babes. God's ways are sometimes rough, but they always lead to what is bright and good.

We need hardly add Sunday labor is unknown at the 'Safety-pin Works.'

Sermon over a Mending Basket.

'I am perfectly worn out with my mending and darning,' sighed Mrs. Hillman, as she wearily lay back for a moment in her easy chair. It had grown too dark to see where to set the care ul stitches, and the thrifty housewife could not bring herself to light the gas at a quarter to five.

'The days are so short now,' she said, and the children go through so many clothes. John is awfully hard on his socks, and Bridget manages to tear off strings and loosen buttons in a most heart-rending way. I have no time for anything. I would have enjoyed going to the matinee this afternoon, but two things kept me at home; one that seemed so extravagant to spend fifty cents on a sicker tor two hour's pleasure; and the other, this never-ending still-beginning task. Aunt Mary, do say something! I want comforting.'

The placid, elderly lady who sat by the cheery open fire had listened patiently to the plaint which she had heard so often before. She was thankful for the winter twilight which gave her niece the chance to told the busy hands at least for a few minutes; and she thought, as she had thought at other times, that here was the opportunity for giving a little good advice.

'Milly,' she said, 'I feel like quarreling with your economy. John says he is doing so well this season, and he certainly is making the house wonderfully pleasant, bringing in new books and magazines daily, and restraining you from no possible enjoyment; yet it seems to me that your lite grows harder, narrower, and more monotonous every year. You are a slave to your anxiety | end of your strength, with every nerve for the material well-being of your jarring. lamily. Pardon me, dear, for speaking dear ones of yourself. You are losing -hines with cleanliness, and the wardthe baby, is a marvel of good taste and Why, Mary, what hast thou been beauty. But meanwhile you are impoverishing your own mind and soul. 'That I must get mother to take the 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 the least thing about politics, new inventions, discoveries, philanthropic progress, or anything in fact which the She looked pitifully up into his kind world cares about. In consequence, John is unconsciously, dear tellow! ceasing to look to you for sympathy or companionship, except about domestic affairs. You are letting a mending basket interpose itself between your lite's happiness and you.'

'Aunt Mary, much of what you say is true. I acknowledge it. But where is the remedy? There are my six children, six solid facts. I must eversee their studies, attend to their John. practising, take them to the dentist's, keep a watch on their associates, and, 'Yes, do, Aaron,' echoed Mary. returned in two hours with a handful see where the time is to come in for who are providentially above the need as the "Great Paper."

have it than manage with a poor one, times the wealthy should not share in

side issue,' said Aunt Mary; 'but I did not begin this conversation without having a way of relief in my mind's eye. Why not engage a competent woman to come here every week and assail this mounta n of mending? Yesterday I was calling on my Sunday. school class. You have heard me speak of the Lathrops? They are plain, self-respecting people, who support themselves by sewing for families who employ them to make underclothing, sheets, pillow-slips, etc. It was not long before I saw that Susy Lathrop was feeling very depressed; and a few questions which I, being her teacher, was able to ask without indelicacy revealed to me the state of the case The Mitchells, on N street, have always given Susy a great deal of sewing; but this winter two of the young ladies, thinking they would like to earn some money for themselves, have petitio ed their mother to employ and pay them. and save the expense of a seamstress. I suppose Mrs. Mitchell reasoned, as people usually do, that it was well to k-ep the money in the family. At all events, it has taken away poor Susy's

It seems praiseworthy in the girls,' said Mrs. Hillman, rising and striking a match. 'I really cannot waste another second,' she added apologetically. 'I have often heard you say that every woman ought to be able to earn money.

bread and butter.

'In this instance it is not praiseworthy, but thoughtless. The Mitchells have more than they know what to do with; and if they desired to ear something, should have tried in the line of embroidery or artistic work of some kind, which they should have sold in the open market, at the Decorative Society, or elsewhere. It is culpable for rich women deliberately to take work out of the hands to which work is a necessity,-meaning food, fire, blankets, and honest independence.' ' You blame me. Aunt Mary, I fear,

for what I have looked upon as a virtue. I have always tried to act on the principle that a penny saved is a penny gained. To procure extra household service, or extra assistance with my sewing apart from dressmaking, has never entered my head. And as for making it a rule to indulge my individual preferences and tastes, why I could not be so selfish.'

'It would not be selfish, dear; but I want to speak of something else. A while ago you remember that Artie and Kitty were contending over the possession of a toy in the next room. You spoke to them once or twice, but they did not stop their dispute; and finally you sprang up in your impulsive way, gave Kitty a good shaking, and put Artie in the corner,-speaking to both in a tone which you would not have used had you not been almost at the

Mrs. Hillman blushed. 'I've been afternoon. Kitty looked at me with thought I meant to whip her; and Artie pouted and scowled so. He ought to have been whipped, I do

believe. 'You know, Milly,' said Aunt Mary smilingly, 'that I think whipping is occasionally needed for some children, just as some require a dose of castor oil now and then. But I firmly believe that many a poor little creature is punished just because its mother must have a sale and convenient escape valve for her own irritation. My plan of mending weman who should regularly relieve you of that care, and of a sew ing woman who should come once twice a week and lift the weight of work from your shoulders, would leave you free to study, read, and play with your children, and to keep abreast of the current affairs of the day, so that you would be a better companion for

'And you want me to hire Susy Lathrop, I suppose.'

· Susy or somebody else. More and more I am coming to see that society is interdependent, that we are all mem-

'Here, Steve, hold baby; will you? of silver and an empty box, and set to music and culture. John likes a good of exercising a narrow economy do wrong when they practice it. In hard ven with an intellectual wife to serve the general retrenchment, but should spend a litle more generously than 'As for the dinner question, that is a their wont; and in easy times, comfortable, middle-class people should treat themselves to a little luxury for the sake of those a step below them in the social scale. And in order to give help in the only way that is neither alms nor patronage, it is my conviction that a Christian woman should go without feathers and tol-de-rols, and cut off some superfluities of trimming and adornment, so that she may have it in her power to fulfil the law of love to a struggliur sister.'

'Aunt Mary,' said Mrs Hillman, putting away the basket with an air of resolution, and going to the mirror to give a touch to her hair, 'I will call on the Lathrops to-mor: ow; I will read a half hour this evening; I will attend the matinee next week; your missionary effort has not been in vain,'

'I'm so glad, little woman,' said Mr. Hillman a few weeks later, 'that you are finding time for recreation as well as for work. There was a spell when I began to think my wife was dritting away from me, and I was afraid there wasn't any way to help it; but now you are the best housekeeper that ever was, and somehow, notwithstanding our six children, we are living our honeymoon over again .- Intelli-

#### Domestic Misery.

No unhappiness in lite is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itselt is modified, ameliorated, even rendered biessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved, and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not supplied by anything. Health, tortune, success, nothing has its full eavor, when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumphs out-of-doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart, when the misery within has to be en-

### The other Fellow.

Not the one addressed—is generally the sinner. An amusing incident illustrating the tendency to regard somebody else as the chief sinner was related in a recent missionary meeting as having occurred in mi-sionary experience in China. The Herald tells the story. A Chinese woman came to a little religious service leading her blind husband. Se said, very promptly, that 'she did not come for any of the Christian religion for herselt;' she was entirely satisfied with her old faith; but she had heard that the Christian religion was very good for a bad temper! Her husband had a trightful one, and she wanted them to try their religion upon him. Whether a cure was effected in this case or not, was not stated. Certainly it was significant that the Christian faith should have been accorded this power in common report in a heathen land. One would be glad to know that in so marked a case it proved a specific.

# The Great Paper.

Many pieces of old paper are worth their weight in gold. I will tell you of one that you could not buy for even so high a price as that, It is now in the British Museum in London. It is old and worn. It is more than six hundred and sixty-six years old.

A king wrote his name on this old paper, and though he had written his name on many other pieces of paper. and they are lost, this one was very carefully kept from harm, though once it fell into the hands of a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns, and at another time it was almost destroyed by

Visitors go to look at it with great interest. They find it a shrivelled piece of paper, but they know that it stands for English liberty, and means that 'Britons never shall be slaves.' It is called the 'Magna Charta,' which means simply the "Great Paper." There have been other great papers, and other papers that have been called "charters," but this one is known the world over

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