CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

family Beading.

Where do You live?

6

I knew a man and his name was Horner Who used to live at Grumble corner; Grumble-corner in Cross-patch Town, And he never was seen without a frown. He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that; He growled at the dog; he growled at the

He grumbled at morning; he growled at night;

And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she Began to grumble as well as he ; And all the children, wherever they went, Reflected their parents' discontent. If the sky was dark and betokened rain, Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain ; And if there was never a cloud about He grumbled because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste ; He grumbled at having to eat in haste ; The bread was poor, or the meat was tough, Or else he hadn't had half enough. No matter how hard his wife might try To please her husband, with scoraful eye He'd look around, and then, with a scowl At something or other begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street, My old acquaintance I chanced to meet, Whose face was without the look of care And the ugly frown that it used to wear. "I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said, As, after saluting, I turned my head; " But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner Who lived for so long at Grumble corner !

leisurely, while in fact, the elder lady blandly. 'I spend many hours here. kinswoman inside out.

. . .

sent for you, what where your plans for time systematically, for I fancy you are the future ?"

came so promptly, I did not have time sures-but I will oversee the cutting to think and worry.'

then?'

question. It puts her thinking. Instantly she endeavors to be as wise as a since baby has a lady's fancy alserpent and harmless as a dove. That ready for frills and trimmings. But is, she bravely dares to tell the simple there's enough of this to-day, my dear. and entire truth, as in a flash it comes You will find the room well warmed to her. 'No, I have none as yet. But every morning. I will cut the aprons I dare say I should have soon set about sometime during the day, perhaps, finding some employment. I don't fear you would like something to do.' but that I should be a famous hand at 'My dear' is so overcome by this taking care of myself-so many girls time, and being every whit as honest do do it now-a-days.' Lois really feels and literal as her aunt has feared, she that she could; and she feels, too, a hot does not say a single word. glow of rebellion at this singular questioning.

Aunt Alice does not know whether she is most relieved or annoyed. But she is pleased to see the girl has tact, pleased to see her show self-reliance, without speaking of their relations with | with exquisite needlework-a generous each other. She hates literal directness. Oh, how she hates it ! If there is one dressed freshly every day for dinner, fault more than another upon which her and very carefully, if you please. Mr. own Saidee has been lectured, it is this Hurd likes to have her at the dinner trait of directness, which is the Lee table-she is quite a play-thing for us blood showing itself. Mrs. Hurd con- all, in fact. It is a most wearing duty siders it in any person the one point of __this dressing so elaborately for bad breeding which she can never over- dinner ; but, as there is usually comlook; it has, at last, in Saidee been re- pany, it seems inevitable. If you fined down to a delicate power of satire don't like it, it shall not be imposed which the mother often finds very con- upon you, for Saidee takes charge of venient not to understand. Theo at table, and you'shall have your In even silvery tones she continues meals in quiet, where and when you her chat with Lois. 'There will be no like. If you are thoughtful about to be gray.' need, my dear,' she says, 'if you are assisting me, I shall not consider any the contented little body I take you to extra pains too much for you. Do be. I trust that our home will be a you suppose you will be able to get up pleasant home to you. I certainly shall her laces as nicely as these? Sampson strive to make it so.' Here she pauses had quite a knack that way. I suppose, "Changed you residence ?" "Yes," said for Lois to come in with her part, which indeed, it is really a fine art in itself; of course, is gratitude. but I dare say, you'll do them well Lois does not fail her aunt. Hasty after a little practice.

By and by, after she has bathed her is skillfully turning the sincere little I wanted to show you what her winter hot face, and is unpacking, there comes wardrobe will need. If you know at a light tap upon her door. It is her 'My dear, supposing I could not have first, you can more easily arrange your cousin Saidee. She enters with a bonnie smile, looking right into Lois'

like sister on that point. In this wet eyes. 'Why, my little cousin!' 'I had none, Aunt Alice ; your letter drawer are Theo's patterns and mea-she says. 'Home-sick among us already? that will never do. Here, let myself. The girls often sit here, so you me send Hannah to unpack for you ! 'You have no plans for the future will not be lonely. You are admiring or, no, I will help you myself, and we my resewood 'Wheeler and Wilson,' can talk.'

Lois is very uncomfortable after this I see. It tucks and ruffles to perfection, which you will come to appreciate

> which is Lois' winter-best, and the cotton lawn which is her summer-best, as daintily as though they were her own She follows into Theo's blue bower grenadines and gros-grains.

"How beautitul all your sewing is !" in silence. Mrs. Hurd does not heed this silence she says. 'I think you are a girl after in the least. She opens wardrobe Miss Mulock's own heart ; and I fancy and bureau, displays laces, and ribbons, you might quite delight that English and corals, and fairy garments enriched Miss Jean Ingelow who wants all of us American girls to be taught nice outfit for a princess royal. 'She is sewing and plain house-work. I know there are no fine stitches upon my clothes. I always did despise working away at the 'long white seam' Miss

look at your books ?' she adds, glancing down into the trunk. Lois lifts them out upon the table. She smiles as she does so. 'I wealdn't wonder if I could be judged somewhat better by my books than by my clothes.'

Saidee turns them over, and wonders if it can be so. There are two three hymn books of different denominations, a homely scrap book of poems, one of Mrs. Whitney's books that Saidee has never seen-' Patience Lois hesitates. The truth is she has already become sensitive over her Strong's Outings,' a couple of volumes wardrobe. She has not failed to note of Sir Walter Scott-Saidee's own favorites, 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' that the servants of the house are far and 'Ivanhoe,' the 'Schonberg Cotta better dressed than she, the relative and the guest. There is a spot of series entire, Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' and another-a crimson, painful to see, upon her cheek, quaint old leather book, brown and as she goes on taking out the garments discolored with age-' Baxter's Saints' few and plain, Saidee shakes out the grey merino Rest.' sair in to lacement here creeking

With her jeweled fingers Saidee turns the leaves of this last book,turns them curiously and silently. In a low, much-changed voice, she

speaks at last. 'You seem to have 'taste for religious' reading, cousin.' ' Yes,' says Lois.

Sailee sits down and looks steadily up in her face. ' Now, how can you?' "Haven't you, cousin?"

'Not overmuch.' . Why, I supposed-I thought you

from what Theo said-' "Was a church member? And so DECEMBER 17, 1884.

Indian Girls.

Ce

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As an example of their stoicism, it is said that during a fight with the American troops, in the west, an Indian woman concealed her little girl in a barrel, telling her to remain perfectly quiet, whatever happened. After the battle the child was found with her arm shattered by a minnieball,-but she had uttered no sound. Their distrust of the whites is as character. istic as their self-control. One of the little girls at the schools who retains her Indian name, Keseeta, bears tright. ful scars from wounds inflicted by her mother with a sharp stone. Their village had been taken by United States soldiers, and rather than have her child fall into the hands of the white men, the poor mother tried to kill her. Coming from such influences, it is surprising to note how quickly the young Indians show appreciation of

what is done to them, and the intelligence and affection which light their black eyes an they return the greetings of the noble women who teach them.

Many of the names of these children, especially of the girls, sound oddly, for it is common for them to choose Christian names of their own, while retaining their father's name for sake of family distinction. This gives rise to such queer combinations as Isabella Two-Dogs, Katy-White-Bird, Maud Chief Killer, Gertrude White-Cloud, Maggie American-Horse, Anna Laura Shooting-Cat, Alice Lone-Bear, Hattie Lone-Wolf, Stella Chasing-Hawk and Ruth B g-Head. These girls are neat in their habits, bright, and imitative. Some of them have very pretty faces and could readily be mistaken for white children; the faces of others, newer arrivals have a sadness and vacancy of expression due to privation and suffering. Yet these faces, we are told, are not so sad as were some others which now quiver with intelligence and

I met him next day, and I met him again, In melting weather, in pouring rain, When stocks were up, and when stocks were down ; But a snile somehow had replaced th

frown.

It puzzled me much ! and so, one day, I seized his hand in a friendly way, And said, "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know What can have happened to change you so?

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear For it told of a conscience calm and clear ; And he said, with none of the old-tim

drawl. " Why I've changed my residence, that is all" " It wasn't healthy at Grumble-corner,

And so I moved ; 'twas a change complete And you'll find me now in THANKSGIVING STREET !"

Now every day as E move along The streets so filled with the busy throng, I watch each face, and can always tell Where men and women and children dwell And many a discontented mourner Is spending his days at Grumble-corner, Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat To take a house in THANKSGIVING-STREET Josephine Pollard.



CHAPTER V.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTIAN.

Mrs. John Hurd has never been case,-well, to quote berself, ' circumstances, you know !'

We must do her justice. As she to assist me, you wouldn't mind taking a little stiffly, 'I think I understand sits this morning in her luxurious sitting-room with her young niece, who I see she fancies you already. You serve you.' so strikingly resembles ' that poor mis- know, my dear, her maid must necesguided Theodosia,' her heart really sarily be with her almost constantly; serve-to please me, you mean, my color here and there. When we dress yearns over the girl. She is so moved and I have, hitherto, quite feared tor dear niece.' by the rush of old memories that she the effect upon her manners, and upon would; rejoice were Lois the modern her ideas-you can think, perhaps." kind of girl, one who could make her way in society after being properly inglimpses had enlightened her on this troduced, or even one in [whom she point. 'It is very pleasant, Aunt could develop the modern tastes. Saidee Alice to think you can trust her with has made her uncomfortable by her reproaches. The fact of her being Theodosia's child unexpectedly bids fair to be thing to pay for my place among you." most wearing. Here is ' directness ' for Aunt Alice. But look at the girl ! No style at Her shocked look is genuine. 'Don't all l' she says to herself again and again. please don't speak of 'pay,' my dear, Circumstances-Lois' self being the chief one-compel her, she feels to adthat, I trust. I am simply grateful to here to the original plan. There is no you that you accept the charge of our place in society for a girl so shrinking. darling with such evident pleasure. so unaccustomed, so shockingly honest Would you like to come into her room and literal. Mrs. Hurd does not know and glance about and hear what my when she has had her nerves so tried ideas are ?" as at the breakfast table and at prayers. It is what she shudderingly calls ' being the blue chamber that she takes Lois. dragged face to face.' 'I have seen It is to a large, light room on the other this uncomfortable kind of girl before,' side. The floor is still covered with she says. 'I'll not have one on my summer mattings, there are plain white hands ! Should I make a place for her | shades at the windows, no furaiture save in society she wouldn't stay in it. And a few chairs and footstools, a long catsince I can be of no use to her, I really | ting table and a sewing machine. The must do the next best thing-make her | table is furnished with drawers, and upof use to me.' on it lies a piece of Lonsdale muslin,

suspicions have again vanished. 'You She throws open another door. are very kind, Aunt Alice, and I hope "This is the bath-room; here are the

I shall find many ways.' toilet appliances. Your own hair is so Aunt Alice purrs now very sweetly nice, I dare say I shall not need to indeed. 'There will be ways in plenty caution you to keep her's glossy and my dear, good child, if you feel like that. even. But you will do well to look to I should be very glad of one nice domes- the perfumery a little ; the child would tic girl in the home circle. I don't have drench herself with the rose-attar if any great private good of my own daugh- she was allowed. I like to have her walk ters,-as you will see. a great deal, and you can take her out

'Elizabeth is a student and recluse ; in the grounds, or in the street, when-Saidee is very gay; and society makes ever the weather will admit. She such heavy demands upon my own time likes to hear reading-but I will leave that I shall know quite how to appreci- you to learn her little ways and tastes ate one home-loving girl. I dare say from herself.'

you will be a blessing in the house.' Nurse-maid and seamstress, with her Lois smiles, in a rare suppy way. upper servant's place in the house, It is her aunt's business to see what a plainly pointed out, Mrs. Hurd's niece pretty girl she would be, if loved and stands there quite bewildered. The cared for. But Alice's mind is fully days will scarce be long enough for made up. She softly draws the glove those personal services to her babycalled an unkind woman ; and in this of silk over the iron hand. 'There are mistress ; when is she to accomplish so many things paid help can never do. the sewing? Perhaps, since you speak of being glad

. Very well, aunt,' she says at last, your little cousin Theo into your care. your wishes. I will do my best to

In her own room Lois sits down and contemplates the future as it has been Lois could think. Last night's sketched out for her. She is helplessly conscious of having stepped within some dreadful machine of iron. She can turn, breathe, live within it, it is me ; and I do assure you that I think true ; but, still, with noiseless energy, it is only right that I should do some- it is henceforth to relentlessly direct all her movements. She rises to her feet with a suffocating catch of her breath, looks this way and that, as for escape. 'Ob mother'! Our relations are to be different from she sobs. But there is no one to turn to, no one to tell. Home and mother - girlhood's blessed refugehave gone together and forever. quivering hands the cup that is pressed to her lips, heavy feet come stumbling up the She leads the way; but it is not to stairs, and along the corridor. Something is set down with a thud, at her own door. She hears a laugh and basty closing of another door. She upcloses her own. Her old trank ! She hurriedly draws it in-the dear old leather trunk of her mother's wedding days! She drops down beside it and leans her head upon its ancient lid, as if it were ber mother's breast, Her heart is breaking over that soft_

Mulock sings of, although I admire it duly when it is done.'

' Mother taught me with great pains,' Lois replies, the just quenched tears coming again. **斯**、海洋与其海绵社学的第一

Saidee scarcely knows what to say, . The poor little gray mouse !' she thinks. ' Are you really such a little Quaker, cousin ? all your things seem

Lois smiles. ' I don't know as to the Quaker-I scarcely think, though, I can be judged by my clothes, We

last year or two my dresses have been made out of mother's. They were all her own best dresses once, and-you can't know, of course-but they are so

dear to me I can scarcely bear to wear them, and if you and the rest must laugh at them. why, you must, but it will just kill me. that's all !'

Now the tears come in a flood. The long strain of self restraint gives way. lifts the wet face to her shoulder. She looks down at her for a moment; it is a dainty, beautiful bead with its heavy hair in its place; the neck is white and sweet; the small, mouse-like shoulders so trim and speckless. She is lovable-this humble cousin. Saidee draws her to her heart, and resolves to

champion the motherless, sisterless creature.

' Laugh at you ! no indeed,' she says, 'only in that good way we always laugh at anything so little and demure, and that we like a great deal. I may often laugh at you in that way, cousin and then go brighten you according to my own tastes. These soft grays of yours are very lady-like, I am sure. they are, indeed-only upon those as She is serenely corrected. 'To young as we, they need a gleam of for dinner I will show you what I mean

am. I go to every possible service on the Sabrath. I get there all the thcology I can stand without reading it. wish to be entertained when I read.' The go'den flicks have faded out of Lois' eyes. She looks shocked. · Cousin,' she says as simply as it it were to Theo,' ' you forget that one day you will have to answer for the way you speak of sacred things."

A little smile flickers about Saidee's mouth. She would like to dismiss it all lightly; but her cousin's pained, were very poor, Cousin Saidee, and the | tender, solicitous manner holds her to the subject; and her face grows grave. 'Oh, cousin, are you so rigid as feeling .- St. Nicholas. that?"

"Rigid ! is it not one of those solemn things which concerns us closely ? . Oh, yes-I know-of course,' Saidee stammers ; but she grows silent again before the steady gaze of the earnest gray eyes. Suddenlyshe draws her hand from Lois clasp, and turns upon Saidee goes to her. She tenderly her with saucy gayety. 'Cousin, this is Suday-school talk, all very good in its place, at Sunday-school ! But here, at home-between girl and girl, you coronet of brown braids, every brown know-do you mean to say that you always have before your eyes thisthis-

> "This Judgment Day?" suggests Lois.

"Well, yes,-if you like-this Judgment day, this Dies Ire that Elizabeth chants of at her organ so sublimely-do you, did anybody, ever keep it before their eyes all the time of their daily life? It is impossible, my good Lois! and if it weren't impossible, I assure you it would be intolerable !' Saidee speaks in a tone that intense, so intense it is a bitter cry. Lois gazes at her in won-

der. 'Why, Saidee I' she says, 'don't you know any difference between Love's dread and Fear's dread-between giving an account of ourselves to a Master we serve with love, and to him we serve with fear, and unwillingness ? Saidee does know the difference well-In the silent pause she remembers the time, brief and sweet, when she served with love and zeal. She sits in silence for a few minutes, then rises to go. 'Do you know, cousin,' she says with a slight smile, 'that you, are quite an oldfashioned Christian ?' Lois' eyes light with a beautiful lustre, they open wide with an upward glance -a beautiful look that almost transforms her. 'And what is it to be a new fashioned Christian, dear cousin?' Saidee looks at her so intently that she does not answer at once. 'It is look at life with your common sense, she replies at last. "With nothing except common sense? querries Lois. 'Surely, if our ordinary faculties would suffice us, the dear Father who doeth nothing in vain would never have made us the gift of the Bible with its revelations and its precepts. I hope, dear cousin, that you are ubt one of those new fashioned dent of that.' "We are to look at that book, as everything else, in the light of common sense alone, 1 hold,' replies Saidee you and I argue. Instead, if you will allow me, I will bring you some of sister Elizabeth's books-they will tell you and test the Bible.' . Lois shakes her head. "God forbid she says, ' that the ' Yeas ' of His Word to attend to your pleasures. May I or its ' Nays' less than ' Nay.'

Mr. Lincoln and the little Boy.

Ex-Gov. Rice tells this story of Lincoln: On an occasion (while he was in Congress) when he and Senator Wilson found it necessary to visit the President on business, he says :

. We were obliged to wait some time in the ante-room before we could be received ; and, when at length the door was opened to us, a small lad, perhaps ten or twelve years old; who had been waiting for admission several days without success, s ipped in between us, and approached the president in advance.

"The latter gave the senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation, an i turning immediately to the lad, said, " And who is the little boy?"

· During their conference the senator and myself were apparently forgotten. The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House of Representives, and he wished the President to give him such an appointment. To this the President replied that such appointments were not at his disposal, and that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the

This is the active undercurrent of and a roll of opera flannel. thought, while the two are chatting ' 'This is our sewing room,' she says laugh. and you will see then what a mere touch you have needed to make your dress in the best of taste.'

Saidee is lovely as she speaks, her face beaming with that sweetest of girlish charities-the trying to make another girl look pretty too.

The two stand with their arms around each other for a little. As they chat, soft gleams of gold strike up into Lois' cold gray eyes. She smiles to hear bow they came in and looked at her in the night, and Saidee divines what the girl would be, if there was only sunshine in which to unfold. What nice company you will be,' she says. As she stands holding away with 'I am thankful you have come. Sister is so absorbed with her books that I scarcely see her except at table, and when we go out. I do my own plain sewing, even if I don't lancy it, and Curistians who walk inde

we shall have the coziest times sitting together.'

Lois cannot repress the reply : ' Yes, Aunt Alice has been showing me the sewing room.'

Aunt Alice's daughter blushes. * I dare say; mamma is all_business. must warn you not to take her too much to heart. I am the one who

house at the Capitol.

" But, sir,' said the lad, still une daunted, ' I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother, and one from the supervisor of my town, and one from my Sunday-school teacher. - They all told me that I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortable all the remainder of the year.'

"The President took the lad's paper's and ran his eyes over them with s that penetrating and abeorbent look so familiar to all who knew him, and then took a pen and wrote upon the back of one of them, ' If Capt. Goodnow can give a place to this good little, boy I sall be gratified,' and signed it, 'A. Lincoln.'

Says the Union Signal : A piece of Prohibition evidence comes from Evans. ville, Wisconsin, whose Police Justice writes that for the past four years there have been but 'ten arrests for violation stoutly. 'However, cousin, let's not of any village ordinance; "but," he adds, "our village has not been cursed with a licensed saloon for twenty-nine better than I can how we are to regard years, and, with the exception of a railway station, our fire losses have not exceeded \$1,000 in that period of time, ever should be less to me than 'Yes.' and our taxes have only been one and six tenths per cent. annually.