

Family Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.
My Faithful Guide.

I'm travelling to the Land,
Where dwells the sinless band,
Jesus is my loving Guide,
And is Him I will confide,
He heeds my faintest call,
And will not let me fall;
So I travel on each day,
And will bring me home at last,
When my days on earth are past.

I've the weakness of a child,
And the storm is fierce and wild,
But Jesus leads me on.
There's many a briar and thorn,
But when they pierce my feet,
His sympathy is sweet.
So I travel on each day, &c.

He loves the weak and poor,
And His promises are sure,
He sweetly says to me,
"Thy Guide I'll ever be."
Then I closer to Him cling,
And with faith and hope I sing
As I travel on each day, &c.

There are many gifts in store,
For me on yonder shore;
The blood of Christ they cost,
And they will ne'er be lost,
He guards them with His eye,
And I'll view them by and by.
So I travel on each day, &c.

I shall be so glad to rest,
In the City of the blest;
Though I have trials here,
Their end will soon appear;
The rough and thorny road,
Leads to a bright abode.
So I travel on each day, &c.

H. COLB.
Milton, Queen's Co.

Just Over There.

BY MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKE.

Just over there they lie—
The fields of Paradise;
And grandly pinnacled above,
The hills eternal rise:
There, far outstretched, the sea of glass
Lies girt with burnished sands;
There, too, the many mansions are—
The house not made with hands.

Just over there the gates
Of shining pearl unfold,
Where, echoing through, the glad new
song,
For years on years has rolled:
Within, the city Beautiful
In radiant splendors meet;
Its streets of finest gold unmarked
By tread of wearied feet.

Just over there it lies,
With but a veil between
Its glories and my tear-dimmed eyes,
The real land, though unseen.
Just over there will be I know,
The joy unmixed with pain;
The spotless robe, the unstained soul,
The victory and the gain.

Grandma's Valentine.

"Did you ever have a valentine in all your life, Grandma Good?" inquired Florence Stoddard, as she sealed two or three envelopes and rose to put away her writing materials.

Now Grandma Good, or Aunt Hetty, as she was familiarly called by everybody, was just the dearest of women. She had the sweetest, most genial face, and her blue eyes were brimful of love and kindness; and, while she was considered "good company" by those of her own age, she could entertain a whole roomful of children as well. Indeed, the little ones all agreed that "Grandma Good" knows just the spiciest plays, and her stories are just elegant. She was universally a favorite with old and young, and was sure to be sent for to sympathize in any great joy or sorrow which might occur in the neighboring families.

Just now she sat in her easy chair, knitting a pair of mittens for the little fellow who brought the morning papers. She happened to be at the window one cold morning, and noticed the bare hands, and as usual her benevolent heart was touched. Her needles flew like magic, and Johnnie's mittens grew rapidly, but grandma's thoughts were traveling faster. Away back over the years they fled until a child again she played by the brook-side, or gathered flowers in the broad fields of Mapleton with big black Ponto running at her side; or, later, when a romantic, fun-loving school-girl, she had sent and received valentines with the same en-

thusiasm that her loved grandchild Florence now exhibited; and later still, when lovingly and trustingly she had given her hand and heart to the dear companion of her youth. How vivid, how real, it all seemed. There was the small parlor with its plain carpet and still plainer furniture; there were her sober father and weeping mother, the good old pastor, and the few invited friends.

So absorbed was she that Florence repeated her question two or three times before she even heard her voice.

"Did I ever have a valentine? Oh, yes, child, a great variety of them. I have one in my mind now that I received on my wedding day; I was married on St. Valentine's day, you know. I prize it very much, and have preserved it with the greatest care, loving it more and more as the years go by. Sometime since an esteemed friend persuaded me to lend it, and though he has not yet returned the treasure, I have the pleasure of knowing my valentine is kept sacredly, and that he, as well as myself has learned to prize its value."

"What an odd valentine, grandma. Do tell me all about it. I am afraid, though, you are playing one of your good jokes on me, for there is a twinkle in your eye that even your spectacles cannot conceal. Come, I am all curiosity. What was it, please?"

"No, no, my dear; it is no joke, and you shall hear all about it if mamma is quite willing."

Mrs. Stoddard who had been busily reading in the same room, and, of course, had heard all that had been said, quickly gave consent, and with flushed cheeks resumed her book. She seemed suddenly to have lost all interest in the subject, however, for she soon laid the book aside and, making some slight apology, left the room.

"Well," grandma began, "I was just a little past twenty when I was married, and from childhood up to that time was one of the most romantic of girls. I almost lived on poetry. You will laugh at the idea, but when sent down cellar to churn, as I often was when the rest were busy, I used to repeat long passages from favorite authors—from 'Marmion,' 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'The Pleasures of Hope,'—it was sure to be one of these. Thus I combined pleasure with labor, and hence considered work no hardship. When I had a leisure half-hour, with book in hand I at once repaired to one of the many rustic seats I had formed, and then my girlish happiness was complete."

"But time passed on, and I met your grandpa, then an enterprising young man of some means, and was by him persuaded that my presence was an actual necessity not only in his beautiful home in the city, but to his own personal happiness and success; so I finally consented to commence sharing his joys and sorrows on the next Valentine's day."

"The time arrived, all too soon for me, for though I loved your grandpa very dearly, yet I was selfish enough to feel loth to give up my freedom, as I supposed I must, of necessity, after marriage."

"We were married in the evening, and just as good Parson Cook pronounced us husband and wife there was a loud rap at the door. We were all startled, of course, but supposed it was an uncle who lived some distance away, and had been invited to the wedding as I was a great favorite of his. Judge of our surprise when my father, who had gone to answer the summons, returned with a large wicker basket, and placing it on the floor remarked, 'This is all that met me at the door, and I shouldn't wonder if it were a wedding gift for you, Hetty.'"

"We surrounded the basket wondering what the contents might be, and beheld a beautiful child sleeping as sweetly as if it were in its little crib at home. A note was pinned to the shawl which covered the child and, sure enough, it was addressed to me."

"The note ran thus: 'Will the bride, Mrs. James Good, please take this Mabel Vaughn as her valentine, and wedding gift? She is two years old to-day. We have given you our treasure because we know well your worth. God bless you and yours.' There was no name or anything else to give the slightest clue to the mysterious gift. Something had evidently been

given to the child to make her sleep, as she did not wake until the next morning."

"She proved to be a bright, intelligent little thing; and though I have never known where she came from, or who left her at our door, I do know that she has been a bright sunbeam in our home, and that even now she is the comfort of my declining years."

"What a delightful story!" Florence exclaimed; "but who can be the person? Is it any one I know, grandma?"

"You know her intimately, my dear," grandma replied, smiling; "for she is your own darling mother."

"And the 'esteemed friend' to whom you lent your valentine was papa," Florence added, after recovering from her surprise. "I knew there was some joke in it. Ah, grandma!"—*Morning Star.*

Clothing for the Feet in Japan.

In Japan there are no brick, or board, or flag-stone side-walks, such as we have in our cities; so the Japanese put on clogs, which are four inches high and keep the feet clean. When they go home, *o tot-su san* (papa) and *mu-su-me* (daughter) will leave their clogs at the door outside, and walk into the house in their stocking feet.

The socks are strangely made. The great toe has a bag all to itself. The other four toes have another. The sock is like a mitten. Just think of a mitten on the foot. The Germans call a glove a "hand-shoe," and a thimble a "finger-hat." The Japanese call the big toe the "foot-thumb," and the small toes "foot-fingers." The children play with the baby's pink-brown feet and sing a song while counting the toes, as we do; but in Japan, the toes are not "pigs going to market,"—they are monkeys, foxes, or other funny animals.—*From St. Nicholas.*

An Odd Story in a Smoking Car.

Mr. Ebenezer John was a highly respectable tradesman in a suburban neighborhood. He kept a draper's shop which was a converted villor. It had a plate-glass window on either side of the door, in which was displayed a variety of ladies costumes on wiry frames. A bundle of umbrellas stood on the pavement outside. In this humble establishment, by the perseverance and frugality of years, he had amassed some wealth. He was the superintendent of the Sunday-school and deacon at the chapel, where he regularly attended on Sundays, with a white neckerchief even more neatly tied than that of the minister. One night a neighbor of his had been seized by a sudden attack of apoplexy and expired before the morning. Mr. Jones had been called in in the trouble, and had rendered assistance. In the morning he very kindly consented to go to the City on some business for the family of the gentleman who had so suddenly been called away, and left early. Now, it so happened that the name of the deceased was the same as his own, and the report got muddled in the neighborhood, and, in consequence, persons had an idea that it was the worthy draper and not the retired lawyer who had died. The living Mr. Jones was not aware of this, which appeared to have some confirmation from his absence, and his shop having been closed out of respect. The City business was completed in the course of the afternoon, and Mr. Jones just caught the five o'clock express train. Now there is a wide-spread belief that there is something soothing, especially in a time of sorrow and harass, in the fumes of the dried herb called tobacco; so he had bought a cigar. Although he had a high appreciation of the value of the philosophic leaf, yet he well knew that in the minds of some excellent evangelical people smoking was as objectionable as incense. He selected the corner of a dimly-lighted smoking carriage, and hoped to be unobserved. Just as the train was about to start, three or four City men, whom he recognized as neighbors, entered the carriage, and speedily commenced the process of filling and lighting pipes. In a few moments the atmosphere was hardly such as would have been selected by a person suffering from asthma, but not objectionable to one desiring concealment.

Just as they started, one said, "By-the-by, said thing about Jones, the draper."

"What's that?" said another.

"Why," the first speaker replied, "he fell down last night in a fit, and before they could get a doctor he was a corpse; heart disease, I suppose."

Well, said the third, "I did not know much about him, but I believe he was a good-meaning sort of man."

Mr. Jones listened with astonishment. Here was a wonder. Was he not a tradesman of unblemished reputation? Was he not a deacon of an old-established cause? Had he not been for years sound in the faith? He had regarded himself as a spiritual power of no mean order in the neighborhood. Was this all? A good-meaning sort of man! He felt absolutely speechless.

When another went on, "I am not so sure of that; he was a close-fisted screw," Mr. Jones positively started. What? Had he not given ten pounds for the alteration of the chapel? Did he not send a big bundle of old stock when the bazaar was held, and was thanked for it by the minister before all the people? Did he not subscribe one penny each week (when he did not forget it) for the mission, and always gave a two-shilling piece at the quarterly collection?

"I suppose he will be missed at the chapel?" continued another speaker.

"I am not so sure of that," was the reply. "Some people do not like him at all, and will not go where he is; some of the Sunday-school children cannot bear him."

Poor Jones! His heart sunk within him. Often and often he said, "I wonder what the cause will do when I am gone." And now to hear that his services were thought to be of such little value. But the unkindest cut of all was to come.

"He was a queer-tempered fellow," said one. "The last time I had anything to do with him, about a month ago, he got so angry that I determined to avoid him for the future, and have never spoken to him since."

This filled up the cup of humiliation. It so happened that Mr. Jones had, about a year previously, become a believer in entire sanctification. Indeed, at a drawing-room meeting, at which he had been present, he had stood up and professed to have gained a complete mastery over temper. He certainly remembered having once spoken with becoming dignity to the person who had made the remark, in answer to some unkind statement. And now to learn that he was considered ill tempered—he felt he could cry with vexation—when one of his fellow-travelers said, "Did any of you hear of that queer start of Tomkins, buying a lot of Turkish bonds?"

At this question the interest of all seemed freshly awakened, and Mr. Jones, his cigar gone out, had to endure the bitter reflection that Tomkins' purchase of Turkish bonds was a more interesting subject to his neighbors than would have been the news of his own sudden death. For a moment he proposed to startle them by announcing himself, and that he had overheard the conversation. But he felt in no mood for a jest. As soon as the train stopped he succeeded in getting out unnoticed, and hurried home. Then he retired to be alone. How he spent the evening we need not say, but it was in a manner that gave him ever afterwards a clearer understanding of the grand old story of Jacob at the Ford Jabbok. The opinion prevails in the neighborhood that the sudden death of his namesake was the cause of a complete change. Altogether he seemed quite a new man. He does not care to allude to the circumstances, but is of opinion that sometimes sanctifying influences come in most unexpected ways and places, and may even be met with in an obscure corner of the smoking compartment of a railway car. He has been heard to say, on several occasions, and that with considerable emphasis, that if men could only learn what would be said of them were they to pass away, they would cease to believe in the vastness of their own personal importance.—*Freeman.*

A little girl about 7 years old passed through Toronto recently, bound for Chicago and travelling alone. She had a ticket sewed to one sleeve of her jacket, on which was written, "Hattie Marvin, from Montreal to Chicago."

Mrs. Farnam's Recipe.

What made Lois Farnam's face so bright, and her little room a very chamber of peace for weary heart-sick pilgrims? We girls tried time and again to answer the question satisfactorily, but it was no use—we couldn't understand it. We knew it was not the possession of houses and lands, of anything the world calls wealth, for she owned not an inch of ground, and lived from day to day as do the sparrows whom our 'Heavenly Father feedeth.'

And it was not buoyant health that shone in her eyes, and gave such melody to her joyous laugh. Frail and delicate as the first flower of Spring, her life was a constant struggle against the languor of inherited consumption. And it could not be exemption from the trials which are the necessity of earthly existence, for sorrow had been hers such as wrings from many a heart the cry, 'Let this cup pass, oh my Father!'

We talked it up and down, and turned it every way, and at last we decided to go to headquarters and find out. For you see it was too utterly exasperating to have her always so that the radiance shone in her face, no matter what happened. We knew all about the skeleton in her closet, and it didn't suit us that she was always so sunny and cheery. For with all our good times, life seemed hardly worth living when things went crossways, and we didn't choose that anyone should have a better time than ourselves, unless we knew the reason why. So out of sheer curiosity or envy the whole crowd of us went over one bright afternoon to the brown cottage of Lois Farnam.

She saw us coming, and before we could knock the dear soul saw us, and cried, "I knew somebody was coming, and that was why I made those cookies this morning; please pass in. I'll be with you in a minute."

We made ourselves at home in the little parlor where the neatly-darned carpet and furniture in every stage of dissolution told of better days. Not much here to give her sunshine, though to be sure there were vines and flowers around the windows, and the two canaries sang at the top of their lungs. But coming, as we did, from homes filled with all the taste could desire or money purchase, everything seemed poor and mean. Replying to the unspoken thought, one of us said, "And yet this is probably as really 'Home, sweet home' to her as ours." She paused abruptly as Mrs. Farnam entered, carrying in one hand a plate of tempting cakes while the other held a kitten, black as Egyptian darkness. "I brought my cat, girls, for you know I'm a regular witch, and can't get along without one!"

You've hit the nail on the head this time," said Annie Graham, a young woman addicted to slang, and the ring-leader in all fun and frolic. "You are a witch, and no mistake, and that's the very thing that brought us over to-day. We've come to beg or borrow some of your sunshine, and we've each brought a bottle to put it in. Here's mine," and she drew from her pocket a tiny vial labelled 'Sunshine: take as directed.' "You can't refuse us."

"I'm afraid your bottle isn't big enough, Nellie," replied Mrs. Farnam, "for my sunshine won't stay bottled, or balled up either. It effervesces, and before I know it breaks all bounds and has an overflow meeting. No, no, my sunshine needs more room than that."

"Dear me, girls, my hair feels all on end, and that cat is certainly swelling up! Please don't go off on abroomstick, Mrs. Farnam, before you have at least given us your recipe."

A hearty laugh greeted this sally from the irrepressible Nellie, while Mrs. Farnam said quietly, "My thoughts often carry me higher than the broomstick; but this afternoon I promise to stay with you, and tell you where I found sunshine—even though I may not be able to give you any: It was long years ago, in a time of great sorrow, that I first found the joy which makes life for me one bright, glad day. It will, I hope, for you too, dear children, and her gaze wandered lovingly from one to another as we clustered around her. "I could hardly believe it was really mine, it was too good to be true, and the joy-bells of my heart rang

out a gladsome peal for the first time in months. As the days went by, and sorrows multiplied, I feared to lose my treasure, but it stayed, it never went away, and I knew I possessed the philosopher's stone that turned every thing to gold."

"Just like that old Jew of a Midas," said Nellie, *sotto voce*. Mrs. Farnam shook her finger smilingly at the little madcap, taking her Bible from the stand, said, "The sunshine recipe is in my book of prescriptions. I find here a medicine for every human ill, and I never knew one to fail in working a cure—that is, if they are taken according to directions. The sunshine recipe is made up of a command and a promise. Believe in the promise, and you will be able to obey the command. Here it is," and she read from the second Chapter of Zechariah, 'Sing and rejoice O daughter of Zion, for lo, I come and will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord.' "Think of it, girls, the Lord God promising that to you individually, as if there were no one else in the world, that He will come and dwell in you—not near you, but in you—so that everything you do, everything that comes to you, is controlled by Him. He will keep you in perfect peace, with no shadow of a care, and be to you an everlasting light, if only you will let Him have possession of all you have and all you are. This is the sunshine of God's love—His gifts to everyone that fully trusts His power to guide and keep."

"When I am tired He whispers, 'I will give thee rest'; if worried, 'Take no thought'; if the flour barrel runs low, He tells me 'Your Father knoweth ye have need.' I am never lonely for if at times I grow sad and homesick thinking of the dear ones who are safe in the King's Palace, He comforts me with 'I will never leave thee nor forsake' and it is His presence fills my home and heart with sunshine. Ah, dear girls, there's nothing like taking the dear Lord at His word, and letting Him make part of your very being, to give you happiness. I haven't a care, for He cares for me. I am a King's daughter, and my King is within—like that picture by Meissonier in your music room, Nellie. Now you see I cannot give you my sunshine, but I have told you where to find it. May God bless you, dear children, and fill your lives with the sunshine of His peace."

The faces of the harum-scarum group were sober, and tears filled the eyes of one or two as they kissed Mrs. Farnam 'Good-bye.' Nellie Graham lingered to say, "I'll never call you a witch again; you're an angel from heaven, and I shall look every day for your wing feathers," and, with a parting hug, she too was gone.

"Bless their dear hearts," said Mrs. Farnam to herself, as she returned to her household duties, "if only the Lord would give them. His sunshine what a power for good their bright young lives might be." And earnestly she prayed that night that they might realise the joy of the children of God.

Mother and Son.

There is no tie in all the world more beautiful than that which binds a mother and son grown old enough to be her protector. A daughter loves her mother, indeed; but she sees all her defects as one woman always does those of another. With the unconscious arrogance of youth the daughter often exaggerates these faults. But the son loves his mother with an ideal love—he sees her through a certain halo of mystery. Reverence is in his feelings for her and at the same time a sense of her need of his care—he is at once her knight and her son. He is proud of her and fond of her at the same time. Her image is sacred to his mind. She may not be better than other women, but she seems so to him. The most beautiful sight ever seen at a Presidential inauguration was beheld when the lamented President, after taking the oath of office, turned round and kissed his aged mother. It was no conventional kiss, but the hearty, loving kiss of a loving son. The conduct of President Garfield to his aged mother all through his life, is alone enough to endear his memory to all the world and for all time.