

Longing.
MARIA SOHN.
V e r, heart, be still! He who from early youth,
Did guide thee in the way of truth,
Is with thee still.
He will not fail. His promises are sure
To all. His loving-kindness will endure.
If we but will!

Is thy heart troubled? Then to God con-
sign
Its petty cares. His face shall shine
Upon thee ever.
And if thou wilt but trust him only,
He will not let thy life be lonely:
And never leave thee? Never!

Do thou his will. Trust in him still.
And then, if to thy life comes good or ill.
It matters not:
For he who notes the sparrow's fall
May give or take from thee thine all
Of earthly lot.

Still be thou not dismayed, nor yet
He who from darkness light has made,
Thy cup shall fill
With sweetest joy, when to thy soul
He comes to make it doubly whole;
Then shalt thou recognize,
His holy words and wise,
And feel the love which will not from thee
fade
Except thou wilt!

—Christ, Standard,

Why Don't the Christians Help?

MRS. E. T. MOUTH.

The words were intense with pleading. I shall never forget how all else pale into insignificance before that cry of a soul just on the border of the Heavenly Land. The pleading of a sister, beloved. She thought a great pit lay in the paths of men, and they were constantly falling in. The green grass grew up to its edge, the flowers drooped over. It had no barriers, or lights of warning. "There," she would call, "the dearest friend I had slipped in, and you never tried to stop him. And a boy went over, and you never told him there was a pit there. Can't you save that girl?" she cried. "Oh! the world goes by, the thoughtless world, and it jostles people in. Where are the Christians? Why don't the Christians help?"

"If I could live," she said in calmer tones, "if I could live, I would spend every day of my life keeping people out of that pit. I would build a wall so high no little child would climb over, or I would cover it so deep that none could fall in." Then looking at me with eyes luminous with the light of the world beyond, she clasped my hands and said, "Sister, sister, won't you try and keep people out of that pit?"

It has come to me far over the years, and a power I cannot resist, impels the sending out of her warning cry, with the hope that some one may be saved from the pit by the friendly hand of the one who reads it. Brothers, sisters, we know the pit is there, right in the way of life. What are we going to do about it?

Is it a pit grassed over, flower-decked? Do birds sing in the archways, and beautiful visions tempt beyond? The pools that offended the sight are bridged over. The great pit is made respectable by law. It is the High-License saloon. Christians, have you uttered no warning cry? Where are the danger signals? Must the young men, the pride of our lives, go unwarned? Will it be less a death of manhood if buried beneath the Moloch? Will the home be less shadowed because the tax that made the saloon lawful, swelled the state's resources?

But the danger lies not only here. Look, opening on every side, quicksands of impurity! Nay, we see not, we cannot believe there are pits there. Yet who that reaches them comes up the same? Perhaps the steps were impure pictures and stories, hidden books, idle conversation, foolish company, sinful amusements. They were such little steps, just down a plane outside of mother's or father's care, where the Sunday School did not reach, and away from the teacher's guidance. Such little deviations from the right way. But the boy "went over, and you never told him there was a pit there," and you never tried to "save the girl."

What can be done to make safe paths for our children?—is the great question of to-day. The friends of education are building a wall of knowledge so high that a little child will not climb over to the pit of ignorance. Warning lights are burning all along the way that science treads. Are the Christians as aroused to see that the Sunday-schools and the churches stand shoulder to shoulder with the teachers on this question?

In some states the people are to decide whether or not their bound-aries shall be freed from the curse of the saloon, the distillery and the brewery, whether a wall shall be built between the home and the enemy of the home, or the pits of temptation still be open to lure unwary feet. In this hour of decision, "where are the Christians?" The battle will be sharp, and victory must depend much upon the acts and in-

fluence of the Christian men and women.

Does the fact of only 200,000 Christian women banded together in the woman's Christian Temperance Union, to defend the home from the saloon by organized effort,—which means right home training, right education of head, heart and hand, and righteous laws enforced, that shall both warn the young feet away from the pits of temptation, and in time take away the temptation itself,—touch not your heart, oh, Christian woman! not yet enrolled in the glorious army! Where are the millions of mothers and home-keepers who can arise in the majesty of womanhood and say, "The saloon shall no more tempt our sons and destroy our daughters!"

The emergency of the hour, the knowledge of our national and social danger, call for action. To day we can help; tomorrow it may be too late.

Dear Christian brother and sister, "won't you try and keep people out of that pit!"

Matrimonial Maxim.

In your study to master your husband's temper, do not forget to keep a firm hold of your own. Women are less imperious, but they are more sensitive and hasty than men, and more apt, on small occasions, to mount into a flame and become indignant about trifles. Of all things in the world beware most of this fault, for by indulging it you lose the grace and vantage ground of your sex. When your husband speaks harshly to you—as even the best of husbands may do in an evil moment—either remain silent, or, if you are pressed hard, give a firm but placid reply in a tone that expresses neither exasperation nor contempt.

Obe your husband in all reasonable matters, and in some unreasonable matters, otherwise you will make him a tyrant and yourself a slave. When he becomes imperious about crochets, take your own way and smile bewitchingly. He cannot get the better of you thus without becoming a brute, and beating, or at least bullying you, an issue which, if your husband has any tincture of gentlemanliness about him, in a decent, sober-minded Christian country, you have no great reason to fear.

Always attend conscientiously, as part of your special province, to the kitchen and the pantry; also to the wardrobe, and, if you have children, to the nursery. But beware of becoming altogether a mere housekeeper or bringer-up of bairns. You have a duty to perform to yourself, as well as to your husband and your family; and, if you neglect this duty, you may soon become unworthy to be either his wife or their mother. Cultivate your gifts, and do not prove by neglecting your accomplishments that your only object in acquiring them was to catch a husband.

To insure the continuance of your husband's love, behave so in all points as to command his respect. Love without reverence is a childish affair, and can satisfy only a low type of man who looks on his wife as a plaything.

Dress well. Married women often err here from want of a high motive. In the fair sex, outward decoration, when genuine—for painting is vile—is, in my opinion, a positive duty, a duty not to a husband merely, or to any fellow-mortal, but to God. The Author of the Universe, as all His works testify, delights in the utmost possible magnificence and luxuriance of external decoration; and it is plainly our duty, being endowed with reason, to follow His hint, and, where He has created a fair object, to set it forth with every graceful trapping that is in keeping with the character of the work. Good dress is, in fact, a sort of poetry addressed to the eye, which it is in the power on every well conditioned woman to compose; and a woman who has no taste for decoration is a deficient creature, as much out of nature as a bird without wings.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

A Useless Brick.

An humble brick-mason who had confessed Christ and united with His people, rose in a public meeting and stated the reason that prompted him to this step. "I used to think," he said, "that I could be as good out of the Church as in it. I felt that I was moral and upright, and had as clean a character as the next man; but one day as I was walking by a building that was going up, I happened to see a brick lying in the road. It was a new pressed brick, and nearly as smooth as if it had been polished up. But it was covered with mud, and trampled over and over, lying there useless and neglected. There, said I to myself, are you, Henry Crane, thinking you are as good a brick out of the Church as if you were in it. But you are of no account to anybody and nobody cares anything for you. You are lying around in everybody's road, and nobody cares

to step over you; they all tread you down into the mud as if you were a stone. If you were built into the wall, as you ought to be, you would amount to something, and have an honest man's place. Then you would be of some use. So I made up my mind that I would not be like that pressed brick any longer. And that is why I have come out on the Lord's side and joined the Lord's people—that I may be built into the wall and have a place in the building of God."

"Our Jenny."

A traveller on one of the great railway trunk lines last summer observed a young woman, who sat near him, rise to leave the train, when it stopped in a large town. The conductor and brakeman hurried to help her from the car when she stood on the platform, every trainman and employee present, from the station-master to the black porter, welcomed her with a smile and lifted hat. The traveller, struck by the marked respect, and even affection, in their manner, looked closely at the girl as the train rolled by. She was not very young, was plainly dressed; she was slightly lame; but she had a homely, sweet, womanly face.

"Who is that?" he asked a brakeman. "The daughter of some railway official!"

"That?" said the man, with kindness. "That is our Jenny." "Our Jenny's" story, as told to the traveller, was briefly this: She was the daughter of an officer of the road. She had been an invalid from birth. On the journeys which she was compelled to make on the trains, the men in charge, touched with pity, were very kind and gentle to the weak and crippled child. It was her one contact with the outer world, and their kindness filled her heart with gratitude to them.

A few years ago she recovered almost entirely from the disease which had so long made her helpless, in a sudden and unexpected way. She believed the improvement to be by God's special interposition in her favor, and vowed to give her life to his service. She gave them books, visited their wives, knew every child and baby, and taught them to love her. She did what she could to help each man to more comfort and happiness in the world; she persuaded many of those who were acquiring bad habits to give up liquor and, at last, she prayed with them, gathered them into little meetings and preached to them.

"She is like a pure, holy child," said one, with tears in his eyes. "She speaks for Jesus as no preacher ever has done for me."

Her work extended year after year. So remarkable and helpful was her influence that the directors of several of the southern roads gave her a perpetual free pass over their lines. She gave up her whole life to the service of the trainmen and their families. The result proved what can be accomplished by one person without high mental gifts who is wholly in earnest in her work.

It is not only apostles, bishops and clergymen who are bidden to preach the Gospel, but every sincere man or woman who trusts in Christ, and who knows a human being who does not trust in him.—*Youth's Companion.*

Only a Grain of Sand.

A man who for years carried an old and cherished watch about him, one day called on its maker and told him it was no longer useful, for it would no longer keep time correctly.

"Let me examine it," said the maker, and taking a powerful glass, he looked carefully and steadily into the works, till he spied one grain of sand.

"I have it," he said; "can get over your difficulty."

About this moment, by some powerful but unseen power, the little grain suspecting what was coming, cried out:

"Let me alone; I am but a little thing and take up so little room, I can not possibly injure the watch. Twenty or thirty of us might do harm; but I can not, so let me alone."

The watch maker replied: "You must come out, for you spoil my works, and but few people can see you."

Thus it is in the home. One cross feeling, one hasty word, one angry look, may mar and hinder the running of the perfect machinery. We may go alone, and with God set against the time-piece, but if we do not trust in his keeping power, how soon the old enemy is on hand to thrust in again the little grain which will impair the works and hinder the wheels, and present a false face to all who are around! Let us, then, look to our Savior as one who is able to "keep us from falling," and trust him as the God who will deliver from the temptation, and keep the home-watch running perfectly.

Music in Everything.

The chief industry in Geneva, Switzerland, is the manufacture of musical boxes. Thousands of men, women, and children are employed in the factories, one of which was visited by a traveller, who gives some interesting particulars of his visit. An attendant invited him to take a seat. He did so, and strains of delightful music came from his chair. He hung his hat on a rack and put his stick in the stand. He wrote his name on the visitor's register; and on dipping his pen into the ink, music burst forth from the inkstand. At dinner parties, the hosts lift a dish to pass to the guests, and sweet strains of music proceed from the dish during its trip around the table, and stop when the dish is set down. One is reminded of the

"Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?"

Music is in the tea-cups, in ladies' fans, in almost everything. The manager of the factory explained the process of making musical boxes, a business that requires patience and nicety. The different parts are made by men who are experts in those parts and who do nothing else year in and year out. The music is marked on the cylinder by a man who has served several years of apprenticeship. Another man inserts in the marked places pegs which have been filed to a uniform length. The comb, or set of teeth, which strikes the pegs and makes the sound, is arranged by a man who does nothing else. The cylinder is then revolved, to see that every peg produces a proper tone. The most delicate work of all is the revising of each peg in its proper place and that it is bent at the correct angle. When the instrument is in its case, an expert examines it, to see that the time is perfect.—*Selected.*

An Incident.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double-seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, the good-natured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window."

When seven-year-old Bobby becomes Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives!"—*January Century.*

A Successful Retort.

A clergyman was once accosted by a doctor, a professed deist, who asked him, "Do you follow preaching to save souls?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one upon the question whether there be a soul."

The clergyman then asked, "Are you a doctor of medicine?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"Yes."

"Well," then said the clergyman, "here are also four of the senses against one, upon the question whether there be a pain. And yet, sir, you know that there is a pain and I know that there is a soul."

Messenger of Peace.

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1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,589.1
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