

Cambered About Much Serving.

Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention,
That he some sweet secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth
pace us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience. Souls that
dwell in stillness.
Doing the little things, or resting quiet,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil
Clearing a path that every eye may see
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service, where 'tis
given
By grateful love that clothes itself indeed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge
of duty,
Be sure, to such he gives but little heed;

Then seek to please him, whatsoever he bids
thee—
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still;
'Twill matter little to what path he leads
us,
If in all we seek to do his will.

Christian at Work.
What They Live For.

Every neighborhood is a world in
miniature. At or near our Clinton
Four Corners there are a dozen
families. They live on adjoining
farms, get their mail at the same
post-office, get their horses shod at
the same smithy, raise about the
same crops and stock—and yet, in
their ideas of life, and in their
characters, they are as far apart as
the poles. We have all sorts of
people in this small community.

We can study human nature in
nearly all its phases without going
two miles from home. Let me tell
this week about some of my neighbors,
and I believe every reader will
say: "Why we have the same sort
of folks where I live."

First of all, because lowest in the
scale, is the Drudge family. Mr.
and Mrs. Drudge have a good farm,
and a house full of children. They
work hard, and make their children
work as soon as they are big enough.

They seem to believe that the only
object in life is just to live. They
don't think or plan, but merely plod.
They do everything in the rudest
and hardest way. They carry water
half a mile, because they are too
shiftless to dig a well. They scatter
their fodder over the barn yard, and
let the cattle tramp and waste a
good part of it, when they could
easily build sheds and racks. They
take no papers; have no books in
the house but those that their children
bring from school. They have
very little company and seldom go
anywhere. They say that it is all
they can do to make a living. They
work, eat and sleep, and that is all
they expect to do until they die.

Their children go a few months in
the year to a district school, but are
growing up as aimless and idealless
as their parents. They will perpetuate
the mere animal type of existence.
They, too, will live just to live.

How sad it is to see men and
women, made in the image of God,
who do not deem to realize that they
have immortal souls; that they have
duties and destiny as moral beings.

THE FUDGE FAMILY,
who live next to the Drudges, are
triflers rather than tilters. They
work just enough to earn a living,
and spend all the rest of the time in
gossiping, visiting and amusements.

If a circus comes along they must
all go, if they have to take the bread
money to buy tickets. The Fudges
are a shallow, careless, jolly set, who
frisk about like kittens, chatter like
magpies, and seem to think that the
whole of life is to laugh and be merry.

They have lots of cronies, but no
real friends. Indeed, they haven't
depth of character enough for
anything but mere companionship.
They bask in the sunshine; they
shiver when it is cold. When they
have any money, they spend it on
themselves; when they are poor
and destitute, they expect that
somebody will take care of them.

Though they are a careless, shiftless
set, they are really wiser than the
Drudges, for they get some flashes
of meteoric enjoyment out of life,
though they are fatally wrong in regard
to life's great end.

Next to the Fudges lives
GAMALIEL GRASPALL.

He does not spend any time or
money on amusement. He works
as hard as the Drudges. But he
thinks as well at work. He is long
headed. He is all the time laying
plans for increasing his wealth. If
anybody in the neighborhood is
embarrassed, Gamaliel finds it out,
and prepares to take advantage of the
fact—to buy the crop, or the stock,

or the land that has to be sacrificed!
He is one of those men, so common
in this country, who seem to think
that the great end of human life is
to die rich. He uses all his powers
and improves all his opportunities
in raking up heaps of filthy lucre.

He despises his shiftless neighbors,
and thinks that he is a great deal
wiser than they. But he does not
seem to realize that he is but a
pilgrim in the earth; that he is to
go in a little while where his material
riches will be of no value, where
the test of work and toilsman of
destiny will be character. Alas!
alas! for the covetous, grasping men
all around us. Instead of laying
up treasures in heaven, they gather
riches for their children to quarrel
over or to squander. They seem to
be successful. The newspapers eulogize
them. But in the sight of God they
are among the saddest of the
failures which show that this is a
fallen world. But we will go on
from the home of this prospective
millionaire to a neat and tasteful
house near by. Here lives

A CULTURED FAMILY.
The parents care for wealth only
that they may educate their children,
and give them a good start in
life. Their heaven is in the next
generation. They toil and make
sacrifices that their descendants may
occupy good positions and cherish
grateful memories of what they did
for them. They dream, as they toil
on the farm and in the home, that
John will go to Parliament one of
these days, and that his success will
cast a halo of glory on their graves.

There are few things in this world
purer and nobler than parental affection.
And when it seeks the
highest good of those around whom
its tendrils twine, God blesses it.
But the parental affection whose
horizon is that of time, the love
which seeks not for its loved ones
that culture which will fit them to
shine in the light of God, is a delusion
and a snare. The young people in
that family are captivated by the
semi-fiducial literature of the day.
They think that they show their
mental independence by rejecting
historical Christianity, and old-fashioned
ideas of moral obligation.

In that home will be trained up
a generation that will help to sap
the foundations on which rest the hopes
of humanity, because they have not
been taught that the fear of the
Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

We turn sadly from these
clouded habitations to one over
which shines a supernatural light.
It is

HERE we have industry, cheerfulness,
thrift, faith, hope and charity.
Here the Bible is the text-book, and
the life that now is valued and improved
because it is related to the life to come.

The parents in this home try to accumulate property,
but not for themselves only, or for
their children. They believe in
stewardship—that God gives us all
that we have, and that we ought to
use it all for his glory. They are
not their own, but the Lord's.

Their children are not their own,
but the Lord's. They have no right
to live merely to live, or to enjoy
themselves. Their business is to do
good here, and to prepare for heaven.

The parents believe in culture.
They want to educate their children.
But they put the moral before the intellectual.
They are anxious that they should be
good men and women rather than
brilliant and popular. They regard
the favor of God as worth more than
that of the world. In that home
whose atmosphere is prayer will be
trained loyal citizens, men who will
prefer principle to policy; truth
that is old fashioned to error never
varnished. The parents who toil in
such homes do not live in vain.

They may not be the fathers and
mothers of presidents, or even congressmen,
but when they rest from their
labors their works of faith and love
will follow them. Their children
will rise up on the earth and call
them blessed, and Christ will say
to them: "Come ye blessed of my
Father, inherit the kingdom prepared
for you."

I have not time to tell of all the
families in our neighborhood. These
five are the prominent types. They
represent the rest. They show what
different classes of people, the land
over, are living for; and I write
about them because I fear that many
even of my readers, may be drifting
away from the true ideal of life.

We are not placed in this world
merely to live and die like the beasts.
We all know that we are not; and
yet, in the hurry and worry of our
daily toil and cares, how we are
tempted to forget it!

God has given us a noble heritage
in this free land for ourselves
and our children. But we must remember
that it is institutions rest on
Christian homes. Such a government
as ours, and such prosperity
as we have enjoyed, and do enjoy,
would be impossible where heathenism
or infidelity or Romanism prevailed.

It is because of the Christian
training of a goodly number of
rulers and legislators that we are
what we are. If this training is

not continued in our homes—if we
become these materialists, or Mormon-worshippers—if we bring up our
children to adore the "almighty dollar"
instead of the true God, and to seek
intellectual culture rather than moral
character—the walls will begin to crumble,
even before we are in our graves.

These are old man's thoughts,
as he sits and muses on the evening
of Thanksgiving Day. Oh, let us
all try to purify and elevate our
home-life, that we may train up citizens
for our country and for heaven.
—Senex in Journal.

Only a Hired Girl.

Two young ladies, school-girl
fashion, were promenading through
the large chapel. They finally paused
near the window where the new
girl was standing. Her desolate appearance
would have touched any heart
not burned with worldliness and selfishness.
The sad eyes were gazing, not on the
gorgeous garb of autumn, but far beyond, to a
neglected grave-yard near an old log-cabin
in the forest. A new-made grave was there,
in which lay an only earthly friend—her mother.

But these vain, silly girls saw
only the faded calico dress, made in
such an old-fashioned way, and the
beautiful hair arranged in any thing
but the latest or most artistic style.

"How do you like the cut, Maud?
Won't you want your new party dress
made after this fashion?"

"Yes; and I've just been dying
for a new way to fix my hair. Now
I have it! She's brought the latest
style from the backwoods, while
we've been away behind the times;
who is she, any way?"

"O, a mere nobody! Only Mrs.
Noell's hired girl. She works mornings
and evenings and does the washing
and ironing on Saturday for her board
and tuition. Mrs. Noell says she's awfully
stupid and absent-minded; but she's
cheaper than regular help would be,
and then she's sure of her. You see,
she can't be running off all the time,
and leaving her mistress in a strait."

"Well, I think it is a shame that
we should have such trash placed
side by side with us in our classes.
There should be a separate and distinct
school for such people."

"You needn't cut up about her
reciting with us; she'll never do that—
that's one blessing we're sure of.
We are far enough ahead of her,
and will graduate before she learns
the multiplication table."

"I don't know about that; some
of those low people would surprise
you with their ability to acquire
knowledge."

The girls looked and giggled until
Ada Hartwell, becoming aware that
she was the subject of their remarks,
could no longer restrain the tears which
all the morning had been ready to flow.

"For shame, girls!" said Nettie
Weldon, who walked past them to the
window and talked so gently and
pleasantly to the new girl that, for the
first time since she had stood by the
grave of her mother, Ada felt that she
could claim one friend.

True, Ada was only a hired girl,
but by means of her own natural
abilities, together with the help and
encouragement of her new friend,
she made such rapid progress in her
studies that she won the approbation
of her teachers, and the respect and
esteem of all those students whose
esteem was worth having.

Maud and her companion had not
ceased trying to wound her feelings
but fear of their teachers made them
less open in their persecution. * * *

The chapel was crowded. Anxious
parents and friends were assembled
to hear the graduating addresses of
the white-robed girls who stood before
the vast audience.

The young valedictorian stood alone.
In all this throng there was no one to
whom she was related by the ties of
kindred.

Could her mother, with pardonable
pride, see her now as she stood crowned
with the highest honors which this
well-known academy could bestow,
how happy she would be.

"Perhaps she can look down from
heaven and see that her 'wee girl,'
as she loved to call me, has done the
best she could," thought Ada, and
the thoughtful eyes grew dim and
luminous with tears.

With a voice full of pathos and
power, Ada read the beautiful farewell
address. Tenderly she spoke to her
fellow-graduates of the happy days
they had spent together. They would
leave the sheltering walls of the
alma mater to enter the world filled
with snares and pitfalls. Would they
attempt to walk in their own strength,
or would they ask the loving Father
to lead them? She entreated them to
adopt the safer course. She thanked her
instructors for their faithfulness, not only
in training and developing the intellect,
but in seeking to elevate the moral
and spiritual natures of those intrusted
to their care.

"Who is she?" inquired an intelligent
looking gentleman who sat near Maud.
But Maud and her inseparable friend
of former days were almost consumed
with envy.

They had failed to pass the rigid examination,
which made their diplomas a vision of the future.

"Who is she?" repeated the gentleman.
"She has the loveliest eyes I ever saw."

"A mere nobody," replied Maud.
"Only Mrs. Noell's hired girl."

"O no, young lady. You can never make even a moderately good judge believe that she is a nobody. She is the most magnificent reader I ever heard, and her language is eloquent. There is a grand career before her in some sphere, let it be what it may."

Mrs. Noell lost her hired girl, but the school wherein she had graduated gained a teacher who won the admiration and respect of all.—Selected.

Charles Kingsley on Gambling.

The following letter, which is quoted by the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, was addressed by the late Charles Kingsley to a public school boy who had put money into a sweepstakes without thinking it was wrong:

"MY DEAREST BOY.—There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby, and had hedged to make safe. Now, all that is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits, gambling is one I hate most, and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits however much civilized men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically savage. Historically it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchristian and unchristian.

(1) It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbor's pocket without giving him anything in return. (2) It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits—or anything else—to your neighbor's harm. If you know better than your neighbor, you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits. I say the devil is the only father of it. I'm sure, moreover, that the headmaster would object seriously to anything like a lottery, betting or gambling. I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won, I shall not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in, you could not in honor draw back until after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying that you understood that the headmaster and I disapproved of such things, and so gain a great moral influence. Recollect always that the stock argument is worth less. It is this: 'My friend would win from me if he could, therefore I have an equal right to win from him.' Nonsense! The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will. I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years."—Our Youth.

Value of Reading.

Reading is an educator; whether it is a good or bad educator depends on what you read. Read good literature. The best books are within the reach of the most meagre purse. Your trouble is perhaps not want of money, but want of time. No! We all have time enough to learn if we have wisdom enough to use the fragments of our time. Henry Ward Beecher used to read between the courses at the dinner-table, and when he got interested in his book, would take it for dessert. Hugh Miller lay prone before the fire studying while his companions were whiling away the time in idle jest and stories. Schliemann, as a boy, standing in queue at the post office and waiting his turn for letters, utilized the time by studying Greek from a little pocket grammar in his hand. The man who uses his fragments of time has nearly one month more in the year than his neighbour, who is wasteful of the precious commodity.—Irish Advocate.

The *Christian Herald* gives an incident which well illustrates the true spirit of entire consecration: "A man said: 'Must I give up—?' naming a certain thing. I replied: 'God does not enpower me to ask you to give up anything, but to entreat you to accept something, even himself.' When the man left he was trusting Christ. Next night I said to him, as I looked into his face, beaming with joy: 'What about giving up what you wanted to keep?' 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I cannot be troubled with it. The joy of Christ has quite swallowed up all minor joys.'"

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