

An Answered Prayer.

"O give me a message of quiet,"
I asked in my morning prayer,
For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me,
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was smoothed by its summer calms.
For the words that had helped so many,
And the pages that seemed most dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort,
And they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words came down to me:
"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is He;
Each generation praiseth
His work of long renown;
The Lord upholdeth all that fall
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!
I knew the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by-and-by.
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me,
Whatever might betide.

—Christian at Work.

What the Little Silver Cross Meant.

"One might as well give up trying to be a King's Daughter in this house," said Clare Thornton to herself as she started to put the cosy sitting-room in order; "you're kept so busy there's no chance to do the one kind act a day. Here I wanted to run down this afternoon to see how poor Mrs. Brown is, and mother has to go to bed with a headache and leave me all the work to do. Well, I'll get through it in a hurry and then go. I must keep that pledge."

About an hour later Mrs. Thornton came down stairs looking very pale, and found Clare dressed for the street.

"Are you going out, daughter?" she said, with a disappointed air; "I hoped you would stay in to-day and relieve me. Besides, you have scarcely put this room in order. Suppose some one should drop in?"

"I hadn't time to do any more," grumbled Clare. "I can't do everything. If any callers come, can't you take them in the parlor?"

"Is the stove there all ready for a fire?"

"Oh, no, I forgot it! I should think Daisy might do that much."

"Daisy is hardly big enough to be trusted with the parlor fire," said Mrs. Thornton, sighing. "Never mind, go on; I'll manage somehow."

"I don't know what good being a King's Daughter has done her," thought the tired mother as Clare was preparing to leave. "It seems to me that she is more selfish and thoughtless than ever." Then she dragged herself around the house and did the many things that Clare had left undone. In the meantime her daughter, with a companion whom she had appointed to meet, was wending her way toward "poor Mrs. Brown's." Together they visited a few others that were on their poor list, and tea was ready when Clare returned to her home. Mrs. Thornton looked more tired than ever, but the girl was so full of her own concerns that she failed to notice her mother's appearance.

Afterward, when Clare was washing the dishes, with her sister as an auxiliary, the child said, "O Clare, won't you help me with my examples to-night? Miss Brown says if I get a little help at home, I shall be able to skip a class."

"I am going to be too busy to-night; I have some work to do," replied Clare with a decision that chased the smiles from Daisy's sweet face.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"Well, you know Mrs. Cronin that lives down in Poverty Hollow? I'm to make a lovely toboggan for her little girl. You know I'm a King's Daughter now, Daisy, and I have promised to do one kind act a day. Of course, if I can do more than one, it's all the better. Wouldn't you like to be a King's Daughter, child, and wear a silver cross like mine?"

Daisy reflected for a moment. Then she said, "Does being a King's Daughter and wearing a cross mean that you're to help everybody but your own folks? Because if it does, I don't care to join."

"Why, you bad child!" exclaimed Clare, "what do you mean by that? I'm always helping my own folks, but I can't let anything interfere with my one kind act. I've solemnly vowed to do that every day."

"Well, Clare, perhaps I don't understand it, but it seems to me that it would have been a kind act for you to have stayed and helped mamma this afternoon. She was awful sick, and after you went away she was crying."

"Daisy, I don't believe you know what you're talking about, and I shan't hear any more. It's presumptuous in a little girl to be dictating to her sixteen-year-old sister."

The child was silenced, but not convinced, and all the evening as she sat puzzling over work that Clare could have made so easy for her, she could not help wondering what the little silver cross really meant. "At any rate," she concluded, "if it would make me neglect mamma, I don't want one."

The following week the kind lady who had organized the band of King's Daughters in the church which the Thorntons attended, said to Daisy: "Some of the little girls are going to be King's Daughters. Wouldn't you like to join them, dear?"

"No, ma'am," the child promptly answered. "Mamma isn't very well, and the children are troublesome, and it's all we can do to let Clare be a King's Daughter. Mamma couldn't possibly spare us both."

Mrs. Jennings looked in surprise at Daisy. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, you see just at the time mamma needs Clare most she has to be off doing her one kind act. And she isn't satisfied with that; sometimes she does three or four and brings one home to do in the evening. You know it really wouldn't do for both of us to act like that."

Mrs. Jennings patted the earnest little face and decided to say no more just then on the subject. She saw that something was wrong, so made up her mind to have a talk with Clare at the first opportunity. The opportunity presented itself sooner than she expected. The very next morning a caller was announced and Clare Thornton appeared, looking very much troubled. "It's no use, Mrs. Jennings," she cried, bursting into tears, and laying down her silver cross, "I cannot be a King's Daughter."

Mrs. Jennings took Clare right into her motherly arms and said in a tone that was very soothing, "Take off your things, dear, and just show me where the trouble is. Perhaps we can make it come out all right."

"You know," sobbed Clare, as she removed her wraps, "mamma is sick in bed and I have everything to do, and the baby to take care of, and Johnnie is always wanting his clothing mended, and Daisy wants me to help her with her lessons, and—"

Here she broke down. The enumeration of these many trials was too much for poor Clare.

"Then you are not compelled to go away from home to do your kind acts," said Mrs. Jennings, gently smoothing the girl's hair; "you can keep your pledge and at the same time be doing your duty to the loved ones at home."

Clare looked up in astonishment. "Do those things count?" she asked; "those little every-day things? I thought it meant something unusual."

"Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with your might." That's what the little silver cross says to us. We must do the nearest duty first, and then God will show us the next. Our acts of kindness are for the dear ones at home just as much as for the outside world. We mustn't neglect our home duties, Clare. Don't you think that your mother required your attention the other day more than did the sick persons on whom you called? The other girls have been attending to them. And the toboggan you made was very pretty, but I am afraid that your little sisters and brother needed your help more than Mrs. Cronin's child needed the pretty cap."

"O Mrs. Jennings!" cried Clare, and her face brightened wonderfully. "What an awful mistake I have been making! But I feel so much happier now that I understand what to do. I see that I can be a King's Daughter, after all, even though home duties occupy my whole time."

From that morning Daisy marvelled at the change in her sister. "She's the right kind of a King's Daughter now," the child decided as she saw Clare patiently taking upon herself the many household duties. And Mrs. Thornton from her bed on the lounge, to which she was carried in the daytime, watched Clare thoughtfully and felt that she had reason to thank God that He had given her such a daughter.

—Christian Intelligencer.

A Cure for Scandal.

Ruth would like to know what can be done to stop scandal in the church. We suggest to her that enough cotton in both ears would prevent her from hearing it, and the filling of her mouth all day with the praises of God would render it impossible for her to spread it. This would suffice for her personally. She, however, we suspect, rather wants us to suggest a remedy for the habit of scandal in others. Really we do not know of anything short of the grace of God. While hearts remain unrenewed, tongues will be full of bitterness; and, in gracious people, while corruption remains, there will be a measure of

mouth disease, too. Dogs delight to bark and bite, "for 'tis their nature to." None can rule or train human tongues, except the Omnipotent himself. Solomon talked of hot coals of juniper, and such like fiery remedies, but we question whether they would be effectual even if they be applied. One rule we endeavor to follow in regard to gossip, viz: we will let the thing die a natural death. If any one reports to us that there is a dirty pool near to us, we go into another direction, but never dream of sitting down on the margin to take long sniffs; neither do we indulge the practice of stirring it, and poking a pole in the very bottom of it. We told a friend lately, who said it was our duty to interpose in the squabble of another church, that we did not carry a brush in our pockets to scrub all the pigs we met with, and we fancied that if we did we should soon get some of the mire on our hands. Scandal is like the hydra, which lives by being killed, and multiplies itself with every cut you make at it. It is like a very bad house to let, which is ill drained, has a leaky roof, and is generally out of repairs, and is best let alone. If dogs are asleep, don't wake them, they may bark; and if they are barking, don't interfere with them, for they may bite.

"But surely it is our duty to put out the fire of strife!" Yes, but what is the best way? Will you put it out by heaping on more fuel? Will poking the fire damp it? Why, even pouring oily words on it will not quench the flame. Very few people have wisdom enough to deal with scandal aright, and these generally prefer the method of letting themselves out. Be deaf, be blind, be dead to gossip, and it will grow disgusted with you, and select a more sensitive victim. To bring matters before a court of law, or even before the church, is to honor the gossip and lower yourself. "What are the wild waves saying?" They are saying more sense than the tongues of rumor; worry yourself about the rough music of the roaring of the sea if you will, but about tongues, male and female, concern not your heart. When a bull offered to toss a little party who were crossing a meadow, Courage was for fighting the irate monster, Folly talked of taking him by the horns, Enthusiasm thought of jumping on his back, Credulity tried the virtue of a suddenly opened umbrella, and Obstinance dared old Taurus to interfere with him, but Prudence got over the stile into the next field, and I went with him, and mean to do the same next time. Shall I help you over the gate, Miss Ruth?—Spurgeon.

A Country Boy Who Goes to a Great City.

When a boy starts out from his country home to try his fortune in a great city, he needs most of all a good stock of principles with him. He must brace up his courage as if he were going into battle, for he is sure to have a fight of it, and he will need all his moral fortitude to stand out against the temptations which will wreck his career beyond peradventure if he yields to them. What he seeks he cannot get except in the fierce competition which results from the struggle of many thousands to obtain the same prize. If he slips, there are multitudes around him to take advantage of his mischance and to leave him far behind in the chase. He must keep himself always in training, both moral and physical, and waste none of his resources. He will require every bit of his energy and every atom of principle there is in him will be put to the test. He must be prepared to help himself, for he will get very little help from anybody else.

The first thing for a boy coming to a great city to do is to take pains to start with right associations. In every such town there are innumerable circles of society. The community is too large for everybody to know each other, and, therefore, it divides up into many circles of common acquaintances, and in each of these the members are as well known to another as are the inhabitants of a village. They are good and bad, evil in their influences and salutary and helpful.

Where then, shall the country boy go for society? The best place is to a church. In these days a city church is the centre of many social no less than religious activities. It is a life of industry in which men and women engage, so that something is going on ceaselessly, something to interest and to give scope for the ability of a young fellow, and to satisfy his social instincts and demands. It is a community in itself, and nobody can belong to it for any considerable length of time and exhibit sympathy with its ambitions and projects without fitting into some place where he can display his capacities and win due consideration because of them. He will make friends, and useful friends. He will have

the social life and the social surroundings necessary for him. He should go to church from the first and regularly, make himself known to the pastor, and then, without putting himself forward, take a hand in all the undertakings of the parish. If he is patient the reward will come.—Canada Presbyterian.

The Careless Woman.

She is always behind time, always scrambling after the flying hours, and always in a hopeless muddle. She never knows what she has done with her things, neither where she has laid them down. When she makes hay of all her possessions in looking after these truant articles, nothing is ever by the remotest chance where she expected to find it; and she lives the life of little Bopeep, vainly looking for the sheep she has so mysteriously lost. Everything belonging to her seems to be endowed with the joint powers of invisibility and locomotion. She has looked ten times in that special drawer—on the eleventh her lost lamb "leaps to her eyes" in the most conspicuous corner, and she feels like one for whose mishap a miracle has been worked—like one who has been hypnotized and then awakened to a knowledge of reality. Her veil falls from her face, and her bos slides off her neck totally unperceived by her. Only when that costly bit of lace and that yet more costly length of fur are gone, does she recognize her loss; and then it is too late to recover it. She leaves her muff and purse in the shop—her card case and umbrella in the cab—her reticule and memoranda at a friend's. And without these memoranda she is as a belated traveller, with never a star in the sky nor a light in the distance, and the road across the common falling off into a bog, for she cannot remember from one hour to another what she has arranged to do, nor where to go; and if she remembers this, she forgets the number of the house where she has appointed to call. She may have been there twenty times, but the Careless Woman cannot carry dates nor numbers in her head, and unless she has a reminder she is lost. Of order, method, or arrangement the Careless Woman knows nothing. On the whole, the Careless Woman is one of the most disastrous of her sex, if in herself absolutely sweet and lovable; and that, as folly works more evil than does sin, so carelessness is often worse than maliciousness in its results to the sufferer, if not in its origin in the soul of the offender.—The Queen.

ABOUT BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is one of the worst things with which a man or woman can be afflicted. It is a curse to the possessor, and those who are obliged to live in the same house with the possessor of the complaining temper are martyrs. It is often said that we should not let the bad temper of others influence us, but it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister of Spanish flies on the skin and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering on account of the bad temper of one of its members. It is like the sting of a scorpion, or of several scorpions, a perpetual source of irritation, destroying your peace and rendering life a burden. To hear one everlasting complaint and growl proceeding from what is aptly called "a chronic kicker," to have every agreeable thought chased away by this evil spirit of disputatiousness, is more than flesh and blood can stand. This would be a better world if the people who lose their tempers would never find them again.—Texas Sittings.

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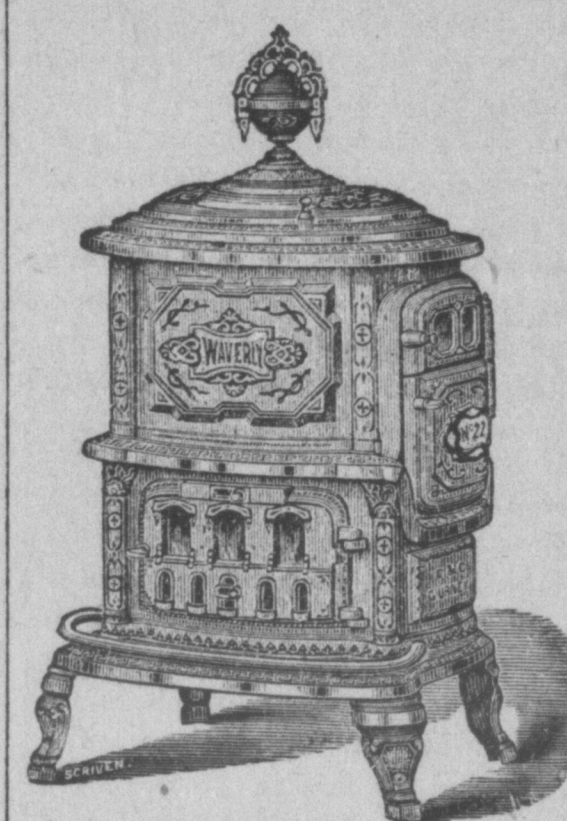
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1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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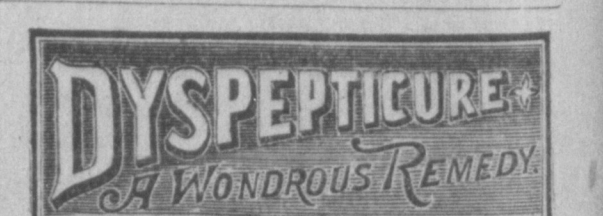
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