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Poetry.

PARADISE.

BY ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

Just beyond the weary mountains
Looming up to the verge of Time,
Lies the Vale of endless fountains,
In the Land of Youth Sublime.
Clime of Love and Youth eternal!
Whose sweet meads are ever vernal,
Crown the blissful Paradise.

Weary mortal, marching forward
In Life's pathway set with thorns;
See you mountains gloaming starward
That eternal light adorns.
Let their darkness not dismay thee,
Faint not here, nor pause, nor stay;
In Faith's panoply array thee—
Light floods all the other side.

Brightest lights cast deepest shadows;
Time's dark side is turned to thee;
O'er the mountains lies the meadows—
Sinless vales, from sorrow free.
There on flowery beds of pleasure,
Wearied limbs find blissful leisure,
And the soul's expanding measure,
Ever findeth raptures new.

Shining feet and radiant fingers,
Lips of praise and forms of light
Are the fruits—whose sweetness lingers—
Born of blossoms in Time's night;—
Loving hearts that know no sorrow;
Tranquil souls that fear no morrow;
For the grave may never borrow
Thence a single soul.

Glorious Land, beyond the mountains,
Redolent of Youth Sublime!
Beauteous Vale of endless fountains,
Just beyond the hills of Time!
How I long to touch the flowers
Purpline all thy summer bowers,
Filling the eternal hours
With their fragrance rare.

Some are safe within thy keeping
That once trod earth's vales with me;
Now, in glad fruition, reaping
All thy rich reality!
How I long to share their glory;—
How I fain would join their story:—
And to Christ yield all the glory
For the bliss of Paradise.

MR. HAMILTON'S DAUGHTERS;

OR

The talk of the Neighborhood.

"Who went to the door just now?' demanded a young lady, entering the parlor with a quick step, and showing considerable excitement of manner.

"I did,' was answered by a girl of fifteen, with the air of one-half conscious of a wrong.

"You did? So I immagined! What on earth possesses you to run to the door every time the bell rings, Emily? Servants answer bells, not young ladies. Pray let us have an end to this. We'll be the talk of the whole neighborhood.'

"I can't see the particular harm in opening the door for a visitor,' was answered.

"Harm? It's vulgar. People will think we don't keep servants.'

"I cant see what business other people have with the arrangement of our family,' said the young sister, speaking more resolutely. "Suppose we didn't keep any servants? That would be our own business.'

"Emily!' The elder sister spoke imperitively. "You must not go to the door when the bell rings. That's Ellen's place. She's hired for the purpose. "You'll be taken for the servant girl. Can't you understand?'

Now that argument had its influence.—To be taken for a servant girl! Emily was silenced.

"I'm out of patience with her,' said the elder sister; entering the room where her father and mother were sitting, a few minutes afterwards. She seemed particularly annoyed.

"With whom, Kate?' asked the mother. "Why, with Emily. She will persist in going to the door when the bell rings, just as though we hadn't three servants in the house.'

The father, a care-worn looking man, who sat reading the morning paper let the sheet fall upon his knees, and turned his eyes upon Emily. His brow contracted a little and with a painful expression, while his thin lips shut themselves closer. He made no remark, however, though it was plain that his sympathies were not with his daughter Kate.

"I wish you'd speak to her about it,' added the young lady, still addressing her mother. "We shall be the talk of the neighborhood.'

If the ear and heart of Kate Hamilton had been open in the right direction she would have heard the sigh that came faintly through her father's lips. If her eyes had been observant, she would have seen the deeper shade that fell over his countenance. His thought had gone back over many years, to the time his wife kept not a single servant, and when she opened the door to every one who chanced to call—to a time when his heart, free from oppressive cares and humiliating embarrassments, beat rhythmically in his bosom, and his lips answered to his heart in song. There was no fine rhythm in his pulses now, and long ago music had died from his lips.

"I can't see any harm in it,' replied Mrs. Hamilton. "If Emily chooses to open the door, and thus save Ellen a few steps, why should it trouble you so seriously?'

"I don't want my sister to put herself on a level with servants—at least not in the face of the whole neighborhood,' retorted Kate, with an air of conscious self-importance.

Mr. Hamilton threw his newspaper on the table, and rising left the room without a remark. While putting on his great coat in the hall, preparatory to going forth on the day's dreaded business, Emily came out of the parlor, and placing her hand upon him in a fond, familiar way, said—

"What harm is there in going to the door when the bell rings?'

"None, dear that I can see,' replied he.

"Kate thinks it dreadful.'

"Does she?'

"Yes, and says if I go to the door we'll be the talk of the neighborhood.'

"If the neighborhood finds nothing more serious to talk about, Emily, no harm will be done. But why are you so anxious about going to the door when the bell rings?'

"I am not so anxious about it. Just now I went to the door because I happened to be in the parlor, while Ellen was up stairs. What would have been the use of bringing her all the way down when I could step to the door in a moment?'

"True enough. What would have been the use of it?'

"Then,' added Emily, it takes a long time to get to the door when Ellen happens to be at work up stairs, and persons who ring have to wait. I can't sit in the parlor, if I am there, until a servant comes. I must go to the door. As to the harm, I am too dull to see it.'

"And I hope you will always remain too dull,' replied her father.

As we said this the bell rang loudly.—Some one had given it a vigorous jerk.

"Shall I open the door?' Emily was already on tip-toe.

"Certainly.'

She came back with a letter. Mr. Hamilton took it from her hand, and broke the seal in evident nervousness. Letters left for him at his dwelling had come to be, in most cases, unpleasant visitors.

An exclamation of surprise and pain fell from the lips of Mr. Hamilton as his eye glanced over the long, narrown slip of paper which the envelope contained. Then he refolded the paper and thrust it into his pocket in a half desperate, half despairing way.

"What is it, father?' Emily drew her hands through his arm, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"Nothing that you can help, dear,' replied the father, endeavoring to rally himself and assume an indifference which he did not feel. Then he kissed her, and went hastily out, to flounder through the day's dreaded business. We say "flounder,' for Mr. Hamilton was in embarrassed circumstances.

In the morning, when he went forth to business, it was not often that he knew where the money to meet the day's payments was to come from, and usually one-third of bis time was spent in seeking discounts.

The bill just received was from a jeweler, to whom he had just given his two eldest daughters, Isabel and Kate, permission to go for articles, and they had, in the course of six months, run up an account of nearly fifty pounds. No wonder that its receipt by Mr. Hamilton occasioned an ejaculation of surprise and pain.

What hope was there of release from embarrassment under the steady accumulating pressure of debts like this? It was only the day before that a milliner's bill of twenty pounds had given him a shock from which his nerves yet had a low, sickening quiver. Like a man struggling in deep water, he felt that even the smallest additional burden laid upon his shoulders must bear him under.

Half an hour after her father went out, Kate was on her way up stairs to dress for a walk, when she heard the bell ring. The sound arrested her steps. Would Emily go to the door? Scarcely had the question formed itself in her thought, when she saw Emily emerge from the parlor.

"Emily!' she called, in a low warning voice.

But Emily, giving no heed to her sister, opened the door. A rough man, with cold, hard features, looked steadily into her face for a moment or two, and then drawing a neatly folded paper from his pocket, said: —"be sure that you give this to Mr. Hamilton.'

Something in his look and tone chilled her. She felt that, in some way unknown to her, this man hadan evil power over her.

"What is it?' she asked, as the color left her cheeks.

"It is a summons,' answered the man.

"A summons!' and she stepped back, shutting the door almost in his face.

"Who was it?' asked Kate, calling down from her position on the stairs.

"A man to see father,' replied Emily, as she glided into the parlor, where she sat trembling. Kate went up stairs to remonstrate with her mother against the right of Emily to compromise the family dignity, while Emily unfolded the paper just received at the door, and sought to explore its meaning.

It was an ordinary writ or summons, giving notification that an action of debt had been commenced against Mr. Hamilton by some creditor, whose patience was exhausted; but poor Emily explored its written and printed sentences and its mystic phraseology for some clear meaning, in vain.

"We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood, mother.' These words spoken on the stairs, and accompanied by the sound of feet, caused Emily to rise and thrust the summons in her pocket. As she did so her mother and Kate appeared at the door.

"There is no need of your going to the door,' said Mrs. Hamilton, kindly. "But what is the matter, dear?' The mother's voice changed, for she saw that Emily's face was pale and troubled.

Emily, not yet clear in her own mind, as to what was to be done in regard to the summons, evaded the question of her mother, and turning aside, commenced dusting the piano, saying. "I like the exercise.—It's good for me.'

Now, that was a reason against which Mrs. Hamilton had not a word to say.

"You'd better wash and iron,' said Kate, with asperity, "if exercise is what you want.'

Emily did not reply, but went on dusting the piano.

"I wouldn't go to the door,' suggested Mrs. Hamilton. "That is Ellen's duty.—And your going so often annoys your sisters. They don't regard it as genteel.—People are so observant, and we must act with some regard to public sentiment.'

"This was left at the door just now,' said Emily, acting from the moment's impulse, as she drew the summons from her pocket, and handed it to her mother.

Mrs. Hamilton unfolded the paper in a hurried manner, and turned pale as she glanced at the contents.

"What is it?' asked Kate.

"Something for your father,' replied Mrs. Hamilton, in a subdued voice, as she went from the room. Kate stood a few moments; and then followed, leaving Emily without further interference.

Two hours later in the day, Kate and her sister Isabel, two showy girls, dressed in a costly and attractive manner, went forth to exhibit themselves and win admiration. They did not fail to win attention; as to the admiration, we cannot speak with assurance.

After promenading for an hour they stepped into the shop of a jeweller—the same who had, on that very morning, furnished their father with a long bill. Heretofore the jeweller had been exceedingly polite, and anxious to have them purchase; but he seemed rather indifferent on this occasion, and displayed his goods, as asked for, in almost total silence. Both Kate and her sister felt this change; but not the remotest suspicion of the cause entered their miud.

"Isn't this elegant?' said Kate, taking up an opal ring.

"Beautiful!' replied Isabel.

"What is the price?' asked Kate.

"Five guiness,' answered the jeweller, reaching out his hand to take the ring.—But Kate slipped it on her finger and gazed like one fascinated into the flame that quivered in the heart of the gem.

"I must have an opal,' she said. "And this is such a very fine stone.'

"Yes miss, for a small opal, one of the finest I have seen.'

"Charge it to my father,' said Kate.

But the jeweller asked—

"Hadn't you better ask your father's consent before buying so costly a ring?'

"Ask my father?' Blood came reddening into Kate's face.

The jeweller bowed gravely, and held out his hand for the opal, which, hurriedly drawing from her finger, Kate restored to its possession. Another customer entering at the moment, the jeweller turned from the two surprised young ladies, who left the shop hastily.

"He acted very strangely,' said Kate, as they passed along the street. "I wonder what he meant?'

"Can papa have been saying anything to him?'

"Of course not. He wouldn't disgrace himself and us in that way. It was downright insulting! Mr. King will see no more of our money, that is certain!'

"Indeed, he will not! I never was so mortified in all my life! It is impossible that papa would allow us to order goods just for the purpose of receiving a humiliating refusal.'

So the sisters talked over the humiliating incident, which the reader understands better than they did. They now went into a draper's shop, where they were in the habit of making purchases. Here each selected an elegant new silk dress, and ordered it to be sent home.

"Wait a moment,' said the young man who had shown them the goods; and he stepped across to where one of the proprietors was standing. Their experience at the jeweller's made the two young ladies feel a little nervous at this movement, and their eyes took note of the knitted brows and earnest manner of the principal. In a little while the young man came back, and with a smile that was evidently forced, and with an embarrassment of manner which could not be hidden, said, "We should prefer not sending these goods to-day, if you will excuse us.'

"Oh, just as you like!' Kate tossed her head a little proudly; but the arrow had gone to her heart. A few minutes the sisters lingered, and then with a crest-fallen air that could not be veiled, went quietly from the shop.

This shock considerably agitated their nerves, and led them to seek refuge and refreshment at a pastry cook's. As they entered they noticed a party of three young ladies at a a table, who eyed them closely. From the shop they passed into a back room, and seated themselves at the extreme end; but not liking the position, came back to the table near the entrance, across which a Venetian screen was placed. This brought them very close to the party of young ladies we have mentioned, and within hearing distance, though concealed from them.

"They're the talk of the whole neighborhood.' Scarcely were they seated before this sentence pricked their ears.

"On what account?' was asked.

"Oh, on various accounts; mainly for their silly pride and flaunting airs. You saw how they were overdressed, and how queenly they tried to walk — as if the ground they trod on was scarcely good enough for their dainty feet.

"Yes, I noticed that. But I suppose their father has a deep purse, and wealth turns the head of some people.'

"There lies the poor folly of the whole thing,' answered the other speaker. "So far from being a rich man, their father is over head and ears in debt, and worried half out of his life to make his payments and keep above water. My brother knows all about his business affairs, and says it's a disgrace for his daughters to add the heavy burden they must be adding to the bent shoulders of so kind-hearted a man.—Proud, idle, good-for-nothings, he calls them. He took a fancy to one of them; but soon comprehending her quality, turned away in disgust. The family is in debt everywhere. One dress-maker told me last week that they owe her nearly fifty pounds, and that she has sent for the money over and over again—and now they owe a large unpaid bill at a jewellers. The grocer and butcher in our neighborhood both say that it is almost impossible to get an account settled; and yet these idle girls sweep about in rich attire, as though they were the daughters of a prince.'

"I don't wonder they are the talk of the neighborhood,' was replied to this.

"And they keep three servants, forsooth!' went on the other. "The neighbors think it would be more creditable for for them to keep but one—and homster into the bargain.'

"How many sisters are there?'

"Three.'

"All alike?'

"No. The youngest is wholly different from the two you saw just now. She's a sensible girl, and worth a score of her good-for-nothing sisters.'

And the conversation ceased.

The talk of the whole neighborhood!—Even so! Full two weeks passed before Kate and her sister were seen abroad, and then so great was the change in their attire and manner, that people who knew them questioned each other as to its meaning.—During these two weeks other scales had dropped from their eyes. So stern was pressure of embarrassment upon their father, that he had been forced to yield, and all men knew him as a broken merchant.

Necessity cannot stand to parley with circumstances—it does not give place to price. Mr. Hamilton was compelled to demand of his family a different style of living. Three servants gave place to one; and idle daughters had, under constraint, to assume their places, and become the talk of the neighborhood. To them the fact involved deep humiliation. But how did the neighbors talk? In many ways;—yet chiefly in tenor like this—

"I didn't think it was in them.' So a lady opposite remarked to a friend who lived next door.

"Nor I,' was answered. "Kate in particular, had such a proud, dashing air, and was so vain and idle, that I never could have believed it possible for her to make a sensible woman. But she has promptly accommodated herself to her father's changed circumstances. They've sent away all their servants, I am told.'

"Yes.'

"A fact more crditable to them than idle dependence on their father.'

"A thousand times more creditable.—Do you know, I've felt an utter contempt for those girls? But now respect comes involutarily.'

"Just what Mrs. Lee told me this morning.'

"Misfortune is the only means of salvation for some people.'

"It is the only thing,' replied the neighbor "that would have saved the daughters of Mr. Hamilton. I've never called upon them but shall do so now.'

So the neighbors talked, as neighbors who are very apt to look past the outward seeming to the real character, will talk.—Pride and pretense cannot hang up a veil thick enough to conceal the truth; and mock gentility is sure to be detected and despised.

LITTLE THINGS.—Josh Billings thus discourses on little things, and there is much good sense in his discourse, notwithstanding the affectation of bad spelling:

An orange peel on the sidewalk iz a little thing but haz upset menny a giant.

An oath iz a little thing, but it iz rekorded in the great ledger in heaven.

A serpents fang iz a little thing, but death iz its viktory.

A hornet's sting iz a little thing, but it sends the skoolboy home howling.

The tung iz a little thing, but it fills the universe with trubble.

The akorn iz a little thing, but the blak bear and his family live in the oak that springs from it.

A penny iz a very little thing, but the interest on it from the days ov Cain and Abel would buy out the globe.

The Death Knock-The "Banshee."

The death of Mr. Thomas Feast, in Evansville, Indiana, has developed a singular circumstance in the history of his family, which illustrates the old Highland tradition of the banshee, as it is commonly called, is an embodied spirit or ghost which gives warning to persons whose death is approaching, by a peculiar scream or wailing in the night, by appearing to the doomed person, or in various other ways.

Mr. Feast was born in the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, England, forty-seven years ago, came to this country when he was young, and has been living in Evansville about twenty-three years. He was a shoemaker, a good citizen, and a man of quiet, unobstructive demeanor. He was, moreover, a very intelligent man and devoted a portion of his time to the study of philosophy and religion of life. It does not appear that he was a a spiritualist, but he had a leaning that way. Since Mr. Feast came to Evansville with his family there have been five deaths in the home circle, the last of which was that of the father himself. Each one of these deaths has been preceded at midnight of the previous night by a death knock on the door. Mrs. Feast's death, which occurred last summer, was preceded at midnight by a heavy, sudden knock on the front door, which aroused the entire family. Upon search being made nobody was found at the door. Mrs. Feast died the following day.

Three weeks afterward her infant child died and the same warning was repeated at the same hour of the night.

The death of his wife seemed to prey upon her husband. He had been feeble and ill, but thought that he would live through the winter. On the day before he died he had a sudden spasm, and came through it much weakened. When the family retired that night he was apparently as well as usual.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, there came a loud, hollow knock on the street door, which aroused all of the family. His son George, a young man aged 23, was awakened by the sound, and rising from his bed, sought his father's room, thinking he had been seized with another spasm and desired assistance. When he entered the room he found his father awake, and inquired if he called.

"No," replied the old gentleman, "it was somebody knocking at the front door.'

George descended the stairs and opened the door, but nobody was without, and further examination revealed the fact that no one was passing in the street. George went up stairs and told his father of this. A sudden change passed over the face of the doomed man as he softly said:

"Go to bed, George; *it is the same knock.*"

George returned to bed, observing that it was a few minutes past 12 o'clock. The singular warning occuring in other cases of the family, had been noticed by all the family, and after lying down, the son remembered the fact, but dismissing it as a coincidence, went to sleep. Next morning the father called him up in his usual tone, apparently losing no strength. George went down to take his order for breakfast, but he said:

"I want no breakfast; nothing but a quiet room to-day."

A second application met with the same response, and accordingly the young children were sent away to the house of a friend, and George remained with him.—During the morning he was very quiet, and then he was discovered asleep. This continued during the afternoon, and at 12 o'clock it was discovered that he had quietly glided from life to death.

Since the account of the Banshee warning that attended the deaths in the Feast family was published, a highly intelligent and reliable citizen has furnished the facts regarding apparitions that were twice seen in a dwelling in the suburbs of the same city. The story is vouched for.

About eighteen years ago there lived with her relatives, an uncle and aunt, in Evansville, a Miss Harris, who was young and amiable, and was engaged to be married. She had a very intimate friend some years older than herself, Mrs. Cook, and the two had often amused and instructed themselves with inquiry into supernatural subjects, so called, and among others, discussed and investigated the doctrine of spiritualism, which was then finding a lodgment in the West. One day it was proposed, half in jest and half in earnest, that the one of the two friends who died first was to appear to the survivor, in order to set at rest all doubts upon the subject.

The proposition was accepted, and by discussion they adopted it seriously, and agreed that the one dead should, if possible, make the demonstration. In less than a year Mrs. Cook was dead, and in a short time Miss Harris broke her engagement, when the wedding day was near. She was unhappy, and on the evening which had been set for the wedding she retired early and was restless. It was warm, and and about midnight, finding that she could not go to sleep, she raised the mosquito bar and arose to walk to the window. As she did so she confronted a solemn veiled figure standing at the side of the bed and gazing upon her with rigid, yet questioning countenance. One quick, earnest look, and the girl recognized the features of the dead friend, Mrs. Cook. She was terribly frightened, and, uttering loud shrieks, ran past and down the stairs and into the room of her uncle and aunt, and there trembling with fright, cowered behind their bed. She was so unnerved that she was utterly unable to speak, and they were trying in vain to ascertain the cause of her fright, when another scream was heard, and a servant girl, who had a room opposite Miss Harris bounded down stairs and into the room, also frightened. Upon inquiry the girl said that she heard Miss Harris' scream, and thought it proceeded from her aunt. She arose to go to the old lady's room, and, as she entered the hall, she saw a white figure kneeling at Miss Harris' door, with her hand shading her eyes, as if in sorrow.—She looked again and recognized the dead woman, Mrs. Cook, and shrieking, ran down stairs. A close search of the house failed to reveal any intruder or any signs of one. The doors were all locked and the ground windows were closed.

Skeptics and philosophers may at once insist that the mind of Miss Harris was unduly excited by reflections upon the night of what was to have been their marriage. But she said she had not thought of Mrs. Cook at all. Admitting her nervous excitement, how will we explain away the fact that the servant girl also saw the spectre!

Miss Harris afterwards married a most worthy minister of the gospel and is now living in the far West.

About two months ago two young ladies arrived in Evansville from New Albany, Ind., to visit the aunt of the former Miss Harris. They remained there for six weeks. Two weeks before they left they were both sleeping in the same room formerly occupied by Miss Marris.

One night, just after midnight, both awoke suddenly with a shock, each without knowing the other was awake. There standing by the side of the bed, was a white robed figure, dim and indistinct, but evidently that of a woman. Each girl, in great fright, softly attempted to awake the other, and at the same moment discovered both were awake. As they looked, the figure dim and shadowy, glided slowly backward and disappeared into the hall, through the closed door. They both arose instantly, fearing it was some thief who had gained admission to the house. The gas lit, the host and hostess alarmed, and a thorough search of the house made. It was in vain. Every door was closed and locked; every window and shutter was fastened.

And thus it stands. The last visitors had never heard the story of Miss Harris and the spectre. They had nothing to excite their minds to the same frenzy—nothing to awake them at exactly the same moment. If anybody can explain this way by natural causes, we should like to have it done, for, of course, it must originate in some manner capable of explanation.

Perfect Faith.

A story is told of a street boy in London who had had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lay down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?' "No, I never heard of him.' "Bobby, I went to Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him.' "I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as He is to do anything for me.' "But he'll do all that if you ax Him.' "How can I ax Him if I dont know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?' "Bobby, they told me at Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as he goes round. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him.' "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die.' "Bobby, hold up yer hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by.' They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got it up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears he said: "I give it up.' "Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my piller; I can do without it.' So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission school but once.—*John Gough's Lecture at St. Louis.*

LIFE.—It glows in the lily-bell; it warbles forth from the throat of the nightingale. If it departs the lily is dead, and the bird is silent. It tosses the ocean and tints and only lingers in the shade. It rests on the grand old mountains, and sighs with the wind through the solitude of the forest. Where it is there is beauty and perfection; and where it is absent there is dreariness and desolation. It is to this that nature owes her charm; her everlasting life, perfectly indestructible.

Wonderful and mysterious is the life that pervades our bodies; that links the material and immaterial. It throbs at the heart, bounds at the pulse and speeds through the brain. It gleams in joy and dulls in sadness. it either flashes or subsides with love; a strange mixture of perfections and imperfections. It is beautiful in truth, despicable in falsehood; glorious in faith and most sad in despair.

It is not the human portion of those that are dear to us we love, but the life that animates and is in itself beyond price.

Useful Girls.

Is there anything more charming in this world than the picture of a neat, trim, quick and engergetic girl, in a pretty calico dress, assisting her mother about the house dusting, sweeping, setting the table, or keeping the little ones in order, her nimble fingers always doing some dainty and useful service, and piquant tongue turning some bright answer to any quizzical jest that may be aimed at her? If there is anything which will render a girl desirable in the eyes of man, it seems to us that it is just this happy knack of being useful in the house, and of moving easily among duties which require watchfulness, energy and taste.

Where there are several daughters of this description, the problem of help is never a source of anxiety, and the help generally finds the work so well distributed, and the atmosphere so inspiring, that there is spirit of emulation excited which results in the most perfect domestic order and tranquility. In such a house a stranger often finds the kitchen one of the brightest and pleasantest spots in the whole house, and whenever the mothers and daughters are enjoying a real comfortable chat with each other, or neighbors, it will generally happen that they are 'in the kitchen.'

Whenever there are several daughters in a family, and yet great complaint for help, there is always ground for suspicion that the daughters do not come under the classification of 'useful girls.' This thought is suggested by some paragraphs about daughters as lady-helps in an English paper.

"There can be no question" it says, that many of our social difficulties would be almost entirely mastered if young ladies would consent to be lady-helps in their own homes. Nothing can be more intolerable than the mismanagement and discomfort to be found in countless households where there are plenty of grown up daughters who have really little to do but grumble at the dreariness of their lives. Half the young women one meets in the country sink into a state of semi-imbecility through idleness and want of interest in their surrounding. From mere thoughtlessness and ignorance, they grow up exacting and unreasonable. They make bad wives, because they never learned the rudiments of domestic economy.

Sympathy.

The precious Bible is more precious because it is a book of sympathy. And Jesus is more precious because His sympathy for us led Him to assume our wounds; to bear our griefs; take the chastisement of our peace upon him, and by his own stripes heal us.

His children are like him. They sympathise with the sufferings of the world. They watch with intense anxiety over the sick of other's families; and they mourn with those who bend in sorrow, above the coffins of their pulseless dead.

This may be called human impulse but it is an impulse awakened by the expanding of an immortal nature feeling for its wings, and seeking to soar to a better, purer state. Idolatries and heathenism have few sympathies. Guilt and shame are gloomy, and but seldom rejoice or weep. Crime has no tears for other's woes. But civilization as it approaches Christianity, feels the reflections of a divine light, catches some of the Christian virtues, and sees some of his possessions and prospects, and feeling its own immortal needs, displays its sympathies in copious outpourings of tears.

But the pure in heart, seeing God, and feeling as he does, sympathise in the wants and woes of the world. They love human kind because the Father does, and attempt, like Him, to seek and save that which is lost.

Life is sweet, and the world is precious then, because the sons and daughters of Samaria are afforded opportunities for pouring the oil of consolation into the wounds of the stricken traveller. And though the hand may give silver or gold, the heart can give something which neither silver or gold can buy. To be full of sympathy causes its bearer to carry blessings wherever he goes.

A FATAL HABIT.—Irresolution is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victim with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler and the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happines from his heart, oppress him with disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it; how beautiful on the contrary is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations. Avoid the contraction of the bad habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

PEACE.—Peace is love reposing; it is love on the green pastures; it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Savior willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass. It is the soul which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.