

The Family Circle.

An Aunt's Advice.

Marry you must, let it be to a man, in word and in deed, who alone can be true. And if for a "model" you purpose and plan, you'll find even then you'll have plenty to do.

And first do not cease the attention and care that in your girl days to your toilet was paid. Nor borrow that placid and nonchalant air, which plainly conveys, "Oh, my market is made."

Encourage the thought that your husband is wise, and all his opinions with deference treat. Not tamely to see by the light of his eyes alone, but an homage judicious is sweet.

Disdain not his sensitive palate to cheer, nor feel much aggrieved if the motherly ghost seems hovering ever disturbingly near. Even when he consumes only coffee and toast.

Do not try to be firm, as many will do, but if in dispute quite unwittingly led, declare with a smile, "I will yield, dear, to you."

And sure will be that an angel he wed. For this is a fact to illumine the mind, with patience untiring to strengthen and aid. That, unlike the poets of texture refined, good husbands are surely not born—they are made.

—C. H. Thayer.

Beautiful Answers.

A Persian pupil of Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end."

"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends; a path which begins at the cradle and ends at the tomb."—Ex.

Who Has Seen Christ in You To-day?

"The parson asked a strange question this evening," said John Sewell to his wife, Ann, on his return from church one Sunday.

"What was it, John?"

"Who has seen Christ in you to-day? I wish you had been there, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who love Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest."

"That's true, John, I know I often fall short of what a Christian should be."

"I'm sure that you and the children have not seen Christ in me to-day," said John. "If I'd remember to be like my Master, I should not have been so cross with you, because you wanted to take your turn out this morning."

"And I shouldn't have been so vexed and snapped you up," interrupted Ann.

"Then I used Tom pretty roughly because he worried me, and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made things all right. There are plenty of little matters I should have done even to-day, if I'd acted up to the parson's question."

"We will try to begin fresh, John. You're quick and I get vexed. We've both a good deal to learn. We must pray that the children and our friends may see Christ in us."

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went off to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day. Ann did not forget that she, too, wished that Christ might be seen in her, and at breakfast time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving toward one another, and toward their companions.

Thus, throughout the family, tempers were quelled for Christ's sake, and John was able, in that same strength, to ask a fellow workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him the previous Saturday evening.

"I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. "I know I've long been a professing Christian man, but I have not shown by my behaviour that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me."

"I'm sure it's been the same with me," replied Ann.

"I know why some of our fellows in the shop find fault with religious people, and call them no better than those who have

no religion at all. We Christians are not shining lights; we get into the same tempers, and use the same sharp words, and do the same actions as men of the world; and so we bring reproach on Jesus."

"That's well said, John. I mean to ask myself every night, 'Who has seen Christ in me to-day?' I know that I shall often have to tell God that I've failed, but Jesus will help me to be true to him, and you know there is a text which says, 'I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me.'"

Dear reader, will you take this question home, "Who has seen Christ in me to-day?"—
Friendly Greetings.

Maxims for Young Men.

Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company or none. Be just before you are generous.

Never play at any game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Good character is above all things else. Never borrow if you can possibly help it.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. When you speak to a man look him in the face.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind. If any one speak evil of you let your life be so that none believe him.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be employed usefully attend to the cultivation of your mind.

A City that Keeps the Sabbath.

Some of the secular papers pretend to be greatly surprised that a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants can carry on business, increase wealth and resources, and at the same time do without open saloons, beer gardens, theatres, and street-cars on the Sabbath. Toronto enjoys this distinction. And yet some people imagine that Sunday traffic, Sunday amusements, and the perpetual use of modern conveniences are essential to the growth and prosperity of a city. In their estimation the absence of these things on the Sabbath would doom a United States city to commercial death. But Toronto stops running her cars Saturday night, closes all saloons, shuts the doors of the theatres, and Sunday is as quiet as the "primeval forest." And yet in nine years Toronto has grown from 80,000 to 180,000 inhabitants. No grass thrives in her streets. Any city with natural advantages and enterprising citizens will thrive under like conditions. If modern evils and continental Sabbaths are necessary to the cities of this country, they ought to die.—
Christian Advocate.

Where the Apostles are Buried.

All that now remains of the Apostles of Christ are in the following places: Seven are in Rome—namely: Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. Three are in the Kingdom of Naples: Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi, James the Greater, whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the body of St. John, the evangelist, the remaining one of the 12, there is no knowledge. The evangelists Mark and Luke are also buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua.

St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter is, of course, buried in the church at Rome which bears his name, as are also Simon and Jude.

James the Lesser's remains are in the Church of the Holy Apostles. Bartholomew's in the church on the island in the Tiber which bears his name.

Matthias' remains are said to be under the great altar of the renowned Basilica. Little faith, however, is placed in the legend.

It is the court-ship that leads to the matrimonial sea.—
Harper's Bazar.

He Didn't Like the Sermon.

There is a familiar story about how Daniel Webster, when he was practicing law in New Hampshire, loftily denounced a quotation from a text book made by a rival attorney as absurd and untenable, upon which the opposing lawyer quietly explained that the passage so contemptuously treated had been introduced in the volume from one of Lord Mansfield's decisions, that great jurist's exact language being preserved. The following anecdote about a famous old character in Whitley county, Ky., has much the same flavor. Joshua Barnett was a wag and a religious orator, and possessed a prodigious memory. The Jelico News tells the story:

"Uncle Josh, as he was generally called, had an appointment to preach one Sunday at an out-of-the-way big school house in his neighborhood, and two noted lights of a rival denomination attended the meeting for the purpose of criticizing the sermon. One was named Jones, the other Warman. Uncle Josh, who it appears, was aware of their intentions, concluded to checkmate them, and instead of preaching a sermon, he commenced repeating from memory, and without any comment whatever, one of the epistles of St. Paul. For nearly an hour chapter after chapter fell from his lips accompanied by a grave and decorous gesture and intonation. Brother Jones at the end of some thirty minutes arose with grave disapproval written all over his face, and retired from the house and took a seat in the yard upon a barkless and prostrate tree which was used as a horse block. Brother Warman stood it some ten minutes longer, when he too arose and joined Brother Jones. 'Well, Brother Warman, what do you think of such a sermon?' said Brother Jones. 'Think?' said Brother Warman, 'why I think if the good Lord will forgive me this time for listening to such rotten doctrine I will never be guilty again.'—Ex.

The Need of Good Country Roads.

College professors, civil engineers and magazine writers are directing public attention to the subject of country highways, and the Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, has gone so far as to provide for the free instruction in road engineering of one person in each county in that State. The Baltimore Sun, which is agitating the question in Maryland, points out that the power required to draw a wagon weighing with its load one ton on a level macadamized road of broken stone is 65 pounds, which is increased to 200 pounds on a common dirt road. Prof. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, estimates that poor roads cost the farmer on an average \$15 per horse, and Prof. Jenks, of Knox College, Illinois, argues that with good, permanent roads freight could often be hauled ten miles on wagons cheaper than it could be taken one mile on a dirt road to a railway station, unloaded, put on the cars, and carried to its destination. Of the social influence of good roads he says that "a large part of the mental inspiration of the farmers depends on their ability to attend church, lectures, concerts and social gatherings at a distance, and really good roads, by enabling them to go so much more easily, would doubtless raise the whole intellectual tone of the farming community, besides keeping within the healthful influence of the farm many who are now forced into the towns.—Philadelphia Record.

Five Health Hints for Women.

Protect your ankles with thick hose and high shoes. Damp clothing and moist drafts invite you to take a cold. Never sit on a damp cushion, moist ground or a marble or stone step, if you wish to avoid a sore throat.

The best lung protectors are dry feet and warm, comfortable body clothing, no exposures and no late suppers or dissipation. Let your doctor do all your prescribing, and not yourself, your druggist, or your cousins, or their mothers, or their aunts, or all their hosts of friends.

The giddy young hen will be glad to learn that it is becoming quite the feminine fad to wear a red comb on the head.—
Binghampton Herald.

It has been so hot in Arizona people had to feed their hens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs.—
Binghampton Republican.

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