

she had learned her spell- geography, it was the breakfast and when breakfast was over, the hands of the clock pointed to eight, and school was nearly three quarters of a mile off. So she dressed herself neatly, and put on her little brown cloth cloak, her white fur tippet, scarlet worsted hood, and india rubber boots, and taking her dinner basket in her hand, was ready to start for school. Her heart would have been as light as a feather, but for that "long arithmetic" lesson, with its hard examples which Jennie thought she could never perform and which lay like a dead weight in her bosom now. She lingered by the door, and her father who was reading the morning paper observed that she had a petition to prefer.

"Well, rosebud bloom, what is it you want," said Mr. Martin, who had no end of pet names for his only daughter. "Father," said Jennie coming up close to him, and laying her little hand coaxingly on his shoulder, "won't you give me an excuse for my arithmetic lesson? I don't know a word of it, and Miss Pomeroy will be sure to mark me deficient, and deprive me of recess."

"In what rule are you ciphering," said Mr. Martin. "In addition of fractions." "Has Miss Pomeroy explained the lesson to you?" "Yes, father, but think what a long lesson—five pages to commit to memory, word by word, and twenty-two examples to perform. It is the second time we've had it though, and you can't convince Miss Pomeroy that reviews are hard; she says, if we know the first lesson perfectly, we need only look over it the second time."

"I quite agree with your teacher," said Mr. Martin; "but I will give you an excuse, dear, if you really think you ought to have one. You know that my rule and its conditions about excuses, is very much like that of the Medes and Persians of old, and is not subject to change. Sickness is the first reason for an excuse, and that, your rosy cheeks and bright eyes forbid you to plead; but if you had no time to prepare the lesson, I'll excuse you."

Jennie laughed. "I had plenty of time, papa, before I went to bed last night, but I forgot all about my lesson, so I'll go to school now, and throw myself on Miss Pomeroy's mercy."

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT. III. BY M. D. M.

I wish my readers would have seen Mrs. Martin's old-fashioned tea-table a few minutes later, the happy party gathered about it. The old-fashioned tea-table is getting rather out of date, in recent years, and people gather now, around a formal looking mahogany or walnut table, and drink tea out of tiny cups, and eat the thinnest slices of bread and butter, and the driest morsels of smoked beef, as if taking an evening meal were only a delicate make-believe way of eating. That's the way fashionable people do, but Mrs. Martin was delightfully unfashionable, as little Jennie's school friends thought, when they now and then, spent the night with her. There were delicious cold biscuits, white and flaky, cold ham and in slices, quinces preserved in sweet pure syrup, home-made bread, crullers, richer and lighter than ever came from the baker's, and golden butter, stamped with an oak leaf. As for the tea, the older ones who were picnics in tea, praised it highly, and told Jennie she had achieved a success. Very happy felt little Jennie, when tea being over, and the family gathered for the evening prayer, and her mother drew her to her side, and and twining her arm around his waist, drew the brown head down upon her shoulder, and whispered, "My darling, you have been good—have you not been happy?"

"Yes, mother," said Jennie, smiling, "almost as happy as if I had gone to Kittie's, and had a good time with the girls. And somehow, I'm happier now, because I tried to conquer my angry feelings."

"That's the way always my darling. Duty puts on a hard face, and looks sternly at us now and then, but she always brings us out at last, into pleasant and flowery paths."

Mr. Wayne conducted the worship that evening, and read one of Jennie's favorite Psalms, the one hundred and twenty-fourth: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help: my help cometh from the Lord."

Softly and sweetly fell those words, spoken so long ago by the sweet singer of Israel, and Jennie tried to feel that they were her own. Then they joined in a hymn of praise, and afterwards knelt, while the father of the family committed his household to the care of God, and asked pardon and protection and the Saviour's grace, for its every member. How sweet to see a family thus gathered, night and morning, before the mercy seat. The church in the house! the fireside altar! the foretaste of the heavenly home, where the family of the redeemed, gathered from all lands and nations, shall at last kneel, and together cast their crowns at Immanuel's feet.

Next morning, Jennie was up, bright and early, preparing her lessons for school. Nine o'clock comes very quickly on a morning in mid-winter, and Jennie found,

lower classes, while Miss Pomeroy superintended the progress of the older pupils, or young ladies. Faithful and conscientious in the performance of their duties, striving to educate their pupils, not only for this, but for another world, bringing to the task high excellence of talent and character, cultivated minds, and a love of the work, for its own sake, the pupils of these ladies were highly favored.

As Jennie reached the school door, she bethought herself of her "lint," and peeped into her satchel to see if it was there. Yes, there it nestled, white and pure as the fallen snow, in among Jennie's books, and other treasures, for this was sewing day, and she was constructing a wonderful crocheted purse of silk and beads, for her mother, which purse was, at home, a profound secret.

As she opened the door, she saw that school was not yet in. Some of the more studious girls, were at their desks, taking last peeps at their lessons; one young lady was drawing a map upon the black-board; groups of girls gathered here and there, earnestly talking, and several of the new comers were standing by the stove, warming their hands. None of the teachers were yet present, but there was only a subdued hum in the school room, and no confusion or rudeness was to be seen. The scholars were on their honor whenever left alone, and were directed to do nothing in the school room that would not be quite correct and proper in their parlors at home.

Jennie Martin was a favorite at school, and as soon as she opened the door, her name was pronounced by a half-dozen eager voices, and two or three little girls advanced to meet her. Kittie Redpath rushed towards her, threw both arms around her neck, and kissed her as if they had not met for a month. On all sides were voices telling of the joyful time of yesterday, and loud regrets that Jennie had not been there.

"It was too bad!" said Emma Miller. "Mrs. Redpath was so kind, and we had oysters for supper, and fruit cake, and Kittie's father showed us the Magic Lantern, and her sister Billa played for us—oh! Jennie, I'd have cried my eyes out if I'd had to stay home."

"I pitied you," said Mary Bruce "moping at home there, all by yourself; I'd have bundled up my brother and brought him along, rather than stay. Confess now, Jennie, were you not as blue as indigo all the afternoon?"

"No!" said Jennie, candidly, "I really was quite contented and happy. I was doing my duty, and you know our copy-book maxim is, Duty brings its own reward."

The prettiest girl in the school, was Jemima Pastem, called Mima usually, "for short." She had long thick ringlets of golden hair, deep violet eyes, with long sweeping lashes softly fringing her rosy cheeks. Her complexion was soft and pure, and her mouth was a tiny little button, when shut—opening when she smiled, over teeth like pearls. But, for all her beauty, Jemima was no favorite at school. From her cradle, a spoiled child, she was so apt to say unkind things, to perform selfish acts, that whenever an unkind or selfish act was heard of in school, the girls, not knowing the facts, would at once set it down to Mima's account. When Jennie said, therefore, that she had enjoyed herself at home, Mima replied in a sneering way:

"Hear the little saint! Don't you think she's smart now? Where's my grandmamma's cap and spectacles, for the young lady that's done her duty."

"Nobody likes to be made fun of; and Jennie was about to make an angry reply, when one of the older girls, looking up from her book, said,

"Oh! for shame, Mima! How can you be so unkind! Never mind her, Jennie! If she don't mend her manners, I'll make Sophy leave her out at the next party; it's to be at our house, remember Miss Malapert."

Mima blushed, but did not say anything in return, for Miss Catherine had come in, and taken her seat. Miss Eva was standing near the door, talking with one of the senior class, and presently Miss Pomeroy herself came in and glided softly up the room to her desk.

One, two, three strokes of the tiny silver bell, and the room was so hushed, that the sound of a dropping pin could have been heard on the floor. Nearly every pupil was in her place, and the door was closed, so that none could enter until the opening services were concluded.

Miss Pomeroy read a hymn, which the children sang sweetly.—

Ye radiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy praying band,
Though in this world ye suffer loss,
Press on to Canaan's land.
All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake,
To fight our passage through.

Oh! what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."

The chorus of this hymn, which is sung

to a quick martial tune, is the following, and I never heard it sung, or sing it myself, without being thrilled to the very soul:

Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world,
For we've all got the cross to bear,
It will only make the crown, the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

LITTLE HANDS; OR, WHAT CAN YOU DO?

A little girl, whom we will call Lucy, stood looking on one day, while her mother and some other ladies packed a box to send to one of the hospitals. One after another, the things went in, sheets, and quilts, and slippers, and flannel shirts, and socks.

"Well, daughter," said Lucy's mother, "don't you want to put in something, too?" "Lucy considered. "Why, mamma," she said, "I haven't got anything that I love very much except my paint-box." For Lucy thought that it was hard to find anything good enough, for the soldiers.

Her mother said nothing, and the packing of the box went on. But presently Lucy crept away up stairs, and came back with her dear paint-box.

"Here, mamma," she said, "please put this in." So the little paint-box was stowed away between two flannel shirts, and the box was nailed up and sent away.

Now the hospital to which this box was sent was but a few miles from Lucy's house; and in the hospital was a wounded soldier who had lost one hand. And hour after hour he lay there, with nothing to do, very weary and in pain. They brought him little Lucy's paint-box, and you cannot guess what a comfort it was to him. I suppose he had been fond of drawing before, and now he amused himself all day long with the paints and brushes. And do you think Lucy's mother gave her another paint-box? Not so; she did something much better than that. For every now and then she took her little daughter down to the hospital, and let her see the soldier at work; and let her talk to him, and help him; telling him how she used to make her pictures, and seeing how he made his.

Willie is a little boy who has been ill a great while. He cannot run about and play, nor go to school, nor even walk a step. But he is just as patient and cheerful as he can be, and he has learned to do a great many things with his hands. He can knit, and work on canvas, and cut paper. So, by degrees, Willie had quite a collection of things, all made by himself; slippers, and mats, and tides; and not a great while ago he had a fair. The people invited to come were all the little boys that he knew, the work was his own, and Willie himself was salesman, lying on his couch. And when the fair was over, Willie had the pleasure of sending nearly thirty dollars to the Sanitary Commission, for the sick and wounded soldiers.

Little hands can do a great deal.—Little American.

THE FAMILY AND SOCIETY.

It were better to discard every other agency in our efforts to save the nation and the world, than the Family Institution. If its radical power be not invoked, all our toils and sacrifices will be futile. If the children be not looked after, and educated and trained at home in their early years, in the right way, in vain will the State seek to guard their morals and prosper them, and the Church strive to win them to Christ.

The Family no longer occupies that high and sacred position which it did in the earlier days of our history. There is less reverence and importance attached to it. There is less attention and pains given to the cultivation of the home virtues, and the wise training and development of character under the fostering influence of parental love. Family instruction and family religion are not so faithfully attended to. The reins of family government are slackened. Parental authority is not exercised and represented as it once was. The influence of home is less, potential of character, and much of its sanctity is gone. Society—a modern but expressive word—has come in, in a great degree, to take its place, and exercise its prerogatives.—What the Family once was to man—his instructor, his life, his solace and power—Society has grown to be. Society has come to overshadow the Family and dictate opinions and laws to the world. Society is the one idea which now early gets possession of the mind. Society is the influence which moulds opinions, and shapes character. Education has come to be essentially based on the tastes and maxims which prevail in Society. The family life is regulated by Society. Society forms the marriage contract, disposes of our children, and settles the grave questions involved in life and duty. Society steps in between the parent and the child, and overrules parental fear and love; and the maxims of the Bible, and the lessons of providence, and decides how the family power shall be exercised; to what ends and on what principles our children shall be trained. In instances without number, the hearts of the fathers are not turned to the children, nor the hearts of the children to their fathers, but both to society. There are tens of thousands of families in our land to-day who have no such head, distinct, personal, and responsible, as God ordained in the Family arrangement; they have really no father, no mother but Society. Society owns them: society educates them; society forms their principles and habits; society directs their aims and disposes of them. The father virtually vacates his sacred office for a usurper to fill. The mother hands over her infant to a stranger to bring up; and it often draws its nourishment, its life's blood, not from the mother, but from an alien. Society invades the nursery with its false ideas, and superstitious stories, and artificial training. Childhood and youth hear only of society, and are taught to think only of society; and mind and heart are developed mainly with reference to society. A fashionable education is given them, i. e., they are unfitted for home duties, and educated to play their part genteelly in society. And when their education is complete they are given over to society, and given up to it.

And what can be expected of those who have received such a training? Where is the Family institution, with its sacred relations, and holy influences, and moulding forces, in such a state of things? What sort of home influence will such persons carry with them into life? What sort of husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, citizens and patriots, will they make? Can the Church of Christ thrive in the midst of such a generation? Will the bonds of social order and virtue be kept strong? Will the sacred duties of life be discharged by them? Will not God "smite with a curse" for such things?—Rev. J. M. Sherwood.

THE COLD WEATHER. The statements which have been reaching us from the West relative to the extraordinary cold weather which set in there about the close of the year would seem fabulous were they not corroborated from nearly every quarter of that vast region, and somewhat supported by what has been experienced even along the Atlantic coast. At St. Paul, Minnesota, the highest range of the thermometer during the three first days of January was ten degrees below zero, and most of the time it was between twenty and thirty below. On the morning of the 2d, at 9 o'clock, it was thirty degrees below, and in the night it was thirty-eight. At Fort Snelling, the thermometer was fifty degrees below zero. At Milwaukee, Wis., for the forty-eight hours previous to the 2d inst., the mercury ranged from thirty to thirty-five degrees below zero, with a driving wind most terrible to encounter. People had their ears and feet frozen while going but a few blocks, and many persons were picked up in the streets insensible from the effects of the cold. Numbers of employes on the railroads were badly frozen, and crippled for life. At Madison, Wis., it is reported that, on New Year's day, the thermometer stood at thirty-four degrees below zero, and on the 2d inst., at thirty-nine degrees below, while at the Harvey Hospital, in that place, it is asserted that "the mercury congealed."

The sufferings of passengers on the various railroads in the North-West were unparalleled. The engines froze up, the tracks became impassable, the fuel gave out, and food was exhausted. As they traversed the vast prairies, or were snowed in on their boundless stretches, remote from towns and assistance, their condition was most deplorable. Fences were torn down for fuel, but the stoves, even when heated to redness, appeared to make no impression, even for a few feet, upon the rigid air, to which new accessions of cold were constantly added by the shrieking and penetrating blasts of the tempestuous wind. On the Michigan Central Railroad, a transfer was made of the chilled passengers of one of its trains to a train on the Michigan Southern Road, and, although the distance to be traversed on foot, between the two, was only 300 feet, the scene was a terrible one. Says an account: "The snow had drifted deeply; the wind was sweeping the snow and frost over the pathway like a storm of grape-shot; strong men fell down by the way benumbed and frozen; women dropped, unable to step, and were carried into the cars insensible; children were rescued, half frozen; and almost all were marked by white and deeply frost-bitten ears, noses, faces, and hands. As the frozen passengers reached the cars that awaited them—the scene beggared description: mothers were separated from their children; people with frozen members rushed out again into the tempest for snow to lave their face and hands and those of the suffering women and children; children were crying, women moaning and fainting, and men shouting in paroxysms of anxiety and alarm. One child about three years old, though carried in the open air only 300 feet, had his arm covered with frost blotches from the wrist to the elbow.

"A railroad conductor who did not know that his feet were frozen, when he reached a heated room, found that both had suffered; and he will probably lose the use of one forever." In Chicago, a mother returning home found both her children, two boys, of five and two years, lying dead. On the floor lay the youngest child in a heap of snow; he was frozen stiff, and was, of course, dead. The eldest boy lay on the bed; he, too, was dead, but not quite cold. He had built a fire against a trunk which stood near, and a hole was burned in its side, another in the floor, and the bedclothes had been on fire. He had probably been asleep. The door having been left open, the room was filled with snow; and, on awakening, perishing with cold, he found his brother dead. He then closed the door, lit a fire on the floor, and sank down benumbed."

The cold has also been extreme further down the Mississippi valley, and a number of white and negro soldiers were frozen to death at the military posts.—Evangelist.

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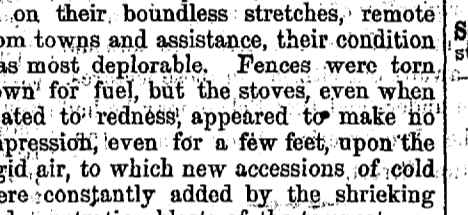
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