

Training Husbands.

Don't let this heading induce you to think that I have discovered any plan by which wives can train their husbands. It is the boys, the husbands of the future, that I am thinking of. We hear a great deal about industrial training for boys and girls; about business and professional training for both, and something about girls being taught domestic economy and all the arts and sciences which make a good housekeeper, but I have heard very little about boys being trained to be good husbands and to do their part in making happy homes.

It is a proverbial saying among all women that husbands have no adequate idea of the work which a housekeeper must do, and consequently are careless of the extra work they make for her. Would this be so in the next generation if every mother would begin with her little boys and teach them to be orderly with all their belongings, and to wait on themselves? Not only this, but teach them to help mother in every possible way: to keep the wood-box filled with wood and the water-pail with water; to save mother's tired feet by going upstairs and down-cellar for her. Let him put up the clothes-line, turn the wringer and empty the tubs for her on wash-day, as soon as he is old enough. He will be proud enough to think that he is growing strong enough to do these things better than mother. Be very sure that you show your appreciation of every helpful act, and let him see that you look to him for assistance.

Boys are not naturally selfish, and every mother who has a willing, efficient helper in her boy, is herself to blame, and not only must suffer the consequences of her mistake herself, but the future wife will have them to bear also. For your own sakes, and for the future wives of your boys, spare no pains to impress upon them the magnitude of women's work. After they have been accustomed to helping in all the ways they can about the house (and there are few things they will not be the better for having learned to do,) they will not think house-keeping is "just puttering around." Teach them that the woman who keeps her house in order, and looks after the comfort of her family in every way, earns as much as the man who furnishes the money part of the partnership, and they will be ready to do as I heard a boy say not long since: "I shall give my wife half of our income to do with as she likes," instead of asking what she had done with that last quarter he gave her, and talking as if he earned all the money and she and her children spent it, as one poor wife told me was the way her husband did. Begin to train the husbands—yes, the wives, too—in their childhood, and no one will ask, "Is marriage a failure?" in the next generation.—Farm and Fireside.

The Value of Civility.

There would be fewer broken friendships, fewer unhappy unions and family quarrels were it not so much the custom among intimate friends and relations to neglect the small courtesies of life—to show less and less mutual deference as they grow more and more familiar. It is the foundation of misery in marriage and many a serious and life-long estrangement has begun, not from want of affection so much as from lack of that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feeling of others which make a person shrink from saying unpleasant things or finding fault, unless absolutely obliged, and in any case to avoid wounding the offender's sense of dignity or stirring up within him feelings of opposition and animosity: for, although many persons profess to be above taking offense at honest criticism, and even seem to court criticism, yet it must be very carefully administered not to be unpalatable. Even kind, generous actions are often so uncouthly performed as to cause more pain than pleasure, while a reproval or denial may be so sweetened by courtesy as to do away with any sense of mortification or disappointment. Good breeding is always inclined to form a favorable judgment and to give others the credit of being actuated by worthy motives. It does not wish or seem to know more about people than they themselves desire should be known, but it is always prepared, when necessary, to make an interest in the affairs of others, while self is not suffered to obtrude unduly.—Golden Hours.

NO REST AT HOME.—No woman can rest thoroughly in her own home with her work ever before her eyes; involuntarily she carries the details of baking and brewing in her mind and in consequence is nearly as tired as if she actually did the work. Let her go away to rest even if to a place not so comfortable as home, where she can eat a dinner she did not cook, sleep in a bed she did not make and forget her weariness in other people's cares and pleasures. Thousands of bottles of patent medicine are swallowed by home-keeping women who had much better have spent the same money in car fare, in sight-seeing. To get away from herself is the main wish of the nervous, tired out woman. To see how other people live suggests new ways of doing things and makes one contented with much that before seemed irksome.—New England Farmer.

Professor Mahaffy was once examining a man who had put himself down as an "agnostic" on entering college. He was having a hard time at Mahaffy's hands over some "crux" passages in a Greek book. "I believe, sir," said Mahaffy, "that you are—aw—are an agnostic in religious matters." The man feebly acquiesced. "Well, then, sir," said the professor, "I can quite assure you that you are an agnostic in Greek at well."

Works of which the effect is to correct our errors, to strengthen our reason, to elevate our spirit, to improve our mind, are as productive in their way as those that tend to lower the price of meat and bread.

The third Triennial General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada opened in Montreal, September 10. Dr. Sledd was there as a fraternal messenger from the M. E. Church, South.

Tommy's Dream.

Tommy had been to the school treat, away out from the dirty, crowded, hot streets in which he lived, into the beautiful green, fresh country.

And Tommy had enjoyed the treat; but I am afraid that many of the butterflies and other insects, and some of the birds too, had cause to grieve that Tommy and his little mates had been there to a treat—it was none for them. A great part of the day Tommy had spent in what he thought good fun. He had chased beautiful butterflies, but when he caught them he could do little with them. They were a source of amusement to him for a short time, and then he would let them flutter away with spoilt and broken wings. He had tried to capture the large bees which he saw flying about; but as he laid hold on one it stung him, so thinking himself badly used, he let it go. Then he had frightened many of the birds by throwing stones at them—only fortunately he aimed badly, and never hit his mark! And when he and some of his companions, wandering through the green fields, had come across a large, scaly beetle, he had seized it, and in spite of its struggles, had put it in his pocket.

And now Tommy was back from the treat and in bed. He had not long fallen asleep when he seemed to be again in the fields in which he had played all day. But all the butterflies, and bees, and beetles, and birds seemed to have changed places with him in point of size, for they appeared as large as boys, and he as small as a beetle, and Tommy was terribly frightened.

"Oh," he thought, "I must hide under the sticks, or those great creatures will catch me! Oh dear, I wish I were home!" for Tommy was frightened. So he hid quickly under some small sticks until all the butterflies and other things should go away; but it was no use. Soon he felt the sticks lifted, and heard something scream out; he did not know what the thing was at first, for he dared not look up.

"Oh, oh! come and look; here's such a funny thing. Four legs! and it only walks on two of them! and such a funny head."

Then Tommy felt himself snatched up and pinched, and screaming and struggling, he looked up at the thing that held him. It was a beetle, of gigantic size it seemed to him.

"Oh!" screamed the beetle again, "come and look what I've caught! Such a funny thing; whatever is it?" "What have you got?" asked a butterfly, about one hundred times Tommy's size, flying up.

"Why look here! I don't know what it is."

"Oh!" said the butterfly, "it's only a boy. They're common enough. If you didn't live so much under the ground you'd know a boy when you see him. That's only a little one, but I've seen big ones, and I've good cause to remember them, too; they've chased me often enough."

The butterfly spoke very fiercely for such a gentle creature, and Tommy trembled.

"A boy!" shrieked the beetle—"a boy! I know something about them, only I didn't know this was one. Ugh! you little brute!"—shaking Tommy—"you're a boy, are you? I'll pinch you." And the beetle did, and Tommy screamed and kicked; but the beetle held him tightly.

"What's on here?" asked a passing bee. "What have you got?"

"Oh, only a boy," said the butterfly, "and we're only going to pinch him to see him kick."

"Oh, oh!" screamed Tommy, "you cowards! you wouldn't dare to do it if I were not so small;" but the insects took no notice of his cries.

"Here, hand him over to me," said the bee; "I owe boys a grudge; let me sting him."

"Wait a bit," answered the beetle; "let's have some fun with him first. You'll kill him if you sting him."

"Not I. Besides, boys can't feel."

"They can! they can!" shrieked Tommy, but no heed was paid to his words.

Just as the bee was about to sting its shrieking victim a linnet (to Tommy it seemed the size of an eagle) flew up. The butterfly flitted away sharply, and the bee suddenly became impressed with the necessity of going also and went. Only the beetle remained holding Tommy tightly still, for the beetle knew that its scaly coat would protect it against the linnet. But the bee and the butterfly had not such protection.

"What have you got?" asked the linnet.

"A boy. I owe boys a grudge, so I'm pinching him," and the beetle squeezed Tommy again, and again he squealed.

"Will you give him to me? I'd like to take him somewhere," said the linnet.

So the beetle dropped Tommy, who was now quite sore, and the linnet lifted him in its beak.

Dreams are very funny things. The linnet seemed to be suddenly in the room of a house, and Tommy saw it was his own bedroom.

"What's the matter?" squeaked a funny voice. It was Tommy's white mouse speaking; for Tommy kept a white mouse.

"Why," said the linnet, and it seemed quite friendly with the white mouse, "I've caught a boy. What shall I do with him?"

"A boy? Let me look," said the white mouse, and added fiercely, "Why, it's Tommy!"

"Yes, please, Mr. Mouse," said Tommy, "it's me. You know me, don't you?"

Tommy was afraid of the white mouse, it seemed so big.

"Know you?" screamed the mouse. "I've good reason to know you! Yes! and now I'll make you know me."

"Please, Mr. Mouse," began Tommy; but the white mouse interrupted him.

"Know you? You're the boy that fastened me in a cage without any food, and I was hungry. Worse, worse! I was thirsty, and all my water was dried up. My cage has been left unclean for weeks. Know you? Yes! and now you shall know me."

The white mouse rushed fiercely at Tommy.

But suddenly Tommy awoke, and he was lying in bed, and of his natural size.

"Dear me," he murmured, "what an awful dream I've had! I declare I'll never hurt anything ever again. And when I get up I'll feed my white mouse. I forgot him yesterday."

For Tommy had been so full of the treat the day before that the white mouse had been neglected. In fact, Tommy often neglected it.

Then he dressed, and went to the cage to attend to the little creature. But the little mouse was dead.

"Oh dear," cried Tommy, "I must have forgotten it for two days! I'll never be so cruel again to anything."

And he kept his word.—F. H. Bolton, in English "Band of Mercy."

Don't Belittle Christ's Work.

BY THE EDITOR

Q. Don't belittle Christ's work, my brother.

A. I do not do it, at least I certainly do not intend to. I love Him and have given myself entirely to Him.

Q. I have no doubt as to your loving Him and am quite sure you do not intend to belittle Christ's work. And yet, nothing is more plain to my mind than that you are doing that very thing. Do you wish me to tell you in what respect, or in what manner you thus err?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. Well then, pray for me and bear with me. Do you not go to persons whom you believe to be real Christians and ask them, "Have you the blessing of full salvation?"

A. Why yes, certainly I do. And I help many of them to get it.

Q. And though you may not know it, I can tell you that you throw many sincere and happy Christians into doubt and perplexity, and I fear worse than that. Now brother, I shall talk very plainly, because I love you and I love the cause of God.

Those who by repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ have been born of the Spirit (Jno. 3:3) were told that in order to be saved it was necessary to "forsake all" that they had and to give themselves entirely to God. Were they not?

A. Yes, of course they were.

Q. Were they not also assured that if they believed they would be made all right? That they would be prepared to live and prepared to die?

A. Why do you ask such questions? Of course they were. Anything less than that would not be the Gospel.

Q. Very well! Then do you not see that when you tell them they are not fully saved, you belittle Christ's work. You make them doubt His love and His ability to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him?

You throw them into perplexity and bewilderment.

A. But is all done in conversion?

Q. Certainly: we are then freed from sin and made holy. All that is necessary to salvation is done. But of course growth and development is expected afterward.

Now, brother, I wish you would stay and think over this matter, for I assure you that in the way you present the doctrine of holiness you are doing immense harm, and you are defeating the very end you have in view—the spread of real spiritual holiness—Christian Companion.

Misunderstandings.

How many griefs and troubles which come to us in this world are purely the result of misunderstandings! We think people say that they never did say, or mean what they never did mean. We count men unreasonable and harsh; we fume and fret about matters which do not go to our liking; we complain about what men have said or done; and all this while the persons whom we are blaming meant nothing of the kind that we surmise, and know nothing whatever of our tribulations.

This is one reason why persons who have grievances should go at once to those concerned. They are often the only ones who know the truth, who can explain the misunderstanding, correct the error, or right the wrong. They can tell what they intended to do; and in a great many instances we shall find, on going to the proper parties, that we have utterly misapprehended the facts in the case, have judged others unkindly, and have made ourselves miserable for nothing. In many a case we shall find that we have taken offense where no offense was intended; that we have counted words harsh which were kindly meant, that light and tripping phrases which were carelessly thrown off, have been taken to heart as they never should have been; and that we have made ourselves and others miserable when there was no need of it whatever.

How many little misunderstandings stick, like a splinter in one's finger, until they make mischief and trouble that cannot easily be remedied; and in how many cases five minutes' frank, honest talk would have settled the whole matter. The policy of silence at such times is a very dangerous policy, and many hearts have bled and suffered when a word would have healed them.—Selected.

Beware Of Evil Thoughts.

To feed the mind on evil thoughts is an indulgence which is sure to deform the character and produce vile actions in the life. The secret indulgence in such bad mental food will make itself visible in deeds done "on the housetops." Should the lily, in selecting from the mud in which it grows the materials needed to produce its beautiful bloom, take up substances unfitted to its ends, the effect would appear in its discoloration and imperfect form. In like manner, the man who secretly cherishes the evil thoughts which are cast up from the mud of his inborn corruption will reveal his habit to the world in his spirit and actions. Nor will his "judgment day" be limited to time, seeing that in the life after death "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Know, therefore O man, that when thou findest delight in evil thoughts thou art playing with sparks which are to thy sinful passions what lighted matches are to grains of powder scattered in the porch of a magazine. They are deadly things, not to be trifled with, but resolutely trampled upon.—(Zion's Herald.)

A righteous act strengthens the inward principle of holiness.

The Giant Anger.

Fight the Giant Anger. Fight him every day; He's a dreadful monster Turn from him at once.

Fight the Giant Anger; Fight him all along; Lay him down, and keep him; Hold him fast and strong.

Fight the Giant Anger; They are fools who bend; Good men all have done it; Angels help will lend.

Fight the Giant Anger; Man may be a sinner; God says he is better far; Who keeps his anger down.

Fight the Giant Anger; Fight him till you die; If you conquer, you will wear A golden crown on high.

Entertaining Company.

The oldtime housekeeper, who case and punctilio in entertaining her guest has been a subject of modern admiration, is very often replaced in these later days by a flurried, nervous housewife, who unconsciously allows all the wheels of her domestic management to become visible. There is nothing more unpleasant to a sensitive person who is welcomed in a family where he expects a delightful visit than to feel by accident, or otherwise, that a special effort is being made in his behalf. The homely old phrase "make yourself at home" has an infinite comfort for one who has been harassed by a fussy hostess. It is not necessary to speak these words, but it is wise to act them. A guest must be cared for carefully, and yet not feel the care. Every essential of the guest-room should be fine and nice, but not so delicate and frail as to suggest that the room is intended for rare and transient occupancy. It is wise to provide a good lounge in this room for those who are tired with travel. There are many deft ways of making such a room look cheerful and inviting. In winter if possible, have a ruddy, open fire kindled on the hearth, and air and make up the room some time before the arrival of company. It is a very unwholesome practice to leave a bed made up a month or more at a time, as it is often in the guest room. The bed in this room should simply be covered with a sheet, old pillow and bolster cases being put on and left till company is announced. The bed and the bedding selected for use should be thoroughly aired in a warm room in which the windows have been opened. Under ordinary circumstances it is probable that guests are weary when they arrive, and would prefer to go at once to their room. If possible, see that there is warm water there before they arrive, and a writing table, containing pens, ink and writing paper. It is better to make all plans for your friends' entertainment yourself, consulting them as little as possible. Wise housekeepers arrange their work beforehand, and manage to guide the domestic machinery of their house by sly visits to the kitchen so well that these visitors are never aware they have been absent. Such entertainment means care and system; it means continual thought for others and the subordination for the time of all your own selfish plans and projects. But who that has cared truly for a friend will say that this is not rewarded?—New York Tribune.

Danger in Newly Built Houses.

There is too great haste in occupying a house after its completion. In many places there is such a demand for dwellings and other business departments, that as soon as finished they are occupied. This is especially true of small dwellings. There is more danger in this than is supposed. There is no health in dampness and mould under any circumstances, and in living apartments, where the tendency is toward poor ventilation, the dampness of newly finished houses contributes largely to ill-health. In town of Basle, Switzerland, a regulation has been adopted, which prevents newly built houses from being occupied until four months after completion. Under many circumstances so long a time as above is not necessary, but it is well to err on the side of safety. The size of the house, its location, surroundings, the material used and the state of the weather enter into the consideration of the time necessary in which a building should become sufficiently dry for occupancy.—Sanitary News.

Keep Still.

When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unquiet eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept the letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learned to reticence and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy.—Exchange.

How to Make Life Happy.

Take time; it is no use to fume or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold to the wrong key, and pushes, shakes, and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get. It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble. The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.—Selected.

The Sin of Self-Confidence.

The secret of the failure of more than one young convert—yes, and of many young ministers, too—has been overweening self-confidence. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." To every beginner in the Christian life we would say, you can not trust yourself too little, and you can not trust Jesus Christ too much! In fact the real conflict with you will be just this: "Shall I trust myself, or my Lord and Saviour?" Your soul has no self-lifting power, any more than your body has to lift itself by grasping at the straps of your boots. You can no more find your way to heaven with out Christ than you can find your way through the Mammoth Cave without a guide and a torch. Let poor Peter in Pilate's court-yard show you what a poor figure a boastful Christian cuts when he relies on his own strength.

Proud of His Work.

A few days ago, when temperance was being discussed in the Legislature, Mr. Ford, of Queen's, referred to a member of one of the families of the province recently buried as a pauper by means of his being addicted to strong drink, and called it a temperance lecture in a nut shell.

Mr. Pugh, the member for Halifax, rose and said he was a liquor-seller, and he considered his business just as legitimate and respectable as a carriage builder.

This struck Mr. Ford, who is a carriage-builder, and so he replied briefly as follows: "I build carriages, and when I turn out fine wagon I feel proud of it, and point to it moving along the street, and say, 'That is my work.' I would ask the member from Halifax if he is proud of his work as he sees it reeling along the street?" To this there was no reply.

GOD IS NOWHERE.—An infidel was one day troubled in his mind as he sat in his room alone, while his little Nellie was away at Sunday-school. He had often said, "There is no God," but could not satisfy himself with his skepticism, and at this time he felt especially troubled as thoughts of the Sunday-school and of the wonderful works of creation would push the way into his mind. To quiet these troublesome thoughts he took some large cards and printed on each of them, "God is nowhere;" and hung them up in his study. Nellie soon came home, and began to talk about God; but her father pointed her to one of the cards, and said, "Can you read that?" She climbed a chair and began eagerly to spell it out: "G-o-d, G-o-d, i-s, n-o-w-h-e-r-e, n-o-w-h-e-r-e; God is now here. Isn't that right papa?" The man's heart was touched, and his infidelity banished, by the faith of Nellie, and again the prophecy was fulfilled; "A little child shall lead them."—Northwestern Presbyterian.

WAS IT OUR JESUS?—A little three-year-old girl stood at the window one Sunday, "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming; and as he entered, she said, "Papa, what did Mr. R— preach about this morning?"

Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father; "it was our Jesus."

The eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and spoke about him to his congregation.

Do you, dear reader, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so, for it is a most blessed thought that every little girl and boy may have him for their own Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room, ever room, in his affection, for you and as many others as will ask him to care for them. "They brought young children to him, and took them up in his arms, and blessed them," Mark x, 13, 16.

EATING VEGETABLES.—Good House-keeping says on the subject: In a substantially vegetable diet, cream and cheese should occasionally be used, all of which contain much solid nutrition. About one-third of egg is nutrition, and good cheese contains a still larger proportion. Butter is also food.

An eminent chemist declares there is "more strength stored up in an ounce of butter than in two ounces of meat," although butter will not furnish material to build up the tissues of the body like bread and meat. Yet butter, with eggs and cream or cheese in a moderate amount, will generate all the animal heat and force needed, just as coal and wood generate heat under the boiler of an engine. It has been demonstrated by experiment that one pound of boiled beans contains eighty-seven per cent, of nutrition, while beef contains twenty-six per cent; boiled peas give ninety-three per cent, against poultry, which yields twenty-six per cent, and veal, which only gives twenty-four.

OUTRAGEOUS.—Railroad employees are sometimes surly in their ways, but it is not to be denied that they have to endure much stupid questioning. A stout man with a large bag and a distressed countenance came to a ticket seller's window one day and said excitedly:

"Tell me what time the 3:50 train leaves?"

The ticket seller looked at him with a fixed and solemn gaze a moment and then answered:

"It leaves at ten minutes of four."

"Ten minutes of four?" exclaimed the stout gentleman. "What a fraud these railroads are! Actually misleading people five minutes in their time tables just for the fun of seeing them get left!"

Drawing teacher: "Now, this is a symmetrical figure. Can any one tell me what symmetry is? Ah! There is a little boy with his hand up. What is symmetry, little boy?"

Jimmy Scanlan: "Plaze, sorr, it do be a place fwhere they buries dead people!"

First Clergyman—It seems to me I never have any marriage ceremonies to perform except in the fall. Second clergyman—Then you are a sort of autumnatic coupler.

A Worker's Prayer.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In living echoes of Thy tone: As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wandering and the wavering feet; O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee, I may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers in the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And win my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with soothing power A word in season, as from Thee. To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with thy fullness, Lord, Until my very heart o'erflows In kindling thought and glowing word; Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me, Just as thou wilt, and when, and where, Until thy blessed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

If knowledge is power, patience is powerful.

All is not lost when a thing goes contrary to you.

"The danger to the Church is not an orthodox creed, but an orthodox greed."

If a man begins to give liberally, folks begin to think he is losing his mind.

We often repent of what we have said, but never of that which we have not said.

"Do you believe in fate, Pat?" — "ure, an' phwat would we shtand on widout em?"

If we would win the prize we must not be cool and indifferent, but exert all our strength in the Christian race.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream,—it may be so after death.

Whatever interferes with His Holy Spirit, whose right it is to rule and reign in our hearts, must be given up, be it what it may.

Do not expect commercial payment for the real benefits you may render mankind. Doing good is the great way of enriching character.

The night has a thousand eyes, The day but one; But the light of the whole world dies With the setting sun.

The mind has a thou and thoughts, The heart but one; But the light of a whole life dies When love is done.

Don't fool yourself. The reason why you are not at the prayer-meeting is because you love something else better than that. Don't you see?

Some one has said: "When I looked for the Church, I found it in the world; and when I looked for the world, I found it in the Church."

To keep the heart is no easy matter, but there is no profit in fretting over the difficulty. It has to be done, and helped by God's grace, we can do it.

The Sabbath ought to produce for us influences that will be helpful to us during the following week; but it will only do this if we employ it as God requires.

Oh, the beguiling influence of human wisdom! how doth it corrupt from the simplicity that is in Jesus: it strikes at the very life of spiritual Christianity.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Isa. lx. 20.

Man by living wholly in submission to the Divine influence becomes surrounded with, and creates for himself, internal pleasures infinitely greater than any he can otherwise attain to—a state of heavenly beatitude.

Prayer is the spiritual balm, the precious cordial, which gives us peace and courage. It recalls to us our pardon and our duty. It says to us: "Thou art loved, love; thou hast received, give; thou must die, do thy duty."

Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indelible place in that book of remembrance with which human hand cannot tamper, and from which no being save one can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God.

The dull weather, they say, is the best weather for battle; and sorrow is the best time for seeing through and conquering one's self. Do not be afraid, I say, of sorrow. All the clouds in the sky cannot move the sun a foot further off; and all the sorrow in the world cannot move God any further off.

One of the most useless of all things is to take a deal of trouble in providing against dangers that never come. How many lay up riches that they never enjoy; to provide for exigencies that never happen; to prevent troubles that never come, sacrificing present comfort and enjoyment in guarding against the wants of a period they may never live to see.

Be pitiful, be courteous. The roots of plants are hidden underground, so that themselves are not seen, but they appear in their branches, and flowers, and fruits, which argue there is a root and life in them; thus the graces of the Spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the tract of a Christian's life, his words, and actions, and the frame of his carriage.

There are many single words in Spanish, the use of which is a constant satisfaction. A word which is equivalent to "there is," besides being capable of numberless other applications, has all its tenses, but is sufficiently impersonal to have no plural. It is a continual delight. Here is another. When two friends pass on the street they say, touching the hat, *Adios*. Could any thing be neater?

No wild effort to remember what time of day it is, no desperate shortening of "How do you do?" for which there is no time for a reply, no vulgar "Hello!" or more vulgar "How goes it?" but a short, convenient, sufficient greeting—a perfect boon when one walks the streets hurriedly.—Geo. B. Winton in Nashville Advocate.