

RESOLUTIONS FOR RIGHT LIVING,

I will be neat.
 I will do honest work.
 I will be master of myself.
 I will keep my mind clean,
 will get up every time I fall.
 I will learn to love good books.
 I will not even shade the truth.
 I will be punctual in all things.
 I will never spend more than I earn.
 I will not acquire another bad habit.
 I will not let my temper control me.
 I will be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun.
 I will read my Bible and pray every day.
 I will be agreeable and companionable.
 I will not become habitually suspicious.
 I will "do right though the heavens fall."
 I will know well some honest business.
 I will not write a letter when I am angry.
 I will not overrate nor undervalue myself.
 I will not be a whining, fault finding pessimist.
 I will neither work nor play half-heartedly.
 I will be courteous to old people and to women.
 I will deserve confidence whether I get it or not.
 I will not meddle with what does not concern me.
 I will be an avowed servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.
 I will keep my eyes, ears and heart open to the good.
 I will never let another person lead me to act like a fool.
 I will not break an engagement nor a promise if I can keep it.
 I will not engage in any questionable amusement or employment.
 I will exert myself in all honorable ways to make and keep friends.
 I will, when I undertake a thing, be sure I'm right and then stick to it.
 I will not waste the next ten years—the most important in my whole life.
 I will keep myself physically clean, mentally alert, morally pure and spiritually alive.—*The Cumberland Presbyterian.*



GIVING LIKE A LITTLE CHILD.

Not long ago a poor widow came into my study. She is over sixty years of age. Her home is one little room, about ten feet by twelve, and she supports herself by her needle, which in these days of sewing machines means the most miserable support.
 Imagine my surprise, then, when she put three dollars into my hands, and said: There is my contribution to the church fund.
 "But are you able to give so much?"
 "Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "I have learned how to give now."
 "How is that?" I asked.
 "Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon of three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts?"
 "I do."
 "Well, I went home and cried all night over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how

poor I am, or he never would have said that.' But from crying I at last got to praying. And when I had told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears."

"What was the answer?" I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

"Only this, 'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child.' And I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny change over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered this money all in pennies."

"But has it not embarrassed you to lay aside so much?"

"Oh, no!" she responded, eagerly, with beaming face. "Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in. So many are coming to see me, that I never knew before."

"But didn't you always have money in the house?" I asked.

Oh, no! Often when my rent came due, I had to go and borrow it, not knowing how I ever should find means to pay it again. But I don't have to do that any more, the dear Lord is kind."

Of course I could not refuse such money.

Three months later she came with three dollars and eighty-five cents saved in the same way. Then came the effort of our church in connection with the Memorial Fund, and in about five months she brought fifteen dollars, all saved in the little mite-box I had given her. This makes a total of twenty-one dollars and eighty-five cents from one poor widow in a single twelve-month. I need not hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all previous years of her connection with the church.

Who can doubt that if in giving, as well as in other graces, we could all thus become as little children, there would result such an increase in our gifts that there would not be room enough to contain them?—*Christian Weekly.*



THE DANGER OF IT.

BY DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

A young lady in Morristown, N. J., grasped the guy wire on the electric light pole in front of her father's house to see if she could get a slight shock. Her hand was suddenly contracted by a powerful current which swept through her body. The young girl screamed. She writhed and twisted and fell to the ground, but she could not relax her hold upon the live wire, which was burning her hands, for she had reached up with her left to tear her right hand away. Men and boys ran toward her, but not one dared to put out a hand to save the girl. Then her mother ran out. "O mamma," cried the girl, "save me! My hands are burning up!" The mother quickly grasped her daughter around the waist, but was hurled to the ground as if by a blow of a club. Finally, a man came up with presence of mind enough to take an axe and sever the wire. He was in time to save the girl's life, but she was fearfully burned.

The incident suggests tragedies taking place every day before our eyes. Many people are willing to tamper with sin, and run the risk of a slight shock. A boy likes to drink

Results that Astonished Relatives and Friends.

Miss Barbara M. Stanford, a Victim of Anaemia, Imperfect Circulation and Debility is Cured by

PAINÉ'S CELERY COMPOUND.

In the month of May, it is an absolute necessity that the body should be furnished with a richer and purer supply of blood for the establishment of a health that can successfully cope with the enervating effects of hot summer weather. Poor blood in May produces listless, ambitionless, sleepless and shallow-faced men and women, who quickly become victims of some organic disease that ends life.

Intelligent people recognize the necessity of cleansing and fortifying the system in May by using Paine's Celery Compound, which speedily removes all poisons from the system, gives to the thin, watery blood a larger proportion of red corpuscles, and arouses all the organs of the body to healthy action. Paine's Celery Compound does a work for victims of impure, watery and stagnant blood that commands the attention of the most eminent medical men in the world. Miss Barbara M. Stanford, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"For over a year my health was in bad condition, and I became very weak

and much depressed in spirits. My troubles arose from poor and watery blood and imperfect circulation. My appetite was almost gone, and I was afflicted with insomnia. After several doctors had done all they could for me I was weaker than when they first began to treat me, and my family became anxious about my condition. A neighbor advised my mother to have me use Paine's Celery Compound. Before I finished the second bottle, my appetite was better, I felt stronger, and could sleep soundly five or six hours each night. I had so much faith in the wonderful compound that I continued with it until I was perfectly cured. To-day, after using six bottles, I am as well and strong as ever before. I thank you with all my heart for such a medicine; it saved my life when other medicines failed. All my friends are astonished at my happy cure."

If you are in need of free medical advice, write to Consulting Physician's Department, The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Que. All correspondence is sacredly confidential.

a glass of wine that will make his nerves tingle, and many are asking themselves, How far can I go in the wrong way without being overthrown? That is the way the devil fishes for men and women. People grasp his wires and get a slight shock and only laugh at danger; but some day they take hold of a live wire, that has all the fire of hell in it, and they are struck through and through with death. It is better not to play with devil's wires at all.



INTERESTING ITEMS.

Envelopes were first used in 1839. Post offices were first established in 1464.

Kerosene was first used for lighting in 1826.

The first matches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846.

Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 600 B. C.

A new hotel in New York city has a capacity for 1,200 guests and employs 1,800 servants.

The highest mountain in the moon is at least 35,000 feet, that is 6,000 feet higher than Mt. Everest.



HOW MUCH?

It is an easy matter to say how much we would give if we had what we do not now possess. The following story is a good illustration of this kind of spirit in giving. One native convert said to another:

"If you had one hundred sheep, would you give fifty of them for God's work?"

He replied: "That I would; I would be willing to give fifty."

"If you had one hundred cows,

would you be willing to give fifty of them to the gospel work?"

"Oh, yes, I would," was the prompt reply.

"But you would not do it if they were one hundred horses, would you?"

"Oh, yes, I would. You would see that I would."

"But if you had two pigs, would you be willing to give one of them?"

The man's countenance fell, and he quickly replied: "No, I wouldn't. You know I have two pigs; then why do you ask me that?"

He was willing to give what he had not, but what he had he was not willing to give.



A TESTIMONY.

People who pass the Rothschild mansion in the fashionable quarter of London often notice that the end of one of the cornices is unfinished. One is likely to ask, "Could not the richest man in the world afford to pay for that cornice, or is the lack due simply to carelessness?" The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known. Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth. The incomplete cornice on the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets, bent on amassing worldly wealth, or going along with the maddening crowd in the paths of folly: "This is not Lord Rothschild's home; he is travelling to eternity!" We too should remember that we are travellers. The good Dean Stanley left as an inscription to be placed on his tomb these words: "The end of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem!"