

FOR THE HOME.

Messages of Mercy.

O, how sweet the glorious message,
Simple faith may claim;
Yesterday, today, forever.
Jesus is the same.
Still He loves to save the sinful,
Heal the sick and lame;
Cheer the mourner, still the tempest;
Glory to His name!

He Who 'mid the raging billows,
Walk'd upon the sea,
Still can hush our wildest tempest,
As on Galilee.
He Who wept and prayed in anguish
In Gethsemane,
Drinks with us each cup of trembling
In our agony.

As of old He walk'd to Emmaus,
With them to abide;
So through all life's way He walketh
Ever near our side.
Soon again shall we behold Him,
Hasten, Lord, the day!
But 'till still be "this same Jesus,"
As He went away. ANON.

A Few Don't's For Mothers.

Don't think that yours are the only good children in the world.

Don't feel hurt or offended if others do not notice your children as much as you think they ought to.

Don't be too sensitive over another's child being praised more than yours.

Don't let another's condemnation of your child influence you in any way against your child.

Don't fail to properly correct your child for any serious fault, but do it in a loving, gentle spirit but with firmness.

Don't correct your child until you are sure you know all the circumstances connected with the misdemeanor.

Don't under any circumstance, correct a child while angry or out of patience.

Don't be too strict or severe with your child.

Don't be over indulgent to your child.

Don't let your child get discouraged through lack of praise at proper times.

Don't let a day go by without in some way giving your child a chance to see or feel that you really love it.

Don't notice every thing a child does, as constant notice, either by praise or censure, is harmful to the child.

Don't let any child lack for sympathy when it is within your power to give it.

Don't let your child go to bed at night without a kiss from you, even though the child be in its "teens."

Don't fail to have everything done within your power for your child's health, by having it provided with clean, comfortable clothing, and healthy food given at regular times.

Don't fail to look for good qualities in other children as well as in your own.

Don't fail to be forbearing with the faults of other children as well as your own.

Don't, when yours and other children get into trouble, always think yours are in the right and theirs in the wrong.

Don't fail to ask God every day and if need be many times a day, to give you wisdom and guide you in bringing up your child for him.

Don't fail to live every day before your child in such a way that you would be glad to see your child following in your footsteps.

Don't fail to ask God's blessings every day upon your child, by giving it health, and a desire for spiritual things, and that as soon as it comes to the years of accountability it may accept Jesus as its Savior.

Don't fail to fully consecrate your child to God, to be always used in his way and for his glory.

Don't fail to teach and instruct your child in the ways of righteousness and in all good things, and thereby fulfil the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." A MOTHER.

The Farmer Saved.

There was a very wicked farmer who denied the existence of a hell: he was the next door to an atheist; and his conduct was just according to his principles; he was many a time drunk. He was a respectable farmer, though, a man of good property, and had a family. Well, he came to see the going on in the chapel;

he got a sitting down in the middle of the chapel, and in the sermon God struck him; but he would not come forward to be prayed for. After the service, I went with a minister home, and we were up in his library and we heard an uproar out of doors—such an uproar!—and then we heard steps coming up, indicating a heavy heart, on an aged man: it was the farmer. He came in and looked like desolation. Said he: "Sirs, I am undone." "No," said I, "you are not undone; there's mercy for you."

"Oh, what a sinner I am!" he said, and down he came in a heap upon the floor, and cried for mercy. We kept pleading with God for a long while, till at last about twelve o'clock, I said, I am fairly worn out," and the minister said, "I can not stand this any longer. We spoke to the man and told him so; and he got up and got his hat. There was another member of his family with him, and he took him by the hand; and if he had been going to the gallows, he could not have looked more desolate. "Farewell," he said, "farewell!"—as if he thought he would be in hell before the next morning. Really, I could not stand it. We went down to pray again but it was of no use, and he went away. At last I saw him in chapel, a few nights after. There was such a smile—a heaven upon the man's countenance! I went up to him, and said I, "How are you?"

"Ah, sir, I am happy! But, sir, Mr. Caughey," said he, "the devil nearly cheated me, after all."

"How, sir?"

"I will tell you," he replied. "When I went home, I cried for mercy, and went to bed, and got up in the morning. I felt comfortable in the morning; something was telling me, 'You are converted.' Then something said you are not converted already," and I did not know which to believe. But one of my neighbors came in and I asked him what he thought of my state. He sat down to read the Bible to me. Well, I let him read. I waited till he closed reading, and then I went into my barn, and made up my mind I would have this voice settled. One voice said, 'You have done;' and something said, 'You have not done.' I pleaded for salvation, and in pleading with God; He set my soul at liberty, and I made my barn ring again. Bless God, I got saved! but the devil nearly cheated me." Take care, friends, or the devil will get you into hell-fire yet. Examine the workings of your soul.—Revival Miscellanies.

Rev. Sam Jones On Family Prayer.

I would say a thing now and I would say it loud enough for all the earth to hear me. We have got men that won't pray in their families. Do you want to know why that is? It is because they don't pray anywhere. Hear me. I want to be understood now, if you don't understand anything else to-night. The man who maintains secret prayer will pray everywhere in God's world that you call on him. You say the reason you don't pray in your family is just because you are timid. That is a lie. It is because you are mean and you know it. Talk about a great big fellow, with whiskers six inches long, who will go down town on change and talk bigger than any man in and won't go home and pray with his children. "You know I would do it," he says, "if I were not so timid." Look here. If a man doesn't pray in his family there is but one reason for it and that is because he doesn't live right before his family. I know what I am talking about. I recollect once since I was converted I got up one morning out of humor and I said some things I had no business to say. I had the dyspepsia, they said. It was meanness. Every time a fellow gets his meanness off, it is dyspepsia. Do you hear that, wife? As I said, I was talking right smart around that morning and directly, just before the breakfast bell rang, wife got down the Bible. I looked at it and I would have given \$50 that morning if I had had some preacher there to have prayer in the family for me. Oh, how I hated to get down after talking that way. Brother, when you get to living right before your family, it is just as easy to pray before them as it is to sit down and eat before. If I didn't have sense enough to pray in my family, I'll tell you what I would do: I would go and hire an old colored man that wife and children had confidence in and I would pay him by the

month to come and hold family prayer for me. I would.

Talk about a man being religious who does not pray in his family! Ridiculous! I found out not long ago that religion is a good thing to have, and a father who becomes religious wants his wife and children to have all the good things in the world; and the next you hear from him he will be leading in prayer, and demonstrating his religion in his family, and they will fall into line with him. Brother, if you don't pray in your family, go home and begin to-night.

"Pray without ceasing." How many people in this house hold family prayer and go to theater? How many people in this house that pray in their families, play cards in their families? How many people in this house who give wine suppers pray at night and morning with the children? Ah, brother, those things won't mix, and you needn't tell me they will. They won't. Pray in your families. I like family prayer, and I can't get along without it at my house.

Being Established.

We meet many people who claim to be established these days. A man had been gloriously converted; he would get very much blessed at prayer and class meeting, and at the family altar would shout, and laugh and cry.

But after a while this became a thing of the past. One day his little boy said, "Father, why is it that you don't shout and get happy any more?" "O son," said the father, "I'm established now." A few days after, they hitched up a team to go for a load of wood. They got the load on and drove in a miry place, and the wagon sank in the mud. The mule balked and would not pull, and the father began to best the mule unmercifully. The boy watched the proceedings for a while, and then told his father, "It's no use, Father he's established."

That is the way some become established, just set in their own ways. You will hear them talk something as follows, especially when the preacher gets pretty close to them. "Well, I'm glad that God is our judge, and not man; and I'm so glad I have a mind of my own. The Bible tells us that it is a good thing that the heart be established and not carried about with every wind of doctrine." Yes, they are established sure enough, but generally it is in their own ways, or stuck fast in the mud.

By being thrown with such persons and becoming personally acquainted with them, we find them give way to impatience, and not able to bear the slightest reproof, without manifesting a cold, distant spirit afterwards; and yet they glory in the fact that they are established.

David tells us how God establishes His children in the 40th Psalm, second verse. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock, and established my going."

He was out of sin, and on the rock, and going up the shining way, and God was establishing him therein. This is the way he establishes souls. It means so much to go against this old world's rough side, and face the devil and "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks," but "This is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Amen. H. D. B.

Lecturing Against Nothing.

If the Bible is so false and the gospel so absurd as our skeptical friends say, why do they spend so much time and waste so much strength on it? Why not let it alone?

"Aren't you the evangelist, preaching up here at the church?" said a man in a New Jersey city to a stranger one morning.

"Yes, sir," replied the preacher.

"Well, I supposed you were a gentleman."

"I claim to be one."

"Well I don't think you are one."

Didn't you say last night that you could prove to the satisfaction of any one within ten minutes that all infidels were fools? If you don't prove it to my satisfaction I will publish you in all the papers as the most consummate liar that ever struck the city."

"Where is your infidel?" asked the preacher.

"I claim to be one," was the reply,

"and I want you to understand I am no fool, either."

"You don't mean to say there is no reality in Christianity?"

"I do, sir. I have studied all phases of the subject, and have traveled and delivered lectures against Christianity for more than twelve years, and I am prepared to say there is nothing in it?"

"You are certain there is nothing in it?"

"Yes, sir; there is nothing in it."

"Will you please tell me," said Mr. Hyde, "if a man who will lecture against nothing is not a fool, what, in your judgement, would constitute a fool?"

The infidel went away in a rage, though the evangelist, drawing his watch, insisted he still had six minutes left; but the preacher was not published as a liar in the city papers.

The strength of infidelity is in the prevailing ignorance of the word of God which allows men to swallow the most absurd and blasphemous statements unquestioned if they only disparage the Holy Scriptures. Hence the most abominable falsehoods are palmed off upon unsuspecting hearers who think they are all law and gospel. Fools could not have written the Bible; it takes more than a fool to understand it, now it is written. Bad men did not write it, for it condemns them, rebukes them, threatens them, and they usually hate the book.—Selected.

Politeness in The Home.

It is significant to observe how some men fail to know how to treat their wives and sisters when they meet them. It seems to them quite unnecessary to lift their hats, or to give their nearest and dearest the courtesy they would freely render to any woman outside of the domestic circle. This should not be, and the sooner a revolution is accomplished the better. The ablest and most persuasive treatise on the etiquette of the home will not be able by itself to work the change, although it would be helpful toward that end. What is needed is the right training of boys and girls. Courteous behavior should be enforced by parents in the same way that other good qualities are taught. One of the most successful instructors of the young in our day bears this testimony. "People complain of the way children behave, and lay the blame of their behavior on the day school; but if they would only make the children do at home as they are required to do in school, matters would be different. They laugh at the child when he lifts his hat, or says 'Please,' or 'Thank you,' forgetting that others are trying to make up for their neglect of duty." This word in season should stir up parents to a sense of the importance of cultivating by precept and example the requirements of domestic etiquette.—Sel.

God In The Home.

If God were having his way in the home life of the people, the colour and texture of the fabric of church, social and political life would soon undergo a noticeable and very desirable change. The home is the sub strata which underlies the entire ecclesiastical, political and social superstructure of our times. If there is degeneracy in the home life, there is degeneracy in every other form of life. Rebellion against home government breeds criminality. Lack of reverence for the home breeds disloyalty to the nation. An impure home atmosphere is the spawning place for vice and crime. And love—conjugal, paternal, filial and fraternal—touched into new power and beauty by the gracious love of God, is the only thing that will hold the home together, or make it what its heavenly Designer meant that it should be. May God give unto us all a home life in harmony with his will, and calculated to add to his glory and make this old world better.

Care for your eyes; you cannot replace them when they are gone. Reading, writing, sewing or any close work should never be done by twilight. No light is worse than this, except moonlight. If you value your eyes at all do not strain them by these lights. Lying down to read is another very hurtful practice for the eyes. When reading, sewing or studying, if the back of your neck begins to ache take warning. This ache comes from the overtaxing of the optic nerves and is very dangerous. Do not let it occur the second time. When using the eyes at night never face the light. Sit so that the light shines over your left shoulder upon your work or page.

TEMPERANCE.

Why He Never Had a Home.

While engaged in the town of B—, I stepped into a wagon shop to see a certain man and was introduced to one of the wood-workers. He was a moderate drinker. During the conversation he said, "I would like to know how it is that D—has paid for a home worth \$1,200, has sent his three children to school for four years and has \$1,000 U. S. Bonds. We have worked together in this shop for fifteen years; he has received \$2.00 per day and I \$2.50. I can't understand how he has a home and \$1,000 at interest and I have neither."

"Don't you save anything from your wages?" "No; sometimes at the end of the year I am \$35 ahead and sometimes the same amount in debt." "Have you any children?" "No." "Do you drink?" "Not much; only beer, and I buy that by the quart, so I get it cheaper than by the glass." "How much do you use a day?" "You see that pail? well I get that full twice a day and it costs 25c. a pail. It don't amount to much." "Do you get your pail filled on Sunday?" "Yes." "Now if you multiply 365, the number of days in a year, by 50c. you will see it amounts to \$182.50." "Well, that is so, I never reckoned it up before."

"Do you use tobacco?" "Yes, both smoke and chew. I get my box filled every morning which costs five cents, and smoke three five-cent cigars a day. I wonder how much that amounts to." "We can soon tell; it is 365 multiplied by 20, the amount spent each day; and it amounts to \$73 a year. Then both amount to \$255.00." "Yes, sir, you are correct."

"Is there any other habit you indulge in?" "I don't know whether you would call it a habit or not, but I never work on Saturday; I take that as a holiday." "How do you celebrate your holidays?" "Well, I might just as well make a clean breast of the whole matter; I generally sit in the bar-room; play now and then a game of Pedro for the beer, to amuse the boys." "How much do you think it costs you to amuse the boys each Saturday?" "Oh, half a dollar I guess will cover it." "Did you know it cost you \$3.00 each Saturday instead of 50 cents?" "No, I cannot see it so." "Let me show you. If you should work every Saturday you would earn \$2.50. You would have this amount Saturday night in your pocket. Now if you don't work you are short of \$2.50 and not only that, but the 50 cents you spend to amuse the boys coming out of Friday's wages. Do you see it? No we will sum up the whole business:

For beer one year.....	\$182.59
Tobacco " "	73.00
Lost time " "	173.00
Amusing the boys.....	26.00
Total.....	\$412.50

If you saved this sum every year and put it in the saving bank at six per cent interest, how much would you have now, do you suppose?" "I have no idea; but I can see now why friend D—has laid up money; for he neither drinks, uses tobacco, nor plays cards; he works every day. Will you figure it out, Burdick? I am anxious to know how big a fool I have been."

I did all the figuring on a pine board in the shop. He stood looking over my shoulders all the time, muttering to himself. The amount astonished him. It amounted to \$9, 676.07, enough to astonish any man. He said, "All in liquor, tobacco and cards! Almost \$10,000 have I squandered and never dreamed that I was the only one to blame!" He had the pine board framed and hung up over his work-bench, and he shows it to every one who comes in and asks, "How is it with you?" There are thousands of men who are thoughtless and careless in regard to their interests and then curse ill-luck, fate, etc., when no one is blamable but themselves.