

NOT UNDER CONTROL.

Sometimes, at sea, a ship is found flying the signal, "Not under control." That is a very terrible signal. So long as the machinery and rudder and the rigging are sound, and the ship is under complete control, she may weather the strongest gale; but now she lies helpless at the mercy of wind and wave. No rescuing ship, even, dare come very near, for "not under control" means that she is a menace to others as well as herself. So in life we find, far too often, a man whose conduct indicates that the forces of his life are not under control. That is a sad and dangerous condition, dangerous for himself and for those about him. Safety lies in keeping the elements of character so adjusted that they are always under control, that thus we may keep our manhood true to its divine course.—Unversalist Leader.

TORONTO DOES NOT "RECEIVE" ON THE LORD'S DAY.

"Mayor Urquhart and Ald. Graham, chairman of the Reception Committee, were informed this morning that the Grid Iron Club, otherwise the Washington newspaper correspondents, has been delayed and could not reach Toronto until Sunday morning.

"They decided that the city could not tender them any reception on Sunday. They regretted the delay, but felt that it would be quite impossible to extend any special civic attention, except on a week day."—Toronto News.

All honor to the Mayor and Alderman who on Christian principle refuse to dishonor the Lord's Day even for the purpose of extending civic hospitality to distinguished visitors from another country. We commend their example to others in similar positions.—S.—Lords Day Advocate.

"KEEP IN DE CURRENT."

"My bredren," said the colored preacher, "God bless your souls, 'ligion is like the Alabama River. In spring come fresh, an' bring all the old logs, slabs an' ticks dat hab been lyin' on the bank, an' carries dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down—den a log cotch on dis island, den slab get cotched on de shore an' de sticks on the bushes—an' dare they lie, withrin' an' dryin' till dare comes nother fresh. Jus' so dare come 'vival ob 'ligion—dis ole sinner brought in, dat ole backslider brought back, an' all de folk seem coming, an' mighty good times. But, bredren, God bless your souls, bymeby 'vival gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his own sin, den dat ole backslider is cotched where he was afore, on jus' such a rock; den one after 'noder dat had got 'ligion lies all along de shore, an' dare dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belubed bredren, God bless your souls, keep in de current."—The Evangelist.

A STARTLING COMPUTATION.

"The following startling computation was given by Rev. Mr. Wright last Sunday night in the Methodist church Merriton, prefaced by the remark that if it is wrong he would gladly correct the error. In Canada there are 150,000 men who have no Sunday rest day. The average life of the working man, working days in the week, is twenty years; but working seven days in the week it is only 12 years, and with allowance made for sickness, loss of energy, etc., it is only about one-half the ordinary average life. Allowing, however, the wages of the Sundays as an offset to the latter, and taking twelve years as the average, we have the terrible fact before us that Sunday labor in Canada costs each generation of working men the loss of 1,200,000 years. Now on the estimate that each man earns on an average \$500 per annum, we have a loss of \$600,000,000 to the workingmen of Canada every twenty years, or \$30,000,000 every year. Does it pay to work seven days in the week in the light of these figures?"—"St. Catharines Standard" July 18th 1905.

And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drouth and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.—Isa. 58:11.

HOW TO BE LOVED IN OLD AGE.

Sometimes you see a lovable old woman, whose age is as beautiful as was the bloom of her youth! And when you do, you wonder how it has happened. Well, this is how:

She learns how to forget disagreeable things.

She did not give way to her nerves, and inflict them on her friends.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made what work she had to do congenial.

She did not lose sight of her illusions and would not think all the world wicked and unkind.

She helped the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost little and are treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and her reward is love and consideration in her old age, and she has learned the secret of a long and happy life.—Good Sense.—Sel.

PUSH BEHIND.

It is said that at one time, when the coach between Barnstaple and Ilfracombe used to run, the seats were divided into first, second and third class.

At a certain point in the journey, before ascending a steep hill, the hill conductor alighted and called out to the passengers, keep your seats; second class, get down and walk; third class push behind."

We want our friends to take the hint, and to push the Lord's Day Rest coach forward as hard as ever they can; and we want, not only the third class, but the first and second class to push also, and help to get the Lord's Day coach to the top of the hill, from whence it will be better enabled to battle with the growing evil of Sabbath desecration.—Pearl of Days.

MAXIMS FOR THE YOUNG.

If courage is gone, all is gone. Fly from pleasure that bites to-morrow. Put the best of yourself into all you do. A wise man can keep silent—a fool cannot.

Prosperity in evil is the greatest misfortune.

A minute may rend what an age cannot mend.

Hurry not only spoils works, but spoils life also.

No office can make a worthless man respectable.

A noble failure is better than a disreputable success.

A man should have "the will to do, the soul to dare."

Share the burden of others, and you will lighten your own.

More harm may come of work ill done than of work undone.—Tribune.

WANTED—A BOY.

Wanted—a boy. A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy: one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say no, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upward; one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who doesn't believe the marvelous tales told in the story papers, and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a game; one who won't be a sneak and do a mean act when unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he should respect himself and keep himself in decent appearance; one who won't attack an old man because he is feeble and defenseless; one who won't torture dumb animals; one who won't steal; one who won't revile and jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted—a boy, a whole-souled, earnest, honorable square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood? Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?—Selected.

"Many a sister spoils her testimony in the church by her tongue in the kitchen."—Sel.

FOR THE HOME

AN OVER STRENUOUS HOUSEWIFE.

Hiram Dodd came slowly across the lot, weary after a hard day's work felling trees. The man was somewhere on the hither side of fifty, tough and guarded as a hard knot, his face brown and weather-beaten. There was about him something like a gray autumn day when the winds are still, a sort of quiet, meditative look, touched with a certain brooding sadness. Occasionally a smile struggled through the gloom and then the man's countenance changed and was illuminated, and the effect was not very different from that produced when a shaft of sunlight rifts the overhanging clouds.

Such a smile overspread his face when little Lucy ran out to meet her father. The youngest of seven, she was his special darling, and did with him whatever she pleased.

"Pick me up, daddy" she commanded, and he lifted her to his shoulder.

"Now we will march three times around the house, and then march in," she ordered, with baby despotism.

Hiram began his march. Tired as he was, Lucy's plump form did not seem to him a burden. Her dimpled arms around his neck, stole away some of the day's care.

Presently Mrs. Hiram Dodd came to the door. She was a little woman, with snapping black eyes and thin lips, a woman like a knife-blade for sharpness, and clean as a snowflake from neck to hem of her blue print gown.

"Did I ever see such folly?" she exclaimed shrilly. "Hiram, put her down this instant. Lucy, don't you know your father is tired? There, man, wipe your feet. Your shoes are caked with dirt. You have brought dirt into my kitchen." "Not much, mother," he said with a propitiatory glance.

"Not much! Enough to need a broom and dustpan, when I'm so tired I could drop in my tracks. Oh, you needn't fancy nobody's tired but yourself. Working in the woods with a good luncheon of cold meat and pound cake and pie is enough sight easier than toiling over a cook stove from morning until night, and never getting rid of mess and litter. Lucy Dodd, is that your doll that I see on the floor? Go and put the doll away, or I'll lock her up in the closet. What's that you say, Hiram, that I'm not to scold Lucy? I'm not going to spoil Lucy as you do. I've got her to bring up, and if I ever say a word to her you fly right off the handle."

All this went on in a sort of breathless, torrent-like rush, Mrs. Dodd stepping briskly to and fro, setting the table for supper. As they sat down, she observed a fly on a window-pane and jumped nimbly from her chair to pounce on it, and when again seated, she was unable to eat in peace on account of discovering a minute crack in the lid of the blue tea-pot.

"Mary," remonstrated the husband, "why are you so restless? You are wearing yourself out over trifles. Do for once let us have a meal without your losing your patience over mere nothings."

"Do you call a fly nothing?" she answered. "I hate flies like poison."

"Well, but they are almost gone, dear. Do keep still for five minutes."

The older children were at the table. They were too well trained to comment on their mother, but their faces betrayed sympathy with their father. Privately Ned nudged Sammy, and Ellen confided in a whisper to Martha, that "mother was cross."

It was a pity. There was a beautiful home, with every element needed for contentment, all spoiled by the frantic, pin-wheel activities of an over-strenuous housekeeper. Better a little superficial dirt than cleanliness carried to too great an excess.—Christian Herald.

SHUT THAT ASHPAN!

A sign at each end of a long wooden bridge beside a railroad track reads: "Shut your ashpan." That was for the firemen. The company did not want hot cools from the locomotive dropped on the bridge. Many fires would be spared if there were no hot words dropped around. "Shut you ashpan."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

MOTHERHOOD.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging at their gown;

Or that the footsteps, when the days are wet,

Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,

A cap or jacket on my chamber floor,

If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,

And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,

To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,

There is no woman in God's world could say

She was more blissfully content than I.

But ah! the dainty pillow next my own

Is never rumped by a shining head;

My singing birdling from its nest has flown!

The little boy I used to love is dead

But now it seems surpassing strange to me

That while I bore the badge of motherhood

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly

My little child, who brought me only good.

—Mary Clemmer Ames.

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

When the big black eyes of the Japanese children open in the morning they see very different things than the boys and girls in America do. The following is what a missionary who lives in Japan says about them:

They arise from their bed on the floor which is a comforter spread down over a straw mat with another to cover them. Instead of a soft downy pillow the girls have a little block of wood covered with velvet and the boys a small bag stuffed with chopped straw.

They fold up nicely the comforters and put them away in a clothes press. They put on their kimono (dress), which does not require a button or a pin to hold it together, and tie a wide sash in a bow behind; then go to a well out in the yard, draw a pail of cold water, pour it in a large copper basin, wash thoroughly, comb their shiny, black hair with a funny wooden comb, and they are ready for their breakfast.

The paper doors into the dining-room are opened and they go in and bow very respectfully to their father and mother saying, "Ohayo gozaimasu" which means "Good morning." I wish our little American boys and girls might learn to talk as respectfully to their parents as the little Japanese children do.

The breakfast is ready and they will sit on the floor around a tiny table about sixteen inches high made of some kind of hardwood. The mother gives each one a large bowlful of rice which she takes out of a pail with a little wooden paddle. Little hands pick up two tiny chopsticks and soon the bowl of rice is gone and sometimes the second and the third, then some pickles made of vegetable leaves, a bit of fish or some mushrooms are skillfully picked up with the little sticks and eaten.

If the father is a workman, the young boys must also help. Often I have seen little boys pulling quite heavy carts through the streets. There are very few idle boys here as they are taught to work when very young. If their father has a store they run errands for him and deliver goods many blocks away. They tie the goods in a large cloth called "furoshiki" then strap it on their backs and walk, no matter how far.

In the evening these boys study very hard. They have readers with such difficult letters, very unlike our A. B. C. They take a little stone box, mix some charcoal in water for ink and with a small brush learn to write. They sit in their room on the floor and study hour by hour.

If there is a baby in the home they strap it on their backs when they go out to play and thus help mother. I wish you could see the dear babies. They are usually dressed in bright red or very large flowered goods made with great, long sleeves. Their heads are shaved all but a wee bit on top.

The young girls are very industrious; they learn to sew and make their own dresses. When they arise in the morning

they sweep the strew mats and dust the paper windows. As the Japanese do not have grass in their yards they must be swept and water sprinkled on them. You may think, "O, what ugly yards," but on the contrary they are very beautiful for here and there are trees full of flowers and little pots of lovely plants and around them all a bamboo fence. Sometimes in the centre of the yard is a small pond full of fish.

The yard is in the rear, and the kitchen at the front and there is always a large porch with long eaves to keep the rain from spoiling the paper doors or the hot sun from pouring in. These porches the young girls scrub every morning and the homes are kept very neat and clean.

The girls are taught to work the same as the boys. They are well educated too, and they say the Japanese young women are the most skilled nurses in the world.

I am much impressed with their diligence and it seems that but "one thing is needful," and that one thing is a knowledge of Jesus as their Savior and the Holy Ghost as a leader and guide of their lives. For that purpose the Lord sends his missionaries here to tell them of One who "came to seek and save that which was lost."—Vanguard.

MISSIONARY OBLIGATION.

FROM MASTER MISSIONARIES.

Some can go, most can give, all can pray.

It is manly to love one's country. It is God-like to love the world.

J. W. CONKLL.

The land is henceforth my country which most needs the gospel.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

I tell you, fellow Christians, your love has a broken wing if it cannot fly across the ocean.

MALTBIE BABCOCK.

Every young man and woman should be a junior partner with the Lord Jesus for the salvation of the world.

JACOB CHAMBERLAIN.

We are the children of the converts of foreign missionaries, and fairness means that I must do to others as men once did for me.

MALTBIE BABCOCK.

Though you and I are very little beings we must not rest satisfied till we have made our influence extend to the remotest corner of this ruined world.

SAMUEL J. MILLS.

"Here am I; send me—to the first man I meet or to the remotest heathen"—this is the appropriate response of every Christian to the call of God.

AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON.

Our Saviour has given a commandment to preach the gospel even to the ends of the earth, He will provide for the fulfillment of his own purpose. Let us only obey!

ALLEN GARDINER.

There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen; that was when I had none for my own soul. When by the grace of God I was led to care for my own soul, I began to care for them. In my closet I said: "O Lord, silver and gold have I none. What I have I give; I offer thee myself! Wilt thou accept thy gift?"

ALEXANDER DUFF.

Look to your marching orders. How do they read?—DUKE OF WELLINGTON to a young curate who spoke disparagingly of foreign missions.

I cannot, I dare not, go up to Judgment till I have done the utmost God enables me to do to diffuse his glory through the world.

ASAHEL GRANT.

While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proofs lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by him to keep you out of the foreign field.

ION KEITH-FALCONER.

—Vanguard.

THROWING OUT THE SAND.

Balloons, when they want to rise higher, throw out some sand ballast. Why so many people are earthly-minded and have so little of the spirit of heaven, is that they have too much ballast in the shape of love for earthly joys and gains; and what you want is to throw out some of the sand, and you will rise higher.—Moody.