

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

'Tis quite a straight and easy road
That leads to Grumbletown,
And those who wish can always find
A chance to journey down.
'Tis customary for the trip
To choose a rainy day—
When weather's fine one's not so apt
To care to go that way.
Just keep down Fretful Lane until
You come to Sulky Stile,
Where travelers often like to rest
In silence for a while.
And then cross over Pouting Bridge,
Where Don't Care Brook flows down,
And just a little way beyond
You come to Grumbletown.
From what I learn, this Grumbletown
Is not a pleasant place:
One never hears a cheerful word,
Or sees a smiling face.
The children there are badly spoiled
And sure to fret and tease,
And all the grown-up people, too,
Seem cross and hard to please.
The weather rarely is just right
In this peculiar spot;
'Tis either raining all the time,
Or else too cold or hot.
The books are stupid as can be;
The games are dull and old;
There's nothing new and nothing nice
In Grumbletown, I'm told.
And so I've taken pains, my dears,
The easiest road to show,
That you may all be very sure
You never, never go!

Zion's Watchman.

THE WAY WE LOOK AT THINGS.

The way we look at things, and the spirit with which we enter into them, has more to do with our success or failure than we think. We quote a story which aptly illustrates this principle:

A farmer once remarked in the presence of a neighbor that he did not believe anything could ruffle his wife's temper.

"We trust that others will be urged will the man."

"Agreed said the farmer. "Just bring home and cut up, a load of the crookedest wood you can find," proposed the disturber of peace "and if that doesn't fret her I don't know what will.

The plan was complied with. To appreciate the vexation consequent upon poor wood, one has only to recall the old-fashioned fireplace with its andirons and the carefulness with which the wood must be laid on them to make the "kettle boil" for it is to that period of time that our incident refers. There was no change in things at the farmer's; in fact, everything seemed to be more agreeable, so the husband thought. At last he said:

"Wife, how do you like the wood I brought you last?"

"First-rate," said the wife. "These crooked sticks fit right round my kettle, and make it boil in half the time."

The farmer's wife realized that things which "can't be cured must be endured." Her best and noblest powers had been called forth in overcoming the difficulty which, to another, might have seemed like an evil.—Forward.

NO TIME FOR THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

In this busy world of ours where envy, strife and worldly care crowd out all the thoughts of our Lord, there is but little time for the Master's service. I asked some to come to Sunday school, and they would like very much to go, but really they did not have time to get ready, and they were members of the church. Yet they have time to attend the shows and carnivals. Say my friend, do you think you can in that great judgment look the Savior in the face and say you did your best?

He requires our best. We think we see the great life-boat plunge through the dark waters, and ourselves safe

AMUSEMENT-MAD.

It is probable that there is now in our towns and cities a large proportion of people who care absolutely nothing for the more solid forms of mental and social diversions, not to speak of developing exercises, than has ever been known before in the history of modern civilization. If there should be a disposition on the part of our readers to question this statement, let them use their memory and their eyes.

The time was when each night found the majority of the better class of people in their homes; now in many places only the minority of people are found in their homes at night. The majority are at the picture show, the vaudeville, the theater, the card party and the dance. Home has lost its charm for them. The same may be said of the good book, the instructive lecture, the uplifting concert, the edifying sermon.

The world is amusement-mad. The taste for the intellectual and social solidities is growing weaker and weaker. The outlook for high literature is not bright. How can we expect the age to produce strong books when people do not care to read them? How vain it is to expect another Shakespear when "Macbeth" is passed by for "The Girl from Rectors" or for a minstrel show! What right have men to hope for a modern "Creation" when ragtime music seems to satisfy the highest culture? How can we hope to fill our lecture halls, and churches, when people, including the children, gorge themselves, night after night, with sensational stuff which destroys the very capacity—mental, intellectual and spiritual—for developing a true order of manhood and womanhood?—Christian Advocate.

HOW HOLINESS HELPS.

It helps individuals to be more patient, persevering, purposeful, and to kindly endure what cannot be avoided. It helps them to give more of their earthly goods to the cause and more of themselves to God and the needy around them and even those who are afar off. Combining such helpful individuals it helps to make stronger, better, more faithful churches; and combining these better churches it helps to make better denominations. Some cross persons and hateful and irritable filled with the very essence of the spirit of faultfinding and other disagreeable qualities, may have professed holiness, but in no sense is real holiness responsible for such a condition. Holiness helps every good cause or enterprise and has eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart to feel and learn where and how to be helpful. If your holiness experience does not help, get one that does and get it right away.—Wesleyan Methodist.

on board, and she is packed with happy pilgrims bound for the better land, but look outside! Oh what a mournful sound! What weeping and wailing! And if the Conductor should come for my ticket and tell me I would have to get off, for my fare was paid but half way across, oh, how my heart would sink, and how I would wish I had put a little more time in His service, and had made a few more sacrifices. Brother are you in the life boat, and are you paying full fare?—Exchange.

The heathen are more easily reached by the Gospel than those who have been influenced by Christianity and afterwards have sinned against the light.

"The life of love cannot be lived until we cease the love of ourselves."

"Man will seek power of the Holy Spirit but so few Holiness."

"Perfect love is perfect in quality. It is pure love, it has no alloy."

LITTLE THINGS TELL.

A painter painting the picture of a laughing child in the presence of a king, said: "Perhaps your majesty would like to see the child cry"; and adding two or three lines to the drawing, the work was done, and the child seemed as full of grief as it had been full of mirth.

An artist looking at a statue, youthful in form and face, wished to change its appearance from youth to age. Raising, his hammer and striking a single tooth he broke it off, and the work was done. That blow changed the whole aspect of the statue.

Do we notice the power of little things, and their influence upon our character and standing? Just as one broken tooth turned youth to old age, so one single flaw in a man's character sinks him into contempt. No matter how many excellences he may have, the moment we find him guilty of some paltry trick, some little meanness, at once he is sunk in our estimation, and perhaps never regain his previous standing.

It may be unjust so to judge people, but yet men do it, and perhaps we ourselves have done it also. We may be sure others are judging us daily in this way. One lie makes a man a liar; one theft makes him a thief; one profane word makes him a blasphemer, and however unjust the verdict may be, it may require years of well-doing to reverse it. When a person has once injured us in the smallest degree, it is natural to recoil from him and say: "I know all I want to of that man," and leave him to his fate. It may not be right, it may not be just; but this is the world's way, and if we would walk unscathed amid its snares, we should watch and pray and seek to be without guile; we should keep our garments always white; and if for a moment we are lead astray, our tears should be as bitter as those of the wandering disciple, and our confession of our fault and of our love to Christ should be as open and as earnest as was his. The Safeguard.

WHY IS IT?

Some brethren were discussing a business matter which had direct bearing on the spread of holiness. One made the remark, "Very few holiness people have much means." That is probably correct. Why is it so? It is because people of means are not interested in holiness? If so, why? Is that due to the cankering effect of wealth? The numerous and varied warnings of God's Word, relative to wealth, seem to indicate that; and observation among men tends to corroborate it.

The increase of possessions, with the larger self-indulgences which they permit, tends to foster pride, selfishness, and other ant-Christian things. So the Word says, "If riches increase, set not your heart thereon." And our Lord warned us, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." So there is a peril in the having of wealth, apart from the covetous desire for it.

Some of us in the light of heaven's glory, may see reasons for gratitude that we had as little of earth come into our grasp as we did. Had we become richer in temporal things, some of us might have become bankrupt for eternity.

How many of us often wish we had means to put into the spread of holiness! And how often we wish some of the saints could come to the financial rescue of a campaign! The work seems to lag for want of a little more money. But God is at the helm, and we can afford to follow him, moving slowly, rather than to try to speed up on some human plan.—Christian Standard.

SAM JONES' CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

No one who has heard the late Sam Jones speak can ever forget him. Certainly not if his theme was Temperance. On this subject Sam Jones was at home and at his best. He, like Gough, had felt the venom touch of the demon of the still, and learned from bitterest experience that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The writer heard him relate the following incident in one of his Temperance lectures. He said: "I was once called into the home of a widow, presumably upon her death bed. I went up to her room, talked and prayed with her. She told me her story. "My husband, dying, left me with five small children—boys. God knows of my struggle to rear them, and keep away from the door. God knows they grew up innocent and full of promise until they fell victims of the temptation to drink. Now they are hopeless. They love me, and yet, dying as I am, night after night they stagger home and carouse in the room below! Oh, God! I cannot die happy, and leave them thus.

"Then, said Jones. "I knew that mother was dying of heart trouble—a broken heart. I went out to a nearby hardware store and secured five new revolvers. I called the boys about the dying mother's bed. We knelt and I prayed, in my prayer touching the tender memories of innocent youth until eyes rained tears. As we arose from our knees, I said: 'Now, men, stand around this bed; two on either side, you at the foot. Each of you take a revolver, and when I give the command, fire straight at the heart of your old mother.' My God, no!" they cried in chorus; "we won't murder mother!"

"Then," said Jones, "I enforced my lesson. I said, 'This would be infinite kindness compared with your prolonged debauch, as night after night you five sons tramp again and again over this already crushed and bleeding heart.' The lesson went home. Reformation came. Hope flickered and beamed, and the mother's health slowly but surely crept back again."

May not others ponder this moral? Many a so-called "good-hearted" husband is slowly, but nevertheless surely torturing the life and happiness from his faithful wife. Many an otherwise loving and dutiful son is crushing the rich vintage from a fond mother's heart. May God forgive us, and help us to see and do right! The past irrevocable; the future, thank God, yet ours!

National Advocate.

WANTED, A WORKER.

God never goes to the lazy or the idle when He needs men for His service. When God wants a worker, he calls a worker. When He has work to be done, He goes to those who are already at work. When God wants a great servant, He calls a busy man. Scripture and history attest this truth.

Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb.

Saul was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.

David was busy caring for his father's sheep.

Elisha was busy plowing with twelve yoke of oxen.

Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's winecup.

Amos was busy following the flock.

Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea.

James and John were busy mending their nets.

Matthew was busy collecting customs Saul was busy persecuting the friends of Jesus.

William Carey was busy mending and making shoes.—Sel.

"Christ's fellowship is more needful than an other."

MISSIONARY

CHEATING THE MISSIONARY BOX.

Louise Le Moyne.

"That's only eleven eggs this morning, and yesterday there were eight. It's a shame with all those hens eating their heads off."

Grandma looked severely at the biddies picking up the corn Mattie sprinkled the eleven eggs into the kitchen, shaking her head over them as led with a generous hand. Then she went.

"Oh, well, mother," said her daughter, Mattie's mother, comfortingly, "I wouldn't worry. If the hens aren't laying as they should, don't give us so many of your delicious omelets, and feed us on something plainer than sponge cake.

"It isn't that Mary. There's eggs enough, for the house, but usually I have plenty over and I sell them and put the money in the missionary box." Grandma took the box from the mantel, and shook it lustily, but the answering rattle was disappointingly faint. "Only two pennies," said Grandma sighing, "I wish I knew what ailed those hens."

The very next afternoon Mattie was looking for some late yellow violets, over in the woods, when an uproar began so near her that she sprang up her heart beating wildly. "Kut-kut-kut-kutrdacut!" For a minute Mattie could not think what particular variety of wild animal indulged in such dreadful sounds. The next minute she was laughing at herself. For this was only the way the old hens cackled after they had laid an egg, as if the silly things were bursting with pride over their performance.

Mattie peered around the corner of a clump of bushes, and caught sight of the majestic figure of the yellow hen stalking off in the direction of the farm. "Now what is she doing here?" Mattie asked herself, and began an investigation. It was only a minute or two before she had discovered what the yellow hen was making such a noise about. Under the low-growing branches of a pine tree lay three big cream-colored eggs, side by side.

"Now I wonder," Mattie was thinking about Grandma's missionary box, and her disappointment over the small number of eggs. "I wonder if that yellow hen has been setting a bad example to the rest, so they're all laying in the wrong place. I'm going to get the boys and start a real hunt."

The boys fell in readily with Mattie's suggestion, and several small neighbors volunteered to aid. It proved an exciting afternoon. Harold, Mattie's oldest brother, remarked that it was a good deal like Easter Monday only more so, for instead of hunting eggs in one or two rooms, you hunted all over grandpa's woods and the berry pasture. Every now and then a wild shriek rent the air, as one of the searchers discovered a new hiding place.

It was a splendid basket of eggs they took home, at the conclusion of the hunt, Harold and Mattie carrying it between them very carefully because as Mattie said, "If we should let it drop now it would be worse than if we hadn't hunted and found them at all." Grandma threw up her hands at the sight of them, and the next day the searching party had an angel's cake to divide among them, such a delicious flaky cake, that in spite of its size, it took hardly any time to dispose of it. The rest of the eggs were sold in town, and thereafter, the jingle of Grandma's missionary box was music worth hearing.

The heathen are coming to us if we do not go to him. If we do not raise him to our standard he will lower us to his.—Bishop Williams.