

Sunday Reading

MAKING A FRESH START.

How we Long sometimes for a new Start in Life.

The desire to begin over again is one of those longings so common and universal that we may say it is a native instinct.

Now, it is true that we cannot pass a private Act of Congress in order to make our future fit our best intentions.

But next New Year we will make another fresh start, and in order to give us hope and strength, we will remember, first, that it is never too late to mend.

Under no circumstances can it be true that there is no something to be done, as well as something to be suffered.

We have all an irrepressible wish to see success attend our efforts for improvement.

These clothes, he said, are all I have in the world, and they are pretty old.

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at God's feet our failures, our successes, our hopes and fears, our knowledge and ignorance, our strength and weakness, our confidence and misgivings, all that we are;

Those so seeking shall surely find him; and if not here, even then we will not be discouraged in trying to do well, for man's destiny ends not with the grave;

We have before us now an arc of our orbit, large enough to let us judge of our trend. Dare we look critically at it?

"I go to prove my soul, I shall arrive; what time; what circuit first, I ask not.

He guides me and the birds, in his good time." —Amelia E. Barr.

WHO HOLD? An Old Familiar Hymn and How it Saved a Young Man.

Among the patients wanting to see the doctor at the Free Dispensary of the Bowery Mission, conducted by The Christian Herald, one day lately, was a young man, poorly clad and evidently suffering severe pain.

Dr. Dowkontt gave him a mixture to relieve his pain, and then asked him about himself. It was a sad story he told.

"These clothes," he said, are all I have in the world, and they are pretty old.

The doctor expressed his sympathy and urged him to turn to Christ as the beginning of a new life.

"No use, doctor," he said gloomily, "I have not the power now. I've tried over and over again, but as soon as I get up and have a little money, I let go, and drink gets the mastery."

"When you were at home," said the doctor, "you must have heard the old hymn, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,' did you not?"

"Oh yes, I know it well." "Do you remember how it runs?"

This is your lesson; you have tried your own strength; now try what Christ can do.

Two weeks afterward he called to say goodbye. He was going to his family. "I thank God I ever came into the Bowery Mission," were his final words.

THE SERGEANT'S TRIBUTE.

How the Officer Paid the Prince a Weak Compliment.

A very great military authority said, 'There are no bad regiments, but only bad colonels.' There is abundant proof that Napoleon's belief is shared by the rank and file of soldiers, but this fact could not be more happily illustrated than by the following story, taken from the London Illustrated News, of a quaint compliment paid to the German Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick:

After the battles of Weissenburg and Worth, which he had won, the crown prince was sauntering alone one evening past a barn occupied by a party of Wurtemberg troops.

'Oh, sit down! I'm sorry to disturb. I dare say there's room for me to do the same,' said the prince. 'Pray who was making a speech?'

All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief asked:

'And what were you talking about?' 'Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed:

'Well, of course, we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we would have made short work of those confounded Prussians!'

THE ALCHEMISTS

Failed in their Work of Changing Metals into Gold.

Diamond Dyes never Fail to make Old and Faded Things Look As Good As New.

Alchemists like Geber, Alfarabi, Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, Arterphius and others, who pretended to change all the base metals into gold, were, in their times, first class imposters and deceivers.

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A war story with a lesson is related by the Omaha World-Herald, which has it from a gentleman of that city, a Confederate captain in the Civil War.

Lincoln was urged from the beginning of the war to take Richmond, but talking of taking Richmond and taking Richmond were two different matters.

"General Scott," said Mr. Malcolm, "will you explain why it is that you were to take the City of Mexico in three months with five thousand men, and have been unable to take Richmond in six months with one hundred thousand men?"

"Yes, sir, I will, Mr. President," replied General Scott. "The men who took me into the City of Mexico are the same men who are keeping me out of Richmond now."

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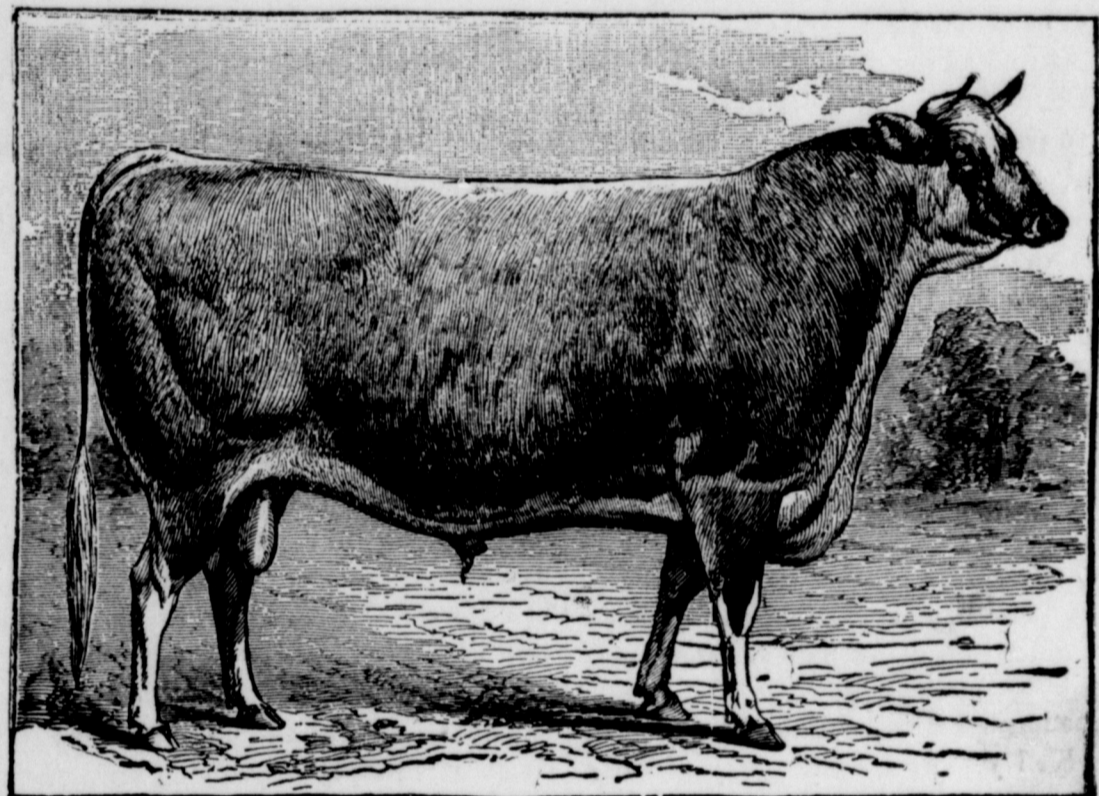
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TROUBLED BY LITTLE THINGS.

How Some Good People Magnify the Smallest Actions.

The Quaker spirit, at its best, is the spirit of truth, righteousness and all-embracing charity; but sometimes Quakers, like other people, make too much of little things, thereby becoming what they loathe, formalists. The Church Standard tells two anecdotes illustrating this tendency.

In the days when Friends were accustomed to wear cocked hats turned up at the sides, one good Friend bought a hat of this description, without noticing that it was looped up with a button. He sat one day in meeting, when he noticed some looks of curious displeasure. Taking off his hat, he saw the reason for the looks, and then rose and said, 'Friends, if religion consists in a button, I wouldn't give a button for it.' His sermon was at least understood.

A somewhat similar story is told of an influential Friend who, on his way to meeting, was caught in a drenching rain, and borrowed a neighbor's coat.

He seated himself opposite to Jacob Lindley, who was so much disturbed by the glittering buttons that his meeting did him no good. When the congregation rose to depart, he felt constrained to go up to the Friend who had so much troubled him and inquire why he had so grievously departed from the simplicity enjoined upon members of their society.

The good man looked down upon his garment, and quietly replied, 'I borrowed the coat because my own was wet; and indeed, Jacob, I did not notice what buttons were on it.' Jacob shook his hand warmly and said, 'Thou art a better Christian than I am, and I will learn of thee.'

Jacob was right. He had been paying too much attention to the 'mint, anise and cummin' of Quaker tradition. Fine Restraint. The courtesy and the fine artistic instinct of the Japanese are to be found in every detail of their private life. Not

only do they make beautiful pieces of work but they insist upon beauty of behavior. Even their funerals are controlled by this unerring instinct. A writer in the New York Ledger says that he once tried to comfort a poor Japanese woman who was crouching beside her dying husband, and controlling herself by an effort which seemed to shake her very being.

"Cry," I said. "It will do you good." She laid her slim, brown finger upon her trembling red lip, and shook her head.

"It might disturb him," she whispered. The next day came, and the man was dead. Then the wife lay prostrate under extreme grief and the strain of this long-enforced self-control. Again I said to her, 'Cry! It will do you good.'

But the soft reply came quickly: 'It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead.'

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