

CULTIVATING A KIND VOICE.

If one would have a kind voice, says the Boston Journal, one must start in youth to cultivate it, and be on the watch at all times while at work and while at play. The kind voice must speak the thought of a kind heart.

It is in play that a sharp voice is most easily acquired. Boys and girls say words in a quick harsh tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If one of them is vexed, the voice sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. It speaks worse than the heart feels. The ill-wind is louder in the tone than in the words.

In youth one may carelessly allow one's voice to grow shrill and unpleasant. Some people have a sharp home voice, and keep a company voice for use elsewhere. It is a safe rule to use one's best voice at home.—E.

THE BLOW THAT COUNTS.

In a golf on my farm says an American writer, a ledge of beautiful blue rocks crops out from the ground. One autumn I planned to get some of them out for a wall under my house, but they were so large that I could not move them. The strongest team of horses would not have been able to draw them.

So I brought a stone drill, and with a heavy hammer sunk deep holes into the rock. Into these I put steel wedges and tried to force the rock apart. It was slow work. The stone was hard and firm. Blow after blow would I strike, without making the slightest seam in the heavy rock. But by and by I thought I could notice a change in the sound of my hammer. The ring that came back in answer to my blows was not quite so clear. Then I could trace a tiny crevice each way from my wedges. The rock was surely breaking. On I worked until at last there lay before me two beautiful pieces of stone.

Which one of my blows broke the rock? When did the stone begin to come apart? Was it when I struck the last blow? No, I think you will say it was just as much the first blow as the last. Every one counted.

You cannot win a good name all at once. One act does not make a man great. Honest dealing, earnest purpose, kind and helpful deeds not for one day, but for all the time count at last. And that alone. The last blow tells for no more than the first or those between.

DO EVERYTHING WELL.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we know was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship, he could go on with his course. A well known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

'Nobody gets perfect marks in everything,' the boy objected.

'That is nothing to the point,' said the teacher. 'You are perfect in my recitations do as well in the others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with tongue or pen, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence.'

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in his class. He gained his scholarship, and more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Exchange.

STILL SELLING WELL.

In one of the big departmental stores of New York City, I once saw two stacks of Bibles, each about eight feet high, and I inquired of one of the assistants how they expected to get rid of so many. He looked up in surprise, and said—

'Perhaps you never had any experience in the book business or you would know that the Bible is the best selling book we have. We sell more copies every year than any other book in stock. Occasionally there is a run on a popular novel, then the demand will cease; but the Bible is a staple, and sells as well one year as another. We sell from

15,000 to 18,000 copies every year. At Christmas time we have a Bible department, which requires the exclusive attention of three or four men. We make up those great stacks every morning and by night both will be nearly gone. You have no idea how many Bibles are bought for Christmas presents by Sunday-school teachers and fathers and mothers.

'No, we do not sell them in large lots. We sell only one copy at a time as a rule. Our average the year round will run from 120 to 150 a day. No other book has touched the Bible as a seller.'

'I got the same story in all the other big department stores, and at the big stores they tell me that the demand for Bibles is steadily increasing. Sometimes there is a spurt which the booksellers cannot account for. At other times there will be a sudden increase in the demand, which will continue for several weeks. Then the sales will drop back into the normal amounts.—Wm. E. Curtis.

AN EVENING THOUGHT

To stand some morn, within a white white gate,
And in the strange new light confused to wait—
Earth's mist still clinging to our tired eyes,
Too new to heaven to feel its sweet surprise
While thought goes roaming back of
the pain,
To count life's little deeds and find them vain,

So poor our love, so dim the heavenly fire,
Stained with self-pity all one's best desire,
How can we meet Him, him the brave and sweet,
Whom we in heaven have served? How
at his feet,
Lay down the pretty gifts our hands have wrought?

Mayhap we have not loved at all but, sought,
Our own upgrowth! Ah if he turn away,
And owns us not, 'twere wretchedness to stay.

E'en in his heaven. Think then if sweet and clear,
A voice fall through the radiant atmosphere,
Like softest music, on the pulsing air,
'Didst thou not love me, child, thou wouldst not care.'—Mrs. Cara Waterman Bronson, in New York Observer.

TRUSTING THE WEAVER.

'God moves in a mysterious way,' says Cowper's immortal hymn. Sit down by an Old World lace-maker a few minutes. Fifty or a hundred bobbins, or spools, hang around a cushion in which there is a forest of upright pins. Every bobbin hangs by a thread that uns towards and among the pins. The onlooker sees the worker throw one bobbin over another as though she was playing with them. But how she knows which bobbin to pick up, and where to toss it, is a mystery. Out of the great complex of threads and pins comes a wonderful lace pattern, orderly regular, beautiful. So the Divine Weaver takes one and another of us, ordering us here and there, but keeping us always attached, like the lace-maker's thread, to a definite purpose. As we look back over the past, we can see the wonderful pattern and perfect work of the Weaver. Just what he is working out, for us and with us now, we cannot discern. But the lesson of the past is that the future will be good, and we can trust the Weaver of the infinite to do all things well.—S. S. Times.

THE SURGEON AND THE DYING MAN.

Stories of the late Sir William MacCormac still continue to be published. One specially illustrating the great tenderness which the famous surgeon often unconsciously displayed it as follows: He had been working for many hours among the wounded, and at last, almost exhausted, asked an attendant to bring him a glass of fresh water. Fresh water was a rarity just then, but the attendant, after some trouble, procured a small quantity in an old cup. Just as he handed it to Dr. MacCormac, the latter was attracted by the groans of a 'franc-tireur' who lay near by, horribly wounded by a piece of shell. Suddenly he walked over and put the cup to the wounded soldier's lips. 'He cannot live an hour,' protested an assistant surgeon; 'it was foolish to do that.' 'It is never foolish to help a dying man,' responded Sir William.—'Christian Herald.'



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One of the Many

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