

MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Make your home beautiful, bring to it flowers,
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give light to your loneliest hours,
Let them give joy to enliven your gloom.
If you can do so, oh, make it an Eden.
Of beauty and gladness almost divine!
'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing,
The land robed in beauty beyond this dark tomb.

Make home a hive where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revelations,
And love the bright angel with shadowy wings.
Then shall it be when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shade of the home weeping-willow,
And sing the sweet song which their mother had sung.

—Selected.

HOW TO KEEP HOME WOULD-BE MISSIONARIES.

On a warm summer afternoon, five ladies assembled in the vestry of the church at Y—, to hold their monthly missionary meeting.

They had organized a Society some years previous to the present event for the purpose of sending the Gospel to the heathen lands.

The Society had originally comprised sixteen members, each of whom was to pay one dollar per year; but some of the less zealous members had found the monthly meeting so monotonous that they had ceased to come, and they also appeared to have forgotten to pay their dues.

The minister's wife felt very encouraged to see so many in attendance to-day, for a topic of more than ordinary interest was to be discussed. A young man from a distant village had declared his willingness to labor in the foreign field, if the many small societies throughout the country could give enough money to support him in his work.

After the preliminaries of the meeting were over the ladies began to talk. Mrs. Margrave, the minister's wife, a very small, plainly dressed lady, said: "Now, we will be obliged to give all we can beside our dues this year."

"Oh, dear! I wish I could," replied Mrs. Smith, "but I have such a large family of children, and there appears to be no end of their wants."

And as she spoke, she thought of her promise to get Johnnie a velocipede for a birthday gift. She always got her children handsome birthday presents, because she would not have them to feel mean among their young companions, or that they did not possess a warm-hearted, thoughtful mother. Her mind ran on rapidly to new dresses that the girls must have before the picnic, and so many other things, that she felt bewildered and puzzled to know how she could spare even a dollar this year. So she turned to Mrs. Haley, a great listener, who sat beside her and asked: "What do you think about this extra effort?"

Now, Mrs. Haley was a curious woman in some respects. Her acquaintances knew her to be an amiable hostess, a lady who possessed the ability to entertain her guests with lively conversation, and to manage a "society" with rare success; but she was singularly silent and reserved at the prayer and missionary meetings.

When Mrs. Smith addressed her now, she looked nervous and drew out her elegant gold watch, quite regardless of the fond ticking of the clock on the opposite wall, and hesitatingly replied: "Mr. Haley gave me twenty dollars only last month, but you know I had to go to Lina's wedding, and she expected an expensive present from me, and really the money is all gone and he would be cross if I should ask him for any more so soon, and then —"

"Well, for my part," broke in Mrs. Jones, "I never expect to have a cent as long as my boys are dependent on me. They saw so many advertisements of that wonderful show, that they teased the last dollar I had from me, to go and see the animals."

Mrs. Moore was the last to speak. Her face was full of lines, and wore a troubled look, as if it were its natural expression. She said: "I have been considering and considering and I can't. You know how delicate my Mary is, and I just thought when vacation came that I would send her down to the sea-shore where other folks go when they are sick; but I don't see where the money will come from. I told Mr. Moore that he must let our denominational paper go unpaid this year."

"We will have only five dollars to send in then," placidly remarked Mrs. Haley.

"We will have nine dollars," replied the minister's wife, "for I have five myself."

"How do you manage to give so much?" inquired Mrs. Moore; "your

expenses for house-keeping must be as great as any of ours."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hargrave meekly, "but we always lay aside one-tenth of our income to give to the Lord's cause, and I always make our expenses come under what is left." And as she spoke she took the money from an old-fashioned purse and laid it down.

Her eyes were glistening as she went on to say, "Can we not make some sacrifice to raise some funds to help this young man, and thus obey the teaching of Christ?"

"I don't see what we can do," murmured Mrs. Moore.

"The Lord will provide," observed Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, Mrs. Smith, the Lord has provided the missionary; that is what we could not do; now let us 'provide' silver and gold such as we have, and so do our part," said Mrs. H.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," remarked Mrs. Jones, "and if the Lord really does want this young man to go, He does not require gifts from me."

"Dear Mrs. Jones," pleaded Mrs. Hargrave, "if each member of all the societies would just double what they will give this year, we might have enough; it would be no harm to try. And this may be the Lord's will."

"Well, I have not anything to sacrifice or spare," observed Mrs. Haley, "and as it is getting late we had better see about the bazaar and go home."

"Would it not be better to ask Mr. Hargrave to mention it Sunday morning, say we intend having a meeting to talk over the arrangements, and then a whole lot of young folk will come and quite take the responsibility off of us."

M. M.

ALPHABET OF QUOTATIONS.

FROM EMERSON.

All great actions have been simple. Be it how it will, do right now. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Seed and fruit cannot be severed.

Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.

For every friend one loses for a truth, he gains a better.

Greatness once and forever has done with opinion.

He is great who confesses the most benefits.

If we live truly, we shall see truly. Jesus says, leave father, mother, house, and lands, and follow me.

Knowledge and virtue cannot become counterfeited or stolen.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so.

Much of the wisdom of the world is not wisdom.

Never a sincere word was utterly lost.

Our powers increase with our affections.

Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole.

Respect so far the holy law of fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening.

Shrewdness in trade is not a mark of wisdom.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it out.

Under all governments the influence of character remains the same.

Very idle is all curiosity concerning other peoples' estimate of us.

What I must do is what concerns me, not what the people think.

Experienced men of the world know it is the best to pay as they go along.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.

M. L. S. V.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

President Porter, of Yale, recently gave this sound and wholesome advice to the students:

"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice. Keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and the jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the papers. Advance your business."

Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellowmen. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

CONFIDENCE AND SUCCESS.

Dr. Judson was once asked, when the cause of missions was in its infancy, if he thought the prospect for the conversion of the world looked bright. His reply was: "Yes, as bright as the promises of God can make it."

Christianity is a religion of expectancy. It does not look backward. Its standard, its ideas, its golden age are all in the future. Its watchword is always "Forward." The work of the church rises before her, grand, urgent, sublime. A gloomy church, claiming that the world is growing worse, that here sin and Satan are too strong for Christ and the Church and the Holy Spirit; a church whose hopes are languid and in whose heart springs no enthusiasm from the vision of grand success yet to come to Christ and the truth, is not calculated to win the glorious battles of the Lord and plant the standards of victory on every shore.

A Church not believing the world's conversion possible will fail to accomplish it. To win victories for Christ the heart must be hopeful. That which kept Livingstone undaunted, and bore him on through numberless perils, until he died kneeling with his hands clasped in prayer, was the thought, "Africa for Christ."—*Morning Star*.

HOW LONG WILL THIS PEOPLE PROVOKE ME?

Num. xiv. 11.

Nothing is so provoking to God as unbelief, and yet there is nothing to which we are more prone. He has spoken to us in his word; he has spoken plainly; he has repeated his promises again and again; he has confirmed them all by the blood of his own dear Son; and yet we do not believe him. Is not this provoking? What would provoke a master like a servant refusing to believe him? Or, what would provoke a father like a child refusing to believe him? The man of honor feels himself insulted if his professed friend refuses to believe his solemn protestation; and yet this is the way in which we daily treat our God. He says: "Confess, and I will pardon you." But we doubt it. He says: "Call upon me, and I will deliver you." But we doubt it. He says: "I will supply all your needs." But we doubt it. He says: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." But who has not questioned it? Let us seriously think of his own words: "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar;" and his question, "How long will this people provoke me?" Lord forgive, and preserve us from it in future.—*Rev. James Smith*.

INDOLENT CHRISTIANS.

"Professing Christians are sometimes in a drowsy state, oftener in a drowsy frame. This is sadly reproachful. What! drowsy in examining yourselves whether you be in the faith! Drowsy in praising the God of our salvation! Drowsy in seeking mercy and grace in time of need! Drowsy in serving your generation by the will of God? Are you disciples of Jesus! Did he ever speak an idle word, or lose a useful moment? 'I must work,' said He, 'the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.' The universe is awake. God is awake. Angels are awake. Glorified saints are awake. Brutes are awake. The children of this generation are awake. Devils are awake. Death is awake. Damnation is awake. Their damnation slumbereth not. 'It is high time to wake out of sleep' and to keep awake."

KINDNESS.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that was not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees on the rocks and on tops of hills, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of fuel in plain sight of these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them. The house will seem even cold in summer, and if you will live there, you will envy the dog when anybody calls him "poor fellow."

Yesterday is yours no longer; tomorrow may never be yours; but today is yours, the living present is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to things that are before.

SILLY PRIDE.

You are a stranger in Boston. I know a very large part of the people. Let us take a walk. We will go up Tremont Street. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and great numbers are out in full dress.

Do you see that gentleman in the handsome black suit, kid gloves, and gold-headed cane? That man is a barber. I don't know about his wages, but I venture to say that they are not more than twelve dollars a week. When his board is paid, he has just enough left to keep up that handsome dress.

I must not point, that you know is vulgar; but do you notice that tall lady with the rich brown silk, with the end of it dragging on the sidewalk? She is a dressmaker. And that small, quick stepping woman, with the over-trimmed dress, just behind, is a clerk in one of our dry-good stores.

Look across the street. Do you see that large, fleshy man? He is worth about two millions. His dress is not so rich, you will observe, as that of several men whom we have just passed, and some of them I know to be persons who work by the day.

Now the same foolish emulation of the rich, the same false ambition which inspires this waste of everything upon dress, this living from hand to mouth without any reserve for a rainy day, is precisely the spirit in which people go to market and compete for high priced articles. That foolish pride is the enemy which stands between many a man and a bank account.—*Dio Lewis*.

OUR WALK AND TESTIMONY.

One thing we may be well assured of, namely, that when called away from this world by death we will never regret that our walk with Jesus and testimony for Him were too earnest and constant during our Christian pilgrimage. Were we to realize this fully, the spiritual stupor that sometimes steals over us here would be more readily banished. A proper sense of the solemnity of the present life, as related to eternity, should be cherished. This would impel us to more just and discriminating judgment as to our own words and acts, and would cause us to seek above everything else to live for the divine glory alone.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room, and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly: 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said: 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid—you said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and with God's blessing I never will."

RANDOM READINGS.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto him, he being the beginning, middle and end of all things.

It is foolish to live on past experience. It is very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something we felt or did twenty years ago.

The religious sentiment will, must be expressed. Here it resembles not the fire in the flint, which is struck out by concussion, but the light of a lamp, which is itself radiant.

A young girl of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends, who surrounded her, "She has seen her best days—poor child!" "O no, doctor!" she exclaimed, "my best days are yet to come, when I see the King in his beauty."

The Bible makes known salvation by grace through faith. Salvation is the most significant, the grandest, sweetest word in human vocabulary; deliverance from guilt and condemnation before God, rescue from loathsome depravity, fiendish, warring passions; escape from all suffering, sorrow and death; a right to the place of an acceptable citizen in God's perfect kingdom; accord with the nature and character and thought and taste of eternal excellence, glory and bliss, this is salvation.

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