

Lights Teaching.

The light is ever silent.
It calls up voices over sea and earth
And fills the glowing air with harmonies,
The lark's gay chant, the note of forest-dove,
The lamb's quick bleat and the bee's earnest hum,
The sea-bird's winged wall upon the wave;
It wakes the voice of childhood soft and clear,
The city's noisy rush, the village-stir,
And the world's mighty murmur that had sunk
For a short hour to sleep upon the down
That darkness spreads for wearied limbs and eyes;
But still it sounds not, speaks not, whispers not;
Not one faint throb of its vast pulse is heard
By creature ear. How silent is the light!
Even when of old it wakened Memnon's lyer,
It breathed no music of its own, and still,
When at sweet sunrise on its golden wings
It brings the melodies of God to man,
It scatters them in silence o'er the earth.
The light is ever silent—
Most silent of all heavenly stillness,
Not even the darkness stilled, nor so still,
Too swift for sound or speech, it rushes on,
Right through the yielding skies a massive flood
Of multitudinous beams, an endless sea,
That flows, but ebbs not, breaking on the shore
Of this dark earth with never-ceasing wave,
Yet in its swiftest flow or fullest spring-tide
Giving less sound than does one falling blossom
Which the May breeze lays lightly on the sward.
Such let my life be here—
Not marked by noise, but by success alone,
Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds,
Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light,
Yet full of its all-penetrating power,
Its silent but resistless influence,
Wasting no needless sound, but ever working
Hour after hour, upon a needy world.
—Dr. H. Bonar.

How Old Major Preached A Sermon.

Deacon Hartley and his family were always faithful at the Sabbath service, and they were always in their places on time. Mr. Hartley's father had brought him up in this strict old way. "Never go late to service, James," he was wont to say. "Make it part of your religion never to disturb the religion of others." And the pastor always knew that he could rely upon deacon Hartley and his family. If the choir was a little late about getting there, Mr. Hartley would start the hymn, and the Hartley children would sing with a force that made itself felt.

Regularly every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock, old Major, the horse, would draw up to the church door, wait while the deacon would unload the heavy carryall, and afterward go unguided to the church shed built for his special use. Rain or shine, they were always there. Deacon Hartley was no dry weather Christian. Years before, when the deacon married, he and Mrs. Hartley formed the resolution never to stay home from service unless kept by the hand of God. And they had always followed the plan.

Religion in the deacon's family was a very simple thing. To be a Christian was to be like Christ. And their lives in the church were useful and happy, because they kept themselves always in the warm atmosphere of God's love.

But there came at last a Sabbath when even Deacon Hartley hesitated. At daybreak a cold east storm set in, and the rain fell in heavy gusts which sent a chill through the frame. As the day advanced the storm increased, while the deacon shivered as he viewed the weather from the kitchen window. "What about it, wife?" he said.

"We would be under the cover of the carry all, but old Major would have to breast it, and 'a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.'"

The result was that deacon Hartley's family composed themselves for a quiet Sunday at home.

"Father," said James, "old Major has broken his halter, and I can not find him anywhere."

This was about 12 o'clock, just as Mrs. Hartley was preparing the noon meal.

The deacon donned his gum coat and a search was instituted, but no Major could be found, and the dismayed family met in consultation as to what should be done.

"Here he comes," cried Harry. And sure enough old Major came trotting steadily into the yard, halted a moment at the gate, and then went on his way and entered the open stable door.

"Bless my heart," said the deacon, "if I don't believe the old veteran has been to the church in spite of everything."

And sure enough, at just five minutes before ten, as the pastor

entered the church path, grasping with both hands an umbrella, old Major passed him, paused at the door, and then went to his shed, with his head down, and the water dripping off his shaggy coat.

"Well," said the deacon, "I never had a sermon to strike home like that preached by the old Major. Hereafter, let the weather be what it may, it shall always find me promptly seated in the house of God. Wife, this is the first and last time old Major shall attend Sabbath service alone."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Your Boy.

You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him. He is a boy; and most boys are bad. You think him so light-hearted, and fear he is light-headed as well. Remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport, and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarl, and make him feel you are disappointed in him. He is your boy and you are to live with him. He bears your name, and is to send it down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame, and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It may be difficult to govern him; but be patient. He may seem averse to everything useful and good; but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in him; he has no pride, no ambition. You don't know. No one can tell what there is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smouldering fire, a latent energy, which the teacher's aid may stir, the association with books may arouse, develop and direct, and thus start your boy a-going with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That will make him strong, a giant with whom none dare to interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried hands hardened with rough labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor conquers all things. The old Roman was right. We see it in a thousand instances. Labor makes the man. No boy ever came to be a man, the noblest work of God, without labor. This is God's great law; there is a divine philosophy in it. Let your boy work; if he will not work, make him work. There is no progress, in development, no outcome, no true manhood without it. We must work.

Father, be kind to your boy. We know what a mother will do. Thank God! A mother's love, a mother's prayers follow us still; and the memory of her anxious tears shall never fade out during the succession of years.

Finally, but not least, pray for your boy. God hears prayer. Do the best you can; commit all you cannot do to God, and hope. Never despair, for no one knows what is in a boy.—*Exchange.*

For Sisters.

Some years ago, says one in *The Congregationalist*, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people; two or three pretty girls and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"Oh, dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently. "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled.

"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, saw me.

"Good-morning, Miss Williams," he said cordially; for he always had a pleasant word for us older people.

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.

"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing."

And, as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "Sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once, while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with everything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest boy hearts are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a boy soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Have patience, girls—that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smile of the Master, who grants to all who do the Father's will that we should be His "sisters"; and for the sake of the great Elder Brother who dignified with His divine touch the earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving with these sensitive, great-hearted lads who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said, "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husband or sons?"

Three Delusions.

A friend with whom I was conversing in one of our inquiry-meetings lately said to me: "I know that I ought to become a Christian; I fully intend to become one. But O! I wish it was over with!" I said, "My friend, suppose you came into a dining room very hungry, and you were invited to sit down to a loaded table, you should say, 'I feel half-starved, but I wish I was through with this business of eating this dinner.' The Lord Jesus has spread for you the amplest provisions of his grace, and says: 'Come, all things are now ready.'"

Another delusion which locks thousands in a perilous slumber is that they will yet have abundant chances to secure heaven. "I need be in no hurry; time enough yet." This is the will-o'-the-wisp which is leading multitudes on farther and deeper into the morass of impatience. Not only in this world will be chances for repentance and securing heaven, but even beyond the grave God's mercy will give them another opportunity. This delusion is in the air to a degree never known before. The mighty bell which God rings over our heads sounds out the signal "Now" is the day of salvation; but against God's imperative "Now" thousands close their ears and allow the devil to whisper into them his delusive "To-morrow."

Another delusion is, "I am trying to do the best I can," and these very words come from those who refuse to do anything for Christ or let him do anything for them. Still another pretext is "I do not feel and how can I be saved without feeling?" If by this word "feel" he means thinking, he is right, for thought is indispensable; but if he means acute distress, he is denying Christ point blank, for the Saviour never said that feeling is the essential thing. To accept and obey Christ is vital, but these are acts of the conscience and the will, and not matters of emotion.

Dr. T. L. CUYLER.

Choosing A Husband.

In a little book of sermons, by Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., called "The Marriage Altar," we find the following pertinent advice as to the choice of a husband:

Don't be afraid to marry a poor man; but be sure that he has something beside poverty to commend him. Be sure that he has two strong hands, not only skilful, but ready for hard work. Be sure that he has an occupation, or a position, which may reasonably be depended on to yield a good comfortable living. Be sure that he is industrious, and not self-indulgent; be sure that he is steady, working six days in the week, and about fifty-two weeks in the year. A good, true, faithful young woman, ought to have no "Yes," for answer to a proposal of marriage from a lazy man, or a man who has no fixed occupation, or a man who has lived half his life off the hard earnings of his mother or sister, going about the streets meanwhile, with his cane and his cigarette and his fine clothes, playing the

splendid gentleman. The girl who will marry such a creature, is one of the silliest beings on the earth. He will never be any comfort to her. He will only drag her down to wretched poverty, and into helpless, hopeless dependence, in which she can no longer help herself. Let no self-respecting young woman ever put her head in such a halter as that for the sake of having a husband. If she does, the time will come when she will wish she had no husband.

A Happy Home.

Many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunshine. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault finding going on, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

Keep the children's sympathies, for by so doing, half the danger of their going astray is averted. No one is so sensitive over a slight as a child; and if her sorrows are made light of at home, she will be more than likely to turn to others to find sympathy, and will often find it in society she would otherwise shun. No sympathy is so dear as a mother's and a child who has always been encouraged to tell all her troubles to her mother, knows that she will find a patient and loving hearer and counselor, and will not be apt in her youth—the time when she most needs counsel and advice—to do anything she cannot tell her mother all about. The grown up woman, with a family of her own, counts as one of her sweetest blessings, the tender affections of her own mother.

Mothers are apt, to as the family increases, unintentionally omit many of the little sympathies and tokens of love which had hitherto been lavished on the older children, but are now transferred to the new arrival. Or, perhaps, as the cares of the family grow heavier, the mother has so many calls upon her time, that she cannot stop for the fondling that once was her pleasure. But surely there is time every day for some word of love or sympathy; and this one little word spoken in the morning, oft times cheers and helps the recipient all through the day. The idea, too, that the children, as they grow older and are more away from home, do not care for these attentions, is wholly at fault, for no true child ever grows too old for love and sympathy.

Punctuality.

When eight Quaker ladies had an appointment and seven were punctual, and the eighth, being a quarter of an hour too late, began apologizing for keeping the others waiting, the reply from one of them was: "I am sorry friend, that thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but thee had no right to waste one hour and three-quarters more of our time, which was not thine own." And of Washington it is said, that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was late and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was, "You will have to get another watch, or I another secretary." Napoleon used to say to his marshals, "You may ask anything of me but time." And of John Quincy Adams it is said, that in his long service in Congress he was never known to be late, and one day when the clock struck and a member said to the Speaker, "It is time to call the House to order," the reply was, "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet." And while they were yet speaking, Mr. Adams came in, he being punctual, while the clock was three minutes fast.

The Power Of A Tract.

The force of conscience, even the heathen, as also the value of Christian tracts, is well illustrated in the following incident. A young Hindu of some education fell into bad habits, and in his extremity stole three dollars from his aunt. Passing on his way, he found in his path the "Heart Book," a small treatise translated and printed in his own language. On reading it, his attention was arrested, and his conscience aroused. He went home, confessed his theft, and restored the money. For six months he read and reread the graphic description of his own heart-workings in the little book. His conscience, so seared and dead before, now gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village who had a larger book, which they called "God's Word." He went borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the "Heart Book." He was converted, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptized. His family persecuted him, cast him out, and performed his funeral rites; but he lives, an earnest, happy Christian.—*Missionary Review.*

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