

Petition.
BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

Father, perfect thy work, I am the clay thou art
The sculptor wise.
Mould me by any plan to something better meet
For thy pure eyes.

Father, hold thou my hands, impatient, eager hands,
Too ready far:
Try to aid thee in this master work of thine
Only to mar.

Father, keep thou my heart, impulsive, restless, rash,
Its passion still.
Make vain ambition, selfish thought, or longing wild
Bend to thy will.

Father, teach thou my mind, still wayward, wilful, blind,
And slow to learn;
Amid its darkness, let the strong light of thy truth
More clearly burn.

—Chris. Register.

By Their Faults Ye Shall Know Them.

Dr. Allen's story of the colored preacher who exhorted his hearers with great earnestness upon the subject of "Spurious days shall come," is familiar to us all. He only blundered in one word, and blundered upon a truth. How often we come across some blunders in our truth. A few days ago during family prayer a child had to read Matthew 7:20, and he read it, "By their faults ye shall know them." Did he not blunder upon an unhappy truth? Do we not too often know each other by the characteristic faults rather than by the equally characteristic virtues?

Oliver Cromwell said to the portrait painter, "Paint me as I am, warts and all." But even Oliver Cromwell would hardly wish to be known as the man with the warts. Any one who knew the sturdy honesty and indomitable courage of the great Protector could easily pass by the warts as of no consequence in the make-up of the man. They were blemishes, but they were not the predominant characteristics.

Neighbor A. is a good husband, father, and citizen, and better than all because including all, a good Christian; but he has one fault—in prayer-meeting he makes very long prayers. A stranger comes along, and in the course of conversation asks you what kind of a man Neighbor A. is. Not only Christian charity but common honesty would require that we should say all the good we can so easily say and withhold the one fault which perhaps annoys us. Yet how many would forget the excellencies of character and simply remember the one weakness which is so apparent. Evidently they read this verse like the little boy, "By their faults ye shall know them."

There is a partial eclipse of the sun. You say to a little child, "Is that the sun?" He says, "Yes." "But how do you know that it is?" "I know it by the dark mark upon it." In reality the brightness and glory were the fruits to be recognized, the partial eclipse was exceptional. But that child knew it by its faults.

There is a church which is doing more than any church in the land to bring sinners to Christ. In this work it has inexcusably neglected benevolent gifts to the boards of the church. How shall we describe that church? Shall it be the church that gives nothing to benevolence? That would be to know it by its faults. Surely that is not Christian or even honest.—William Bryant in *The Presbyterian*.

Picking Up.

One of the time-consuming cares of every house-keeper may be described under the general head of picking up. She picks up after her husband, after her girls, after the babies in the nursery. The latter strew the nursery floor with their blocks, toys, and picture books; about one baby in a hundred being taught to put its little properties away when done with them, while the other ninety-nine are diligently instructed at an early age in the art of being waited upon by their elders. Girls come in from their pleasant excursions here and there, flushed, dimpled, sweet as the rose that laughs in the hedge; but sweet as they look, they are thoughtless beyond belief in the matter of making work for their mothers. A parasol on the piano, a pair of gloves on the music-rack, a hat on the top of a cabinet, a wrap thrown carelessly on the back of an easy chair, and the young women drift languidly into the dining-room, quite oblivious that it will take mamma or the maid a good quarter of an hour to "tidy" the apartment which they have set awry. Doubtless their intention is to carry their things to the proper places themselves after a period of rest, but she who procrastinates in such an affair is lost. In putting one's out-door clothing one's letters, one's books, it is the first moment of decision which counts, the primary indecision which is fatal. What

the young person lazily or thoughtlessly imposes on somebody who is older, and by reason of her added years less able to bear the strain, may be just the traditional straw, beyond which strength and vigor will endure no more.

For the good man of the house we have always the most elastic toleration, yet we think that too often he binds a burden on the shoulders of his wife which frets her unwarrantably, though she makes no sign of complaint. "My husband's progress through the house," said a matron recently, "is marked by a litter of hats, coats, slippers, newspapers, pamphlets, books, boots, corkscrews, inkstands, reports, collars, handkerchiefs," etc. He is forever saying, "Dear, do you remember where you put such or such a thing of mine?" and wondering why his wife has so inconvenient a habit of clearing things up.

It needs only a glance to show that if every body were of one mind about putting articles at once where they belong, picking up would be reduced to a minimum, and one labor of the house-wife greatly simplified.—Margaret E. Sangster, in *The Home-Maker*.

A Boy's Influence.

T—was an only child, and had been reared in a Christian home. He had early accepted Christ, and had entered the church. When he was about sixteen or seventeen, he went away from home to enter college. At the boarding-house where he was to stay, there were several other young men, most of whom were older than himself. Only two of these were Christians. As the company gathered about the tea-table, on the first day of the term, the landlady said:

"Mr. T—, will you return thanks?"

T—blushed. He was a timid boy, and he was conscious that every eye was upon him. But he bent his head, and tremblingly returned thanks to God.

That night he could not sleep. "I'm in for it!" he said to himself. "I'll be called on every meal this term, and blush and stammer as I did to-night. I'm almost sure that brainy H— was disgusted. And yet, it surely wouldn't be the manly thing to refuse. A Christian who won't stand by his colors isn't half a Christian. No, if she keeps on asking me, I'll do it every time."

The landlady *did* keep on asking, and at length T—overcame his embarrassment, and performed the service with no thought of those who sat by. About the middle of the term, to his utter surprise, H—, who had been regarded as either careless or skeptical, confessed Christ and was baptized.

"Do you want to know what set me thinking seriously upon the subject of religion?" asked H— of T—. "I'll tell you. The first night you were here, you were called on to give thanks. I could see that it was an awfully hard thing for you to do, and that it cost you a struggle. I said to myself that the religion that would give a shy little fellow like you pluck enough for a thing of that kind was worth having. I've been watching you ever since, T—, and even when you didn't know it at all, you've been influencing me. Under God, I owe my conversion to you."

This little incident is a true one, and its sequel is worth telling. H— is now an earnest preacher of the gospel. T— is a wealthy business man, who gives his thousands to the cause of Christ. And those who have heard this story of his boyhood can understand why he is so careful, in every seeming unimportant act of his life, to honor his divine Master. "For," as he himself says, "at such times as we think not, we may be influencing a soul for or against Christ."

Mothers Ponder.

It is generally without thought, seldom with intention to inflict pain, that children's misdeeds are kept fresh in their memories when they might be forgotten. But that it is sometimes done, even by parents, no careful observer can doubt. It is none the less real that the harm thereby done to the child is unrelieved.

A hard selfishness is engendered in some natures by this mistake, an unhealthy tendency to brood over their own failures, and a sense of discouragement as to their future, comes to others.

Forgiveness which does not forget, nor allow the offender to forget, is of small value. It brings no peace. It will be prized lightly, and slowly sought, by any keen-witted child. "Let bygones be bygones" is a maxim won from the wisdom of the ages. What need to probe a well-healed wound? If the discipline which follows a child's offense is wise, and his own repentance is sincere, the lesson has entered into his life. That is enough. He has taken a step forward, but it was by a rough, hard road. Let him forget the path as far as he can.

Do not keep vivid before his mind the thought that he has been naughty, and therefore can be again. He will soon begin to think that he is rather expected to be so, and he will be prompt to fulfil the expectation. Your child will find out soon enough that he is one of a race of "poor miserable sinners," without your taking care to emblazon the fact upon the walls of his inner consciousness. Make him feel that rectitude is expected to be the rule of his life; that lapses from it are not to be tolerated, only as the exceptions which shall prove to him the beneficence of the rule. Their lessons learned, they are to be cast behind his back—and yours.—*South-ern Advocate*.

Immediate Results.

We are not to measure power by results. Our work often seems to depend upon our success. "If we are unsuccessful, we are discouraged. We often hear it said that if we were only filled with the Holy Ghost, men and women would be converted. You remember that Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost, and he preached his sermon on the day of Pentecost, and secured 3,000 souls. Men say, if we were only filled with the Holy Ghost people would run and cry, 'What shall we do?' But Stephen was filled with the Holy Ghost just as really as Peter, and all he got was 3,000 stones! One man got 3,000 souls and another 3,000 stones. But Stephen did not live to see what he got. He got the stones, but soon after he got Saul of Tarsus who really found the beginning of his Christian life in those words of Stephen, which cut him to the heart, and which sent him thoughtful and troubled down to Damascus; so out of Stephen came Paul, or, in another sense, we may say that out of the grave of Stephen rose the Apostle Paul. Let us not be discouraged or over-much encouraged by the immediate results of our work.—G. F. *Pentecost*.

A Wise Mother.

A good New Jersey mother thus prepared her daughters to enter upon the duties of married life as housekeepers. This mother, a widow, was in good circumstances, continuing a prosperous business her husband had left her, and had four daughters, to all of whom she gave the best education the city she lived in afforded. As it was the seat of a college the schools were unusually good, and so was the society of the place. When the eldest daughter was graduated from school her mother took her into the kitchen and initiated her into all the arts and mysteries of that department, and from that to up stairs work, to the providing the supplies—in short to every thing pertaining to house-keeping, even to presiding at the table. After she was thoroughly instructed in all this, and perfectly competent to do it, she and her mother took turns in having the entire charge of the house, a week about. When the other girls were graduated they went in turn through the same course of instruction, and when they married housekeeping was no bugbear to them!

A Sharp Thrust.

Some men who pass for very respectable citizens, and who really are not without good qualities, have a habit not only of finding fault with their wives at every least provocation, but of doing it in terms such as no gentleman would ever think of applying to any lady except his own wife, or possibly his own sister.

There is a story that such a man came home from the shop one night, and found his wife much excited over the outrageous behaviour of a tramp. He had begged for something to eat, and not liking what the woman gave him, had abused her in the roughest terms.

"Johnny," said the man, thoroughly indignant, "when you heard that cowardly rascal abusing your mother, why didn't you run at once to the store and let me know? I would have made short work of him. Didn't you hear?"

"Yes, pa, I heard. I was out in the barn and heard what he said about the victuals; but—"

"But what?"

"Why, pa, I thought it was you scolding mother. He used the very same words you do when the dinner doesn't suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare talk to mother in that way."—*Selected*.

CHRIST declares his yoke is "easy." Many professors make it so. On them it exercises no restraint, and calls for no self-denial. One wedded to the world and self-gratification finds Christ's service easy, but only because he falls under this rebuke, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" In the best sense Christ's yoke is easy, but it is only so to those who have a willing mind to bear it, and who have his grace to sustain them in service.

THANK YOU.—Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said: Thank you, and passed on.

Cracky! d'ye hear that? said the boy to a companion standing near. No: what?

Why, that lady in sealskin said thank ye to the likes o' me.

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to him, It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that.

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her: What a comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade.

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said: Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness.

She looked at him in amazement, while he related the little, forgotten incident, and told her that that simple Thank you awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honored clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.—*Exchange*.

SCOLDING.—Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning in it. It is often the result of nervousness—an irritable condition of both mind and body. One is tired, or annoyed at some trivial circumstances, and forthwith he begins to find fault with everybody within his reach.

Scolding is a habit very readily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasonable habit. Persons get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about, and if they found nothing else to scold about would fall a scolding at the mere absence of something to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, the jargon of caterwaulings or the squeaking of a hand organ under one's window, is scarcely less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to effect all the members. If one of them begins the habit of always finding fault about something, or nothing, the others are likely soon to take it up, and very unnecessary bedlam is inaugurated.

Opportunity.

Henry Ward Beecher was once called upon unexpectedly to attend, at the wretched place where he died, the funeral of a man who had long been a drunkard. The man had no family, but a large number of his associates, beer-eyed and hard-faced men, had assembled to show their regard for him.

The preacher did not shrink from the cross of addressing them personally, and, with the terrible example of the dead man before their eyes, warning them that their own future might be as gloomy as his. The men wept like children, and two of them were afterwards absolutely temperate.

"I never felt," said Mr. Beecher after, "and I never felt God's helping hand as I did when I addressed a score of drunkards, at a drunkards' funeral."

Abiding With Jesus.

Mr. Campbell, speaking at the Glasgow Christian Institute, said, "A little child knocked at the door of his father's room, and when he opened it and asked the boy, 'What do you want?' the answer immediately came, 'Oh, nothing; only to sit beside you father.' The father admitted him, and placed him tenderly in a chair by the side of his table where the child played, and felt perfectly happy, because he was in the presence of his beloved father. Similarly, it is good for Christians, though they may have no special petition to ask from the Lord, to come to his presence and abide there, simply basking in the sunshine of his sweet smile."

PERHAPS the best of our wisdom is gained through the bitterest of our experiences. The corn gathers nourishment from decaying vegetation; the Captain of our Salvation "was made perfect through suffering." Our losses, our disappointments, our mistakes, when squarely confronted and honestly dealt with have become the means of chastening our spirits, enlarging our charity, sweetening our mercies, and increasing our usefulness among men, and our treasures among angels.

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1878.	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880.	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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