

Maximus.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

—Adelaide Proctor.

Good Days.

"Everything goes wrong on some days," said Alpha, with a wistful look in her brown eyes and a very plaintive tone in her voice.

"Why, dear, how is that?" asked Aunt Sarah smiling on the troubled young face. "This has seemed to me such a sweet, fair day. All the morning a little wren that is building in the arbour has been warbling the gayest song, and there has just been breeze enough to stir the tall, white lilies and send their perfume abroad; and whenever I glanced over to your yard everything there looked fresh and peaceful. So why should my dear Alpha find 'things going wrong'?"

"Oh, outside things are well enough and we haven't got measles or whooping-cough at our house, as some people have, but I am all wrong, some way. I got up in the very best humour and had planned to do a great deal to-day. Edith Moore had written me, asking me to do some shopping for her and Katie Shields was to go with me and we would lunch down town and have a fine morning. But mother had a headache, and I had to look after breakfast; Ellen got into one of her tempers, the boys got up late, father was worried, and the children were as trying as possible. I know I've been cross, but I think I had some excuse, for I was not able the entire day to do one thing I wanted to do. And just now I determined to run over and pour out my woes to you.

Aunt Sarah smiled a little amusedly, a little sadly, as she thought how the days would come when these brier-pricks of annoyance would seem so very small to Alpha, but aloud she said:

"May I ask you, dearie, what was the very first thing you said this morning?"

"The very first thing?" answered Alpha. "Why, I really am afraid that when father called me and said mother was sick, I said 'Bother!' Not very respectful nor sympathetic, but I could not help it. Then I went down and told Ellen to hurry up, but she didn't."

"And the next?"

"I called the boys and told them they need not expect any warm breakfast, for I was not going to wait all day for them. I know what you mean, Aunt Sarah; you think some—maybe all—of my bad day has been owing to myself; but I don't see how."

Aunt Sarah only smiled, and then said quietly:

"Would you like a recipe for 'good days,' Alpha dear—one that has been fully tried and is never-failing?"

Alpha smiled in return.

"I would indeed. But I know where you will find your recipe," and she reached for Aunt Sarah's old brown Bible on the stand, where it was always at hand.

Aunt Sarah read:

"For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. You see, dear how much lies in the power of that little member, the tongue. In only a few words—perhaps in but one—may be the making or marring of a whole day's good and pleasure."

"Then you call quick, impatient words evil?" queried Alpha.

"There are degrees of evil, certainly, my child. Impatient speech can not be as wicked as untruth or profanity, but can you not trace the spoiling of this one day to your hastily-uttered impatient words?"

"Yes," said Alpha, contritely.

"Oh, Aunt Sarah, I suppose I must pray all my life, every day of it. 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.'"

"Most of us have great need of that prayer, my child, not only every day, but nearly every hour. And, devoutly asking for that heavenly watch and keeper, in His name who never offended in speech, but endured the contradiction of sinners, we shall be enabled to fill our lives with good days."

Why the Home was Pleasant.

What a pleasant home? Visitors invariably spoke of a certain household this way. In what consisted the pleasantness? Was the house handsome and costly? No. It was a little one story dwelling. The furniture was of the simplest. Perfect neatness was the only aestheticism displayed. The sun shone in upon rag carpets and pine tables. But it shone in. That was one element in the pleasantness. But the spirit that governed the home was its main source of happiness.

"We aren't always picking and picking at each other," said the plain-spoken eldest daughter. "Mother won't allow it. She says we shall treat each other as kindly and considerately as we would treat a visitor." A very simple, natural regulation, one would say. Afterwards, in speaking to the mother on this subject, she said:

"That was my rule for the children from babyhood. I insisted that they should be polite to each other." To insure such a state of things a mother must first be polite to her children. That, means of course, she must not storm at them or sneer at them, or punish them when she is angry and let their faults go unnoticed when she is good natured.

The mother in question tried to treat her children with justice, which is one of the roots of politeness. Justice was exacted all around. Room was made for individuality.

One could display toes without having them stepped upon. The merest trifles often destroy home happiness. Disputes are kept up day after day about the most unimportant subjects. The stronger and coarser nature is allowed to play the tyrant. Rudeness that would not be tolerated for a moment in ordinary good society is rampant in the home. Ill-nature is vented upon one's nearest and dearest; boorishness is permitted; selfishness allowed to go unchecked. It is as necessary to work the home as to work the garden. If the same care were taken in the one as in the other, we should soon see the good effects.

We all know what happens when weeds are allowed to go to seed.

They multiply with far greater rapidity than the useful and beautiful things. It is exactly so in the home. The evil crop grows fast.

Children's hearts are soft. Lessons of forbearance and justice and politeness take quick root. On the other hand they soon get habits that are inimical to pleasant home life.

To live with others pleasantly and happily is an art. But each member of the group must practise the art of life wise there are martyrs and tyrants in the same home, and joy and love are driven out. In the successful home I have referred to the coarser natures were taught to know their value and their limitation.

The bass drums, to use a musical simile, were not despised because they were not violins; neither were they allowed to drown the finer music with their incessant noise.

In many a family circle the finer, purer elements are put down by the coarser and stronger. In the long run the tyrant suffers most, for he needs just what the oppressed one could give him. The fine nature waits in mute patience till he can escape to a place of liberty and appreciation. The perfect music might have been realized in the home if each had taken his proper place. Instead, there is discord and consequent unhappiness.

For a happy home great talents are not needed. Even beauty can be dispensed with, and money to a great degree. But the same self restraint, consideration, kindness and politeness that we yield to outsiders are imperatively necessary there.—Sel.

Why Do You Not Find Peace?

It may be you are making some reservation, and you do not find peace with God. There is some little thing you are not willing to give up, or some duty you are not willing to perform, and thus you raise an issue with God. You will not go to a prayer meeting in a certain place, or to an inquiry meeting, or to your pastor. There is some wrong you have done which you will not redress or acknowledge. You may be conscious what this thing is, and so have a direct known issue with God; or, you may not be conscious what it is.

I once knew an estimable lady, who attended the inquiry meeting night after night, and professed willingness to give up all for Christ, yet she made no progress. She remained so long in this critical and perilous position that her pastor became alarmed for her and went to see her at her home, where he could inquire more particularly about her, but he could learn nothing. After earnest prayer, he started to leave, and laid his hand on the door-knob, when she asked him, "Mr. S., can any one become a Christian while she cherishes hard feelings toward another?"

The mystery was solved. "No, my dear woman," said he, "she cannot. If you do not forgive your fellow-servant five hundred pence, how can you expect God to forgive you ten thousand talents?"

That night she came to the inquiry meeting with a shining face. She had held a grudge laid up in her heart against a neighbor. They had not spoken together for years. As soon as her pastor left her, she took her bonnet and went over, confessed her fault and sought reconciliation; the two buried it all, and Jesus came down at once and entered into her heart.

In another place, I heard a man who had been a town officer, out in his barn, pleading earnestly with God for pardon. I went in and said to his wife, "I think your husband will soon be rejoicing; I hear him praying in his barn."

"Oh," said she, "he has been doing that for six weeks. I have often heard him wrestling with God out there."

At the meeting that night I took up this matter of forgiveness and confession. The next day I overtook him in the road with his team. With a radiant face he said to me: "I have taken up a great cross to-day, and have got a great blessing. I had trouble with one of the Town Board and I went over three miles this morning to see him—confessed my fault and forgave him, and now Jesus has forgiven me. I almost wish there was somebody else against whom I had hard feelings, that I might get another blessing."

There is a world of meaning in these words of Jesus, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." These selfish, proud, jealous hearts, perhaps, more frequently bar out the Saviour by an unforgiving spirit than by any other evil. Any un-Christian temper, or shrinking from any cross, will keep the soul in darkness and bondage.—From "Counsels to Inquirers" (A. T. Society).

A Man.

"Don't you want to hire a man?" So said a seamy-looking specimen of the genus homo, species tramp, the other day. I was worrying about my farm work. The rains had hindered us, and the weeds were choking our crops. I did want a man, but I didn't want him.

His face was bloated, his breath redolent of bad tobacco and worse whisky. There was no frank look of honesty in his eyes. They seemed to be windows behind which evil spirits stood watching for chances to do their demon work. I did not want such an incarnation of lust and passion. I answered his question with an emphatic "No," and he went on.

And as he went I thought: He called himself a man. But what is a man? A creature whom God created in his own image. Whom he made a little lower than the angels. Whom he crowned with glory and honor, and set over the work of his hands. A man—why, Christ, the Lord of life and glory, was "found in fashion as a man." And he promises to all men who will that they may be like him, that they may be glorified with him and reign with him forever and ever. There is nothing in the universe save God himself that is nobler than man. If he is true to himself, and tries to secure all the possibilities of his being, he will shine in the firmament when the sun has fallen from his sphere.

One of our railroads advertised the other day for "one thousand men." They were wanted to grade a hundred miles for a track. Did they want brains? Did they want creatures a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor? No; they wanted animals with hands. They wanted machines to pick and shovel. They would have bought or hired a thousand horses if horses could have done manual labor. They would have preferred pickers and shovellers of wood and iron if they could have obtained them; for such laborers could not strike. The great corporation never thought of the thousand souls that thronged in the bodies of these laborers. To them a man was but a kind of biped beast, to be worked and fed—to die, and be buried.

Still thinking, I went into house, and opened my Bible to I Cor. xv. 47. There I read about two men—two models of humanity—"The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." Adam was made out of the earth, and from him we all inherit our carnal natures. But Adam sinned and fell, and then he lost the divine treasure that had been put into the earthen vessel. He ceased to be a man in the highest meaning of that word. And as his descendants went down in moral degradation, we have this law of progression written by an inspired apostle: "Earthly, sensual, devilish." That is the history of humanity until grace intervenes. He not only sinks to the level of the brutes, but below them to that of the demons. But to fallen man comes the second man. By trusting in

him who is "a quickening spirit," we may have the treasure restored—the chains of satanic slavery stricken off, and the crown of true freedom placed upon our heads. Then the image of the earthy is replaced by the image of the heavenly—then man returns to his birth-right, and becomes a child of God. Our only hope for humanity is in the gospel of Christ. All the plans and theories and efforts for developing true manhood, and thus ameliorating the condition of the race, which ignore the work of the Divine Spirit, are delusive. Oh, let us pray for men—true, living men—men who shall appreciate the two great and inseparable facts that God is our Father and that we all are brethren.—Seneca Smith in Journal.

What to Teach Young Women.

A mother writes to me: "What shall I teach my daughters?"

This one important and tremendous fact, my sister: That there is no happiness in this world for an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. It is inhuman and cruel for any father or mother who pass their daughters into womanhood to have given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Staël said: "It is not these writings I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood." We should teach our daughters that work of any kind, when necessary, is a credit and honor to them. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the mother and father toil their lives away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep the house, make beds, or trim hats, as it is to twist a watch-chain or embroider a slipper.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Afraid To Die.

Almost the only printed matter found in the far North when the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition were discovered in the icy region was a leaf from Todd's *Student's Manual*, with this dialogue on it:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No."

"Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'"

The poor victim perhaps treasured the page, and read and re-read it, and gazed on it until the mists of death crept over him. He was not found, but the page told those who were searching how one, at least, of those brave seamen died.

CHOOSING A HOME.—In choosing a home, consider your companions as well as the prospect of worldly prosperity. Your children may be corrupted while you are making money. Don't go too far away from where the true God is worshipped in spirit and in truth. If you do, you may sacrifice spiritual riches for worldly wealth; you and your families may lose your souls in the effort to gain the world. Let did not make much in the end. Neither did Naomi. We cannot always see the sad ending from the promising beginning.

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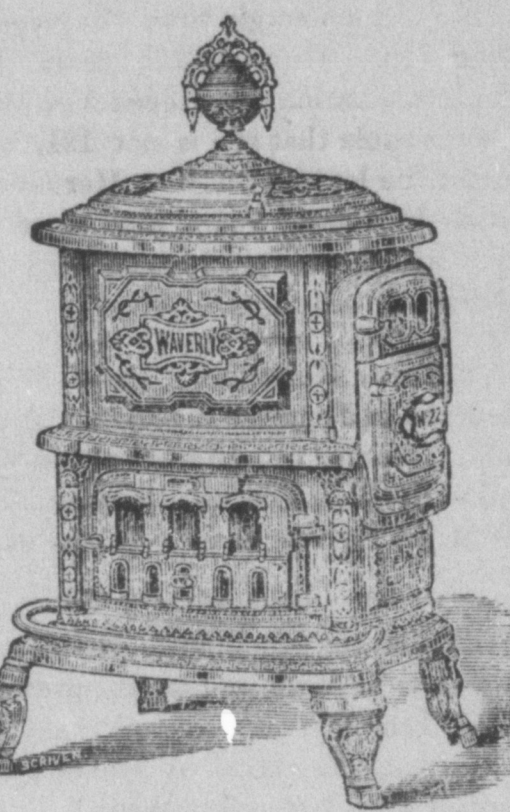
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