

"HIM."

[A much and long afflicted child of God, whose memory had been greatly impaired by disease, speaking of her inability to call to mind a whole verse of Scripture, expressed, at the same time, unfeigned thankfulness for the comfort and stay of soul she experienced in meditating upon that one word "Him."]

Of Him what wondrous things are told:
In Him what glories I behold!
For Him I'd gladly all things leave;
To Him my soul forever cleave;
In Him my treasures all contained;
By Him my needy soul sustained;
From Him I all things now receive;
Through Him my soul shall ever live.
With Him I daily love to walk;
Of Him my soul delights to talk;
On Him I'd cast my every care;
Like Him I one day shall appear.
Bless Him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way;
Give Him thine undivided heart;
With Him O never, never part.
Take Him for strength and rightness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress;
Love Him above all earthly joys,
And Him in everything employ.
Praise Him in cheerful, joyful songs,
To Him unceasing praise belongs;
'Tis He who does thy home prepare,
With Him thou'lt be forever there.

Sparks From My Anvil.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Religion is of no value to a merchant, unless it keeps him from putting false labels on his goods; or to the plasterer, unless it keeps him from putting up a c-iling which he knows will crack in six months; or to the farmer, unless it keeps him from putting the only sound p-pins on the top of the barrel.

How easy it is for us to be good-natured when everything pleases; or to be humble when there is nothing to flatter; or for giving when we have not been assailed; or honest when we have no inducement to fraud.

I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for painting, and sculpture, and music, and glorious sunsets, and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or get a picture, or to buy one's way into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens.

While you are saving strangers you may save some of your kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm, and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, "Mann the life-boat." But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him and brought back the shipwrecked people. All except one. By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Mann the life-boat," shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, and I don't know what has happened to him, poor Will, and I cannot let you go also, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was, "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days." The life-boat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea, they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. As they came within speaking distance, Harry, just before he fainted from over-exertion, cried out: "We have saved him and tell mother it was brother Will." Yes, let us start out to save some one for time and eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.

If there is a well man in the wards of a hospital where there are a hundred people sick with ship-fever he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with a moral distemper, if shut up with iniquitous companions. In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of liberation turned them out upon society, beasts, not men. We may, in our place of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men; but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a court-

ship with a Delilah, whose shears clip off the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man, who, after one year, has willingly consorted with the wicked. I care not how strong your character may be. Associate with gamblers, you will become a gambler. Associate with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean.

A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My, what lots of children! And some people have a contempt of children. They are good for nothing but to w-ar-out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying. Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from the mother's estimate who lost her child last summer. I am glad that there are those who know something of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? To what destinies will that never-dying soul betake itself? Come, all ye chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, the cycles on cycles, the eternities on eternities, of its lifetime; for if you save the child you save the man or you save the woman. Get the first twenty years of that boy or girl all right and you have made manhood or womanhood all right, and their entire earthly and eternal career all right.—N. Y. Observer.

DRUDGERY

Effie was doomed, or so it seemed to a life of drudgery. What else than drudgery was it to wash the dishes for ten in family three times a day, to sweep and dust the same rooms every day, to do the errands, to answer calls made on her by all the older ones and all the younger ones as well? Surely when she got to school, away from all the tiresome home duties, she would be happy and content.

She was placed in a boarding-school, and for a time she was happy and content. There were no meals to get or clear away, only her room to see to. But pretty soon the examples in arithmetic got very hard, and she couldn't "get" them all; the declensions and conjugations in her Latin grammar, how long it took to learn the tiresome things, and often she missed them; the parsing in English grammar perplexed her, and she found the hill of knowledge very steep climbing. The school-bell rang just when she was ready to have a "little good time," the table fare grew monotonous; not all her school-mates were agreeable to her, and poor Effie felt that the old doom of drudgery was on her still. But by and by she would be through the arithmetic and in algebra, through the Latin grammar and in Caesar, through parsing and in "composition." In fact, it troubled her more to find the value of x than to work in figures; it was harder to guess what Caesar meant than to learn conjugations and rules; and, what was the hardest task of all, to write on a given subject when she didn't know anything about it and hadn't a word to say. So the old discontented look that had been on her face at home was on her face at school, and she had changed her skies only, herself remaining the same.

When she had finished school and had become a young lady, then, certainly, she would be happy. Then her mother's health failed, and Effie had to take charge of the household. This wasn't harder for Effie than it was for those who had to live with her, for now everything was drudgery, and the spirit of drudgery prevailed the entire house. This last calamity, her mother's ill-health, was really Effie's opportunity if she had only known it. She might have learned how to administer domestic affairs so as to be ready to take charge of a home of her own. She might have made the lives of her younger brothers and sisters a joy to them rather than a burden. She might have caused her mother's heart to be glad and her father's to rejoice in her. But the old habit of considering everything she didn't feel like doing to be drudgery was too strong to be broken.

When her mother's health was restored in part, Effie went to learn the dress-maker's trade, and she was sure that when she could make dresses nicely, her own and other people's, she would be happy and independent and content. She was for a time; then she found some

customers very hard to please, she had to be diligent to meet her engagements, she got tired of sitting so steadily at the needle, the work was monotonous and wearing; in fact, it was drudgery. What task imposed on mortals may not be turned into drudgery? What task may not, by a cheerful, obedient, submissive soul, be made delightful? What task may not be made a stepping stone to something higher and ever higher?

It takes some people all their lives to learn that the happiest place is here, and the happiest time is now, and some never learn the lesson.—Advocate.

Good Mothers.

In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother. St. Bernard had a good mother. Samuel Budgett a good mother. Doddridge a good mother. Walter Scott a good mother. Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who were blessed with Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Do you not see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the great Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one in a sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill with tears while you say to yourself, "that was my mother." The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man in his dying dream, calls, "Mother, mother." It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in an affluent home, and dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by a broad fireplace, with great back log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed or recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of life, if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there anyone who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home, and she could not greet us, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read and kneel in the same place, where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year.—T. De Witt Talmage.

Children's Companionships.

The mother of a grown up son may grieve in vain because her boy's companions are those whom she can not approve. She can not help it, she says. Her boy has gone beyond her control. But was there never a time when she could have helped it? Was there never a time, when her child was young and easily directed, that she could have helped to choose his friends? Says the editor of the Sunday-school Times:

It is a parent's duty to know who are his child's companions, and to know the character, and course of conduct, and influence upon his child, of every one of those companions separately. Here is where a parent's chief work is called for in the matter of guiding and controlling his child's companionships. A parent must have his child's sympathy, in order to gain this knowledge; and a parent must give his sympathy to his child, in order to be able to use this knowledge wisely. It may be necessary to keep an open house for these companions, and an open heart and hand to them personally, as it surely is necessary to keep an open ear to the child's confidences concerning their sayings and doings, if the parent would know all about them that he needs to know. There are parents who do all this for and with their children, as an effective means of guiding those children in their companionships. It is a pity that there are not more who are willing to do it, in view of all that it may be a means of accomplishing for children.

Knowing his child's companionships, a parent ought to encourage such of them as are worthiest, and discourage such as he can not approve. He ought to help his child to see the advantages of the one class and the disadvantages of the

other, and to regulate his social intimacies according to the standards thus set before him. It will not do for a parent to allow matters in this line to take their own course, and to accept all companionships for his child just as they may come to him. He must feel responsible for his child's wise selection, from among the number of proffered companions, of those who are to be retained while others are dropped or avoided.

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is that her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—Ladies Home Journal.

Sticking By the Pledge.

A young bride of high social position, having just moved to the city where her husband lived, was called upon by one of the leading ladies of a fashionable dancing club, and formally invited to attend its dances as an introduction into the society of her home. With beautiful candor and great firmness she thanked the lady and those she represented for the courtesy, but she said, "I am a Christian; and when I was converted I promised the Lord to abandon the dance and devote myself to his service. Besides, my husband is irreligious, and his soul's salvation will depend upon my life. I must work to win him. Then, I dare say, I can find much to do in this city in visiting the poor and the sick, so that I will find employment without going to dances." This reply was born of the spirit that made martyrs. That young wife astonished her worldly-minded visitor, who remarked after leaving the home, "I felt as if I had committed a great sin." What a noble example to the cowardly, nominal Christians who through the membership of all the churches! The worldly in her new home may shun her, but the godly should cherish her as one of the Saviour's brightest jewels.—Wesleyan Advocate.

An Aimless Life.

I committed one error in my youth. I started in life without an object. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself: "I have all that others contend for; why should I struggle?" I know not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit,—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there were something to labor for—I might have been happy. I feel this now too late. The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years I seek vainly for something to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel sometimes as if there were nothing worth living for.

A TRIP TO MANITOBA.

Last year I went to Manitoba on the C. P. R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the first dose felt better. When I got to Boissevain I was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the prairies.

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