

BEYOND.

Beyond life's toils and cares,
The hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,
The sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long, sweet life, unmarked by years,
One bright unending morrow.

Beyond time's troubled stream,
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river,
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,
The dark realities and brighter dreams,
A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,
No tear-dimmed eye, no form by sickness wasted,
No cheek grown pale through penury or care
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,
No sighs for bliss unattained.

No sad farewell is heard,
No lonely wail for loving ones departed,
No dark remorse is there o'er memories stir'd,
No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word
To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long, dark night is there,
No light from sun or silvery moon is given;
But Christ, the Lamb of God, all bright and fair,
Illumes the city with effulgence rare,
The glorious light of heaven!

No mortal eye hath seen
The glories of that land beyond the river,
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,
Its fadeless flowers, and the unchanging sheen
Around the throne forever.

Ear hath not heard the song
Of rapturous praise within that shining portal,
No heart of man hath dreamed what joys belong
To that redeemed and happy blood-washed throng,
All glorious and immortal.

Jacob's Sermon.

"Had a good sermon, Jacob?"
my wife asked me last night when I came home from church.

"Complete, Rachel!" said I.
Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon, and the singing, and the people.

"Good singing, Jacob?"
"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."
"Many people out to-night?"
"I don't know."

"Why, Jacob, what is the matter?"
"What are you thinking about?"
"The sermon."

"What was the text?"
"I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it."

"I declare, Jacob, I believe you slept all the time."
"Indeed, I didn't. I never was so wide awake."

"What was the subject, then?"
"As near as I could remember, it was me."

"You, Jacob Gay?"
"Yes ma'am. You think it a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too."

"Who preached? Our minister?"
"No, he didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too."

"Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, sure! Those Woman's Rights folks haven't got into our pulpit!"
"Well, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know that young woman at the post-office, Mrs. Myde's niece? She and I were the first ones at meeting. I have seen her a great deal in the post-office, and at her aunt's when I was there at work. She is a pleasant-looking and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meeting. You know there is quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one, then that one, who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low and trembling in her voice, and a little pink flush in her cheek, and the words came a-starting, 'O Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer-meeting last night, that we did so want you to be a Christian.' Her cheeks flushed redder and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life. 'Why bless your soul,' I said, 'my child, I have been a member of the church forty years.' My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers if they weren't so tanned."

"Do excuse me, Mr. Gay," she said. "Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know that you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer-meeting or at Sabbath-school, and never noticed you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings."

"Tut, tut, child," I answered, "No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I'm a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school, because—well, I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed

me to stay with her; but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it."
"Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat; but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meetin' time. To think that some of the young folks in Wharton didn't know that I was a member, and were concerned for the old man! I said to myself, by way of application: 'Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord; time to let your light shine so that the young folks can see it.'—Golden Rule.

Think Before You Strike.

I remember reading in my boyhood about a merchant travelling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it; the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and, as he rode farther, barked louder and louder. The merchant thought that he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there, faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story, told by a friend of mine, is not so painful, but adds force to the thought, think before you strike any creature that cannot speak:—

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains, I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbour came by. He said: 'There is something wrong here, let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at the harness, and then said: 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbour, we would have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he laid down when he couldn't breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly. Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

Cultivating The Voice.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat, I'm so hungry?" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school to his mother.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother; "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a generous slice of bread and butter to "stay" his hunger till supper time.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices, and clear, distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives, so that their vocal organs had had no opportunity to form wrong habits or learn bad ways. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine, and the example of the clear, sweet ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until his vocal organs are so set that he cannot speak without whining, or he may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until he loses command of the lower registers, and can use only the high key. He may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until this shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.

The Spoiled Daughter.

The spoiled daughter is not the woman whom a sensible man should be anxious to make his wife. Says a writer in the *Ladies Home Journal*: "I never see a petted, pampered girl, who is yielded to in every whim by servants and parents, that I do not sigh with and for the man who will some day be her husband. It is the worshipped daughter, who has been taught that her whims and

wishes are supreme in a household, who makes marriage a failure all her life. She has had her way in things great and small, and when she desires dresses, pleasure, or journeys which were beyond the family purse, she carried the day with tears or sulks, or posing as a martyr. The parents sacrificed and suffered for her sake, hoping finally to see her well married. They carefully hide her faults from suitors who seek her hand, and she is ever ready with smiles and allurements to win the hearts of men, and the average man is as blind to the faults of a pretty girl as a newly-hatched bird is blind to the worms upon the trees about him. He thinks her little pettish ways are mere girlish moods, but when she becomes his wife and reveals her selfish and cruel nature he is grieved and hurt to think fate has been so unkind to him."

Rules For Pleasant Lives.

A book published a year ago, "The Five Talents of a Woman," gave the following rules for beauty of expression, which the writer of the book claimed was much more attractive than beauty of features:

1. Learn to govern yourself and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.
4. Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.
6. Never resort to a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.
10. Study the characters of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comforts of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulks.
13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.
16. Be gentle and firm with children.—Selected.

Live in the Sunlight.

A New York merchant has within ten years lost six book-keepers by death. He could not understand the strange fatality. The symptoms seemed to be about the same in each case, and all finally died with consumption. At length he became convinced that the room in which the young men were compelled to work was the cause. It was a small room in the back part of the store, where no sunlight could possibly get in. Accordingly he fitted up an office on the top story where the sun could stream in through wide windows all day long. The change in the health of the book-keepers was almost instant. They soon became strong and rugged, and no deaths have since occurred. This piece of history has a warning to those who are trying to live and labor away from the sunlight. The penalty is death.

But to those whose hearts are filled with shadows the results are quite as disastrous. There can be no soul health where there is gloom. The sunlight of God's presence must stream into the heart, chasing away all shadows, and flooding every corner with its own glad light. That will give life and health and growth. If we do not live in the sunlight, no one can be blamed but ourselves. The "Son of Righteousness" shines. He shines for all. Why not bask in His life-giving beams?—*Epworth Herald*.

THE STIMULUS OF POVERTY.—Some one once said to Simon Cameron: "Your son Don has had fine advantages." "Yes," responded the canny politician, "he has had more than his father, but there is one supreme advantage that he has never enjoyed—the stimulus of poverty and hardships." Here is something to think about. For the past fifteen years we have been teaching your people. At first we were greatly disposed to pity those who had to practice self-denial and to wrestle for an education. But our feelings have undergone a complete change. Nothing is so good for a boy as to learn to bear the yoke in his youth. If he has a fibre of real manhood in him he will be helped and strengthened by the difficulties that beset him. We should save our pity for those whose paths are made too smooth and easy by the considerate affection of unwise parents.

The Truly Generous Soul.

She gave me an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and crooked pin, and a good deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child to its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our Mary had not offered to attend the door while she was away. But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, and gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent. Reader, what are you giving?—*Anon.*

Saving Her Boys.

I think when a boy has become an habitual loafer he is then ready for something worse, and I was greatly worried to find my boys come slipping in very quietly about the time the stores closed for the night; so I just resolved to try and make a pleasant place to spend the evening than the afore-said stores.

Our best room had hitherto been kept sacred to the use of visitors and for the Sabbath; but after thinking the matter over very seriously, I started the fire, arranged everything as nicely as though I were looking for company, and then just let the boys have it. So far the plan has been a great success, for, although I have never said a word to them about it, they took right up with it, and now spend their evenings at home reading, playing (for they are all three musical), and besides being better for the boys, it is better for us.

Now, sisters, just between ourselves, of course they'll spoil the carpet, and it's real pretty carpet too, and I have been so careful of it. But I mean through God's help to have my boys all grow up to become good men, and if it is going to take a pretty room and pretty carpets to help do it, why I am very glad I have them, that's all.

Keep out of Debt.

Every one who has a fixed income of any kind can and ought so to regulate his expenditures as to bring them within it. This is a habit which should be inculcated in the very earliest years. The child, with an allowance for his pleasures, be it ever so small, should never be suffered to exceed it, or to draw upon the future. The youth should be taught to undergo self-denial rather than to borrow the money to obtain a gratification. There is more true independence in this lesson than in hundreds of shouts or boasts of liberty which too often only convey the idea of casting off duty and obligation. Such instruction, however, will be useful while example points the other way. The father and mother who live beyond their means, who incur debt for the pleasures of the table, or for dress, or for the vanity of competing with neighbors, and keeping up a certain style of living or for private indulgence of any kind; need never expect to cultivate in their child an honorable determination to owe no man anything.—*Phil. Ledger*.

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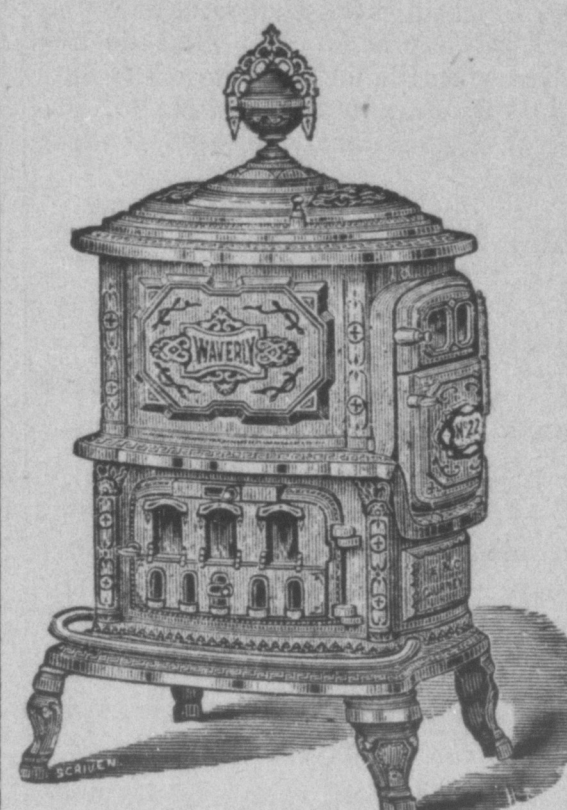
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1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.4
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.68	1,874,316.21	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
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