

A Woman's Rare Estate.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

You may not be great, as men count glory;
You may not have riches or honor or power;
You may not be versed in time's vast story;
Beauty and grace may not be your dower.

But you can possess what is sweeter and fairer
Than wealth or knowledge or fame's estate—
Holding it better and nobler and rarer
To uplift a thousand than make self great.

Comfort and strengthen souls in sorrow,
Seek and discover the star in their night;
Point to the hope that blesses each morrow,
Lead the way onward from darkness to light.

Proffer a hand to the struggling and weary,
Give them a friend in this world of foes,
Make their pathway a little less dreary,
Brighten their eyes with the sight of a rose.

Pass not the sinful with robe drawn tightly,
Let no unkindness reach hand or lips;
Help them to rise from the slum unsightly;
Every error can love eclipse.

So shall your life, a thousand times blessing,
Grow to be beautiful, wise, and great;
And a thousand hearts will be confessing:
"Lo, she hath come to a rare estate!"

Ladies' Home Journal.

A Cheerful Giver.

Paul wrote to the Corinthians that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." I often think of that text when I meet Deacon Adams. He is not a rich man, but he is one of the most liberal and one of the happiest Christians in our neighborhood. He has a smile for everybody and a generous donation for every good cause. He never complains that there are too many calls, but seems almost to wish that there were twice as many in order that he might double the pleasure that he finds in giving. I asked him one day if he had always been as liberal, and he replied: "Of course not. It is natural for us all to be selfish and stingy—to give grudgingly when we give at all. As an unregenerate man I thought I had a right to all that I could get, and that nobody outside of my family had any claim upon me. When I was converted I saw, of course, that this was wrong, that I must support the church and contribute to the objects of benevolence that were presented from the pulpit. I meant to be a loyal Christian, or at least a respectable one. So I inquired how much the brethren who were in circumstances similar to mine were in the habit of giving for congregational expenses and to the missionary boards. I gave as they gave. It was easy for me to do so. It required no special sacrifice, and I really thought that I was doing very well, and was one of the cheerful givers whom the Lord loves.

"But one day in reading my New Testament I came upon this saying of our Lord, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.' I had read the words many times without stopping to ponder them. That day, however, they seemed to have a new meaning. I asked myself, 'Wherein have I exercised self-denial for Jesus' sake? What sacrifice have I made to show my love for him and for his cause? Thinking the matter over, I saw that my religion had really cost me nothing though it cost my Saviour a great deal. I began to fear that I had not really been born again and become a new creature in Christ Jesus, because I had so little of the Spirit of Christ. Well, I at once turned over a new leaf. I began to save in order to give. I gave up certain luxuries and used the money that they had cost for benevolent purposes. When a collection was to be taken up in church I would count up the money I had on hand and then think, if Christ were here in my place, how much of that money would he give? When I was tempted to buy anything that I did not really need I would think again, Now, if the dear Saviour were in my place, wouldn't he deny himself in this and put the money in the missionary box? I kept on in this way for some time, and it was a wonder to myself how much I could give by exercising a little self-denial. But I was not happy. I kept feeling that somehow it was too much a matter of calculation—that I was trying to buy the favor of the Lord. I was like a man pumping water out of a well instead of dipping it from a spring. After awhile I came across that passage in 2 Cor. ix. 7: 'Every man according as he purposed in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.' I was giving 'of necessity'—because I thought that I ought to—I determined to find a better way."

"What! a better way than self-denial for Jesus' sake? A better way than imitating Christ?"

"Yes, for I was doing it formally, slavishly. I was willing to do it if it was my duty, but I was not cheerful in doing it. So I purposed in my heart not to make any more

comparisons with others, nor even to calculate just what Jesus would do if he were in my place, but to do all that I could for him and for his cause. I just made myself out and out a steward. I said: 'Nothing that I have is mine; it is all the Lord's. When he wants any of his money and tells me so, I am bound to give it to him whether I can spare it or not. I may need a new coat, but if the heathen over in India are perishing they need the gospel more than I need the coat, and if God sends his ambassador to ask me to help sustain a missionary there, I am not only bound to do it, but I am glad to do it. If I put a hundred dollars in bank for safe-keeping and want it all out the next day, the cashier has no right to say, 'I would like to use that money for awhile.' No; he must honor my check because the money is mine on call. And it is so with God's money in our hands. It is on call. If he asks us to-day for that which we are going to buy bread with to-morrow, we must give it cheerfully, knowing that he is able to supply all of our wants. Now, just as soon as I began to look at the matter in this way I was free from all anxiety. I was able to rejoice in the Lord. I trusted in him as a child trusts in its father. When I earn money I don't put it in my pocket or in bank and call it mine. I say, 'It is the Lord's.' I keep it for him. I spend it for him. I give it for him. I ask him to let me take out what I need and what my family need. I thank him for the privilege of doing so. And then I say, 'Lord, tell me what you want me to do with the rest of it.' And when he tells me I obey cheerfully. You see how much pleasanter this way is than the other. It is so simple, so childlike. It brings me so near to God. I am acting, not for myself, but for him."

Now, some of my readers may think that Deacon Adams is a crank. But he is a good business man and he is prosperous in worldly matters. The more he gives the more he gets. He has, somehow, as if seems, taken the Lord into partnership, and the divine member of the firm, being interested in the profits, blesses the joint investments. Do not many of us err in feeling that what we have is our own and that if we give a pittance of it to the Lord he ought to be very grateful to us? We trust in the Lord for salvation, for the life to come. Why can't we trust him also for the life that now is?—*Seneca Smith in Journal.*

Power To Do Good.

Mr. Parks is one of the oldest men in a church in one of our largest cities. He has wealth, education, and a sincere wish to do his duty. He can make money, and gives it liberally to organized charities. He is just and polite to every one, but he is a nonentity in the church and in the community, and he knows it. He feels that, though he has some business influence, he has no influence over men, not even over his own family.

He knows nothing of his boy's struggles in college, and takes no interest in his girl's pursuits or fancies. In fact, he takes no personal interest in anyone. If he should meet one of his clerks on Broadway, he could hardly name him.

He wonders why, with his wish to do good, he should stand apart from other human beings, as if he were one of the stone statues in the park. John Nasby is one of his book-keepers. John is slow and plodding; a man who will probably remain a poor book-keeper all his life. He has but little money to give away, and is very sorry that he has no more, for there are such hosts of people whom he loves that need it. He does what he can for them. He is so eager in his sympathy, so full of courage and devices to help, that all who know him come to him with their perplexities and troubles.

This morning, for example, he was up before day to explain Bob's problems in algebra. During breakfast Susy poured forth to him her grievances against her teacher, and was tenderly comforted and advised. As he went out of his door the milkman stopped him to consult him about a mortgage on his farm.

As he bought a paper from the old woman at the corner, he gave her a bottle of liniment for her rheumatism, and when he took his seat at his desk, the office-boy whispered, "He is all right now, sir," with a beaming face. "He" is the boy's father, who had a cataract over both eyes. John gained him admission to a hospital, and he has been sent home cured.

So John goes to his work with a fire in his heart, ready to warm every one who comes near him, rich or poor, white or black.

It was a common belief for many ages that a mysterious fluid existed in the bodies of kings, which enabled them to heal diseases by their touch.

Science disproved this superstition long ago. But it is true that a mysterious spirit in the souls of certain persons gives them the healing touch, and that without it, strive as

they may, they can neither cure nor help.

It is simply love for their fellows, giving their sympathy and help, as Christ gave himself for men.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Secret.

I once knew a young collegian who, they told me, was making a deeper impression on his fellow-students and professors than any other student who had been in the institution for years. I heard of him everywhere, in all the clubs and meetings and delegations that were talked of before me this man's name was appearing, and I marvelled much at his enormous capacity for work. At last one of the professors speaking of him in the most glowing terms, threw in, in the middle of his eulogy, a sentence upon which I put my finger at once as to the clue to the secret by which he accomplished the many things—too many, very probably—which he undertook. "Tom knows," said his professor, "the value of five minutes about as well as anybody I ever saw."

There, young people, is a sermon for you in a very few words. Do you know the value of five minutes? If you do not, seek it out among the other tables of weights and measures and study hard until you find exactly how much it equals, and you will have laid the foundation for much learning. Mr. Moody, in preaching the other day, said that he did not understand the "higher mathematics;" but I think that we will all agree, on the other hand, that this indefatigable worker is well taught in the most advanced of all the grades of that science—the value of time. Surely there is no higher mathematics than to be able to work out the correct answer to the problem of each day's capacity.

Begin with the minutes. When you get to the end of a sentence in your French translation do not stop to sketch a sheet of faces before you go on to the next. When you mean to indulge in an afternoon's pleasure, do not idle about the house saying little nothings to each member of the family in turn until half of the time is gone. When you would lend a hand to prop up the right, to pull down the wrong, do not wait until the golden moment wanes and the adversary has gotten that often fatal advantage—a good start.

Success Certain.

A practical and helpful gift from a parent to a son would be the following alphabetical list of maxims, printed or written as a heading to a calendar, or framed and hung upon the wall of his room. It is said that Baron Rothschild had these maxims framed and hung in his house:

Attend carefully to details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation nor business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your minds from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parent.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

'Tend to every one a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right.

And success is certain.

The Lap Bible.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation. Over thirty years ago a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty, and several were hanged; but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment. Commiserating his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain extended to him such favors as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write. Lars became interested in the Bible, grew

day by day more fond of reading it, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on; for Lars was no great scholar, and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought. But, finally, the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and though an old man, was still active, and often served parties of travellers as a guide.—*Transcript.*

"Take My Seat, Madame."

Every seat in the bridge car was occupied when a negress got aboard the train. Her arms were full of bundles and she appeared to be weary. As she tried to clutch a strap she dropped a package and in stooping to pick it up stumbled. She would have fallen, too, had not a gentleman sprang to her aid.

With an outstretched arm he helped her to regain her balance, secured the stray bundle and then led her to the seat he had just vacated.

"Take this seat, madam, if you please," he said.

For a moment the negress hesitated and then sat down, after incoherently murmuring her thanks.

The episode created a sensation among the passengers, all of whom were men.

As the unknown gentleman was leaving the car a friend was overheard to ask him:

"George, are you getting near sighted?"

"No; why do you ask such a question?"

"Why? because you gave your seat to that negress. I think you are over-straining yourself in trying to be polite."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I gave up my seat to her simply because she was a woman. I should have despised myself for remaining in my seat because she was black."—*New York Herald.*

What to Do with a Bad Temper.

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart in the face of great provocation is a hero. The world may not own him or her as such; but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam-boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—*Exchange.*

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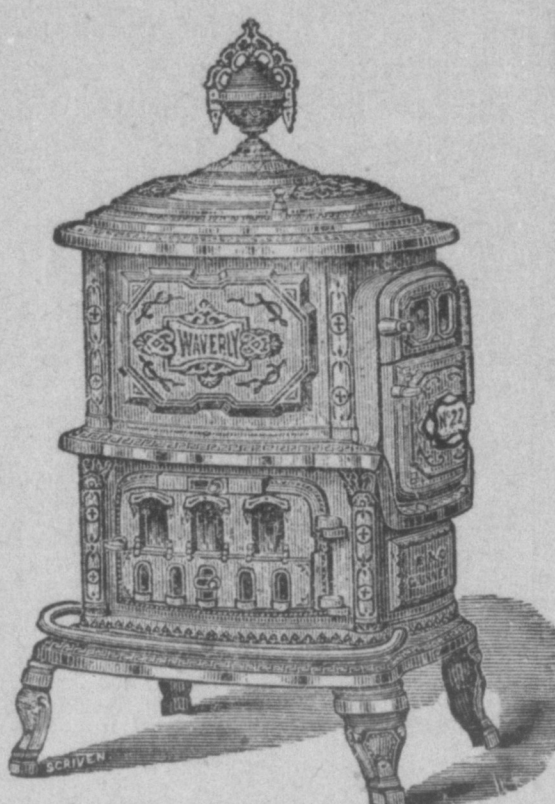
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1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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