

One Upward Look Each Day.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morn a world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's error let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which
night has shed.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy forgive them and blot
them,
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours and ours alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen my soul to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible
pain,
Take heart with the day and begin
again.

"Ye Are My Witnesses."

"Trust you will be an earnest witness for the Master in your new field of labor," said Dr. Robertson, the morning his young parishioner, Philip Lawrence, came to bid him good-by.

"I hope I shall not deny Him, at least," replied the young man, seriously.

"That determination may comprehend a great deal more than you think. Standing up for Jesus in a community where there are no churches and where the Sabbath is kept only as a holiday, is very different from following in His steps in a city where religion is popular and its professors are highly esteemed. Mere silent witnessing for Christ may prove a much greater sacrifice than you at present imagine. Let me tell you a little story connected with my own early life and conversion.

"Just after I left college, more than forty years ago, I went to a mining town in the far West to engage in teaching. It was a wild, wicked place, and although I had been carefully trained in a Christian home, I soon fell in with the mode of life as I found it there. Though the town was small, drinking, swearing and fighting were common, and work was carried on during Sunday just as on the other days of the week.

"After I had been there nearly a year, a stranger who seemed to have plenty of money bought a lot in the centre of the town for the purpose of erecting a large woolen factory. He had all his stones dressed, and his timbers in readiness before beginning to build, and the number of men he put to work on the Monday morning of his arrival convinced the villagers that he meant business. During the week the structure rose like magic; but when Sunday came not a single workman made his appearance. Labor went on in other places as usual, but here everything was strangely silent. People on the streets stopped to inquire what was wrong, but no one could explain why the workmen were idle, until one bolder than the rest ventured into the presence of the proprietor to inquire into the trouble. 'Nothing is wrong,' replied the stranger pleasantly, when the man had made known his errand. 'This is Sunday, you know, and I neither work nor allow my men to work upon that day.'

"The new-comer's peculiar views were freely discussed that afternoon among his neighbors. Some thought he was not altogether sane, and others expressed the opinion that he was entirely too conscientious to live in a mining town where people were obliged to work for their living; but all agreed that sooner or later he would be glad to conform to the custom of the place as others had done. But they were mistaken. The work on the building went on with increasing rapidity during the weeks that followed, but when the Sabbath came the sound of the hammer and axe was stilled, and the great unfinished structure stood there alone in that wicked place a silent witness for the Master. I tell you, Philip, that mute building appealed to my conscience as no other testimony could have done. Others—wanderers from godly homes—felt the same silent influence, and in the course of a few months a great reformation was wrought through the aid of that dumb preacher, which had testified so faithfully for the sanctity of the Sabbath. Afterwards a church was organized, and an earnest preacher came among us, with the open Bible in his hand and the love of God in his heart, and—well, if it had not been for my year in that mining town, I might still be a stranger to Jesus, for it was that blessed man that led me to Christ. I tell you this story to show you the power of even a silent witness for Christ. I do not mean, of course, that you are to begin a large building to gain this influence, but you must let your daily

life testify for the Master. Never be ashamed of Him, and let your example be such that others may see Christ reflected in your every word and action."

Philip did not forget the words of his pastor when he went down to the little manufacturing town of Bedford, to enter upon his duties as book-keeper in one of its most important factories. He took Jesus with him right into the counting-room, but he found it harder work than he had expected to display his colors in a place where everybody seemed to be marching under a different captain. It was a new but rapidly growing village, without churches or Sunday-schools, and though work was suspended on the Sabbath, the day was observed merely as a holiday. Philip's genial nature soon made him a general favorite among the men in the factory, and before he had filled the position a month he had many invitations to join them in their Sunday sports. He had the courage of his convictions, however, and in a quiet but very determined way informed them that he could not conscientiously desecrate the Lord's day. They laughed at his scruples a little at first, yet they could not help admiring the spirit he showed, and more than one among the number felt the silent rebuke thus administered day after day more than they were willing to confess. Two or three of them said as much to him, and acknowledged that they had lived very differently when at home.

Philip was only a young disciple himself, and had always been a follower rather than a leader, yet he was very much in earnest, and after praying a great deal over the matter, he invited two or three of the young men to come to his room on a certain night to talk over their hopes and prospects for the future. He was surprised to learn that two of the number, Dick Holmes and George Lee, had been professors of religion at home, but that they had not been strong enough to stand up for their convictions among the reckless people with whom they had cast their lots. They were tired of the life that they had been living of late years, and eagerly expressed their desire to return to their allegiance to their fathers' God. Before they separated they agreed to meet together on Sundays for the purpose of studying their Bibles and praying for themselves and their companions.

After a few meetings they succeeded in persuading two or three other young men to join them, and when the number reached a dozen, Philip suggested the organization of an Epworth League. At first they met in the school-house, and the burden of the serving fell to Philip's share; but as the interests deepened, others willingly took their share, and before the winter was over the school-house had to be exchanged for a larger building. Immediately after the Week of Prayer a quiet revival began, and though there was no excitement connected with it, the meetings grew in interest until every heart in the village was touched. Ministers from the neighboring towns very willingly tendered their assistance, and Dr. Robertson, from the city, came down to bid them God-speed and catch a breath of inspiration. Before the services closed, a church was organized in the place, with a promising Sunday-school in connection, and more hearts than Philip Lawrence's beat high with hope and gratitude when they counted the number of souls that had been born into the kingdom through the influence of that League which at first numbered only twelve.

"You have been bearing more than silent influence for your Master, my friend," said Dr. Robertson, as he grasped Philip's hand the night of the farewell meeting. "What a glorious privilege it is to be an instrument in God's hand in bringing souls to Christ!"

"I am beginning to catch a glimpse of the responsibility of living," answered Philip.

"If I have borne even the least witness for Jesus, it has all been accomplished through your faithfulness in warning me. I never could forget the influence of that silent building, witnessing so mutely for the truth. The thought that my Saviour would accept even the gift of dumb serving made me strong to resist temptation and helped me to try to follow closely in His steps."

"After all, there is no witness-bearing so powerful or convincing as that of a Christly life," admitted Dr. Robertson. "Blessed is he who is wise enough to know when to speak and when to keep silent!"

Zions Herald.

Two Mothers.

While making calls one afternoon I stopped at the houses of two old friends of mine, both of whom rejoiced in the possession of a bright little girl. The difference in the management displayed by the two mothers taught me a lesson which I shall never forget.

The friend on whom I first called was Mrs. Johnson. Being on very intimate terms with her, I walked unceremoniously into the sitting-room, where I found her busily sewing.

"Keep right on with your work," I said, as I saw she intended laying it down; "we can talk just as well while you sew."

"We might have had an hour's pleasant chat but for the annoyance caused by little Elsie, a child of four summers. She had been playing around the room, amusing herself with a doll and an old picture-book. But very soon she grew tired of these, and having nothing else on hand, she began to bother her mother. The little thing was tired out, and this made her cross, as fatigue sometimes does children of a larger growth. She kept pulling and dragging at her mother's dress, and when sharply commanded to "go away," would retire to another part of the room, only to return shortly and continue the attack. All this time she kept up a whining, which was disagreeable in the extreme. I tried to persuade her to come to me, but she merely gave me a scornful glance and persisted in annoying her mother. Of course it was impossible for us to hold a conversation. Finally Mrs. Johnson became so exasperated that she took hold of the child and administered a sound whipping. This did not improve matters, for Elsie set up such a loud and protracted howl that I was glad to take my departure.

Then I wended my way to Mrs. Seymour's. I found my friend engaged in trimming a bonnet, and I begged her to go right on, as I had done in the other case. Little May of three and a half years, was trying to make a hat for her doll. She busied herself in this way for some time, and at last, becoming discouraged with her efforts, began to show symptoms of fretfulness.

"Must I endure it again?" I asked myself. But no, the mother's ready tact came to the child's as well as to my relief. Casting her eye around the room in search of some new amusement for her little girl, she espied an old bandbox that was of no further use as a hat-receiver.

"Wait till you see what I'm going to make for you," she said soothingly, and taking the old box, in a very few minutes she had cut windows and doors in it and made a chimney for the top; in fact had turned it into a little house, which quite delighted Miss May. With this the child played quietly for an hour, and it was only when I was starting to go, after a pleasant chat with Mrs. Seymour, that she seemed to be getting tired of it. The works of an old clock were then brought out of a near closet, and I could see that this novel plaything was likely to keep May interested for some time. "See, I can make the wheels go round!" she said, her eyes sparkling like two bright stars.

In this way the busy mother saves herself and her child (not to speak of her visitors) much annoyance and misery; and the few moments spent in concocting little surprises and entertainments gives her hours for her work that she could not otherwise command.—*S. Jennie Smith.*

Family Policemanship.

There are some households that are pre-empted with a religion of "Stop that!" or "There, now, don't!" or "If you do that, I'll whip you!" The children in these households continually experience a sense of being under arrest, or an apprehension that they may, at any moment, be arrested. The principal relation they sustain to their parents is that of violators of the law. The acquaintance they have with these parents is much the same as they might be expected to have with constables or policemen. It was one of these parents who stopped the festivities at a dinner party from which his children were excluded, to say to the servant: "Go and see what the children are doing, and tell them to stop it." The only objects accomplished by such domestic policemen and policewomen as these are the worrying of their children and the complete acclimation of their households. Children brought up on this continued diet of peevish reproof and quarrelsome rebuke grow sour and capricious and irritable and eventually as disagreeable as the parental police who have worried them. No child can have a very holy admiration for such a parent; and if the fifth commandment is obeyed at all by a child so circumstanced, the obedience is compulsory and perfunctory rather than hearty and spontaneous. A child is a priceless gift from God, not only to be trained, but to be loved and enjoyed; not to be treated only as an object of discipline, but to be made a friend and companion. There are many people who would look with horror on the worrying of a dog or the teasing of a cat, but who habitually inflict on their children worry enough to make the poor creatures

wish themselves dead or buried. These people are objects of terror to their children, even as are police. It is time to reform. Make the reform as thorough as possible, and the whole house will be happier for it.—*Dr. Talmage.*

Rest and Unrest.

Two mothers, each with a young baby and no nurse, was discussing how they managed it. "I should be worn out," said one, "I'm sure, except for my rests. I make it a point as soon as my baby is sound asleep for his morning nap to drop everything and lie down myself." "Oh," said the other, "while my baby takes his nap is the only chance I have to gather up the loose ends about the house."

In these two phases of management lies a wide and deep philosophy. Ten years from now it will be safe to predict that that second mother will have lines on her face and wrinkles on her brow that have no business to be there, and, equally, that mother No. 1 will still be fresh and blooming.

Woman are beginning to understand that it is the continuous, unrelieved strain that tells; it is doubt if many of them, particularly the busy workers, fully appreciate that it lies within their own reach to modify this condition. "I never stand when I can sit, and I never sit when I can lie down," said a woman who had discovered the value of brief respites, and her sisters, if they try, may similarly find innumerable opportunities, now overlooked, to ease the strain of their daily occupations if ever so briefly. Most women stand before their dressing bureaus to do their hair—an unnecessary waste of strength. Even if the daily coiffure is a very simple one—taking a brief time to accomplish—those few moments will amount in the end to a goodly sum of rest.—*New York Tribune.*

It Makes All Wrong.

"Please, father, is it wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's day? My teacher says it is."

"Why, child, perhaps it is not exactly right."

"Then it is wrong, isn't it, father?"

"O, I don't know that—if it is once in a while."

"Father, you know how fond I am of sums?"

"Yes, John, I am glad you are; I want you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures. But why do you talk of sums just now?"

"Because, father, if there is one little figure put wrong in the sum it makes all wrong, however large the amount is."

"To be sure, child, it does."

"Then, please, father, don't you think that if God's day is put wrong now and then it makes all wrong?"

"Put wrong, child, how?"

"I mean, father, put to a wrong use."

"That brings it very close," said the father, as if speaking to himself, and then added: "John it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath. He has forbidden it, and your teacher was quite right."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—*Kind Words.*

HE BELIEVED IN LUCK.—Mr. Lloyd Bryce, in the *North American Review*, tells a characteristic story of Peter Cooper:

"Mr. Cooper," said Mr. Bryce, "is there such a thing as luck?"

"There is. The greatest piece of luck I ever had was investing the first surplus money I earned in a lottery ticket."

"And you won?"

"No, I lost; but I gained this experience; that the wheel of fortune is only turned by common sense applied in common events."

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