

Perfect Through Suffering.

God never would send you the darkness
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven
at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go:
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low,
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

—Exchange

A Church Refrigerator.

"Usually I dread the winter, but ice has been so costly the past summer, for once I shall welcome cold weather. How nice 'twill seem to have all the ice one wants to use!"

Tom, sitting by the window, looked up from his Caesar with a twinkle of roguishness about his eyes.

"You won't have to wait for winter, ma; here comes our church refrigerator now."

"Thomas!" Mrs. Williams tried to look severe. "Thomas, when will you learn to speak respectfully of people?"

There was no time for a reply before the caller was ushered in. She certainly appeared well fed and warmly clothed. I wondered at the title Tom had bestowed. Conversation had not progressed far before I ceased to wonder. After the usual greetings, she made known her errand:

"They've appointed me to solicit for the minister's donation, Mrs. Williams, and that's why I'm here. What in the world they want to give ministers donations for, is more than I know. They do their work and get paid for it just the same as other folks. My husband works harder than Brother Lee, and nobody thinks of donating to him. Expression of gratitude! Expression of fiddledicks! If everybody feels so dreadful, why can't they carry things instead of money, same as they used to when I was a girl?"

Why, I remember one year we carried our minister meal and potatoes enough to last all winter; and cooked victuals and the tidies and slippers the young girls worked! I don't see no such sight now. It's all money, money, money!"

"Spakin' of money reminds me we've got a dreadful lookin' carpet on our vestry. I couldn't hear a word they said at the last prayer-meetin' just for countin' the holes in it. Our sewin' society isn't doin' much. We ought to have some times—entertainments—to raise some money and sort of unite us. It's just like Brother Lee to go to gettin' up a revival so to cut us off."

"Entertainments can wait! May be you think so. I don't. The worth of immortal souls! Now, Mrs. Williams, I ain't a heathen. Of course I believe in conversion, but we must wait for the Lord's set time. I don't find much spirit of conviction abroad. The young converts who've started won't hold out, you see if they do. You remember young Lovett who was forward for prayer last winter? I saw him to day with a cigar in his mouth, and I've no faith in the genuineness of this work. And some of the rich folks will get mad and leave us. They always do when the preachin' cuts too close."

"By the way, I wish Bro. Lee would preach no more general subjects. He ought to give us a little science and philosophy and such like. We can read our Disciplines and Bibles for ourselves."

"Yes, our church is runnin' down, and for that matter I believe the whole church is. Great benevolent enterprises! Spread of missions, and so forth, and so forth? Well, I ain't carried away with them things so much as some folks. To tell the truth, it seems to me the heathen are better off without missionaries if, as we believe, God will save them that never heard the Gospel. Anyway, there's work enough to do right here at home. Not that I believe in helping the Indians and Negroes very much, or the poor folks in our own town either. I don't believe in encouragin' laziness. What I've got I had to work for, and 't would be a blessing to other folks to work for what they get. The sick and afflicted! There wouldn't be so much sickness if folks took proper care of their health. As for the afflicted—but I'm stayin' altogether too long."

"Oh, yes, money for the donation! Thanks! You ain't like most of the folks. I find collectin' money the most thankless job I ever

undertook. I wonder at their askin' me to do it."

"So do I," muttered Tom, looking hard at his Caesar, as the door closed behind the visitor.

"You saucy boy, do get another hod of coal before we freeze," shivered Mrs. Williams.

Turning to me she added: "I'd rather have a good warm fire than a block of ice, after all. What our churches need are fewer refrigerators and more furnaces!—Zion's Herald."

Love is Helpful.

I went into one of the largest New York dry goods stores one morning, and while waiting for my change, and finding myself the only customer in that part of the shop, I fell into a little conversation with the young girl who had waited on me.

Casualty I chanced to remark, "Well, it does not matter so much whether we are on one side or the other of the counter if we are serving the One we love;" and, smiling, I added, "The great thing is to be in love. I am in love all the time."

Several young girls, on either side of the one I was talking to, moved up at this remark, and one said, "This is interesting; we must hear this."

"Yes," I said, "the most interesting thing in the world is love; but I was not thinking—when I said I am in love all the time—of the love of the human heart that may give you ecstasy one hour, and anguish the next; but of the love of One who loves us always and never dies."

Then I touched the little silver cross on my dress and said, "Did you ever hear of the King's Daughters?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," one young girl answered. "There are some in this store." And then I had such a nice sociable talk with the half dozen girls, and told them how often I had felt reproved when shopping to see their patience and cheerfulness.

As I said this a bright-looking young girl said, "Do you think that of us? That generally we are patient and cheerful?"

I said: "Yes, indeed, I have seen but rare exceptions."

The girl replied so eagerly, "I am so glad to hear that, for there are so many people who say just the opposite of us."

Oh, how I wish our favored girls who are so often in these great city shops would just think that the same girlish hearts are on the other side of the counter.

I shall never forget the pale-faced girl that I met at another time, who wore our little silver cross on her dress, when I said: "Don't you get tired this warm weather standing here?"

The pale cheek flushed with pleasure. "Yes, I do, sometimes, but this week nine beautiful Daughters of the King have talked with me."

Oh, when shall we learn to act what we say we believe—that God loves us, and if we love Him we surely will love those He loves?"

The first bit of poetry I ever committed to memory, when a mere child, commenced with:

"Let us love one another,
Not long may we stay."

Alas! how slow have I been to learn the one lesson—"Love one another."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Minding One's Own Business.

It is said that the Princess of Wales, addressing a girls' school, at Sandringham, England, is credited with saying, "The ambition of my life was to mind my own business." Few persons have ever possessed a more laudable ambition.

General Jackson once repelled the intrusiveness of a friend which savored of impertinence by saying to him, "I knew a man in Tennessee once who made a fortune minding his own business." That is a paying business, and many have failed because they have never followed it. They seem never to have learned the philosophy implied in the sage remark of Old Hickory.

Meddlesome folks are entirely too plentiful for the comfort of quiet, modest people. They are a real thorn in the flesh. They are found in public places. They intrude themselves upon you in the seclusion of your home. They go from house to house talking about their neighbors. They usually begin with the inquiry, "Did you hear the news?" or, "That's awful about Jones, isn't it?" If you remark, "Why, I do not know; I have heard nothing." "Is that so?" Madam Gossip is likely to say; "I thought every body knew about Jones. It's the talk of the town." And then follows a tale of Jones' misfortunes—his wife's threatened insanity, or that his boys are going to the bad, or that his daughters are giddy and and only care for dress and society. What a story to listen to! And yet it is just what we often hear from meddlesome people who pay more attention to other people's business than they do to their own. The

portraiture of such busybodies is so well drawn by Mr. Spurgeon that we give it here, with the hope that it may serve as a sort of mirror in which those who have never learned to mind their own business may see themselves as they are, and be led to seek personal reformation. He says:—

"How came you to have such a short nose?" asked a city dandy of a country boy. "So that I could not be poking it into other people's business," was the reply. There are several people who ought to join the "Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business-society." The nasal organs which adorn (1) the faces of some folk remind us of the manufacturer who met with an accident in which his nose received an ugly scratch. Having no court-plaster at hand, he stuck on the injured organ one of his gummy labels bearing the usual inscription, "Guaranteed length, three hundred and fifty yards." This was surely a mistake; but there are noses which would seem to be of any length when the question is as to their power to poke into the longest: rathole. Paul Pry is a leading member of this family; and we fear that he wears a charmed life, after the manner of the Wandering Jew. It has been well said that there are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind. At the least sign of prying, cautious people draw back, unless they want their private affairs to be advertised. When people begin to tell you all about your neighbors, it will be wise to keep your mouth shut, for these same folk will soon be telling the neighbors all about you. Dogs that fetch will carry. Never pour precious liquors into leaking vessels, nor tell your private tales to common informers. Bad name, that! We beg the tattlers' pardon—we meant common chatter-boxes. These meddlesome people are a curse to society; for they invent and misrepresent and exaggerate and insinuate, till they separate true friends and cause heart-burns and jealousies. Oh; for a race of people with averted tongues, who would be silent sooner than speak evil of their fellows."—Tele-scope.

Too Chary of Praise.

We are too chary of praise. I think we must confound praise and flattery. I was much impressed once with seeing how determined God is that people who do right should be praised. So He has taken it upon Himself, and says: "A woman who feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." But, alas, it is often after she has gone from earth, and then we say she was very sweet! Why didn't you tell her so when she was here?

I had a dear friend once who had only one little daughter. She wanted her to be so perfect that she was always pointing out her imperfections, and she did not see that what the child needed was praise. One day when, in her closet, the child was kneeling at her side, she was so drawn out in thankfulness for the blessings of her life, and especially for the sweet child God had given her, that she became entirely unconscious of the little one at her side. As soon as the mother ceased, the child threw her arms about her mother's neck and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, how you did drag about me to God! Now I will be good."

Suppose you make a trial of this on some frozen ones around you. You complain that they are cold; perhaps you don't think how much they have to chill them; but try this way of bringing out the feelings that lie buried, and that love and praise may restore. We sing:—

Touched by a human heart, awakened by kindness,
Cords that were broken will vibrate once more.

But do it as well as sing it.

Points for Parents.

HOW TO BRING DOWN A SON.

1. Let him have plenty of spending money.
2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or direction.
3. Give him a latch-key and allow him to return home late in the evening.
4. Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.
5. Give him to understand that manners make a good substitute for morality.
6. Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.
7. Allow him to occupy a seat in church with the boys rather than a pew with his parents.
8. Permit him to regard the Sunday school unsuitable for a boy on the verge of young manhood.
9. Let him spend the Sabbath hours between service on the street.
10. Be careful never to let him hear your voice in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

HOW TO BRING UP A SON.

1. Make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth.
2. Make him responsible for the performance of a limited number of daily duties.
3. Never punish him in anger.
4. Do not ridicule his conceits, but rather talk frankly on matters in which he is interested.
5. Let him feel free to invite his friends to your home and table.
6. Encourage his confidence by giving ready sympathy and advice.
7. Do not discourage "collection manias;" they help to give information and fix habits of investigation and perseverance.
8. Be careful to impress upon his mind that making character is more important than making money.
9. Live Christ before him all the time; then you will be able to talk of Christ to him with power when occasions offer.
10. Be much in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.—Young Men's Era.

IT IS WELL KNOWN that the Church of Rome has long been engaged in missions among the Chinese, and we are sometimes moved to ask, What has been the result of their work? Is there any considerable community which has been materially changed in character because of the influence of Jesuit missionaries? A lady who has traveled extensively in that country, reports as follows: "I have met them and visited their churches. I found the dress of the Buddhist priest and the Jesuit priest the same. The pictures and ornaments in temples and churches were similar; their religious rites scarcely varied. I could hardly tell whether I was in one or the other house of worship. The impression produced upon me was, that, instead of the Jesuits converting the Chinese, the Chinese had converted the Jesuits." But this is nothing new. Catholicism is only a modified idolatry, and where it is not affected by the presence of Protestantism, it matters but little, so far as the salvation of the soul is concerned, whether it be Catholic or heathen. Yet there are those who think that the Jesuits are ideal missionaries; and the other day we heard of a Baptist pastor who was arguing that Protestants ought to pursue practically the same course in their mission work.

If there is any proper growth in Christian life our tastes and acquirements will give token of change and advancement. The thirst of the intellect for truth will be more assertive and imperative. As one has truly said: "Books in which we once delight are cast aside; old opinions become obsolete; and fall from us like withered leaves from the autumn tree, and creeds with which we were at one time content are found to be too narrow for a resting place." But with all this the heart of a Christian becomes more fixed on Christ. He is the "same yesterday, to-day and forever," but to our vision and experience he becomes greater, more real, more helpful with every year of life.

The Secret of Success.

1. Close attention to details. This means sometimes working nights, and during hours usually devoted to recreation.
2. Keep out of debt. Keep within your income. At all times know just where you are, financially.
3. The strictest integrity.
4. Be temperate.
5. Never get into a lawsuit. Business ought to be conducted in such a way that there will be no need for lawsuit. It is better, often, to suffer a wrong than to go into court about it.

The Germans have this good proverb: "That thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; nor prayers hinder work."

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