

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Kne you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear.
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clay-cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press
When our wee ones flit to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should
reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks each morn for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
Would you rife the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has
fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful heart,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's
hours,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

A Dozen Men Who Can Be Spared.

When work is slack, and business
dull, and the working force in an
establishment must be reduced, the
question arises, "Who can be
spared?" And the answer is likely
to include some of the following
characters:

1. The man who occasionally gets drunk, unfits himself for labor, and is missing when he is wanted.
2. The man who is afraid he shall do more work than he gets paid for, and shirks, and idles, and loiters, and watches the clock, and always gets ready to quit before the hour appointed.
3. The man who is backbiting and slandering his employer, trying to stir up strife, and make others as dissatisfied as he is.
4. The man who lies, deceives, and has two faces.
5. The man who quarrels with his fellow-workers, and abuses and torments the weak and the young.
6. The man who is more careful for his own interests than he is for his employer's.
7. The man who swears and smokes, and defiles the whole establishment with tobacco smoke and tobacco juice.
8. The man who "don't care."
9. The man who is particular never to do any work which doesn't belong to him.
10. The man who will not lend a hand in an emergency to accommodate others.
11. The man who is tied by oaths and promises to some secret clan, that he is afraid to do what is right, when he knows what right is.
12. The man who is cross and crusty, and neither fears God nor regards man.

When these men are got rid of, business is likely to run more satisfactorily. But the men themselves usually wonder why they are discharged, and try to raise a tumult, start a strike, or in some way revenge themselves on their employers.

It is a good deal easier to keep clear of such men than it is to get clear of them. If men instead of rushing and straining every nerve to get wealth, and calling in every kind of ungodly and undesirable help, to spread mischief through their establishment, and do less business and be more careful whom they employed, and decide with the Psalmist, "Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the Lord, he shall serve me," they would save themselves much loss as they go on, and much trouble at the end.—*The Safeguard*.

Implicit Obedience.

"I spoke to a lady the other day of her sister-in-law, who is one of my esteemed neighbours. 'How well she is managing her four children without any nurse,' I exclaimed. 'She looks calm and untroubled, and yet I know she is delicate.'"

"She is a woman of great decision of character," was the answer. "She has a system about the children. She never allows them to question what she says, and you know that saves a great deal of fret and worry."

The next morning I made a short call on the subject of our remarks. The lady came into the parlour, and, after shaking hands with me, turned to take a chair, and found that the two-year-old baby had followed her. "Why, baby, I did not know you were here! Run out to brother." "No, me don't want to!" "Oh, yes!" was the smiling answer. "Brother will play school with you." The baby retreated slowly until

she reached the middle of the room, and there she stood with her finger in her mouth eyeing her mother closely. The mother had turned in her chair away from me, and was watching the baby smilingly. It was evident that the caller was entirely forgotten for the moment; it was of the first importance that the baby should mind. I made a little note of the fact, too, that there was no "prunes and persimmons" expression on the mother's pretty face. She had simply spoken, and now expected the baby to do as she said.

"No," burst from the baby. "Oh yes," smiled mamma. "Brother is all ready to play with you." The baby stood a moment longer, finger in her mouth, studying her mother's face, and then ran out of the room. Then, and not till then, did the mother give me her attention.

The incident made such an impression on me that I want to write it for the young mothers. I began with the theory that the best way to bring up a child was to reason with him, and in that way teach him obedience. I abandoned that theory long ago, and wish now that I had never held it for a day. When "implicit obedience" was brought to my mind I rejected it, largely because, under my new responsibility, I was newly conscious of my own fallibility.

"How can I," I would say to myself, "always know the right command to enforce?" Now I say to myself: "Be as nearly right as you can, but go ahead." Implicit obedience lovingly enforced is the only way to bring up a child, and "eternal vigilance" is its price.—*Christian Union*.

How to Bring Down a Son.

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

HOW TO BRING UP A SON.

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

A Wonderful Charm.

There was once a woman who went to her minister for advice, and she said, "Dear sir, my life is very miserable."

"Well," replied the minister, "what would you have me to do?" To which the woman answered:

"Ah, my husband and I don't agree. We quarrel very often. He comes in tired and ill-tempered, and I fire up. Then we go at it with tooth and nail."

"Very well," said the minister, "I can cure that."

"Oh, can you, sir?" said she, "I am so delighted, for I do love my husband when all's come and gone."

"It's a certain cure," said the minister, "and will work like a charm."

"Oh, I am so happy to hear it," says she.

"Well," continued the minister, "when your husband comes in from his work, fractious and quarrelsome, and says a sharp thing to you, what do you do?"

"Oh, I answer back, of course," she replied.

"Very well," said the minister, "the mysterious charm is this: Whenever your husband comes in and speaks sharply, the first thing you do is to run out to the pump, fill your mouth with water and keep it in for ten minutes."

The woman came back to the minister three or four weeks after and said, "The Lord help you, sir, for that's the most wonderful charm I ever heard of. Indeed it is."—*Lutheran Observer*.

If I Were You My Dear.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks, or impertinent men. I wouldn't forget to sew braid around the bottom of my skirt, or tuck on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry, they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not, when I brush the dust off my hat, forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain. I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men, or permit them to be familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well doing—instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.—*The Ladies' Home Journal*, for February.

"Here Take It!"

John Eliot, the "apostle to the American Indians," was a man of the most unselfish spirit, and—if such a thing can be—liberal to a fault.

His salary was often distributed for the relief of his needy neighbors so soon after the period at which it was received, that before another pay-day arrived, his own family were straitened for the comforts of life. One day the parish treasurer, when called upon by Mr. Eliot for the salary due, put it into a handkerchief, and tied the ends of the handkerchief in as many hard knots as he could in order to prevent the pastor's giving away the money before he got home.

The good man received his handkerchief and took leave of the treasurer. He immediately went to the house of a sick and necessitous family. On entering he gave them his blessing, and told them that God had sent them some relief. The sufferers, with tears of gratitude, welcomed their pious benefactor, who, with moistened eyes, began to untie the knots in his handkerchief. After many efforts to get at his money, and impatient at the perplexity and delay, he gave the handkerchief and all the money to the mother of the family, saying, with a trembling accent, "Here, my dear, take it, I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

LIFE A FAILURE.—A gentleman of high standing in the State of—, a lawyer, a politician, a man of talents, and, as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings, was suddenly arrested by disease, and soon brought to the close of life. As it was evident that he could live but a few days, he was asked by a friend how he felt as he looked back upon his past life. And the answer, coming from a man of sense and thought, with eternity full in his view, was striking and memorable. "With all its success, I now see and feel that my whole life has been a failure! I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them!" What a thought, what a feeling, what a prospect, for the hour when life is closing, and eternity is to be entered, and character and destiny and state are to be forever fixed. What a lesson to impress on us right views of the great ends for which life was given, and to lead every one so to live here as to be preparing for the life beyond this world!

A STRANGE STORY.—There is a strange story told of a young English officer who, when abroad on service, drank and gambled himself into debt, and to get free resolved to steal a very precious jewel from a heathen god. He approached the temple stealthily one night, and finding the priestly guardians asleep, made his way to the shrine. Several steps had to be ascended. He went quietly up one or two in safety, but as he put his foot on another from whence he could reach the prize, a score of arms suddenly darted from the idol and a score of daggers were plunged into the soldier's body. With worthless motives and bolder step numbers of godly men have advanced to snatch the crown from the brow of hoary idolatry, and have perished in the enterprise.

CHERISH YOUR GIRLHOOD.—Dear girls, don't be so often wishing you were grown-up women that you will neglect your girlhood. In the rush and hurry of these fast times there is danger that you will reach and strain after "young ladyhood" too much.

Be girls a while yet; tender, joyous, loving obedient and industrious. Womanhood, with its privileges and power, its burdens and its trials, will come soon enough. On this point one has said:

"Wait patiently, my children, through the whole limit of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty."

The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But oh, be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent will brighten all your future life."

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.—A lady writer has very forcibly pointed out that it is a shocking mistake to be continually scolding children. No good is gained by it, but a great deal of harm is sometimes done. When children who strive to be good and obedient are reared up to the everlasting "don't," they soon see that they are striving in vain to please. It must be very annoying for a child to be told every hour of the day, "Don't do that," "Don't go there," or "You must not make that noise." Explain quietly to the child why it is not to do that, or not to go there, and the kindly effort to reason will so impress the child-like nature that the little creature will soon learn to obey. Too much scolding ruins the character of children.

DISAPPOINTMENT in Christian work is constant. Workers sow much seed but reap small results. Melancthon, in the joy of a new convert, was persuaded that men only needed to hear the good news of salvation and they would accept it, but he was soon constrained to exclaim: "Old Adam is too strong for young Melancthon." Constantly Christ's words are verified. "Without Me ye can do nothing." Paul prayed for the Ephesians "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," and it is as Christians have this indwelling of Christ that they will possess the requisites for successful labor.

THE VALUE OF A MINUTE.—A small vessel was nearing the shores of the Bristol Channel in a storm, and was in imminent danger of being dashed upon the rocks. Every one seemed to have lost all hope, and expected every moment that the ship would strike and founder. The captain stood on deck, his watch in hand, and his eye fixed on it. Suddenly he cried out, as he glanced across the water, "Thank God, we are saved—the tide has turned; in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!" Both captain and crew felt then, as perhaps they never felt before, the value of a minute.

A little boy one day had done wrong, and was sent to ask the secret forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offense had been passion. Anxious to hear what he had to say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be better, never to be angry again, and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, "Lord, make ma's temper better, too!"

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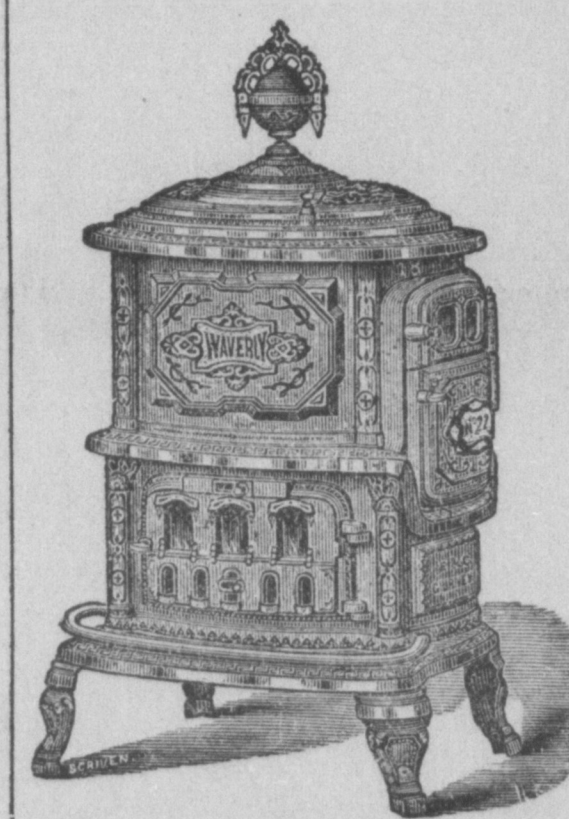
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1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1886.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,875.77
1888.....	373,500.31.....	1,673,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
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