

**Judge Not In Haste.**

Ne'er be hasty in your judgment,  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've call'd a friend.  
Of two reasons for an action  
Choose the better, not the worst;  
Of, with some, the meaner motive  
Ever strikes the fancy first.  
Then be gentle with misfortune;  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or one you've call'd a friend.

Judge not with detracting spirit;  
Speak not with disdainful tongue;  
Nor with hard and hasty feeling  
No one human creature wrong.  
Words there are that, sharp as winter  
Strip the little left to cheer;  
Oh, be yours the kinder mission,  
Prone to soothe, not cause a tear.  
Then be gentle with misfortune,  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or one you've call'd a friend.

**Getting Ready to be Happy.**

Too many of us are looking forward to happiness in the future years instead of getting all the enjoyment possible out of the present. It is well to remember that the time never will come in this world when we shall have everything we want, just where and when we want it. The only way to be happy is to enjoy all we have to the utmost as we go along. It is right to lay up for old age in youth, right to prepare for a rainy day, but it is not right to bend all our energies to this end, and put off until the future the happiness we might enjoy every day. It is far too common to see people working and saving, denying themselves all recreation and many comforts, to lay up money to buy more land, to build a larger and finer house, or to save for their children, thinking that when they have accomplished this they will be happy and begin to take comfort. The hoped-for point may never be attained, or, if it is, sickness or death may have come first, and the dear ones whom we expected to be happy with may be gone forever.

How much better to use some of the good things of life as we go along—to make our humble homes as cheery and bright as possible now, instead of waiting for a better house! Don't starve to day, either body, mind or soul, thinking that you will riot to-morrow. Don't hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life, that you may be generous in your wills. Life is uncertain, and it is better to make your children happy while they are under the home-roof—to call to the home every agency which will make their lives sweeter and better, than to deny them these that you may leave them a large bank account when you are gone.

Don't keep the parlor shut up and live in the kitchen, unless you want the boys and girls to be anxious to leave you. Take time to read, to rest, and to enjoy the society of friends. Especially take time to enjoy the companionship of your children. It will only be a few years at best that they will be with you, and these ought to be years of happiness to both you and them. If we are ever happy in this life we must enjoy what every day brings us. We must be grateful and glad for all the good which comes into our lives, and patiently bear our trials, believing that all, if rightly used, will fit us for the enjoyment of perfect happiness hereafter.—*Selected.*

**He Minded His Own Business.**

"For cool self-possession the descendant of Ham is hard to discount." This trait of the negro was illustrated in a recent trial in Iron-town of a white man named Chambers for shooting another man. The most important witness was Frank Jenkins, a negro, who was whitewashing a chicken coop only a few feet away when the quarrel took place. When the lie was given defendant went for his gun. "What did you do then?" asked the cross-examiner. Witness—"I jes' went on whitewashing de chicken coop." Cross-examiner—"But when the defendant appeared with his gun, and it looked as if some one was going to get hurt, then what did you do?" Witness—"I kept on whitewashing de chicken coop." Cross-examiner—"When the first shot was fired what did you do?" Witness—"Kept right on whitewashing. It was none of my business; and wah I cum from, in Kaintuck, I learned not to interfere with two white gentlemen occupied in settling a question of honor, I jes' turned up one corner of de coop, and kept on whitewashing." Cross-examiner—"Did you do anything when they removed the body?" Witness—"Yes sah; kept on whitewashing dat chicken coop." Even the justice was moved to smile by this uncommon display of a disposition to attend strictly to one's own business. This comes to us from America; and there is a lesson in it, which may be wholesome if taken with a grain of salt. If Frank Jenkins could have saved a life he ought to have left

his hen coop and his whitewash, and it may have been a passive selfishness which kept him from so doing. Yet if he kept clear of the quarrel because he had nothing to do with it, and had no gun, and the two white ruffians would probably both have turned on him, he was wise to mind his own work. At any rate, in most cases, when we have no right nor reason to intermeddle, we had better go on with the chicken coop.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**How A Rose Became A Mission.**

A lady who lived in a big city came back one evening from the country with a basketful of roses. As she drew near her home a ragged, dirty little boy followed with such wistful eyes that she took a rose out of her basket and gave it to him. He ran away with it, but before her door was opened, he was back again with two other grimy boys. "Please, ma'am, have you got one for them?" pointing to the boys. "If they had been begging for bread," she said afterwards, "they could not have watched more eagerly." I gave two more roses. The boys gave a shout and darted away. "In fifteen minutes the steps were filled with children—pale, ragged, starved little creatures. I do not know where they came from; they seemed to swarm out of the earth. I gave them all my roses, and all the flowers in my garden too, feeling quite ashamed to think how many I had and how little I valued them, while to the children they were such priceless treasures. Most of the children ran home with their flower as if it had been a rare jewel. Later, another poor little waif rang the bell to ask if this was the house where they gave away flowers. I made up my mind then that it should be." Out of this chance gift of a rose grew the flower mission of a big city that has put many happy hours into the lives of such a number of little children.

**The Mother's Moods.**

The household barometer is always to be studied in the mother's face. Others in the home may have moods, but she can not afford to indulge in such a luxury; for her promise is to regulate not alone the weather, but to fix the climate, and ordain the atmosphere which shall prevail in the nursery. At the table, in the parlor, and over the whole house. "What is mother about?" inquired a big boy of his sister, as he came home from the shop where he was learning how to be a business man. "Making sunshine for everybody, as usual," was the reply. When we think how the mother's looks and tones affect the babies, how early the little ones begin to reflect her in that soul-likeness which shines out in the face, we can not overestimate the importance of her self-control. She must be amiable, whoever else frets. She must be brave, whoever else is cowardly. She must be tender, though others are brusque. Because she is a mother, and, therefore, the arbiter, under God, of her children's destinies, the former of their characters, she must abide with Christ, deriving daily strength from communion with him.

**Made Him A Missionary.**

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin says that his widowed mother made him a missionary. She not only taught him the Scriptures, but she read to him regularly out of the missionary periodicals of the time. She urged him to give a part of his scanty pennies for mission work. At the end of years of this sort of influence, when one day he told his mother that he had decided to be a missionary, she replied: "I have always expected it." Although she may never before have told him of her expectation, he no doubt knew of it, and it wrought powerfully as a formative influence of his character. To know that parents and teachers expect noble things of us is a wonderful stimulus to noble endeavor; to be told that nothing is expected of us is a great discouragement, while to be told that evil is expected of us is a positive incentive to evil. "England expects every man to do his duty," was the most powerful exhortation to bravery that Nelson could think of. Paul reminds Timothy of the expectations raised by the prophecies going before on him, and stimulates him to war a good warfare by this reminder. Parents should so bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord that they can say, with the widowed mother, not I hope, but, I expect a noble result.—*Standard.*

**The Home Critic.**

The Joneses are a well-to-do family in our neighborhood. They are intelligent, and live in good style in a plain old-fashioned house. They do not try to keep up with all the new-fangled notions, but in their home manners and their social intercourse their standards of etiquette are the Bible and common sense. A few years ago they sent Jennie,

their eldest daughter, to boarding-school. She came home with the notion that she was educated, and that it was her mission now to tone up the ideas and the habits of the family. They were, in her estimation, only half civilized, and she must show her gratitude for the culture they had enabled her to secure by competing the process of civilization. The result is that Jennie is constantly saying: "Father you should not say so; that is not good grammar;" or, "Mother, you should not do so; that is not good form." To the younger children, instead of being a helper, she is a terror. She watches them only to find fault. She says that she wants those country boys and girls to be real gentlemen and ladies. And by this she means, not kind and courteous in spirit, but attentive to all the petty forms of artificial life. She would have them in their child-play on the lawn act like a company of courtly lords and ladies. And if both parents and children do not heed her critical suggestions, Jennie feels that they are not only rude, but cruel, too. The result of all this is domestic unhappiness. The father and mother are sorry that they sent Jennie away to school, and the brothers and sisters wish that she had staid away.

Now this, I grant, is an extreme case. But are there not Jennies or Johnnies or husbands or wives in a good many families who might take a hint from it? Nothing is so annoying as to feel that somebody is always watching you with critical eyes. There are wives who treat their husbands as if they never could say or do anything just right. And there are parents who treat their children in the same way. The assumption in all such cases is that the party who is always finding fault with others has no faults—that he or she is the standard of perfection to which everybody ought to conform. But a censorious spirit is one of the worst faults. It is a flagrant violation of the great law of love. It is the opposite of that charity "which is the bond of perfectness." And for a child to be ever criticising a parent is a breach of the Fifth Commandment.

I went over to see Mr. Jones the other day on some business. I wanted him to do something he did not want to do. As we were discussing the matter he turned to me with a perplexed look and said: "Neighbor Smith, the more I think of it, the more it seems to me I hadn't ought to." Jennie was present, and she turned to him at once with the air of a school marm, and said: "Oh, father, how can you talk so? How often have I told you to say, 'I ought not to?' And then, looking at me, she added: 'Father does make so many mistakes; I do wish that he would be more grammatical.' I was nettled, and said: 'Miss Jennie, which do you think is most to violate the laws of language, or to violate the law of God?' Why the law of God, of course. But what do you mean by asking the question?"

Only to remind you that the Fifth Commandment says: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' I did not mean to be rude, but I could not help it. The young lady desired no reply. She bounced out of the room like a shot out of a shovel. But I don't think that she will correct her father's grammar in my presence again.

Now, don't let anybody misunderstand me. I am not justifying Mr. Jones in saying "I hadn't ought to," nor complaining of Jennie for wanting her father to speak the English language correctly; but what I object to is the way she treated him, the air of superiority that she assumed. She did not honor her father, though in spite of his careless grammar he is a noble and good man, and I am glad that I gave her the rebuke that I did. When children begin to get ashamed of their parents, or to treat them as if they were inferior, because they have not all their modern new-fangled notions and ways, I tremble for them; for the promise of long life is to those who keep the Fifth Commandment.—*Senec Smith in Journal.*

**Reach The Young People.**

A good, intelligent sister out in Illinois, the mother of a bright son just then merging into manhood, remarked to us once, "The trouble is, our preachers do not reach our boys and young men. They don't get acquainted with them as they should. If they speak to them at all, it is in a grave, solemn way, as if they were preaching to them, and lecture them about the wickedness of an irreligious life, so as to cause the boys to shy off from them. I wish they would learn to talk to boys in such a way as to reach them and win them." Now, the extent to which there is ground for this complaint, and to which pastors do thus fail, we are not prepared to say. Nor are we going to bring against our faithful ministers "a railing accusation" for inefficiency in this respect. The object is rather to make, if possible, some suggestions

that will prove helpful to them in this important part of their work.

The fact is, no pastor is successful as such who fails to reach and win the young people; and one of the most helpful signs for the future prosperity of our Zion is the wonderful activity that has sprung up in the Church within the last year in respect to work among the young people. The organization of the Y. P. C. U. was surely God-directed. Through it the young people are being reached and won into active Christian life and usefulness as never before.

But there are many pastors who have not organized their young people—have not taken hold of this important branch of work, and consequently that important class are not being reached and won as they should be. When the young people are left to drift away, the Church must suffer loss, the ranks of its membership become thin, and its existence finally wound up. As the older members are transplanted into the kingdom above, there must be new recruits on earth to take their places, or the kingdom below will cease to exist. Pastors everywhere should recognize this fact, and make special efforts to reach and win the boys and girls.

In making his pastoral calls, the pastor should never fail to notice the children, from the smallest "little tottler" up to the young men and young women. He should as opportunity offers, speak to the older ones about their studies in school, ask them a few questions, mixing amusement with a testing of their knowledge in such a way as to inspire them to diligence and arouse in them a laudable ambition. He should also question them respecting their purposes and aims in life; and right here will be a good place to drop into their ears a word respecting the importance of laying up treasures in heaven.

Work of this kind, done in an easy, natural, intelligent manner, will win the hearts of the young people to their pastor and wonderfully increase his influence over them for good. Many, very many, Christian parents would rejoice to have the pastors thus secure a firm hold upon their sons and daughters. They often feel that all their efforts to interest their children in the cause of Christ are futile because "the boys don't like the preacher." And no one can remove that obstacle but the pastor himself. Love is contagious. If the pastor loves and interests himself in the young people they will love and be interested in him in return. But he must make the first advance. The young people can be reached and won by wise, loving action. "He that winneth souls is wise."—*Rev. Telescope.*

**TIED EYES.**—Take a cup brimful of tepid water and add sufficient salt to be faintly perceptible to the taste. Hold your eyes to the water so that the lashes touch it, then wink once and the eyes will be suffused; do not wipe them. This so refreshes the eyes that they feel like a new pair. Do not forget the good old eye, as soon as you feel your eyes, stop using them. By the above treatment one need waste very little time waiting for tired eyes.

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