

Do Your Best.

Do your best, and be not troubled
Should some other better do;
If your work should fail to please you,
Don't give up, but strive anew.

Do your best, for slighted labor
N'er can satisfaction bring;
Do it quickly, time is passing,
You must seize it on the wing.

Many duties lie before you,
Trials oft your strength shall test;
But you need not fret nor worry
If you only do your best.

Do your best when in the school-room;
Do your best at work or play;
Do your best what'er befall you—
Do it bravely day by day.

Do your best; get not disheartened,
Though the task seem hard and long.
God is ever near to help you;
He can make the weakest strong.

Tell Him of the work accomplished,
Ask His help to do the rest;
He can soothe the path before you,
God helps them do their best.

—Selected.

What The Deacon Said.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest, that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked about if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here, and these wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder.

"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long time I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign Mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, regular, and I didn't get to church. Home Mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd generally a tech of neuralgy so I didn't feel like going out, and I stayed at home. Tract Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was going to be deaf, and oughtn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sunday for helping the Publication Society, like as not my curls were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to go out.

"Wife wanted me to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear of it. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks.

"And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and didn't think much about givin' anyhow, except as a sort of losing business.

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was a smart little thing. One Sunday night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by-and-by she got kind of quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay any rent in heaven?'

"What?" says I, looking down at her, kind of astonished like.

"Will we have to pay rent in heaven?" says she again.

"Why, no," says I. "What made you think that?"

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a long time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyhow, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said, 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven.' And as the only real poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven.

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie and explained to her about the 'many mansions' in our 'Father's house, you know, but I didn't listen much. I was used to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way right before Nannie, too.

"I fixed up some pretty sharp things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him the next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened out to everything that I pattered out, and then he said, 'Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making deposits, and then he drove off.

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry-patch and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of Foreign Mission Sunday and the

rheumatiz, and Home Mission Sunday and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgy, and Tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down there in the blackberry-patch, and said, 'Oh, Lord, I've been a stingy man, if ever there was one, and if ever I do get to heaven, I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to thee.'

"And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over the first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord' till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."

—From a leaflet published by the American Home Mission Society.

The Reason.

A lady who had been a quiet but successful Sunday-school worker, gathering an earnest class about her and holding its members, was asked by a young girl, enthusiastic but discouraged, the secret of her success. The lady was surprised and abashed. She had gathered her class together so gradually, her work had been such a quiet one, that she had hardly considered ways and means. She declared that her class was far from being an ideal one, and disclaimed any special method of working.

"I know," said the girl, "that there must be something at the bottom of it all or you could never hold them as you do. I cannot keep my class interested so. They whisper and play at one end of the class while I talk to them from the other."

The lady considered a moment and then said: "The great principle is, I think, that they are interested in the lessons and in the study of the Bible. So, as a natural consequence, they are attentive."

"O, yes," answered the girl; "I see, of course, that they are interested in the lessons now, but will you please tell me how you got them so interested in the Bible study?"

Still pondering the question, the lady replied: "I suppose that is due to the fact that they come regularly. In that way they keep the thread of the subject. I could never keep them interested in the lessons if they were irregular in attendance."

"Yes," persisted the girl; "I can see all that, but will you tell me how you get them to come regularly?"

Still speaking slowly, as if feeling her own way, her friend answered: "Well, as to that, I always made a personal matter of their coming. They understood from the first that I should be pained at their needless absence. Although I trust that they have a higher motive now, I suppose they mostly came at first because—they loved me."

The eager questioner hesitated, and then continued, speaking earnestly: "I am not surprised that they should, but will you excuse me if I ask you what special means you took to make them love you?"

And then the lady smiled. "My child, you are teaching me many things. The reason why they loved me was because I loved them."

Is it not true that, although many elements may seem to enter into Christian work, the fundamental principle must be love for those whom we are trying to help.—The Congregationalist.

Playing With Peril.

Some time ago I waited for a train at a suburban station, a few miles from Boston.

It was almost time for the train to arrive, and a large number of passengers had assembled on the platform; but, as usual, there were others who were hurrying in at the last minute to catch the train.

Among these late comers was a girl of attractive appearance, stylishly dressed. As she drew near the station the electric bell that gives warning of an approaching train began to ring. Supposing that it was for the passenger train which she wished to take, the girl hurried forward and began to cross the four tracks between her and the platform where the passengers were standing.

She glanced toward the train, and saw that it was not a passenger train, but a gravel train, and, to the surprise of those who happened to be watching her, she ceased her rapid walk and began to walk with an air of easy negligence across the tracks.

She had crossed the first and second tracks when the engineer saw that she did not seem to know that a train was so near, and he blew several sharp, warning whistles. The girl did not even look up, and the train was only a few rods away, on the fourth track. Some of the ladies on the platform grew pale, and turned their faces aside, and a gentleman cried: "Hurry, lady!"

She cast a lazy glance toward the engine, but made no effort to hasten, and just as the train thundered by she stepped gracefully upon the platform and cast a scornful glance upon those of us who, realizing at

last her awful recklessness, had sprung forward to rescue her.

A second's delay would have been fatal. Had her dress caught on the smallest splinter, her foot struck ever so lightly against a rail, she would have been a mass of mangled flesh beneath the wheels of the locomotive.

In another minute our passenger train came in, and I saw the reckless girl no more. But I could not forget the incident, nor the many lessons which it suggested.

There are many girls who seem to take delight in running risks, as did the foolish girl who toyed with her life in the path of the locomotive. They are unwilling to heed the loving counsels of their parents. If some kind friend gives them a word of warning they treat it with scorn or ridicule.

These young people do not pursue this course because they are ignorant of its dangers. The track of temptation and evil habits, within their own knowledge, is strewn with ruined lives. But they intend to step into a safe place before it is too late.

In the path of evil there is no safety. The safe place is with God. "My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and forevermore." Only under the "shadow of His wings" can we find perfect safety.

Sour People.

Sour people not only have a hard time in getting through the world themselves, but they make it hard for other people.

The more sour people profess to have religion, the harder they make it for the Lord to reach those who have much to do with them.

Sour people who claim to be Christians make sinners think that the Lord is opposed to anybody having a very good time in this world.

Sometimes people are sour because they have just enough religion to make them miserable, and not enough to make them happy, and sometimes they are born that way.

Sour people are very often made more so by brooding over their troubles, and thinking of themselves and their disappointments, instead of meditating upon the goodness of God and his unfailing kindness.

Sour people ought to remember that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Nothing can so quickly take the bitterness out of the heart and put a smile on the face that will keep sweet in any climate, as to become well acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ.

An 'insane man turned loose with a shot-gun would not do as much harm as some people do with bitter hearts and long faces.—The Ram's Horn.

Reformed Men, Beware!

The following incident is full of lessons for reformed men. It comes direct from a leader in Gospel Temperance work: A good-hearted man who was under the power of drink reformed and remained steadfast for nine years, amassing fifty thousand dollars in money, becoming a director in an important Temperance institution, and being instrumental in saving one hundred and sixty-three men who had fallen. At the end of the nine years he felt altogether safe, became proud of his success, did not like any one to know he was a reformed man, and ceased to attend work in the Temperance meetings. A saloon-keeper got hold of him and offered to wager ten dollars that this reformed man of nine years' standing could not walk around the block with a teaspoonful of whiskey in his mouth. In the weakness of his pride the poor fellow accepted the wager, swallowing the whiskey. His appetite was fiercely aroused, he began to drink, and six years after the diabolical temptation he died a drunkard. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and let him remember that to work in Christ's name for others is the surest way of being saved himself.

TEST QUESTIONS AS TO THE WORTH OF AMUSEMENTS.—First. Do they rest and strengthen or weary and weaken the body? Second. Do they rest and strengthen or weary and weaken the brain? Third. Do they make resistance to temptation easier or harder? Fourth. Do they increase or lessen love for virtue, purity, temperance, and justice? Fifth. Do they give inspiration and quicken enthusiasm, or stupefy the intellectual and harden the moral nature? Sixth. Do they increase or diminish respect for manhood or womanhood? Seventh. Do they draw one nearer to or remove one farther from the Christ?—Advance.

Good words For Girls.

Your mother is your best friend. Have nothing to do with girls who snub their parents.

Tell the pleasantest things you know when at meals.

Do not expect your brother to be as dainty as a girl.

Exercise, and never try to look as if you were in delicate health.

Introduce every new acquaintance to your mother as soon as possible.

Don't think it necessary to get married. There is plenty of room for old maids, and they are often happier than wives.

Enjoy the pleasure provided for you by your parents to the fullest extent. They will like that as a reward better than any other.

Most fathers are inclined to over-indulge their daughters. Make it impossible for your father to spoil you by fairly returning his devotion and affection.

Never think you can afford to be dowdy at home. Cleanliness, hair well-dressed and a smile will make a calico look like silks and satins to a father or brother.

Do not quarrel with your brother; do not preach at him, and do not coddle him. Make him your friend, and do not expect him to be your servant, nor let him expect you to be his.—Selected.

How To Love God.

A woman once said to her pastor: "I do not love God very much, but want to love more. How can I?"

"You must become better acquainted with Him," was the reply. "We love those who are worthy of our love in proportion as we become acquainted with them."

"How can I get better acquainted?" she asked.

"Study the Bible more," he said. "God speaks to you, reveals Himself to you in the Bible. Read in the New Testament the life of Jesus, and imagine you had been with Him, as John and Peter and Mary were."

"And pray more. Tell Him all your joys and troubles and needs. He will answer you, and every answer will draw you closer and closer to Him."

"Then try to please Him in everything you do and say. We always love those whom we try to please. Love makes us wish to please the Lord, and love rewards us when we have done it."

The woman followed these rules, simple as they were, and her love to God grew and spread all through her heart.—Word and Work.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

Take time; it is no use to foam or fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door remains unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.

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