

How Little it Costs.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought. To make happy some heart each day! Just one kind word, or a tender smile, As we go on our daily way. Purchase a look will suffice to clear The cloud from a neighbor's face, And the press of a hand in sympathy A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight, another goes All wearily in the shade. One treads a path that is fair and smooth, Another must pray for aid, For ways that are rough with stumbling stones. Where tired feet go slow, One sees with eyes which are glad and bright, Another's with tears o'erflow.

We pass each other as days go by. But we seldom have time to heed— We who are filled with our own content— How much our neighbors may need. Can't we stop to give just a kindly smile? Or a tender word or so? Or only one glance of sympathy Which might to some sad heart go?

And kindle therein a glow of trust, And dry the falling tears. And help sweet faith to revive again In the place of grief and fears? It costs so little! I wonder why We give it so little thought! A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch! What magic with them is wrought!

Honest in the sight of all Men.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

The Sunday-school lesson for the morning was one of unusual interest. As the teacher was speaking in his earnest way on the golden text, which was, 'Provide things honest in the sight of all men,' Arthur Holloway felt deeply impressed, and resolved that as for him he would always pursue an honest, straightforward course.

'You see,' said the teacher, 'it is not only very wrong to deal dishonestly with your fellow-men, but also very unsafe.'

The young men of the class looked up inquiringly at Mr. Rupert, as if to ask him to specify.

'It is true,' he continued, 'the first act of dishonesty may never be discovered; but, if you should succeed in covering up such a deed, the next time you would find it easier to yield to temptation, and the next time still easier. Thus you would be led gradually from bad to worse, becoming bolder and bolder in your overreaching, until you would finally feel so confident of your skill in escaping detection that you would venture too far, and exposure would be sure to follow sooner or later. The first act of dishonesty, however small, is the entering wedge of evil. Don't yield to it, and you will never come to harm. Be honest, young men,' he added emphatically, 'not only because it is the best policy, but also because it is right and honorable.'

'But what is meant when the Golden Text says, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men?" questioned Arthur. "Are we not to be honest whether men see us or not?"

'A very sensible question,' rejoined the teacher. The meaning is that our conduct should be open and transparent before everybody; that there should be no double-dealing, no evasion, but perfect frankness; and that we will require an honest purpose and a pure heart. Secret trickery will soon destroy a man's candor, and cause his fellow-men to suspect him, even before they can prove him dishonest.'

'That was quite a sermon,' whispered a young man to Arthur at the close of the school. It was right to the point, though, answered Arthur thoughtfully; and then he added to himself: 'Some time I may fall into temptation and need the lesson I have learned today.'

The temptation came sooner than the young man expected. The next morning, he went as usual, to the hardware store in which he was employed as a clerk, and was rearranging some of the wares in the rear of the room, when Mr. Jenkins, the head of the firm said to him:

'There is that old windmill, Arthur; it has been standing here in the way for over two years. I don't believe we can sell it. So many improvements have been made in wind-mills that this machine is out of date. If you can make any use of it you can have it for nothing, or for the trouble of hauling it away.'

'Oh! I don't know that it would be of any use to me,' replied Arthur. 'It would likely only be in the way if I were to put it into my father's barn. But I'll see.'

'All right; it's yours if you want to take it away.' As the day passed Arthur almost forgot Mr. Jenkins' offer. The next day, while he was alone in the store for several hours, an old farmer entered to make some purchases.

'Come back this way, sir,' said Arthur courteously, leading the way to the rear of the store-room.

Hello! what kind of a windmill is this? the farmer asked.

'It's a good machine but somewhat out of date,' replied Arthur. 'There have been a number of improvements since it was made and put on the market.'

The farmer spent several minutes inspecting the mill.

'What will you take for it?' he asked. 'Oh! I hardly know,' said Arthur. 'It sold for fifty dollars when it was new. I ought to have twenty for it now.'

'I'll give you fifteen in cash,' offered the farmer, reaching into his pocket. 'Well, you may have it,' Arthur replied, glad to dispose of a machine that had been an incumbrance so long.

'Here's your money,' announced the buyer, handing Arthur three five-dollar bills. 'I've been wanting to get a windmill this long time for one of my barns, and this will answer the purpose first rate.'

After making some other purchases the farmer drove around by the alleyway to the rear of the store, the mill was hoisted upon his wagon, and he drove away. It was only after he had gone that the young clerk put the thought that had been in his mind into clear phrases.

'The fifteen dollars are mine,' he said to himself. 'Mr. Jenkins said I might have the mill if I would have it taken away. I can buy those new books I've been wanting so long, with the money. It has really been a god-send,' and he thrust the three bills into his pocket and went about his work in the store.

But, see here, suggested a voice within him: 'Are you sure the windmill was yours? You hadn't accepted your employer's offer, and you hadn't taken the machine out of the store as he stipulated.'

'Oh! well, he had given it to me, anyway, and I haven't had time to remove it since,' Arthur argued. 'He never expected to sell it.'

'As long as it was in the store it was his property,' urged the inner voice. It was yours only on condition that you would remove it from the store; and that you hadn't done.'

'That's splitting a hair, and straining at a gnat,' persisted the young man.

'Little foxes destroy the grapevine. Little tricks lead to larger ones, and they to still larger.'

'But I can make such good use of the money—buy books and clothing, and other things I need.'

'A good end never justifies bad means.'

Thus the mental conflict went on during the greater part of the afternoon, and at length Arthur decided to keep the money, at least until the next day. Towards evening his employer came into the store. Arthur's face grew slightly pale. What if Mr. Jenkins should notice that the windmill was gone and should enquire about it? Arthur decided to make a compromise with his own conscience; if Mr. Jenkins said nothing about the mill neither would he; but if Mr. Jenkins mentioned it then Arthur would tell the truth about the sale he had made.

'It is queer he didn't miss the old mill, Arthur said to himself that evening on his way home. "I don't feel just right about keeping the money though."

The mental struggle continued until bedtime. When Arthur knelt beside his couch to say his evening prayer, what should stand before him in imagination but that old mill, coming between him and God! What a troublesome mill it was, anyway! Suddenly the Golden Text of the previous Sunday flashed before his mind: 'Provide things honest in the sight of all men.'

'If we provide things honest in the sight of men, how much more in the sight of God,' Arthur said aloud, springing to his feet. 'What was it Mr. Rupert said? "The first dishonest act, however small, is the entering wedge of evil," or something to that effect. If I yield to this temptation, what may I not yield to by-and-by? No, I can't keep the money. I am not sure it is mine, and I can't afford to take any moral risk in the matter. I shall tell everything to Mr. Jenkins the first thing in the morning.'

And the next morning he manfully carried out his resolution, saying, 'Mr. Jenkins, I sold that windmill here in the store yesterday for fifteen dollars. Here is the money.'

His employer looked at him with gleaming eyes of approval.

'Good for you, Arthur,' he said putting his hand on the young man's shoulder; then he went on: 'But, by the way, I knew yesterday that you had sold the mill.'

'You knew it?' exclaimed Arthur. 'Yes,' answered his employer. 'I met Farmer Read in the country, and he told me he had bought the machine of you. But I thought I'd say nothing about it and see what you would do.'

You've played the man, my boy, he pursued, with deep feeling. 'I see I can trust you.'

'Thank God!' said Arthur fervently, that I was strong enough to be honest. 'No doubt it was a sore temptation, but you resisted it like a true man. Accept the fifteen dollars as a gift from me.'

'The tears welled in Arthur's eyes. 'Your wages shall be raised from this day on,' said Mr. Jenkins. 'I can afford to pay well a boy whom I can trust.'—E.E.

The Intelligencer aims to be a helper of ministers in their work. We shall be glad if the ministers will give the paper the benefit of their influence just now. Renew now, please.

The New Year's 'Revolutions.'

'I am going to make my New Year "revolutions" now,' said Beth, as she sat by the nursery fire one evening between Christmas and New Year with her Christmas journal open on her lap.

'Oh, so am I,' said Ethelwyn, and she ran off to get hers.

'Now then, let's see: I know my biggest fault to "revolute" about, and that is sulking,' said Beth, sternly, bound on getting to the bottom of things. 'It's the easiest thing for me to get mad clear thro', at nothing almost. And I think about things till they get as big as the Rocky Mountains—pretty near. And I can't get over it as you can, sister.'

'Yes, I always sputter, and sputter, and then I forget all about things,' said Ethelwyn, 'but I am selfish, you know, Beth, and I poke when I dress, and I forget things—Oh dear, I can think of more bad things about me than I can good, that's one thing certain.'

'Well, now, let's write,' said Beth, bending over her book and going to work in earnest.

This is a copy of Beth's 'revolutions':

- (1) Not to pout.
- (2) Not to poke when I do anything.
- (3) To help mamma.
- (4) To study hard.
- (5) Not to be cross to sister.

After Beth had read these aloud, Ethelwyn, who had been staring in the fire, began:

'One to four all of Beth's but sulking. The other not to be selfish and cross.'

Now this pair of children thought their faults were all cured by writing them down. And they read them to mamma, who smiled and said nothing. New Year was the loveliest day, with enough snow on the ground to make the sleighing perfect.

'O mamma, can't we go to grandma's?' asked Ethelwyn after breakfast. 'Yes, I thought I would go out there and take dinner,' said mamma, 'but I think you little maids will be better off at home, for I could only take one with me, and that would make the other very lonely.'

'O mamma, please take me,' cried Ethelwyn. 'I am the oldest and I ought to go. Besides I want to see grandma and tell her about Christmas.'

Beth said not a word, but her bright face clouded over and her underlip came out in a decided pout.

'No, I don't dare try that; it's so cold that we would suffer, unless we were snugly tucked in,' answered mamma.

There was a struggle going on in Beth's mind. She did want the ten miles' ride to grandma's so much, but by and by she said quietly:

'All right, mamma, take sister, and I will go next time.'

Mamma kissed her eight-year-old heroine and said,

'That's my good little daughter!'

Ethelwyn flew off to get ready, trying not to hear something that kept trying to be heard. After they had gone Beth had a good cry, and that washed the clouds off from her face somewhat. Still she was rather heavy-hearted as she sat down with her Christmas doll and books. But the jingle of bells brought her quickly to the window, and there was dear uncle John with his beautiful gray team harnessed up to a Portland cutter. He waved his hand and she threw up the window.

'Hurry up, dear, and get your things on, for I am going to take you for a ride, and an oyster dinner, and the Cinderella matinee this afternoon.'

'O uncle, dear,' said Beth, 'can I really? Does mamma know?' 'Yes, or papa does, for I stopped and asked him if I might have his girls to-day.'

'O sister is gone with mamma,' cried Beth, who never enjoys anything quite so well without her sister.

'I will have to get on with one of you, then,' said uncle, his eyes twinkling, for he had heard the whole story from papa. 'Get on your wraps in a hurry, for these don't like to stand still' he added. So Beth ran in a great hurry to get on her new plaid cloak and big scarlet hat, and presently was whirling away, with her eyes shining like stars.

How she did enjoy it all, to be sure! Cinderella and Prince Prittwitz, the cunning dolls, and the ponies to finish up with, after the ride and an oyster dinner.

'Thank you, uncle dear, so much, so much. If sister had only been here I would have had the best time in all my life,' cried the happy little girl as she landed on the steps of home, after it was all over.

Ethelwyn was home and did not look very happy, as she sat by the nursery fire with her journal on her lap. And as she listened to Beth's glowing account of her day, the shadows on her face grew deeper.

'I had a horrid time,' she said when Beth had finished her story. 'We got so cold. My toes ached so I nearly cried. And I kept thinking about you all alone, and a big lump came in my throat so I could not eat my dinner, and grandma was so sick that I had to be still all day, so I had lots of time to think about you and the "revolutions" I had broken all to bits. And aunt Fanny, who always makes us say things straight, says it's resolutions anyway.'

'Oh, I broke one too,' said Beth eagerly. 'I forgot all about it and I sulked; and then I had such a nice time. If I am not ashamed!—but I'll tell you one thing, sister, we did not say our prayers about them, p'raps that was the trouble.'

'Yes, dear little girls, said mamma, who had just come in a few minutes before; 'that is just the trouble; you might as well spare yourselves the trouble of making resolutions if you don't pray to be able to keep them, for they are sure to be broken else. It would be a "revolution" indeed if people could keep their resolutions without help from above.'

'Well, we have learned how, that's one comfort,' said Ethelwyn, with a sigh—and mamma smiled.—Churchman.

You want to have regular and accurate information about the Lord's work at home and abroad. The Intelligencer furnishes it.

Home Hints.

The value of buttermilk is steadily growing in appreciation. A medical writer claims that its use will sometimes cure the craving for alcohol, and that it has seemed to effect a cure in cases of Bright's disease.

The next time you get a speck of dust or metal in your eye just shut it and keep it shut for over a minute. Nature will then come to your relief, and there will be enough tear-like moisture to get rid of the obstruction, which will be found in one of the corners when the eye is finally opened.

LEMON PIE.—The juice and grated peel of three lemons, two good-sized apples, grated (or three crackers), two cups of sugar, three eggs (reserving the whites of two for the meringue) and one cup of milk. Bake half an hour in nice pie crust. When baked, cover the tops of the pies with the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Smooth it over with a knife, and set it in the oven to brown.

HARD SAUCE.—One-quarter cup of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, or whites of two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, add gradually the sugar, and beat until very light, add the whites, one at a time, and beat all until frothy, then add gradually the flavoring, and beat again. Heap it on a small dish, sprinkle lightly with grated nutmeg, and stand away on the ice to harden.

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