

Omission.

I might have said a word of cheer
Before I let him go,
His weary visage haunts me yet;
But how could I foreknow
The slightest chance would be the last
To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearnings cannot send
That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
My brother had sore need
Of that for which—too shy and proud—
He lacked the speech to plead.
But self is near, and self is strong,
And I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes
And went, athirst, away.

I might have held in closer clasp
The hand he held in mine;
The pulsing warmth of my rich life
Had been as generous wine,
Swelling a stream that, even then,
Was ebbing faint and slow.
Mine might have been (God knows) the arm
To stay the fatal blow.

Oh, word and look and clasp withheld!
O brother-heart, now stilled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
I might have warmed and filled!
Talents misused and seasons lost,
O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears
As desert sands to rain!

Ah, friend! whose eyes today may look
Love into living eyes,
Whose tone and touch, perchance, may
thrill
Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like your Lord, in love,
And lavish as His grace,
With light and dew and manna fall,
For night comes on apace
—MARION HARLAND

The Choice Task.

A successful business man recently deceased said that one secret of his success lay in his practice of always doing the most disagreeable part of his work first.

This is a very good suggestion for any and all of us to test. In every trade and profession and avocation there are some things more disagreeable than others; and because they are so they are frequently put off and put off until they become intolerable. Now, if we would do the worst part of our work first, our enjoyment in our work would always be on the increase, and probably our satisfaction in getting done the irksome and hateful parts will make us really happier than pleasure we may have in what we really like to do. So, my young friend, if you have a composition to write that you dread, get that done first and have it off your mind. Or is it a series of problems in algebra? Get up early in the morning, after a good night's sleep, and attack the enemy, and don't give up the struggle till the "statements" are all clear and the value of x is easily deduced from them.

Akin to the philosophy of the man above alluded to was that of a small Tennessee farmer who lived and flourished before the war. His lot was narrow in most senses, his family large, his board frugal, but generous and hospitable. He knew nothing of bills of fare arranged to correspond to the economic demands of the digestive apparatus, and he cared for none of these things. Everything provided for any one meal was brought on at one time, and then, said he, "we begin to eat the best thing on the table, and when we have eaten that we eat the next best thing, and so we are always eating the best." A more contented family it would have been hard to find than his, for he got the best things out of life, and with his merry heart had a continual feast.

If we can school ourselves to regard the most irksome tasks as the best, because most fruitful in discipline and preparation for future labors, and steadily push them behind us, we shall be surprised at the narrow proportions their irksomeness will take until we may really become indifferent to it, and prefer to do what costs self-denial and persistent courage to perform.

"Does That Man Love Me?"

Rev. A. J. Diaz of Cuba tells the following story: "One night a Spaniard, named Fernandez, came to the church so drunk he could hardly walk. After the service was over, he came up to the pulpit and asked me, 'Does that man love me? What man?' I asked, 'That man whom you spoke about and read about in the Book. Does he love a drunken man like me?' I told him, 'Yes, Jesus wants you to come to him and be saved.' And I gave him a Bible and told him to read it. The next Sunday he came, well dressed, with the New Testament in his hand and was so changed that I did not recognize him. He continued to come regularly after that, until he professed Christ and was baptized. When I called on him I found him at work in his bakery, and he had his Testament fastened to the wall, so that he could read it while working. While working. While he was called away

by a customer, I asked his wife: Mrs. Fernandez, how do you like your husband being a Christian and reading the Bible?' She said: 'He is a very good man now; but before, he used to come home at two o'clock in the morning, and beat and abuse me and the children. Now all is changed. He comes early and reads his Book.' Surely this drunken sinner found that the man Jesus did truly love him, it mattered not how bad he was nor how wicked he had been. He learned that Jesus was indeed the Saviour of sinners, that he came to save, not little sinners, but great sinners. There are no little sinners in this world. All are great sinners—vastly greater than they can possibly imagine. And Christ does not hesitate a moment to love the most degraded, besotted sinner in all the universe. He loves such ones just as freely as he loves the most respectable sinner in the world. He so loves them that he urges his love upon them, beseeching them to accept it as the life of their life, as the remedy for their deadly disease, as the heaven of their souls. Reader, if this man loves you so much, ought you not to love him?—Selected.

A Typical Critic of Prohibition

A gentleman from western New York was introduced at my home Portland Me., a few days ago; he wished, he said, for information about prohibition. I said: "How long have you been in town?"

"I have been here a week."

"Then you must have seen and heard enough to enable you to form an opinion of it what do you think of it?"

"I think it is a failure."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Falmouth hotel."

"Do they sell liquor there?"

"No; I tried to get some and could not."

"Did you try anywhere else?"

"Yes. I went to the Preble and they would not let me have any."

"Did you try anywhere else?"

"Yes. I called at a druggist's and couldn't get any."

"Did you try anywhere else?"

"I went to a barber's shop and asked if he could tell me where I could get a drink, and he said he did not know any such place."

"Well, you've been here a week and have tried your best to get a drink and failed. Why do you think prohibition a failure?"

"One morning I was in the park and saw a drunken man with a bottle, and from that I saw that prohibition was a failure."

"If you had seen in a morning paper an account of the conviction of a thief, would you conclude our criminal laws to be a failure and suggest their repeal and a license instead?"

"Oh, no; that is different."

"Do you know if that drunken man came here from Boston in the early morning steamer with the bottle in his pocket or that he bought it here?"

"No, I do not know about that."

"There is not 100th part so much liquor sold in Portland now as there was before the law, and the city is twice larger than it was then. Doesn't that indicate the law to be a great success?"

"No, to my mind it is a failure."

"Consumption is a fatal disease."

it kills all whom it attacks. Suppose somebody would announce a cure for it, and on trial it is found to cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, would you consider the remedy a failure or a success?"

He made no answer, but took his hat and left.

I said "Good morning" instead of "What a fool you are!"—Neal Dow.

Taking Care of an Enemy's Hay.

A college professor once related the following facts to his class in order to show the power of kindness in effecting a change in the disposition and conduct of our enemies toward us: There were two farmers who lived near neighbors, and whose farms lay side by side. One of these farmers was a pious, good man, of gentle, inoffensive character. The character of the other was just the reverse. His temper was like tinder taking fire at every spark that came in his way. He hated his pious neighbor; but more, probably, on account of his piety than anything else. He was vexing and tormenting the good man, quarrelling about mere trifles, as much as one can quarrel with who has no one to quarrel with him.

One summer he had mowed down a good deal of grass, and had gone away from home, leaving it out in the field to dry. But while he was absent there came up a storm of rain. While the clouds were gathering the pious man saw the exposed condition of his neighbor's hay, and it struck him that there was now a fine chance to show a good man's revenge—that is, to return good for evil. So he took with him his hired men, and

got his neighbor's hay all safely into the barn. What was the result.

When the quarrelsome man came home, expecting to see his hay all soaked by the rain, and found it had been taken care of by the man he had so much injured, it cut him to the very core. From that hour the evil spirit was cast out of him. No more abuse did he give the good man after that; but he became as obliging and kind to his pious neighbor as the latter had been to him.—*The Epworth Herald.*

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural colour to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

A Well-Remembered Sermon.

One who is now a Wesleyan minister was converted in England, when he was ten years old, by a sermon from Rev. S. Coley, and some of the things Mr. Coley said sank so deeply into his heart that they have influenced his life ever since. He says:

"I was only a little fellow, and I sat away back in the gallery, and by-and-by, as he was preaching, Mr. Coley said something about blacking shoes; and at that I picked up my ears, for you see, that came home to me—that was my business. We were a large family at home, we kept no servant, and we had to divide the work between us. I was the eldest, and my share was to black the family's shoes. So you may think I listened. Mr. Coley said something like this: 'Someone has said that if he were a shoemaker he would be the best shoemaker that ever was. But I would not say that. If I were a shoemaker, I would black my shoes for Jesus Christ to see.' Well, that was a new idea! Blacking shoes for Jesus Christ! I had rather slighted my work till then but after that I blacked my shoes for Jesus Christ to see, and I got quite a reputation as a shoemaker. And more than that, the principle has stayed with me through life, and enters into all I do. I write two thousand four hundred letters in a year; I never send off a blotted one, or one written with a bad pen."

In all things the precept holds good, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Little Worries.

We have read of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel the tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. A pastor was absorbed in studying the question of socialism, when his wife came in with despair on her face, and she wanted advice about the servants. "Oh, my dear," he replied, "I cannot give my time to little matters like domestic service. I am trying to solve the social problem of the universe." "Well," replied the wife, "you solve the problem in the kitchen, and I will promise you to solve the problem of the universe in twenty-four hours." Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.—*Rev. A. C. Dixon.*

HELP FOR CHILDREN.—When shall we ever learn that it is not what we do for the child, but what we help him to do for himself, which is of value to him—that it is not what he has, but what he is, which brings happiness? The bequest of a fortune, no matter how princely, does not compensate for a weak and marred character; and the priceless gift of strong, true training of heart and will is within the reach of every mother who is willing to prepare herself by thought and study upon this great subject of child-training, it matters not how humble her position may be.—Elizabeth Harrison.

Leaving Self Out.

Self ought to be left out of our service for Jesus Christ. Indeed, it must be. We cannot serve Christ and have self uppermost in plan and effort. If self is served, then Christ cannot be. If Christ is served, then self must take a back seat. The Christian life is an unselfish life. The more we learn of Christ, and the more we become like him, the more will we leave consideration of self out of our aspirations and work.

It is said that a young man who had attended a summer meeting of Christian workers not long ago went away, saying, "I will leave a great deal of myself at this camp."

He had received such exalted views of Christ and what a life consecrated to him meant, while at the meetings in the grove, that he came to think less of himself and more of Christ. So he was going to leave self behind, and put Christ in the forefront of his future life.

A rich spiritual blessing will lift many a Christian to this higher view of the Christian life. Happy would it be for all Christians if they would learn to leave out self in the camp-meetings and revivals, when they take higher spiritual grounds, and return to their work filled with the Holy Spirit.—*Religious Telescope.*

Her Privilege.

A minister says that in one of his charges a good man regularly gave every Sabbath one pound for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of threepence per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister, and said that the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the threepence for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied, "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him. My health is good, my children kept well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week." How many young men there are who know nothing of the privilege of regularly giving something to the Lord's work, because they have never tried it!

A Little Fun at Home.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a laugh should shake down a few of the dusty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at less profitable places. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within doors, and merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright home.—*Christian at Work.*

Noble Choice.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got for wearing it."

"That I can't exactly say," replied the other; "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year."

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Chasington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade, and refused to continue in it, though it would have cost him an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money making; and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."—*Boys' Brigade Courier.*

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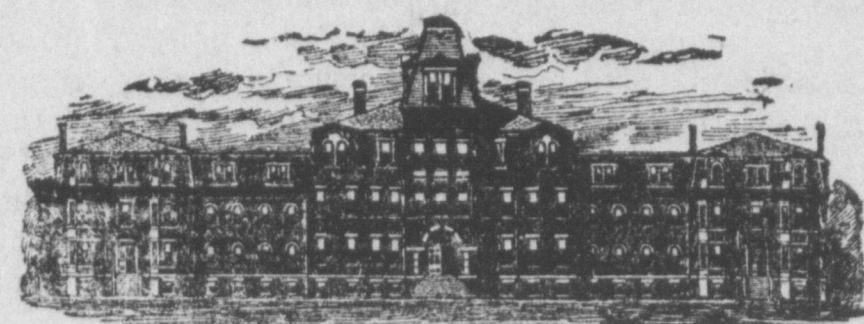
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