

Don't Complain.

Don't complain About the weather;
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain About "the sermon,"
And show your lack of wit,
For, like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it is fit.

Don't complain About your neighbor;
For in your neighbor's view
His neighbor is not faultless—
That neighbor being you.

—Selected.

Mrs. Whitelaw's Offer.

MRS. LAURA UPDEGRAFF.

Manda Small opened the door of her home with a tired, slow hand. It was like the doors of many houses that shelter our brothers and sisters of the "lower classes," as we call them. The whistles had all sounded for noon, and she remembered there was nothing for dinner.

She drew a silver half-dollar from the faded folds of her dress, with fingers swollen and water-soaked, for she had washed all the morning to earn it. The house was dark to one coming from the clear, outside day, but the furnishing of the small room was so familiar that she did not pause, but laying the money on the table, turned to hagg her share behind the door. A man lay on a bed in a corner of the room. There were bright fever spots on his cheeks, and he had the terribly alert eyes that so often belong to consumptives. He was watching Manda, but did not speak, for he saw she was "out of sorts."

A dirty child running about the floor came to the table and, by a mighty effort, reached the money and clasped it in his fat hand. He was trying to put it in his mouth while toddling away with guilty haste, when his mother turned about. She gave him a sounding slap as she rescued the silver, and said, with seeming irreverence, "For the Lord's sake!" as she shook him up sharply. He sat on the floor where she left him, and cried lustily.

Now Manda Small loved her baby. She often fondled him extravagantly. He was just now one of those little martyrs to overworked and overburdened mothers. When the baby's voice admitted of conversation, the man said in a half bantering tone: "You ought to be a Christian, Mandy."

"Tend to yourself," she advised, without looking toward him.

He laughed, and seemed almost embarrassed. "I was thinkin' about it while I lay there alone when Ned was asleep. I wish he could have a better bringing up than some of the kids are gettin' round here. My mother was a Christian. It don't seem to make much difference about a man, but some way you expect a woman to be religious."

"Yes, I know," said Manda. "I remember an old man that used to live by us back in Indiana; he was powerful anxious to have all his help professors; said he got lots more work out of 'em. When I hear men preachin' how women ought anyway to be Christians, I always think it's because it makes 'em bear things quieter. I s'pose it might. An' goodness knows, most of us need it if there's any help in it!"

As she looked toward him she added with awkward kindness: "But I ain't finding fault with you, Dick. You're always good to me." And she went over to straighten the covers of the poor bed.

"I might have done lots better," said Dick gently, and it was wonderful how shy they were when they spoke kindly, "but I didn't think. I went and come like the rest of the fellows, and I never seen just how your life was, Mandy, till I've had to lay here. You've done for me cheerful what I might not have been so willin' to do for you if I'd kep' well and strong. I was thinkin' this mornin' how may be you and me both ought to be Christians. I got to readin' some sort of pious stuff you brought home last week you know."

He stopped, panting from his long speech, and waited awkwardly, but Manda was silent. She got a basin of water, and began to tidy the baby, and it was some minutes before it was quiet enough for her to say:

"You're blue to-day, I guess, bec use you don't feel very well. To-morrow you'll be better again. When the warm weather come, you'll get strong. Don't you get down-hearted. I don't take much stock in them Christians, myself. I didn't mean to tell you till I'd been out and got you something to eat, and seen you eat it, but, Mis' Whitelaw, she don't want me to wash any more. She told me this mornin'. Not because I don't do it well enough, for I a't her, an' not because I don't do it cheap enough, but bec use she

says times is so hard, she's goin' to do it herself to save her 'missionary money.' Then I told her—an' I've been hatin' myself all the way home for it—but I up and told her about your being sick and all; an' she told me the name of some sort of charity s'ciety where I might go an' beg, but she's going to do the washin' herself, an' give the money to the Lord."

"If the Lord needs it worse'n we do, he's hard up, sure," said Dick, grimly. "Mis' Whitelaw's a Christian in the front row."

Manda brushed the small head under her hands until brought to a knowledge of her victim's innocence by his remonstrance. Then she slipped him to the floor and said, soothingly: "Now, he's a pretty boy, and we are going to the store to get something good for papa's dinner."

When Manda opened the door, a little woman stood on the step, and in her hand she carried a carefully covered bowl. Everything about the tiny creature seemed meagre, from her small hat to her thin shoes, but her cheerfulness was magnificent.

"I was just wondering how I ever could knock, with both hands on this bowl," she laughed. "Here is part of mother's pot-pie. There are only two of us, you know, and the pie was so large. She thought maybe Dick could eat a bit, and she put in a gizzard for Ned; but you've got your face washed, young man, and it would never do to spoil that with a chicken gizzard, would it?"

She set the bowl on the table, nodded to Dick, and turned to pinch Ned's interested face. Manda's features were a study in softness, as she bent over the steaming dish to separate the baby's portion.

"But what are you doing at home?" she said, looking at their guest. "I thought you were going to see your sister this week. You were going to stay a month, you said."

"Well, I am," replied the visitor, "only I had to put it off a week. And Susie is so disappointed. You see, I did mean to go to-day; but last week I was sewing at Mrs. Judge Riteman's and out her China silk—it's a queer kind of mixed pattern—an' I got about half the thing cut upside down. Mrs. Riteman was awful mad. Of course I was sorry, but that didn't help the dress any. I had to go and buy a lot of new silk. It was a blessed thing I could get more like it, or I'd had to get a whole new dress, I suppose. Mrs. Riteman always buys good goods, you know, and it took the whole of the money for the ticket to Susie's. But I've got plenty of work, and can try it again next week, unless I have more bad luck."

"Is Mrs. Riteman a Christian?" asked the invalid when she paused.

"Oh, yes!" laughed the little seamstress. "She's president of the Missionary Society. She wanted her dress specially for a great missionary meeting they're going to have in town here next month."

"And she is the president!" Then Dick laughed, but it was a bitter laugh. It set him coughing and he coughed so long the women were frightened, and afterward he was so weak he could only eat a morsel. But Ned sat at the table and feasted as a king, and when the little seamstress had gone away, Manda, watching him, ate her dry bread and drank her coffee, with his little lump of sugar but without milk, and was satisfied.

The day of the large and final meeting of the missionary convention came. Mrs. Judge Riteman overtook Mrs. Whitelaw and asked her to share the seat in her p'ison. They were talking over the meetings already past and planning much for the one they were on their way to attend. Their hearts were genuinely warm and tender with love toward their brothers they had not seen. They were fretted by the coldness of the people about them toward that foreign world of darkness that so needed money. They saw the careless buying pleasure, often innocent enough, and cried, "Why this waste?" The poverty and need of the "Lord of the whole earth" was heavy upon them.

Mrs. Whitelaw was explaining a scheme she had conceived for enticing little children to put their pennies in bright boxes. She was talking earnestly when they passed Dick Smith's funeral. It was such a small following, they would not have recognized the procession for the funeral. Mrs. Whitelaw severely turned, but Manda Small saw her from her place behind the coffin, and drew her face back into the cheap black web which she had wrapped herself, while her heart hardened.

And an unseen angel, watching covered her face and cried: "O Christ, what she has done in the name of The Kingdom."

Abstinence Alphabet.

[A modern alphabetical psalm on the virtue of total abstinence is furnished by Dr. Cyrus Edson to a recent *North American Review*. It is one of the best essays of its kind in print.]

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip.
B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.
C for Companion, who urges him on.
D for the Demon of drink that is born.
E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.
G for the Guilt he afterward feels.
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for Liquors his appetite craves.
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say.
O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass.
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R stands for Ruin, that hovers around.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedim.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs.
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes.
W for Waning of life that's soon done.
X for his eXit regretted by none.
Youths of this nation, such weakness is crime.
Zealously turn from the tempter in time!

Sitting Up Straight.

Children should be taught to sit erect, especially if they are growing rapidly, says a writer. When tired or in a position for rest, let them lie down and entirely remove the strain from the muscles of the back.

If young persons who suffer from dizziness or headache are carefully observed, it will frequently be noticed that their position is faulty. The curved form of the spine results in the pulling of the muscles at the back of the neck, and the difficulty is quite certain to be removed by correcting the habit of sitting.

Growing people and children alike are inclined to fall into the very habit of sliding down into a chair, and sitting for hours with a spine bent almost in a half circle. That this is injurious thousands of people who indulge in it never so much as dream, but that it is the cause of many serious ills those who have investigated the subject are well aware. The continual strain upon one side of the spinal column, with the corresponding compression on the other, give rise to nervous difficulties and affections of the brain. Dizziness, nausea, and blind spells are not infrequently the result of this practice. While the strictly upright position is undoubtedly the most healthful, it seems rather hard work to persuade the young and indolent to maintain it.

Remember that portion of the human anatomy generally known as the backbone was intended to be worn in an upright position, and the constant pressure of the sections of the vertebrae upon each other is productive of various ills.

What God Gives a Boy.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his soul. A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind, brave words, but not to make a smoke tick of or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird and tree, and rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what these portends, or what children's G-d or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger prints in the flower and field and on the hill—out not to feast on useless pictures of the things which set in doubts and call for sorrow.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom and impart it to others, but not to be tarred into a chip basket or rubbed in heat for the chaff and the rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as pure and spotless as a new snow, and to be free from impressions of guilt, and to develop the faculties

powers, and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*Morning Guide*.

Help Us, Quick!

Mrs. Ahok, a lady of rank in China, the wife of a mandarin of Foo Chow, lately visited England, at her own expense, to plead for missionaries to tell her countrymen the gospel of Jesus. She had never gone more than three miles from her home, and her tiny feet (designated by the Chinese as "golden lilies") made traveling a serious undertaking to her. She spoke to large audiences in England for four months. Mrs. R. W. Stewart translating for her, closing her addresses with the only English words she could speak, "Come over and help us, quick."

It was a feeling of intense pity for her fellow country people still in heathen darkness that led Mrs. Ahok to leave her home, her husband, and her only little boy to plead with the women of England to go and "save them." The burden of her addresses might be summed up in these words, so frequently on her lips: "The Chinese are like lost sheep; you must go quickly and find them. They are in utter darkness; give them the light of God." With her whole heart she gave herself to this work, not caring to spend any of the precious time in seeing the wonderful sights in England.

All Sorts.

The population of Greece is increasing faster than that of any other country in Europe at present.

Thousands of cases of rheumatism have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you.

I never turn out for scoundrels, said a bully, meeting a Quaker, and stepping up squarely before him to inaugurate a quarrel.

I do, said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

Longevity! I should say longevity did run in the family, said Mrs. Spriggins. Why, John was six feet two, Bill was six feet four, and George had more longevity than anybody I ever see. He was six feet seven, if he was a foot.

The average income per annum per inhabitant of the following countries is: United Kingdom, £35; United States, £37; Canada, £27; France, £26 Holland, £26; Belgium, £22; Italy, £12; Russia, £10.

Rev. George J. Lowe.

The Rectory, Almonte, Ont., writes: I must ask you to send me another bottle of your invaluable medicine. I think your last bottle has cured me entirely, but some members of my family, whose cases are worse than mine, insist on my getting some more. Indeed we all think it an indispensable article in the household.

Quill toothpicks came first of all from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills.

A preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied: "Gang into the pulpit as sure as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

Widow: "Well, Mr. Brief, have you read the will?" Brief: "Yes; but I can't make anything out of it." Heirs: "Let us have it patented. A will that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a blessing."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"My good man," said the severe lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year for tobacco and rum?"

"No, mum, I hain't," answered the object. "It takes all my spare time just now to figure out how many poor families could be supported out of the price of the extra cloth women put in their sleeves."

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FORMS.—It is in the nature of a religion of many forms to degenerate into one of them. By occupying—and, indeed, engrossing—the attention of the worshipper they withdraw it from the state of his heart, and prove as pernicious to true piety as a superabundance of leaves to the plant, whose sap is spent in feeding the leaf, to the detriment of the fruit; and perhaps some churches might be benefited by a free use of the knife with which the gardener prunes away the flush of green wood to increase the crop of fruit.

Let us never forget that forms are not religion, but only its drapery, and that, as they dress children lightly who wish to brace their frames, as the labourer throws off his coat to work, and as in the ancient games the candidates stepped into the racecourse unencumbered with many or heavy garments, the fewer forms which religion wears, consistent with decency and order, the more robust she will grow—she will work with greater energy—and, like one of the beautiful mould and symmetry, she will walk with more native, queenly grace when Unadorned, adorned the most.

If asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point him to something which, in a wellknown hymn, is called, "The old, old story," told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—*W. B. Gladstone*.

Repentance is not all pain. There is a secret sweetness which accompanies those tears of remorse, those meltings and relentings of a soul returning unto God, and lamenting its former unkindness.

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