

Worth While.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who
will smile

When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of
earth

Is the smile that shines through the tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife
The world's highway is cumbered to-day,
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
These are the worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How we Adopted the Tithe.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time, I was almost indignant. We were sitting at the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said: "I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically."

"Giving systematically to what?" I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide-awake and interested.

"Why, to the church and missions and so on," explained Dennis.

"Give what?" I asked again, setting my lips a trifle firmer, and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

"Money, of course," he answered. "You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe-box. At present, we really give nothing worth speaking of."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis," said I, "to talk so soberly of giving, when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is! It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet."

I looked meaningfully around the plain little room, with its modest lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue, and the many things we both needed. I even quoted Scripture, to the effect that if any provide not for their own he is worse than an infidel; and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying:

"Oh, well, no doubt, as you say, that is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something."

A serious illness came to me, and as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the Orphans' Home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwilling consented. Maggie was a capable, well-trained girl, and had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice. I loved to hear it so well that during my convalescence I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

"This is my tithe-box," said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. "I was just counting the money over to see how much I have to the missions next Sabbath."

"What, child," said I, "come here and sit by me; I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me you give a tenth to the Lord?"

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence, but she answered simply: "Why, yes, ma'am. I am very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Some times I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one fifth. There is so much need of money, you know."

It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it."

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such a decided inversion of mine—but she, sweet child, all unconscious of my thoughts went on to tell me of the good matron at the Home, who had taught her as a little child that she had a Father in heaven ready to be more to her than the father or mother she had lost.

"She told me," said Maggie, "that when Jesus left the earth, after his resurrection, he put the missionary work he had been doing for three years—and for that matter, all his life, the matron said—in our hands to do for him; and he said plainly that every one of us who love him shall show it by what we do of the work he loved. If we cannot preach or teach, or give up all our time to

him here or over the seas, we can at least give a part of our money to him. She liked to give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people he loved, and so must be the division of one's money that pleases him best."

"It is all right," the dear matron said one day, "to give a tenth of our all; and after that, if we can spare more, we call it a gift." She gave us a tithe-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it."

"So your matron thought that every one should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"
"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our every day living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when once we begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of him with the one he accepts, so it is lifted above being ordinary money, and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with these sweet words long after Maggie had left me, and the question came: "If she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse?"

Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been in the wrong, and a stumbling-block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cozily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis:

"I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it?"

And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul as well as my body, and showed him a little box on which was written "tithes." Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara," he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us, over this little box, won't we?"

It would be a half truth to say that we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich, and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need to fret about matters no more. "Oh, Dennis," I said the other day, "how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved!"—Selected.

A Word About Boys

Treat your boys as though they were of some importance, if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boy to be respectful and kind, unless you first set him the example.

If you would have your boy make you his confidant, take an active interest in all that he does. Don't be too critical, but ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of things they should know. It is not the wholesome truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired, that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as if you thought your boy amounted to nothing, nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbor's son, to his disadvantage; nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things. Have their rooms fitted up as nicely as possible. Let them understand that their rooms are to be kept in order, and the result will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good, wholesome reading matter. Have him read to you and with you. Discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts upon the subjects. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place; see to it that the boys don't have to go somewhere else to secure proper freedom and congenial companionship. Take time and pains to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friend, that you do not know about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friend to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy in his own home. He will not be slow to appreciate your kindness.—Mother's Companion.

The Art of Forgetting.

A lady, whose life in a certain well known educational institution had not been without its trials and vexations, was talking about her experience to her friends at home.

"Are all the people at the institute so perfectly lovely?" asked a listener.

With a bright smile she answered "Somehow I remember the pleasant things and forget the others."

No doubt this was, in part, an acquired grace. Is it not one well

worth cultivating, if only for our own peace of mind?

A child begged for the story of Daniel one night at bedtime.

"I am afraid," said the mother, "you will dream about lions."

"O, no," returned the little one, "I will dream about Daniel, and leave out the lions."

How much more cheerful and serene our lives might be if we, too, could leave out the lions. It is true that in much of our life the sweet and the sad are so interwoven that we can not separate them without destroying the entire fabric. We would not forget the grief which opened to us the heart of a friend, nor the parting which was not all pain, nor the dying glory which we saw through tears. Over such experiences we pray, "Lord, keep my memory green," but the cutting remark, the cold neglect, the unkind act, Lord, help us to forget.

It is not worth while to cherish the memory of our mistakes and failures. Let them serve their purpose of prevention for the future and be forgotten. They should be stepping stones, by which we may attain a higher level, and not a wall to impede our progress.

"O, Emeline, let us forget the past and begin anew." This exhortation was found on a fragment of a letter written by some unknown person, and was often repeated to me half jocosely by the finder. It might be well for us to take the words as a motto for the new year. "Forget the past and begin anew," not the kindness and friendship and joy of the past, but its bitterness, its vexations, its mistakes.—Emily Tolman.

Wise Resolutions.

The following resolutions are suggestive of important practical duties:

"1. I will not speak evil of any one."

"2. I will not criticise any person against whom I am prejudiced."

"3. I will restrain my tongue when I am angry."

"4. I will be silent when I know there is danger of being misunderstood."

"5. I will withhold my words when I have a doubt as to my motive in speaking."

"6. I will not be a 'talebearer.' I will not tell or repeat anything that will make unkind feelings between people, or that will create prejudice."

"7. I will try not to hear unkind or wrong things, and will do all in my power to discourage those who indulge in unkind words."

"8. I will cultivate a habit of placing a charitable construction upon the words and conduct of my fellows."

"9. I will do all in my power to help the weak, the erring, and the distressed."

"10. I will cultivate kindness of thought and expression in all my relations in life."

"11. I will be clean in my words."

"12. Believing that every one has some good quality or qualities, I will look for the good and emulate it, and when I find evil I will pray that its possessor may be delivered from its power."

"13. In all things I will aspire to 'walk in the Spirit,' that I may not 'fulfil the lusts of the flesh.'"

Help Versus Advice.

The other day when a horse drawing a cart-load of coal got stalled on West street, the public was promptly on hand with advice.

"Put on the whip," shouted the driver of an express wagon.

"Take him by the head," added a truckman.

"If that was my boss," said a man with a bundle of clothes under his arm, "I'd tie a cloth over his eyes, I've seen it done a hundred times, and it makes 'em pull their best."

"Don't believe it," said a man with a cane. "I've owned horses all my life, and I've had some bad ones among them. The only thing to do is to blow into his right ear."

"You mean the left," said a small man, with a very thin voice.

"No, I don't! I mean the right ear. I've tried it often enough. I guess."

A crowd of fifty people had gathered, and now the driver got down, and looked the ground over. One wheel was down in a rut. He stood looking at it, his hand on the horse's hip, and everybody round him tendering him advice, when two sailors came along, and one of them called out: "Ay, mate, but here's a craft on a reef."

"Over with her, then."

Each seized a wheel for a lift, the driver clucked for the horse to go ahead, and away went the load as easily as you please. They were the only two of the whole crowd who had not advised the driver how to do it.—

Mother and Son.

A mother was one evening pleading with her son to remain at home and not go out to spend the night in dissipation. He answered, "I'm

of age and too old to be tied to your apron strings." She said, "My dear boy, I can't force you to stay, but please remember that your mother will be all night on her knees praying God to save your soul." The young man went out and spent the night carelessly, forgetting all about his mother. About four o'clock in the morning he returned home, partially intoxicated. Seeing a light in his mother's room, made him think of her last words. He crept up to the window and looked in. There on her knees beside the bed was his mother, with upturned face, crying, "O God, save my poor lost boy!" Quickly he turned away and went upstairs to bed, but not to sleep. He tossed and turned until he was forced to get up and throw himself upon his knees before God and call for mercy. He rose from his knees a saved man. The news of his conversion went like wild-fire around the country and upward of five hundred young people were converted shortly afterward in that little village of Summerville, N. J. This young man married and had children born to him. They have grown to manhood, and are all ministers of the gospel to-day. One of them is known the world over and has perhaps preached the gospel to more people through the public press, than any other living man. His name is DeWitt Talmage.

She Bowled Him Out.

A certain young society man decided to propose to a Christian girl. He felt that he was conferring no little honor upon her, and was confident of a favorable answer. He cautiously prefaced his declaration, however, with a few questions; for he had no intention of "throwing himself away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make a home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes? etc. The young lady said that, before she answered his questions, she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed. She never drank, smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor; never stayed out at nights playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never "stood in" with the boys for cigars or wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured by those who know that you do all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife." Then she bowed him out.—Epworth Herald.

Amusements.

How shall we settle the question of amusements? by our young people it is frequently asked. It is the easiest point in the world to settle; in fact if we only come into certain conditions, it settles itself. Let every young, half-hearted, world-loving professor of religion step out boldly into the thrice-blessed life of genuine consecration, giving body, soul and spirit to the Lord, and there would speedily be an end to this perplexity. There would no longer be an attempt to compromise with conscience, to hold the world with one hand and Christ with the other. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," said the inspired apostle. If we give ourselves wholly to Christ, and receive the joys which He imparts, we shall drop as a childish toy the Christless pleasures for which so many hanker. The dance, the gay dress, the theatres will have no more attractions for us. The wine cup will lose its sparkle; the card table its fascination. We shall prefer the society of the Christian to the frivolous gossip of the worldling. The choice is made quickly and without effort when once we have really tasted that the Lord is good.

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