We Shall Reap as we Sow.

While the new days come and the old day go,
What words and deeds shall our records show?
What worthy aims have been nobly sought?
What works of love have our efforts wrought?

What darkened souls have we shown the light?
What wandering feet have we guided right;
What broken hearts have we bound and healed?
What sacred truths have our lives revealed?

What seeds of good have been daily cast
To whiten the harvest fields at last?
We shall find our own, we shall reap as we sow,
While the new days come and the old days go.—*Selected.*

Darns.

"There, that barn-door is shut," said Gertrude, displaying the three-cornered rent she had just finished mending. The work was neatly done, and the darn was scarcely perceptible. Gertrude breathed a weary little sigh as she began matching the breadths that were to be pieced together for sleeves.

"I don't like make-over things, anyway," said she. "It seems as if we just live on scraps and left-overs made over. French toast for breakfast, and vegetable soup for dinner. Made-over things to eat, made-over things to wear, made-over life to live. I suppose it's my own fault, though — the life, I mean. If I must punch holes in other people's feelings, and my own conscience with my sharp temper, I suppose I ought to patch things up with humble pies, though pies aren't usually considered much good for patching. I don't suppose such things ever can be mended really and truly, though."

Aunt Jean clicked her needles thoughtfully a few minutes. "Don't you think, dearie, that you patching may be of some good, after all? When you have finished your dress, don't you think that your remembering the darn in the gathers, and the seams across the sleeves may help you to be a little more charitable toward the faded streaks in your next neighbor's dress?

"I suppose it ought, but it don't. I get whetted so sharp with my own contriving that I see everybody else's schemes quick as—as anything. I can't see a new frill on an old dress without wondering whether it covers a darn or a grease spot. And it is just the same about other things, too. I can't hear of folks changing their minds without wondering whether its their being good for nothing or somebody else's mean ness that accounts for it. If I did'nt have so much rearranging and contriving to do I wouldn't hate it so, and I wouldn't see so much of what other folks have done. Oh, dear! I had so many grand ideas when I left school. But every little bundle that came back from the editors knocked a hole in my hopes in that line, and those dirty little Mexicans in Cerritor District wore my patience to tatters, and living on this lonesome ranch has frayed my ambition, and my needle —malicious little sharp nose—has poked more holes in my gay dreams than it has in that everlasting embroidery. I've patched my quick temper with apologies, and my fine dreams with ugly realities, and the hopes are still ragged. I don't suppose they're worth darning anyhow. I'll just have to keep on making over plans and patching mistakes till I'm sent to the rag bag. I wish I was right now. There won't be enough good in me to make carpet rags pretty soon."

Aunt Jean was silent so long that Gertrude began to be rather ashamed of her outburst. But Aunt Jean was only recalling some of the made overs in her own life. Presently she said:

'Living does seem mostly patch work, as you say, Trudie, but perhaps we only see the wrong side of it. The threads you pull for your drawn work,—if they knew, they would think their lives useless, too, and would think that your dainty stitches, were makeshifts and darns. It may be, don't you think, that the patience, and the forgiveness, and the humility you call darning, make your life more beautiful than if it had never been frayed or torn? Perhaps your rosy dreams were all cotton on the other side. The clouds that are rosy in the morning are the ones that make the day dark and dull. It is a kind wind that has swept them away, dear. And then it may be that what we call darning is really the pattern of some beautiful lace, as we shall see when the pattern is finished. Death isn't a rag-bag, my dear: it is a storehouse where treasures are kept."—*The Lookout.*

Great Chapters of the Bible.

Providentially the Scriptures are divided up into *Great Chapters*, by which the ordinary man can grasp and retain helpful truths.

The Saloon keepers Psalm. Take this tenth Psalm, and every man in the liquor business can get his own portrait. If you would do a bit of pointed Gospel work, buy some Bibles, mark this Psalm in heavy red and black, and lay it open on the counter of every saloon of your city.

The Faith Chapter. Heb. xi. is the great faith chapter. Doubters should read it. So should little faith Christians. This chapter read with James ii., which is the work chapter, will do more to revive the spirits of the luke-warm than a hundred cold sermons.

The Convert's Chapter. Isa. xii. Here is a chapter to be given to young converts. It is for babes in Christ. It is like warm milk, full of nourishment and strength.

The Tongue Chapter. The third of James given to this unruly member, and both inside the church and outside of it there are many thousands who need to dwell on its wholesome teachings. You who are given to too much speech, read it. You who say things that sting and hurt, read it. You who have friends who talk unwisely and tell things not so, read James iii.

The Wife's Chapter. Prov. xxxi. was written for all women who are married or who expect to be. It is here that a man, a real M-A-N, can get a photograph of the woman who will be a true helpmate for life. If I were a woman and wanted to get married I would make that chapter correspond to my character.

The Fool's Chapter. Many a person needs to read Prov. xxvi. It is strange how much of the fool there is in all of us, and it is only by such pungent truth as is here found that we purge ourselves of things wrong and bad.

The Atonement Chapter. Heb. ix. is one of the great atonement chapters of the Holy Word. The other two are Isa. liii. and Lev. xvi. These three make a cord of truth not easily broken, and if the sinner, by the Spirit, is able to apprehend their meaning, happy will he be in two worlds.

The Hypocrite's Chapter. Far too many folks need to read Matt. xxiii., but it had better be read now than too late.

The Harlot's Chapter. What depth of misery, woe and hell are in the seventh of Proverbs! Those who would know what that seventh commandment means, let them read here.

The Prodigal Psalm. How many there are who need Psalm li.! The fifteenth chapter of Luke, which is the Lost and Found chapter, goes with this.

The Revival Chapters. Joel ii, and Acts ii. go hand in hand. No minister ever found the depth of these two Revival chapters of God's Word, but found in his parish an outpouring of grace from above that saved sinners and brought back backsliders.

The Sad Chapters. Luke xxii. and Job iii. are the two saddest chapters in the whole Bible.

Rom. xv. is the *Helper's Chapter.* Twelve of the same book is for *Consecration.* For *Hope* read Heb. vi. Eph. iii. is the *Bottomless Chapter.* Psalm xvi. is the *Golden Psalm.* Psalm xx. is the *Strengthening Psalm*, while Psalm xviii. is for *Deliverance*, as xxiii. is the *Shepherd's Psalm*, and goes with John x. and Ezek. xxxiv. *Deacons* should read Acts vi. *Mothers* should study Judges xiii. *Joyless Folk* should read Psalm xcviii.; while for *Refuge* Psalm xlvi. is all that tried souls could desire.

Both Sides.

What a tedious prayer meeting, said John Brent to his wife at half-past eight one recent Thursday evening. "I'm glad to get back to my own little cheerful fireside. The minister's remarks were long as the moral law. Deacon Paul went over about the same ground, with a few prosy variations. Mr. Langdon stammered and blundered till it was a relief when he sat down. Mrs. Childs said the same thing she has said for the last twenty five years; at least I suppose she did, I couldn't hear it all; Mrs. Brown uttered a few prim, still words, just as though she thought she must. The young church members kept up a continual silence. The songs were the same old draggy ones, sung hilter-skilter, anywhere, without any soul or music to them. The pauses were the most frequent part of the meeting, and I believe on my soul they were the most impressive. If we are to have a prayer meeting, why not have one? I don't like so much talk.

Now, John, said Mrs. Brent, how differently we look at things. I thought it was one of the best prayer meetings I ever attended. The minister's talk was just what I needed. I had been worried all the week, and what he told us about trusting God in little things fitted my case. I was sorry when he closed his Bible and said, 'The meeting is open for others.

Deacon Paul's remarks on the same subject interested me exceedingly, for I know he had many trials and could speak from experience. As to Brother Langdon, he seemed so much in earnest that I did not notice whether he blundered or not. I was thinking of my own shortcomings.

The songs were old, to be sure, but for that very reason they touched my heart. I never enjoyed singing 'He leadeth me,' as I did tonight. Perhaps I helped to make 'draggy,' but the music was in my soul, for all that. As to the young people, I never saw them so attentive and quiet. Many of them repeated verses which seemed to me to be very fitting. One of them told me after church that he had decided this night to be a Christian. Oh, it has been a good meeting to me.—*Sel.*

A Long Headed Farmer.

A Massachusetts man, driving through New Hampshire, pulled up his horse to chat with a farmer about his crops. Some of the old man's remarks were spiced with humor, and some of them, the tourist declares, were almost as good as a sermon. 'My corn's done fust rate,' the farmer said cheerfully. "An' I ain't a-goin' to take no credit for supplyin' the preacher's folk with it, nuther. Some say I'm too free handed, but I tell 'em it ain't generosity, it's jest common sense and forehandedness. I tell 'em my preacher's patch is wuth more to me'n tis to the preacher himself. Why, I calculate it's havin' of that patch that's kept my whole field a going fer the last five years. Where is your preacher's patch situated? inquired the stranger, with pardonable curiosity. Right slap in the middle of the field, was the reply. Any special reason for having it just in the middle? asked the stranger. Well, yes, said the farmer with a twinkle in his eye. Ye see, that's where my long headedness comes in, stranger. It stands to reason the Lord ain't a goin' to let the preacher suffer—an' I never see folks that set so by corn as his do—and so I reckoned that when he was a perviding rain and sunshine o'er the preacher's patch, by having of it right slap in the middle o' the field there'd most likely be enough o' both them desirable ingrejients to keep the rest o' the field a goin' an' no harm done! And with no sign of amusement except what appeared in his bright old eyes, the farmer turned the conversation to the state of politics in New Hampshire.

A Famous Man's Mother.

I trace to my mother's direct influence three leading motives for her youngest son's life,—the love of personal liberty, of religious freedom, and of the equality of the sexes. As to the more subtle and intimate influences, they ordinarily came by contact, not by preaching. She always maintained that the younger children of a large family had a much better chance for development than the elder, because they had more freedom to develop themselves. With her elder children she always said over-conscientiousness almost bore her to the earth. She felt personally responsible for every childish fault. She had been reared in the school of Locke, which regarded the soul as blank paper, on which parents and teacher did all the writing. But her children were of strong and varied individuality, and she learned in time to study the temperament of each and be patient with its unfolding. Her whole formula of training consisted in these three things,—to retain the entire confidence of the child, to do whatever seemed wisest, and to be patient. Her trust in Providence was absolute and controlling, as was her sense of the personality of the Deity. . . . Most valuable of all her traits to her children, next to her quality of sunshine, was probably her absolute rectitude, the elevation of her whole tone, the complete unworldliness, so that no child of hers ever heard her refer to any standard but the highest. With all this was combined the conscientious accuracy in affairs, the exquisite nicety in all household details which belong to the best of the traditions of New England.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in Exchange.*

Puritan Names.

Some of the early names read remarkably like puns. For instance, one of a group of her ancestresses to whom Mrs Alice Morse Earle dedicates a recent book on "Colonial Dames and Goodwives" is Misstress "Silence Heard." One wonders whether Goodman and Goodwife Heard noticed the effect of this conjunction when they named their baby, or did they do it on purpose?

Here are a few other names of the same kind, all duly recorded among the births and deaths, wills and land transfers, of a few little New England towns:—

"Wait Long," "Temperance Waters," "Righteous Hope," Lovely Sweet," "Submit Willing," and "Thankful Hart."

"Expect Little" of one village list offsets "Hope Mutch" of another. "Lively Smart" should certainly have been a forward child, but he died in infancy. One poor little girl, at least, we may be sure was named in ignorance by her parents, who were peaceable and respected people, though it is hard to imagine how they could have failed to perceive the bloodthirsty significance of her Christian name when united with her surname. She was christened "Desire Gore!"

Notwithstanding her forbidding appellation, a young man was found bold enough to ask her to change it; and she has to-day numerous descendants whose desires are not gory, but it is quite true that none of them is named for her great-great-grandmother.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SIN OF FRETTING.—It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and we see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith some where has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—*Helen Hunt.*

Neatly Corrected.

A very "fresh" young man made the acquaintance of a young lady from Boston, to whom he proceeded to pour out a long story of some adventure in which he had played the hero. His listener was much surprised. "Did you really do that?" she asked. "I done it," answered the proud young man; and he began forthwith upon another long narrative, more startling even than the first. The Boston woman again expressed her polite surprise. "Yes," said the fellow, with an inflation of the chest, "that's what I done." A third story followed with another I done it," and then the Boston girl remarked, "Do you know you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost?" "You mean the ghost in Shakspere's play." "Yes." "And why?" "Why, don't you remember that Macbeth said to him, 'Thou canst not say I did it'?" The young man could not imagine why every body laughed.—*Argonaut.*

ABOUT TEXTS.—"Mind you avoid inappropriate texts,' once said Mr. Spurgeon to a group of young Timothies. One brother preached on the loss of a ship with all hands on board from 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven, and another returning from his marriage holiday, the troubles of my heart are enlarged. O bring thou me out of my distreses. Mind your illustrations are correct. It will never do to describe Noah, as one did, sitting outside the ark reading his Bible—always get the true meaning of a text. Mind your figures of speech are not cracked. Don't talk like the brother you said, 'I fly from star to star, from cherry-beam to cherry-beam. Get among your people or somebody may be saying of you, as one old lady said of her minister, that he was invisible all the week and incomprehensible on Sundays. Shun all affectation in the pulpit and mind you never get into the goody goody style. One of this sort said: 'I was reading this morning in dear Hebrews.

There is a peculiar and appropriate reward for every act; only remember that the reward is not given for the merit of the act, but follows on it as inevitably in the spiritual kingdom as wheat springs from the grain, and barley from its grain in the natural world.—*F. W. Robertson*

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