He Worried About It.

When the weather was murky, he gazed at the sky
And he worred about it;
He watched the gray cloudlets go scurrying by,
And he worried about it;
"I'll bet it will rain," he would say to a friend,
All manner of dire disasters portend;
His life was one fret from beginning to end,
For he worried about it.

He had a few troubles, as human-kind will,
And he worried about it;
The good he belittle and magnified ill,
And he worried about it;
His health was nigh perfect, but then, if you please,
He fancied he had mostly every disease,
And marshaled his ailments in columns of threes,
And he worrisd about it.

No doubt when he entered the world long ago,
He worried about it.
As a matter of fact, he married you know,
He worried about it.
And when he departs from this scene of despair,
And mounts on light wings thro' ethereal air,
When ushered right up to a heavenly chair.
He'll worry about it.

—St. Paul Dispatch

Poisoned Eyes.

There is a story of a painter who had bitterly offended a woman, so that she determined to take a cruel revenge. He was about to paint a picture for exhibition at a famous gallery, where he hoped to gain the first prize. The woman resolved to spoil that picture, and she went about the work very cunningly. She did not meddle with the picture itself; all she did was to give the painter every day a cup of coffee, into which she put a small white powder. What harm could that do, you want to know. Wait awhile, and the story will tell. The painter laboured diligently, and was well satisfied with his work. He was so confident that he should succeed in carrying off the prize that, when his picture was hung in the gallery, he placed a curtain before it, which he did not mean to take down until the last moment before the judges gave award. The other pictures seemed to him very badly coloured; the trees in them were all yellowish, their flesh-colour more like leather than flesh, and the tint of their seas like that of boiled greens. He felt sure that his picture far excelled such sorry daubing. When he drew aside the curtain from his picture, he was gratified to see that a crowd quickly gathered round it; but the crowd did not admire. On the contrary, every one burst out laughing, and people called to their friends to come and look at this droll thing. His picture was entirely blue! What he had meant for flesh-colour was violet in shadow; what he had meant for emerald green was like blue ink; and his trees were of the tint of blue serge. Of course, he could not see that it was so, but his friends assured him of the fact. His enemy had poisoned his eyes with the powder, so that he saw everything as if through yellow spectacles. In a few days—taking no more of the powder—his sight was restored, and he saw how ridiculous was the picture he had painted.

The story may or may not be true, but it is quite possible, and I tell it you because, as a parable, it is entirely true. We are all painters, at work upon a picture, and the picture is our own life and character. And our picture may be utterly spoiled, if we take much of a certain powder. It will be more or less spoiled even if we take a little of it, and I am afraid that most of us take some. The powder is selfishness.

How can we tell whether we have taken a good deal? If we have, we shall be like the painter in the story. We shall think that our neighbours paint extremely ill. A very selfish person has a bad opinion of most other folks. He thinks that this one is greedy, and that one is a coward, that this one is mean, and that one is quarrelsome. He sees faults and vices in everybody, except in those who flatter him. An unselfish person is known by the respect he has for others. He may not think them perfect, but he believes that there are some better than himself. A selfish person thinks in his heart that there is nobody, with whom he has to do, who is so fine a fellow as himself. The story of the painter is a perfect parable in making him with his poisoned eyes regard every other's work as mean and poor.

It is a perfect parable in another respect: The painter did not know what a miserable daub his picture was until the time of judgment. It is possible that we may not know what our life and character really are until the great Judge pronounces sentence. Our Lord has told us that there will be much surprise in the day of judgment. People who have imagined that they were good and religious will find themselves terribly mistaken. Others will be astonished to find that they have the approval of the Judge.

In one particular the story is not a perfect parable. An enemy gave the painter the poison. In real life it is our friends, or those who think themselves our friends, who give it to us. They magnify our worth, they excuse our faults, they overpraise our doings, they flatter our weakness; and though they do so in kindness, they often do us harm. It seems nice to have such friends, but they are our worst enemies. If you have a friend who points out your faults, you will be wise to listen to him, for when that is wisely and gently done, it is the greatest kindness that can be shown to us.—Forward.

A Gift Of God.

"Well yes, I agree with you, intoxicating liquors do cause much misery and suffering, but you are too hard on us moderate drinkers. Why should we banish God's gift to man, as you fanatical prohibitionists would, simply because some weak fools will abuse it? What has our Creator given us in life which is not abused by some? Must we, therefore, give up all such? It is in the abuse and not the use that the harm lies."

"Remember, we fanatics, as you call us, Minnie, aim at prohibition. We believe many a poor drunkard would willingly vote away his curse, his ruin body and soul, and that of his loved ones also, so you see it is you moderate drinkers we fear who, selfishly or thoughtlessly, will not give up your little pleasure, comfort, or even needful tonic, as many think it, though it be the Devil's chief agent, producing the greater part of our misery, crime, and insanity."

"I see, Madge, your temperance principles are as strong as religious convictions to you, but if God gives us this alcohol, what right have we creatures to banish it?"

"Alcohol is no gift of God. He has given us brains and opportunities to find out what alcohol really is and does, and before we declare it so good and God's gift, it is our duty to use these God-given opportunities."

So talked two friends, under a shady veranda, over their afternoon tea, the wine decanter among the pretty little cups giving rise to their argument. Grace, the younger sister of the hostess, hurrying through the garden, interrupts them in her eagerness to tell what she has just heard. "Oh, Minnie, Minnie! have you heard the sad news? All the Wilsons are ill with diphtheria! Dear little Nellie died just after dinner, and the others are not yet out of danger. Dr. Chapple says it is caused by that swampy piece of ground near their house where rubbish is thrown. The swamp and decayed vegetable matter there being enough to give anyone diphtheria."

"Poor Mrs. Wilson, I am sorry for her. What a great shame of the council to let such a place remain; so near people's houses, too! The refuse should have been burnt and that swamp filled in and done away with long ago. Madge, did you ever hear of such neglect, endangering precious lives so?"

"Why should it be done away with for the few? God made the swamp, and He made the vegetables; and the swamp is a useful place to many for their rubbish. If the children could not go there without inhaling too much bad air they should have kept away. Why banish this gift of God?"

"Madge, are you mad? Fancy calling a stagnant swamp, full of decayed vegetable matter, swarming with disease grems, a gift of God! Certainly, God gives us the vegetables, but also sense enough to know that when rotten or decomposed they are no longer fit to enter our bodies, either through our mouth or lungs."

"I have only been using your own words against you, Minnie. A pint of your port wine contains about sixteen ounces of water, four ounces of alcohol, one ounce two grains of sugar and eighty grains of tartaric acid. Now let us see what this alcohol, your, "gift of God," really is. Nature never formed alcoholic liquors, and no chemist has ever yet found alcohol among the substances formed by plants. It is only when man, with his art, sets the food gift of God to decompose or putrefy that we obtain alcohol, and only thus. So you see, Minnie, it has the same origin as the malignant and fatal exhalation of pestilence that caused little Nellie's death and the other children's illness. Alcohol is no more the gift of God than that fever-bed near Mrs. Wilson's."—Alliance Record.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

How the New Testament Conquered.

A Roman Catholic priest in a village near Morlaz, France, warned his flock that he had power to give absolution to any of them who might be guilty of theft, lying, or any other sin; but if any of them were guilty of reading the New Testament, he could not absolve them.

In the audience was a young man who, from his violent conduct, was the terror of the village, even his parents having to defend themselves against their son. This young man, hearing the priest's statement said to himself, "I have committed all the sins the priest has mentioned, yet he will give me absolution for all, if I do not read the book. What kind of book can this be? I am going to get one and read it."

When he went to the colporteur, the man, knowing his character, at first refused, thinking he was only jesting; but when he saw that he was in earnest and explained his reasons, he gave him one.

A few days afterward his mother said: "How is it that Jean is so quiet and sober lately? He is never drunk, and retires to his own room after dinner."

The father replied: "I don't know, but I will follow him."

The next day going quietly to the door of his son's room, he found him intently reading a book.

He returned and told the mother: "He is in his room reading some book; I believe it is a New Testament."

She replied: 'If that is all the harm the new Testament is doing, ask him to come and read to us. Perhaps we shall get some good from it."

He came and did so. God blessed the reading to the father and mother, and lastly to himself.

The mother sent to the missionary, saying: "I will take the furniture out of one of my rooms and place chairs in it if you will come and read the word of God to the neighbors, and tell them, though the priest refuses to give them absolution, God has forgiven us, and will also forgive them."

The missionary did so, and God blessed the telling of the old, old story to many souls.

Some time after this the mayor sent for the missionary, and said: "I don't know how it is, but when the Bible went into that house it was the pest of the village, but now it is the paradise of the place."—Loadon Christian Herald.

Nagging.

A dictionary will tell you that nagging means "petty teasing," but the fault, habit, or whatever you choose to call it, if persisted in, quickly grows beyond the bounds of pettiness, assuming alarming proportions that will undermine the firmest foundations of happy homes.

Every good housekeeper loves order, and untidiness in others often stirs up her indignation. Instead of administering her reproof for any slip of orderliness and having done with it, she severely reprimands the offender, and applies the caustic of constant reminder to the wound already made by her sharp tongue.

It is small wonder that when a man goes home tired and hungry, and is met at the door with such a greeting as "Scrape your feet before you come in," "Do hang up your coat," "Gracious alive, how you smell of smoke," that the husbands and sons are glad to spend the evening anywhere else than at home.

Neither are the lords of creation altogether free from this sandpaper scolding. If, in the press of household duties, the wife or mother happens to spoil the bread or burn the meat, just once, be sure that these creatures that are just one degree lower than the angels will not forget to remind her of it for weeks to come.

A nagging man or woman in the home is like a hedgehog, pricking and wounding all they come in contact with, poisoning the sweet home life, eating like a canker into the peace and happiness of the family, and tainting what it cannot consume.—Christian Guide.

Strange Bible Facts.

The learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty three years in this living tomb death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches, taken from the Bible and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years:

In the Bible the word "Lord" is found 1,853 times.

The word "Jehovah" 6,855 times.

The word "Reverend" but once, and that in the ninth verse of the hundred and eleventh Psalm.

The eight verse of the ninety-seventh Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.

The nineth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest.

The thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John is the shortest.

In the hundred and seventh Psalm four verses are alike—the eighth, fifteenth, twenty first and thirty-first.

Each verse in the one hundred and thirty sixth Psalms ends alike.

No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible.

The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are alike.

The word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the third verse, third chapter of Joel.

There are found in both books of the Bible 3,566,480 letters; 773,693 words; 31,373 verses; 1,189 chapters, and sixty-six books.

The twenty sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read.

The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third Psalm.

The four most inspiring promises are John xiv. 2; vi. 37; Matt. xi. 28, and Ps. xxxvii. 4.

All who flatter themselves with vain boastings should read the sixth chapter of Matthew.

All humanity should learn the sixth chapter of St. Luke, from the twentieth verse to its ending.—Herald and Presbyter.

The Three Sieves.

The Evangelist tells how one mother taught her little daughter an important and valuable lesson:

"O, mamma!" cried little Blanche Powers, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—'

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Powers, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?' inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, 'Is it true?'"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, 'Is it kind?'"

"I do not mean to be unkind; but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, 'Is it necessary?'"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If you can't speak well, speak not at all."

Living Epistles.

We ourselves are the real word, the life-utterance which speech often falsifies. There are faces that never deceive or mislead us. A spiritual nature can not be frank and honest, because its foundation stones are laid in the truth and it knows that nothing else holds. It is in us as human beings instinctively to recognize and hate insincerity. Nobody is in the end deceived by expression that is merely outward and perfunctory. Our inner life is transparent; it cannot conceal itself; if it is a true life, it has no need or desire of concealment. — Lucy Larcom.

"If you have never tasted the bitter, you will not know the sweet when you have it."

God blesses his people, not according to their worth, but according to their wants; and in proportion as you feel your parchedness, and look that it may be allayed, so will be the shower that descends from these clouds which are big with mercies.

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Norway Pine Syrup is a prompt, pleasant and perfect cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat, pain in the chest, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, influenza and all throat and lung troubles. 25c. and 50c. at all drug stores.

They Are Good.

Mr. Jas. Hagan, the well-known ex-alderman of Kemptville, Ont., says—"For some years I have been greatly troubled with pain across my back. Urinary troubles caused me much loss of sleep, and I suffered from a tired worn out feeling. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief in a short time. The pain in my back has disappeared, and I feel that I would be doing wrong not to recommend them to others suffering as I did. They are the best medicine I ever used."

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Do Not Break the Circuit.

We saw an electric car last week lying helpless on the track three miles from the power house. It was not derailed. It was apparently in good order, but incapable of motion. Even the car men did not at first discern the cause of disorder. Soon it was seen that by a slight fault at the connection the electric circuit was broken and the power cut off. The scene well illustrates the experience of some Christians. Though outward appearances are the same as usual, though church appointments are maintained, there is spiritual power wanting. Why? Simply because the circuit between God and these disciples has been broken.—Ram's Horn.

Before you put in a crop of wild oats, remember that you will have to reap what you sow.—Ram's Horn.

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