perfume which I had supposed came from others. "How good it would be," I said to myself, as I closed my tired eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that every one I met would seem lovely." It made me think of the legend of the potter who found a lump of clay which was fragrant as a rose. Even after the vase had gone through tne fire it held its delicate perfume. "What makes you so sweet when the other things of clay have no odor?" cried the potter. "I lay at the foot of a fragrant rose, and her sweetness became mine," answered the vessel of clay.

There is a legend that the room in which Mary spilled her precious ointment never lost its fragrance. It is certainly true that all deeds of love linger in the memory of those who are helped along after the material benefit has passed away. Some people are so happily constituted by nature, so physically well and joyous of disposition, that they cannot help being sweet. How to keep sweet with delicate health, or when living with uncongenial people, is the problem. But it can be done. The love of God hidden in the heart will sweeten the soul's atmosphere as the sweetbrier did the air around me.

I read this the other day, which impressed me greatly: "I would as soon think of putting strychnine in the water as poisoning any one's mental atmosphere with complaints and groanings." As if we did not all of us sometimes put the poison of complaints into the ears of our friends; I often think of Charles Kingsley's little song:

"Be good . . . and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song."

Doing More Than is Expected of Us.

Christ laid on his followers the duty of doing more than their share. He took upon himself the same duty. He always went more than half-way to meet a soul that would meet him. We are too apt to think we are doing well if we consent to do our share; the Christian spirit is a readiness to do all we can, even if it is more than our share. If a man would have us go with him a mile, go with him twain; if our share would be to give him our coat in his day of great need, give him our cloak also. That is what Christ set forth as the divine spirit. In the same manner, the Apostle Paul wrote, saying, "Unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, . . . unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus." That is the way we have been ministered unto,— good measure, pressed down and running over. So let us minister unto others.— *S. S. Times.*

DR. BONAR'S ZFAL.

It is said that Dr. Bonar once dreamed that the angels took his zeal and weighed it, and told him it was excellent, all they could ask for, it weighed a full one hundred. He was greatly pleased at the result. "But," said the angels, "now we will analyze it." They put it in a crucible and tested it in various ways, and found fourteen parts of selfishness, fifteen parts of sectarianism, twenty-two parts of ambition, twenty-three parts love to men, and twenty-six parts love to God. He was greatly humbled and renewed his consecration.

HALF A POINT WRONG.

A gentleman crossing the English channel stood near to the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are a half point off the course!" he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only a half point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands upon the rocks of falsehood.

Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of kindred vices. The beginnings are always small.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

All who run after the gilded chariot of joy get covered with dust, and are left limping along the road quite bereft of that degree of comfort with which they started on the mad race.

Yet sometimes, when the quest for one's own happiness is quite out of mind, when one is absorbed in making some one else happy, down like a bird from the highest heavens comes joy, and settles as if at home, in the heart that has forgotten itself.

Happiness is never touched by the hand that reaches out for it too eagerly. It flies into some hand open to give, not stretched out to receive.

The angels always appear unexpectedly, as did the angel who sat by the tomb when Mary visited it at dawn. Going out to mourn, she was met by unimaginable joy.

How often does the long-anticipated feast turn out to be a famine, gaity having fled from the house overborne by much ponderous preparation.

He who seeks happiness for its own sake shall lose it, and he who loses happiness for another' ssake shall find it, even in the hour when he thinks it is gone from him forever, and is content to have it so. — *Woman's Home Companion.*

A TWICE BORN MAN.

Men who are born but once die twice. Men who are born twice will die but once. Birth is the beginning of life, and the twice-born man has a twofold life; a life both human and divine; a birth from beneath and a birth from above.

When the eloquent Irish evangelist, John Summerfield, was once lying on a sick bed, he was visited by two highly respectable clergymen, one of whom, commiserating his early subjection to such extreme suffering in consequence of his ministerial labors, inquired, "How old are you?"

"I was born at Preston, in England," said Summerfield, "in 1789, and born again at Dublin, in Ireland, in 1817."

The visitor expressed his surprise at such a strange declaration, when Summerfield exclaimed, "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things."

He then proceeded to tell the story of the beginning of his new life, when he first came to understand the meaning of the words of our Lord to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

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The minister heard with attention, and, on departing, inquired of his companion whether he knew anything about being "born again," and, finding that it was no strange doctrine to him, he sought and experienced himself the same blessed change.

Are there not to-day masters in Israel who know not these things, and have never been born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever? Oh, that they may yet know the quickening power of the word of life, without which they are "dead in trespasses and sins."—*H. L. H., in Common People.*

ARE YOU LIKE HIM?

I Peter 3:15.

"What church do you attend?" was one asked of a bright young fellow, doing business in one of our large cities.

"Oh, I just run around," he answered gaily. "I don't understand the differences between the churches; in fact, there is a great deal in the Bible itself that I don't understand, and until I do, of course, I can't join any church."

"How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter?" asked his questioner.

"Hours?" he repeated in surprise.

"Well, then, minutes?"

The young man was dumb.

"Ah, said his companion, with patient sadness, "not one! If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life, or astronomy or shorthand, you would not think of spending less than one hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three; and you would not expect to know or understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of all knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning."

Dear reader, are you like this young man of business?—*Our Young Folks.*

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Worry does no good. It does not make the burden any lighter, the road shorter, the duty easier. The sensible thing to do is to face the fact that is discouraging or hard, and go right on. He was a wise traveller who, when his horse died, said: "I must walk now," and trudged on with cheerful energy. A good many people would have sat down beside the dead horse and spent hours in worry.