

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear,
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie
Deep.

Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

Ellen P. Allerton.—Sel.

FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Some years ago a lady who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered the questions, only to be astonished at this brief prescription at the end: "Madame, what you need is to read your Bible more."

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority. "Then come back to me a month from today." And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that, at least, the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years; and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. "Well," he said, smiling as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said honestly. "I feel like a different person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked lay an open Bible.

"Madame, he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attended a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

REAL INTEREST.

The interest of the teacher in the soul of the pupils should be real, and not feigned—cultivated, if need be, at the throne of grace. A gentleman asked a little girl for her idea of holiness. She replied: "I do not know, I am sure, unless it is to be like my Sunday school teacher." She had a good teacher.—Sel.

THE LORD'S DAY BILL.

The bill respecting the observance of the Lord's Day, which the Minister of Justice has introduced in the Dominion Parliament provides that it shall not be lawful for any person on the Lord's Day, to sell or offer for sale, or purchase any goods or property, or to carry on or transact any business of his ordinary calling or to employ any person to do, on that day, any work, business or labor, except as provided in the bill. Exception is made in the case of the Province of Quebec, for such sales at church doors or country parishes as are permitted under the laws of the Province. It is also permitted to carry on necessary or customary work in connection with Divine worship, to sell drugs or medicines to relieve sickness and suffering by physicians, to receive, transmit and deliver telegraph and telephone messages to convey travellers and His Majesty's mails, to maintain fires, and do urgent repairs in cases of emergency or other work essential to any manufacturing process actually in operation when the Lord's Day begins, when the work is of such a nature that without doing it on the Lord's Day such process cannot be carried on during the other six days of the week. Railway trains in transit when the Lord's Day begins are to be allowed to go on to their destination when they are loaded exclusively either with live stock destined for immediate shipment at any ocean port or with perishable goods or with both. The carriage to the next divisional point on a railway or to the next regular port of call of a vessel of any freight which is in transit when the Lord's Day begins is also allowable. Sunday sports are prohibited by a clause which says it shall not be lawful to engage in any game or contest for gain or for any prize or reward or to be present thereat, or to provide, engage in, or to be present at any performance at which a fee is charged, directly or indirectly. Sunday excursions in which the object of the persons conveyed is pleasure or amusement chiefly or only, and the opening of parks or pleasure grounds where a fee is charged are also made unlawful. Maritime Baptist.

FINDING FAULT WITH THE POWDER.

A brave hunter who did some ineffectual shooting at small game, complained severely of the powder. A friend suggested that the cartridge shells might not have been properly loaded, and a careful examination revealed the fact that some one had removed the shot and substituted sawdust in its stead. This explained the man's failure and caused him to be a little more careful concerning his ammunition for the future.

It makes but little difference how much powder you have, if you have no shot, and your cartridge is loaded with sawdust; and there are some people who seem more inclined to use sawdust than solid shot in fighting the fight of faith.

It is best for people who are trying to war a good warfare to know what shot they fire. There is altogether too much powder and energy wasted in firing off missiles which never came from the king's armory. No matter how much zeal or enthusiasm you may exhibit and expend in firing off men's speculations, old wives' fables, heathen philosophy, and the wisdom of a world that knows not God, you will do no more execution than a sportsman who is firing sawdust at his game. But if you load your gun with the Word of God, and pour it out with energy and power, as you wax valiant in the fight you will put to flight the armies of the aliens, and be more than conqueror through him that hath loved us.—H. L. Hastings.

The man who walks uprightly seems to be quite a favorite with the Lord, according to the Scriptures. Note the following: "No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." "God is a buckler to them that walk uprightly." "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." "A man of understanding walketh uprightly." "Who walketh uprightly shall be saved." And walking uprightly does not mean walking like a moral slouch. The Bible rule is always the best ethical rule.—Sel.

A MOTHER WORTH MINDING.

"My mother says—"

"Holt your mother—she isn't one of the kind that worth-minding."

"What do you mean? advancing threateningly toward the boy with his back to a tree." "She as good as mother as ever lived, and I won't have you say such things."

A knot of boys gathered close to the speakers, one cool and quiet, the other with angry, heated face.

"She isn't worth-minding and you know it, Jack Sommers," was the reply. "You have said so yourself many and many a time."

"That's true," came in a loud whisper from one of the boys standing near.

"Everybody knows it, too," came from another.

Jack turned from the speaker in angry amazement: "You're a pretty lot of boys, talking about mother that way, and pretending to like her all the time!"

"We do like her," came in chorus from the half dozen boys.

"Well, what do you mean?" anger giving place to surprise.

"Why just this—that you don't think she's worth-minding."

"I never said such a thing in my life," said Jack, trying to recall any remark of this kind.

"Look here, Jack," said one of the boys, coming forward, "you don't seem to see what George and the other boys are driving at. You may not have said in so many words that your mother is not worth-minding, but you do say it by your actions. This morning when your mother asked you to post a letter, you said you wouldn't have time to go around by the post office, and yet you have had an hour before school in which to play ball. When she told you to put on your coat for fear you would be cold, you still left it hanging over the fence, paying no attention to what she said. Tell you what it is, I don't know anything so satisfactory in the long run as minding mother."

The angry light died from Jack's face before Tom had finished his speech, and as it came to a close he turned and walked away.

Here was a boy who loved his mother dearly, and yet how unmindful he had been of her wishes.

"Guess I needed that lesson, and although the boys may never know it, I am much obliged to them for it. I'll see that they don't have to tell me again." And they did not.—The Evangel.

SECRETARY SHAW'S PLEA FOR TEACHING THE BIBLE.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw made a strong plea for the teaching of the Bible in an address made some time ago in Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Shaw, while governor of the state of Iowa, was superintendent of a large Sunday School. He would have the business men of the city, members of Congress and leaders at the capitol, take an active part in Sunday schools. A portion of his address is as follows:

"The Bible is not now taught in the public schools," said Mr. Shaw in his address, "and I am here to say that it ought to be taught there. I am here to speak of something else. In our busy life it is not taught in our homes. The head of the family ought to be a priest. Now the Bible is seldom read and less frequently taught."

"It is seldom taught in the pulpit. Not that there is no Biblical teaching, nor that I am criticizing the ministry. I don't want you to go away and say that I am criticizing. Take up a paper on Sunday and see what the sermons are to be about. You will learn much about salvation and the plan for redemption if you will listen to sermons, but you will not know much about the Bible if you depend upon getting your knowledge of it from the pulpit. The only place on this earth where the Bible is taught is in the Sunday school."

"You will find much good Christianity lying around untaught. Most of these men learned it in the Sunday School. If I may offer a suggestion to you, it would be, Do not make the Sunday school an adjunct to the church; make it a part of the church. If I had my way the expenses of the Sunday school would come out of the general church fund."

"We make a mistake in thinking the

Sunday school is intended for children and women; it is a place for men, too. Let me say the best Sunday schools I know are managed by men. Get men to teach the boys. I would prefer this to having girls and women do the teaching. I don't mean beings who dress like men, but those who are recognized in the community as men; the business men and members of Congress. I have known many a boy who got sick because he wanted to be like a man. Boys like to do what men do."

"Get into the Sunday school. There you will begin a line of study that develops your life. Get out of the rut."—Ch. Standard.

DEFINITIONS OF SUNDAY.

BY MANY WRITERS.

"The golden link in the chain of days."

"Desert sunshine."

"Islets of hope amid the billows of doubt and care."

"Channels bringing the water of life to the pasture lands of the flock."

"The believer's joy."

"The golden clasp of the week's volume."

"The pause in time which indicates eternity."

"A flower from Eden's garden which still blooms amid the universal blight of sin."

"The day of rising hopes and buried fears."

"Pledge of earth's eternal jubilee."

"The dove which is ever returning to us bearing the olive branch."

"The 'mount of God,' whence man may view the promised land."

"The golden hours of time."

"The brightest gem in man's casket of mercies."

"The brightest jewel in the week's coronet."

"The week's increase."

"Buoys amidst the quicksand of time, marking the channel of the haven of peace."

"Nooks in the sides of the hill of difficulty, affording rest and shelter to pilgrims Zionward."

"An oasis in the desert, where the wayworn traveler drinks of the fountain of the tree of life."

"The pearl of days."

"As the flower to the plant, so is Sunday to the home, evolving all its elements in one fair blossom."

"Heaven's milestone on the highway of time."

"Smooth stepping-stones along the stream of life."—The Standard.

Dr. Adam Clark made a habit of answering all his mail the day it came.

John Wesley said, "Always in haste, but never in a hurry."

When you are going anywhere, always start on time; then you can make the trip without running.

Do not put off till to-morrow, what you should do to-day; if you do, you will be on double duty tomorrow. Then you will be the one who has too many irons in the fire. As Spurgeon said, you will be burning the candle of life at both ends.

Martin Luther was a man of prayer. When his duties multiplied, and he had almost too much for one man to do, he took it as a token that he ought to spend three hours per day in prayer, that he might be thereby qualified.

"Take time to be holy," means, Take time to pray. A holy man without much prayer is as impossible as a hill without a valley, a tree without a root, or a river without a source.

Take time to pray. If you believe the Bible and have any business sense, you will find it better than an investment in the shares of a gold mine.

"I give myself to prayer," says the psalmist; and you will find that the day you bequeath and dedicate yourself to the ministry of intercession, success will be written upon your mast head.

Burn the hours—burn them!—upon the altar of prayer. Not only is it a part of divine philosophy, but the sacrifice is exceedingly sweet, filling the life with fragrance.

After all, it is not the quantity, but the quality of prayer. Pray definitely, with the spirit and understanding thoroughly engaged. Pray in simple faith. You can no more afford to doubt than you can to faint.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

TWO SIDES OF IT.

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came
Of course things tangled up sometimes
For just a little while,
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
Through all their lives together.
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
One chose to hope and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

—Selected.

FIRST SIGHT OF HIS MOTHER.

A minister living in an Indiana village received a call one night from a parishioner. "Will you go to Indianapolis for me?" he asked. "We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he may yet be made to see."

Johnnie had been born without sight and no, a little lad of six, bright and sunny, and hardly realizing that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope having until now been given to the parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

"Go with my wife and Johnnie," said the father. "I cannot go; I dare not go. But stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can bring it."

The minister went, and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not over-confident, began his work, and till at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said: "The boy will see!"

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly-lighted room the mother and minister stood breathless while the doctor raised the shade. The little lad, overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

"Johnnie," said the minister, "this is your mother."

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried out: "Oh, mother, is this really you, or is it heaven?"

It was indeed like a glimpse of heaven. "I felt," said the minister, "as if I had witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly-translated soul in its first sight of the face of our Heavenly Father."—Sel.

THE REWARD OF GIVING.

"No good deed is forgotten. An incident is related of a little girl, whose mother was a sick widow, who stopped a young man on the street and begged him to buy her chestnuts. He was poor, but could not withstand her look. He handed her a coin, and said, 'I cannot use your chestnuts, but you are welcome to this.' "She thanked him and then hurried away.

"Twenty years passed. The little girl grew to womanhood and became the wife of a banker. Passing the library one day, she saw a man with her husband whom she recognized as the man who, years before, had been kind to her.

"When he had gone she inquired his errand. 'He came to see if I could give him a vacant position in the bank.'"

"Will you?"

"Don't know."

"I wish you would," she said, and then told him the story of her poverty and the man's generosity.

"The man sat that night beside his sick wife's bed, when a note was brought to him. Reading it, he cried:

"We shall not starve! I have the position!" He opened the note and found enclosed a two hundred-and-fifty-dollar check, with the words, 'In grateful remembrance of the silver piece a kind stranger gave the little chestnut-girl twenty years ago.'"