

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ALPHABET.

"Looking over some of grandmother's papers the other day I came across what was called the 'Housekeeper's Alphabet.' It was the most delicious mixture of moralizings and household helps that could be imagined. Let me read it to you," said Mrs. Happy Homemaker.

"I am going to use the idea and manufacture one that will be a little more coherent, but I know it will lack the old-fashioned charm of this one.

"Always be cheerful and patient as well as industrious.

"Brooms hanging instead of standing will keep soft and pliant.

"Canning: do in the early part of the season, and early part of the day, to save the fruit and temper.

"Dish of hot water set in the oven prevents cakes from scorching.

"Economize time and health and means and you will never beg.

"Flour: Keep cool and dry and securely covered.

"Glass—Clean with a quart of water mixed with a tablespoonful of ammonia.

"Happiness is not so much in doing what you want to, but in wanting to do what you have to.

"Jars: To keep cereals in good condition always put in glass jars. To prevent jars in the family always bring a smiling face to the breakfast table.

"Keep an account of all supplies, with cost and date of purchase.

"Love lightens labor.

"Money: count carefully when and where you receive change.

"Nutmegs: Prick with a pin, and if good, oil will run out.

"Orange and lemon peel—Dry, pulverize, and keep in corked bottles to use for flavoring.

"Parsimony: Be careful lest what you call prudence and economy is really this.

"Quicksilver and white of eggs destroys cockroaches and bugs.

"Rise in the morning full of gratitude for a new day.

"Sunshine within and without is the best medicine.

"Try again, and conquer all obstacles.

"Undue haste makes waste.

"Vinegar never catches flies, but honey does.

"Wholesome advice is easy to give and hard to take.

"Yielding gracefully is a fine art.

"Zest is the secret of success."—New York Globe.

HOW TO KNOW THE WILL OF GOD.

The following was George Muller's plan of ascertaining the will of God:

1. I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter. Nine-tenths of the trouble with people generally is just here. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it may be. When one is truly in this state, it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what His will is.

2. Having done this, I do not leave the result to feeling or simple impression. If

so, I lay myself liable to great delusions.

3. I seek the will of the Spirit of God through or in connection with the Word of God. The Spirit and the Word alone without the Word, I lay myself open to great delusions also. If the Holy Ghost guides us at all He will do it according to the Scriptures, and never contrary to them.

4. Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate His will in connection with His Word and Spirit.

5. I ask God in prayer to reveal His will to me aright.

6. Thus, through prayer to God, the study of the Word and reflection, I come to a deliberate judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and then if my mind is at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I go ahead accordingly. In trivial matters, and in transactions involving most important issues, I have found this method always effective.

"IF WE KNEW."

There are gems of wondrous brightness
 Oft times lying at our feet,
 And we pass them, walking thoughtless
 Down the busy crowded street;
 If we knew, our pace would slacken—
 We would step more oft with care,
 Lest our careless feet be treading
 To the earth some jewels rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
 For the comfort we might bring
 If we knew what souls are yearning
 For the sunshine we might fling;
 If we knew what feet are weary,
 Walking pathways roughly laid;
 We would quickly hasten forward,
 Stretching forth our hands to aid.
 If we knew what friends around us
 Feel a want they never tell—
 That some word that we have spoken
 Pained or wounded where it fell,
 We would speak in accents tender
 To each friend we chanced to meet;
 We would give to each one freely
 Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—Genesee Richardson.

MONEY A BLESSING OR A CURSE.

The power of money is tremendous. It is the stored-up energy of human toil and can be converted again into action for the good of men. It can stretch out its arms of power around the world and send light to the most remote and destitute.

If now this vast potency for good be kept for self, when it might have been the means of bringing salvation to thousands, how shall we be greeted when we render an account of our stewardship? "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me."

To have lived in such an infinite opportunity for doing good and to have trifled with the trust makes God's word terrible against riches wrongly used. "Their rust (that is, the evidence of the coin's disuse in God's service) shall be for a testimony against you and shall eat your flesh as fire."—G. Sherwood Eddy.

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma. Eddie looked surprised. Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have everybody listen to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."
 "I'm afraid not," said Eddie, after a few minutes thought, "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does a preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he explains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes you can, Eddie. Here's a good text for you to explain, 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

"There's nothing to explain about that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is to it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a whole week."

"Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't!" explained Eddie.

"Can't be kind to everybody for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful. "Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he has to say in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try, but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching."

"You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It is not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not kind to Mamma when I don't do errands promptly," and he did quickly and well whatever he was asked.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—Selected.

"I see no harm in it," is not the best method of settling doubtful questions. "Can I glorify God in it?" is a better way.

The Churches must go back to Calvary and the great sacrifice, if they desire to draw the people in the years to come.—Christian Herald.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproaches of its enemies than the worldliness of its professors.—Matthew Henry.