

TOO MUCH FOR THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child about seven years of age, my friends one holiday filled my pockets with half-pence.

I went directly to a shop where toys were sold for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I saw on my way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it.

I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain which I had made, told me that I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation.

My reflections on the subject gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This little event, however, was afterwards of great use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Do not give too much for the whistle," and so I saved my money.—From "Benjamin Franklin's Life."

THE FATHER'S PRAYER.

Mr. Spurgeon once told the following story of a local preacher, a farmer, who was appointed to conduct Sunday services at a town some miles from his home. On Saturday he received a letter from his son, a commercial traveler, saying his

son, a commercial traveler, saying his business was leading him into the neighborhood of that town, and that on the Sunday night he would ride home with his father in the gig, and spend a few days with him and mother. During the drive home the father began to speak to his son about his soul.

The son said, "Look here, father, I never come home but you are everlasting talking to me about religion, and I am sick of it. I won't stand it, and if its to be like this I won't come home at all."

The father replied, "God forbid, my son, that I should say anything to you to do you harm. I will promise you never to speak about it more; but let me tell you this—never a day shall pass over my head but I will pray to God to save my prayerless lad."

"Pray as much as you like," replied the son, "but don't bother me with talk."

A few months afterward the son was again at home. One morning, on leaving his bedroom, he heard his father at prayer in an adjoining room. He said within himself, "I wonder if my father has kept his word about me," and he listened.

The old man, after speaking to God on various matters that lay near his heart, paused for a minute, then, with a choking voice, he said, "And now, Lord, about John."

This was enough for John. He did not wait to hear more. His hard heart was broken. He turned away convinced of his sin, and before he left home to resume his journeys he was a decided Christian.—The Christian.

SOCIAL FEASTING AND SPIRITUAL FAMINE.

The popular church is running off on social activities and forgetting or neglecting the spiritual work to which it is called. We suggest that the following from the Christian Statesman is to the point.

"There was a time when the church concerned itself entirely with the soul of man. His body had to look out for itself.

"The pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Too much of the attention of the church, so some observers think, is now concentrated on physical needs.

"Social service is a fine thing, a necessary thing, but it should not crowd out and take the place of spiritual service. There is a cry going up from the whole world for spiritual inspiration and consolation.

"Many of the social activities now taken over by the church can be better handled by other organizations. But no other agency can take the place and do the work of the church. It can delegate to no one else its mission to feed the hungry souls of men.

"The church is ordained not to make itself human but to make men divine."—The Free Methodist.

BE CAREFUL.

A gentleman in India as he was searching for a book, felt a pain in his finger like the quick prick of a pin. He took little notice of it at the time, but soon his arm began to swell and in a short time he died. A small, but deadly serpent was afterward found among the books.

There are many who receive in a bad book a wound, that may seem slight, but proves fatal to the soul. Be careful what you read.—Sel.

"The winds were contrary." This is the description of the plight of the disciples on the Lake of Galilee. They could not go forward in the face of such winds. There is no life that does not have to face contrary winds, and there is blessing as well as misfortune in contrary winds. They reveal to us our own weakness, and our limitations. They make us more cautious when we venture upon deep seas. They drive us to seek God when we ought to seek Him. The set of the sail helps the mariner to master contrary winds, and when a troubled saint, despairing upon the sea of life, turns to Jesus, he sets his sail to make the contrary wind his ministering servant.—The Methodist Protestant.

The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by vitiated society. Holy, simple and beautiful in its construction, it is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth.—Washington Irving.

"If a grindstone has no grit in it, how long will it take to make an axe sharp? And if affairs have no pinch in them, how long will they take to make a man?"

I'll bind myself to that which once being right cannot be less right, hen I shrink from it.—Kingsley.

AFTER THE WOMEN SMOKERS.

A puff on a cigaret may cost Washington women \$25, if a bill introduced recently by Representative Johnson, Democrat, Mississippi, is enacted. The measure provides that women who smoke in public places shall be fined \$25 for the first offense and \$100 for the second.

A similar schedule of fines is proposed for proprietors of public places, which the bill enumerates as dining rooms, cafes, theatres, elevators, street cars and railway stations, who permit women to smoke on their premises.

Mr. Johnson said he had noticed too many women in Washington puffing languidly on cigarets in hotel lobbies, roof gardens and cafes.

"Why, I was walking down the street the other day," he said, "and I saw a young lady take a cigaret out of the hand of the young man she was walking with and take a puff. You can go to any hotel, to public functions and to places after the show and see women smoking cigarets.

"It is worse than whiskey. The girls at college learn how to smoke, and then go home and teach it to the other girls, so that smoking by women is on the increase.

Mr. Johnson added that he had never smoked nor chewed tobacco.

Why discriminate against the women and introduce class legislation? Precisely the same objections can be made to men smoking as can be given against women doing the same thing. One of the curses of the age is the "double standard."

Smoking is an intolerable nuisance everywhere, whether engaged in by men or by women, and it should be prohibited by law. No one has a moral right to poison the air another has to breathe any more than he has to poison the water another must drink.

It may be some time before such legislation can be enacted or public sentiment be educated to demand such legislation, but tobacco using is one of the intolerable evils that sooner or later must go down before enlightened civilization, improved science and the influence of Christianity. The day may not be far distant as some clerical pessimist who has his telescope pointed in the wrong direction may prophesy.—Free Methodist.

"YOU DO NOT OWN YOUR OWN FACE."

"My boy," said a wise father, who knew how to play and be chum with his twelve-year-old lad, "you do not own your own face."

The boy looked puzzled. He had come frowning to the breakfast table. Everybody felt his ill temper so evident in his looks.

His father's words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a half guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant.

"You do not own your own face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that. It belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it. You have no right to compel others to look at a sour, gloomy and crabbed face."—Selected.

"No one ever yet 'lied out' of a difficulty without lying into a worse one."