

LIVING AT OUR BEST.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men.

It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ.

To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and stake; to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wildflowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—*F. B. Meyer.*

THE FACE OF LOVE.

"As he moved among men he had a look as though he pitied them," says Sir Francis Bacon, delineating the character of a friend.

It is well known that the profession or occupation leaves its imprint so unmistakably on the countenance, that of those that have been most devoted to their calling, none need to ask. "Is he a clergyman, a lawyer, a business man? Is she a mother, a teacher, a doctor?" for their looks betray them.

A generation of practical activities on the part of women in the salvation or the world as represented in "the regions beyond" has not been without its effect on the faces of the women of the church. A look of compassion for humanity, of tenderness for its woes, of hopefulness for its future, of alert interest at the mention of India, China, Japan, or the Islands of the Sea,—all these and more have gone to make "a human fac-divine."

The profoundest learning or the most accurate science, with all the good-will in the world, cannot get down deep enough to lay hold on any soul that needs to be saved from sin. It is not the look of knowledge of the situation, but the expression of compassion for the victim of it, coming from the study of one Book, and that the best, the apprehension of one science, and that the highest, that gives

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace.

A full assurance given by books,

Continual comfort in a face,

The lineaments of gospel books."

And this compassion must be powerful enough to translate itself into action. "The most commonplace truth," said Coleridge, "is restored to its first uncommon lustre only by acting it."—*Er.*

THE BEST PASSPORT.

"What is the first duty of a good traveller?" asked a young lady who was about to start from New York on an extended European tour.

"To look pleasant and never to grumble," was the answer of a veteran wanderer who had crossed the ocean twenty times and gone twice around the world.

It was a good prescription, and will help to make a good traveller of any novice. The fatigue of the longest journey can be patiently endured if one can only be amiable and avoid the weariness that comes from fretting over what is unavoidable and worrying over trifles.

An American girl not long ago spoiled the pleasure of a party of tourists by complaining of everything on sea and on land. The ship was a dreadful roller, the cabins were badly ventilated, the cooking was abominable, the service was shocking, the officers were uncivil, and the passengers were disagreeable and stupid! Nothing suited her, and she had not a good word for anybody. Every member of the party was indignant over her want of amiability.

"It makes me almost seasick merely to look at her!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Perhaps she will cheer up," was the charitable response, "when she reaches port."

But she was as unhappy on land as she had been at sea. She was angry with the customs officers, and told them that they had mauled and ruined her best gown. She found fault with the lovely rural scenery between Southampton and London. She pronounced English cooking to be utterly vile. She inveighed bitterly against the weather and the climate. She was not interested in cathedrals, castles, palaces, pictures, colleges, ruins or country roads. She was bored by everything she saw.

One night she received a round robin signed by every other member of the party, expressing regret that she was not enjoying her journey, and offering their sympathies in her vexations and discomforts. It was a bold stroke on the part of her friends, who were worn out by her tiresome peevishness. Fortunately it was successful. Not another word of complaint was heard from her during the remainder of the tour.

A pleasant, cheerful face and manner, that express kindness and good-will, make the best passport which a traveller can carry into a foreign country. They insure civility and courtesy from officials, fellow-travellers and strangers, and are an unfailing resource whenever there is any misadventure.—*Pres. Messenger.*