

History is just what it is because the little event and the little duty had their place in the sequence of events and duties in the past. The omission of one little event in the past would have changed the whole after history.

Besides, when little duties are neglected great duties are apt to be neglected. The man who does not pray in secret has no interest in public prayer. If the Bible is neglected at home, its counsels are not sought elsewhere. These are every-day duties, and they are the links in the chain that connect smaller blessings with those that are larger, little events with great events.

The value of little duties is seen when we know the results which have followed their performance. A little girl on her way to read the Bible, led an earnest Christian to think of sending Bibles to Wales, to England, to the world, and from that little event sprung the great British and Foreign Bible Society.

Peabody talked with Hopkins about the joy he had in gathering, and the greater delight he had in using his money for benevolent purposes, and the next day Johns-Hopkins set to work to devise means for the employment of the seven millions of which he was the possessor in benevolent and educational schemes. From that conversation started the hospital and university in Baltimore which bear the name of Johns-Hopkins.

An infidel gave a few dollars toward the repairs of a church. He was attracted to the church to see the repairs, was induced to continue his visits, and after a time became a very useful member of the church.

A man desired to be useful, and condensed a work that had been productive of good by a popular author, and millions of that little work have been published and sold in several different languages.

A sermon on Foreign Missions, by Rev. Dr. Mason, turned Rev. Dr. Spring from the law to the ministry, and the singing of a hymn by a fellow-student brought Dr. John Breckinridge to Christ.

God can make the little act or the little duty productive of good, and for that reason we should not think them insignificant.

#### THE INGENUITY OF DECEPTION.

"Wooden nutmegs are things of the past, young man," said a grocer. "They have been superseded."

"What has taken their place?"

"Just step around the counter here and I'll show you. Do you see that box of spices? They look very nice, don't they? Now taste 'em, they taste good, too, as spices go. Well, young man, what do you think of 'em?"

"From all appearances I should say that they were a fair lot of spices."

"That is just where your judgment falls short. They are not spices at all."

"What are they then?"

"Just ground cocoanut shells, flavoured with spice extracts. The difference in colour comes from burning the shells. Why do I keep 'em? Because people want 'em. Of course, they are a fraud from beginning to end. But they are cheap, and people want cheap spices, just as they want everything else cheap. Large quantities are manufactured and shipped all over the country. They are sold as genuine spices, but any grocer with a particle of sense knows from the prices that they cannot be the real article. You see, they look, taste, and smell fully as well as the Simon Pure, but put them in food and you will soon see the difference. They do not flavour. A drop of clove extract will smell stronger than twenty pounds of cloves, but I think the twenty pounds would flavour more hot rum, don't you?"

"You have no idea of the ingenuity that is used in getting up these and other imitations. The best chemical knowledge is employed. What do you think of stamping out whole peppers and cloves? It is done, though. Young man, the general grocery trade is extending. With glucose for sugar, oleomargarine for butter, cheese innocent of milk, and cocoanut shell spices, it is becoming a big business."—*New York Sun*.

#### VIEWS AFIELD.

A jolly farmer I,  
For, when I look around,  
Fine views I see, that finer be  
The more they're ground.

I care not for the world,  
Whate'er may come to pass;  
I'd smile if all this earthly ball  
Should go to grass.

Yet many things there be  
Of which I may complain;  
When tempests blow, they're apt to go  
Against my grain.

And when my hired man—  
A careless, reckless pup,  
Mowed into me below the knee,  
I felt cut up.

Yet, now the wound is well,  
A happy man am I;  
It makes me gay to see each day  
The sun get high.

And when the fields of corn  
Show many a waving row,  
And tickled earth seems, in her mirth,  
To laugh—"Hoe! hoe!"

And neighbours hail me oft,  
At work at early morn,  
And jokes let fly—I naught reply;  
I own the corn.

Kind words I speak at morn  
And when my work is through;  
At morn, "Good day!" at night I say  
"A dew! a dew!"

I'm not above my work,  
For, when I look around,  
I clearly see none long can be  
Above the ground.

#### A LUDICROUS BLUNDER.

Readers of newspapers are sometimes amused at a ludicrous blunder which the proof reader has failed to correct. But few, however, have ever laughed as heartily over an accidental muddling as did the Parisians one morning during the reign of Louis Phillippe. The morning after the day on which a ministerial crisis had occurred, and M. Thiers had been sent for, there appeared in the *Constitutionnel* the following startling paragraph—

"His Majesty, the King, received M. Thiers yesterday, at the Tuileries, and charged him with the formation of a new Cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the king, 'I have only one regret, which is, that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's.'"

A few lines lower down there was another paragraph to the following effect—

"The efforts of justice are promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-fer has been arrested. 'Lad at once before the Judge of Instruction, the wretch had the hardihood to address that magistrate in terms of coarse insult, winding up with the following words:—

"God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally to the best of my ability."

The printer had interchanged the addresses. But the joke was that all Paris knew that there was little love lost between the king and Thiers. —*Youth's Companion*.

#### THE VICEROY AND THE BABY.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the late Lord Lawrence, when, as the new viceroy, he was returning to the country in which his best years had been passed. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness, and partly from lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities. "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was a cry which came from many a sleepless berth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last the new viceroy, perhaps because he saw in the child, half-unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it, and to the great relief of the passengers, was always quiet in his presence. "Why do you take so much notice of that child?" asked one of them. "Why, to tell the truth," said the viceroy, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel sure does not want anything of me, and so I take pleasure in its society." How much of the kindness and simplicity of a great nature is revealed by this simple story.

#### DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humour—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigours or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but infernal evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah More*.

#### QUAKER WEDDINGS.

The wedding ceremony of the Society of Friends is unique and beautiful. The bride and groom, with their attendants, march into the church at the regular week-day meeting at eleven o'clock, and, after being seated with faces fronting the audience, they arise, and the groom, taking the bride by the hand, says, "Friends, in the presence of the Lord and this assembly I take thee, Mary Jones, to be my wife, promising, with divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving husband until death shall separate us." The bride repeats the same promise, and they are seated. The clerk of the meeting then arises and reads the marriage certificate, and invites the congregation to write their names as witnesses. This ended, after a few moments of silent worship or a vocal prayer, the married couple and their attendants retire to the home of the bride, where there is usually a sumptuous feast, followed the next day by what is termed an "in-fair" at the home of the groom.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.