

How to Grow.

The father of Alice and Jessie found them one day studying with their heads bent low over their books. They said they were very tired.

'Let me see you walk up and down the veranda,' he said.

The little girls wondered what papa meant, and walked slowly across the veranda.

'You are not growing right,' he said. 'I cannot tie you up to a stake, as I did my young peach trees, but I must do something. Come out here on the veranda tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, and tomorrow night at six, and let us see what we can do.'

When Alice and Jessie went out on the veranda before school the next morning, they found their father there in the big hickory chair. There were four tin pails standing near him, and he held two books in his hand.

'I want you to fill these pails at the outdoor faucet, put these books on your head, and, with a full pail of water in each hand, walk up and down the long path for half an hour without spilling the water or letting the books fall.'

The girls laughed, and said that would be fun. They spilled the water very often at first, but soon learned to walk in the right way, and twice a day went through the half-hour walk while their father watched them. They grew to be young ladies who walked like queens.—Selected.

Knowing How to Return Kindness.

'Well,' sighed Aunt Lois, looking after a retreating neighbor, she means well. She wanted to return my kindness so that I'd like it, but she hasn't the know-how. She's brought me back some of the very same sort of things I sent her over the other day, for all the world as if she had borrowed them.

'She wanted to show her thankfulness, I know, but this way only makes me feel mean. If she had brought over some flowers of the kind I haven't in my garden, I would have felt better. But then, she meant well,' and Aunt Lois charitably dismissed the subject. She had no idea that she was, in reality, repeating the wisdom of Sophocles who said long ago, 'Whoever knows how to return a kindness he has received must be a friend above all price.'

To receive graciously and to return a favor happily is indeed an art to be cultivated. Many good souls chafe under imagined or real obligations, even in the matter of small favors, and are uncomfortable until some adequate return is made. But the kindness may be returned in the very manner of receiving it. May it not be the greatest favor of all 'to take for love's sweet sake,' and thus allow a friend the pleasure of giving? If no one takes, how can any one give?

Kindnesses need not always be returned in kind; they may be returned in measure. An acknowledgment, gratefully and immediately offered is more acceptable than a return. The gracious tact of a considerate heart will guide in giving favors and in showing kindness to those who have bestowed their largess. Indifference, ingratitude or tardy appreciation are even worse than clumsy acknowledgment and return. Surely one should be on the lookout to be kind to those who show kindness, but it should be of the true sort, such as love's Golden Rule dictates, and, where kindness cannot be returned, it can always be passed on.—'Wellspring.'

A Writer of a Famous Hymn.

Mrs. Jemima Luke, author of that most popular of children's hymns, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,' died recently, at her residence in the Isle of Wight, in her ninety-third year. She was born at Islington, and is said to have written the hymn while travelling in a stage-coach in 1841, though it was not published till twelve years later. She was then Miss Jemima Thompson.

Miss Thompson wrote the hymn while the sole passenger on the coach on a four-mile journey to Wellington, one spring morning. Two years later she became the wife of a Congregational pastor, the Rev. Samuel Luke.

About the time when the hymn was written Miss Thompson intended to become a missionary in the East, and arrangements were made for going to the ship and choosing a cabin, prior to her departure. But she became stricken with a violent attack of erysipelas; her head swelled, her eyes were closed, and she became delirious.

When she recovered she was eager to go, but the doctors told her father that she would probably die of brain fever in a hot climate. Then he withdrew his consent to her going into the mission field. Had she left this country, her hymn might have been lost to the Church and the world. This is the hymn:—

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,

How he called little children as lambs to His fold,

I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,

That His arms had been thrown around me,

That I might have seen His kind look when He said,

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in His love;

And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,

I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven;

And many dear children are gathering there,

"For such is the kingdom of heaven."

I long for the joys of that glorious time,

The sweetest and brightest and best,

When the dear little children of every clime

Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

—'Friendly Greetings.'

Only a Few of the Cedars of Lebanon Are Left.

There are only about four hundred trees, says Lewis G. Leary in an interesting article on 'The Cedars of Lebanon,' in 'Scribner's.' High up on the rocky slopes, Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees; the Maronite peasants almost worship them, and call them the 'Cedars of the Lord,' and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall, so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

But if the cedars are few in number, these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle two or three hundred feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks, and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard, and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the ax has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout, hardly waist-high, is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old, one cannot help asking, What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove? It is hard to tell exactly. By the

aid of a microscope I have counted over seven hundred rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply think that some of these must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the 'Guardian,' for instance, may have been a young tree when Hirman began cutting for the temple of Jerusalem.

A Wish.

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do.

Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always straight and true;

Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thoughts be clean and high,

You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start,

By accumulating wisdom in the scrapbook of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and learn to live,

If you want to give men knowledge, you must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day

Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way;

For the pleasure of the many may be oft-times traced to one,

As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Poverty a Helper.

Poverty often develops a man—richer never. Poverty compels a man to work, incites him to strenuous effort, brightens his wits, develops his judgment, teaches him self-reliance. Of the eminently successful men to-day, 'the captains of industry' and those who stand at the head of their professions, there are few who did not begin life as poor boys. Poverty has been a help to them—not a hindrance. Had they been born rich they never would have achieved anything like so much or become men of such intellectual power and fibre.

'Poverty is crushing.' Yes, it is to some people. There are those who but for their wealth would be down in the dust, unable to help themselves. There are those who will never be anything but poor. They do not have the pluck to conquer their environment. They give in without attempting to better their condition. They do not highly resolve that they will make an opportunity for themselves. If one's circumstances are against him, he must begin to study how he can change them. Circumstances declare that he shall not rise. That declaration he should take as a challenge, and meet it with an affirmation that he will rise. It is by such an indomitable resolution that men have risen from poverty and obscurity to fill the foremost places in the land.

If you are poor, thank God for your poverty. You are saved from the danger of being a useless dude or a reckless spendthrift. In almost every community there are young men who might amount to something, but for their wealth. As it is they give their time to devilry and dissipation, and are the easy prey of temptation. If you meet the issues of life bravely, you will be the better for having the odds against you at the start. A brave spirit, a clean heart, a noble purpose, an unfaltering trust in God will enable you to fight the battles of life so that you shall be more than conqueror.—'Wellspring.'

Who is Great?

The greatest boy is he who chooses the right and sticks to it, who resists the sore temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance or truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—Selected.