

who give the Lord the first place in their bestowments of money usually have prospered. The same conscientiousness that kept them from robbing their Lord and Master kept them from extravagance and spendthrift indulgences and reckless speculations.

What is true of money is equally true of time. Your soul needs a certain amount of time for your Bible-reading and your private devotions. If, in order to feed your soul on the bread of life or to have a proper time for prayer, you must rise earlier in the morning, then quit your pillow the sooner. Don't cheat your soul or your Saviour.

John Wesley had a fixed rule to be out of bed and at his devotions at a certain very early hour. On one very cold morning he was tempted to break his rule; but presently the glorious old man was heard to say, 'Well, John Wesley, you may do as you like, but I am going to get up,' and out he sprang. If Wesley had not learned how to make self obey Jesus Christ in small things, he never would have founded Methodism.

If your morning hours must be so ordered as to secure time for your Bible and your devotions, see to it that nothing short of the sharpest necessity keeps you from your place in the evening gatherings of your Endeavor society. Say to other tempting invitations, 'I am engaged for this evening,' and stick to that engagement as scrupulously as a bank-teller does to his engagement to be at his post every day when the bank opens.

The reason why so many Endeavorers desert their meetings for pleasure-parties or bicycling or places of amusement is that their consciences fail to see that they are really robbing their Saviour. The pledge of attendance was not given merely to a society; it was given to Jesus Christ! The Master will miss you, even if nobody else does. Small excuses do not avail with him; and when you play loose with conscience, you rob your own soul and your Master also.

Now!

The time is short!

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!

Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;
Set out with girded loins upon the way,
Up! linger not!

Fold not thy hands!

What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown
To do with luxury or couch of down?
On, pilgrim, on!

—Horatius Bonar.

The P. B. Club.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Zion's Herald'.)

'I wonder if John's children always criticize people and say such disagreeable things about their friends—their best friends, too, as far as I am able to judge—as they have this last week,' and Aunt Mary softly opened the door to her room and went in. 'It's something alarming,' and the little woman sat down in the rocker by the window to think.

When she arose, it was with a 'scheme look' in her soft dark eyes. 'This, her brother John always declared, 'meant something of real good to somebody.'

'I'll keep a record for the next two days—and see,' she said. 'Perhaps it won't be so bad; yet, even if it isn't—if it isn't half so bad—there must be something done to prevent the children's growing up to see only the disagreeable in their friends' characters. One is so apt to overlook the sweet and the beautiful if he allows himself—in many cases unconsciously, I admit—to note and make mention of one's little mannerisms and peculiarities. And we all have them—every one of us!'

At the end of the second day Aunt Mary consulted her 'trial record,' as she called it.

'Yes; it's just as bad—perhaps worse—than I imagined,' she said to herself, rapidly glancing down the columns of her diary.

'One, two, three,—six, seven—eleven! Eleven instances of saying disagreeable things about his friends by Harold—in two days!'

Aunt Mary then turned to Floyd's 'black list.'

'Not so many—quite! But seven to his record is much too many!'

The 'remedy pucker' hastily became visible in Aunt Mary's forehead.

'Let me see about Annette.' A diary leaf was quickly turned over. 'One, two—five! Not so bad; and yet it is, too—worse, I fear. One would hardly expect such a sweet little girlie as Annette to say anything hateful about anybody; and here are five instances in the short space of two days.'

The next morning Aunt Mary called the children into the library.

'How many would like to join the P. B. Club?' she asked, after the three had taken seats about the big table.

'I—I remember now,' admitted Harold.

'So do I,' confessed Annette.

'I didn't know I'd said so many disagreeable things,' declared Floyd, in surprise. 'Seven is an awful number. And the worst one of all was about Winthrop Smith; and I like him better'n any boy I know—except Harold.'

'Now I'll read the pledges—we won't call them articles,' began Aunt Mary, again.

'Pledge 1. I will try to stop before I say a disagreeable thing about anybody.'

'Pledge 2. I will endeavor, rather, to see and refer to one's good qualities.'

'Pledge 3. If I say—unintentionally—something disagreeable about any one of my



'The—what?' asked Harold, curiously.

'I do; but I don't know what it is,' assented Floyd.

'And I, too,' agreed Annette. 'I know it's something nice if you belong. Do you, auntie?'

'I will,' replied Aunt Mary, smiling. 'I'll be one of the charter members.'

'But—what is it?' pressed Floyd.

'Yes; I don't know what a P. B. Club is,' declared Harold. 'I'm willing to join, but I want to know what it is.'

'Suppose I read the preamble—that's a pretty big word—to our constitution,' suggested Aunt Mary, taking up a small notebook from the table.

'Yes—do!' exclaimed the children, in chorus.

'We, the members of the P. B. Club,' read Aunt Mary, 'feeling that it is an unpleasant, as well as a positively harmful habit to fall into, agree to do all in our power to free ourselves from saying, in the future, disagreeable things about our friends.' Each of the children was silent as the reading stopped.

'I—I didn't know we—'

'Nor I,' interrupted Floyd, before Harold was able to finish his sentence.

'But we do,' declared Aunt Mary, gently, 'all of us,' and she referred to the numerous entries in her two-days' record.

friends, I will say two good things I know about him to atone for my mistake.

'Pledge 4. I will try to show my little friends the harmful influence the saying of disagreeable things has on the character of the one who says them.'

After she had finished reading, Aunt Mary laid on the table the P. B. Club's constitution.

'Just what do the letters "P. B." stand for?' asked Harold.

'Pay Back—the Pay Back Club—don't you see? If any member says a disagreeable thing about one of her friends, he pays back by saying two good things.'

'I see; and I like the name.'

'It's dandy!' declared Floyd.

'Now, how many would like to join—become charter members?' asked Aunt Mary.

'I!'

'And I!'

'Good! We must now sign our names to the constitution,' and Aunt Mary reached for a pen. 'Harold may sign first.'

Two weeks later, Aunt Mary remarked to her brother John: 'It has succeeded beyond my fondest expectations. I haven't heard the children say a disagreeable thing about another since they signed the constitution.'

'I wish there was the P. B. Club in other families I know,' replied her brother, thoughtfully.