

must rely continually upon a help and strength beyond ourselves. Let us seek aid and direction from Him who is "an ever present help in time of trouble," and in His strength will be strong.

A true mother never separates her own interest from her children's interest. She feels for them, she sympathizes with them, she assists them, ever finally, gently, unwaveringly, guiding them in the right way. She rouses their dormant energies. She finds the secret spring which shall set the machinery to work in the right direction, and then puts it in order. If possible she so cultivates their moral feelings, the nobler part of their nature, that they may love to do right for the right's sake. All may not be influenced by the same motives. Resting assured that there are none who cannot be influenced, let the mother by close study of the characters and dispositions of her children search out those motives which seem best adapted to influence them for good. And then, while with unwearied hands and heart she sows the seed, let her learn to wait patiently for the harvest.

What though difficulties and trials sometimes cross our path? Is that any reason why we should despair or give up our interest? With no obstacles, no difficulties, no evils to contend with, there would be no victory, no virtue, no success. "Rome was not built in a day." By steady adherence to the fixed principles of right, enforced in firmness and gentleness, and by an unflinching fund of love, and sympathy, and patience, if our enthusiasm fail not, we may accomplish all we desire. To us most of all is the promise and exhortation, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

### The Habit of Self-Control.

If there is one habit which, above all others, is deserving of cultivation, it is that of self-control. In fact, it includes so much that is of value and importance in life that it may almost be said that, in proportion to its power, does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood. The ability to identify self with the highest parts of our nature, and to bring all the lower parts into subjection, or rather to draw them all upward into harmony with the best that we know, is the one central power which supplies vitality to all the rest. How to develop this in the child may well absorb the energy of every parent; how to cultivate it in himself may well employ the wisdom and enthusiasm of every youth.

Yet it is no mysterious or complicated path that leads to this goal. The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgement over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires.

He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetite and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day and hour by hour is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and though it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-tried, true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.

### Good for Evil.

"Mamma," said little Annie, "please give me two apples for lunch. I want to give one to Jane Woods."

"Certainly, my dear. But why do you want to give Jane one?" said her mother.

"Because, dear mamma, she stole one out of my basket yesterday; and I want her not to be tempted any more: for our teacher told us, that if we are sincere in praying, 'Lead us not into temptation,' we should not only keep out of the way of evil ourselves, but try to keep others from being tempted; and I think, if I give Jane an apple, she will not want to steal any more."

The apple was given; and a little while after, Jane said to Annie, looking very penitent:

"Won't you please take this apple back again? I suppose it is mine now, as you gave it to me; and I want to pay you back the one I stole from you yesterday." Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness saved her.—*Selected.*

### A Leaf from My Diary.

On one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of I.—; dinner was just over, and I was left with but one other gentleman in the room. We had not long been in conversation before a youth was ushered in, who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message, and was on the point of retiring, he was asked the question, "What would you like to take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select, rum, brandy, port, sherry, etc. The boy was even now more bewildered and mechanically said, "Brandy, please sir?" which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, "Mind your own business!" Duty seemed to say, "Speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin." I waited until the brandy appeared, and, just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak. "My boy, before you drink that brandy I should like you to hear what I have to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply. "Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment, that that which this gentleman has been kind enough to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that, and drinks of a similar nature, fill our prisons, workhouses, and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks, than from any other." And, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I state correct?" He replied, "I am not in a position to deny it!" Then, speaking again to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world, and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say, don't you think it is the wisest policy to have nothing to do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room.

Three months after I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets I saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed upon me. When we met, he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning," I replied. "You seem to know me; but for the moment I don't remember you. Have you seen me before?" He heartily, and with boyish honesty said, "Yes, sir; don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day, two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, I think something I said prevented him drinking a glass of brandy; was it you?" "Yes sir, it was; I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't want the brandy, but I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Juvenile Temperance Society at our Sunday-school. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it!"

"A word in season, how good is it!"

### Willing to Do Anything, but Unfitted for Any but-a So-called Genteel Occupation.

Young woman, young woman, you've come to this great wicked city to get "something to do." Do what? Oh, "anything!" Young woman, "anything" is nothing. Anything is hardly a legitimate occupation. Young woman, there are 5,000 or 10,000 young men and women who have come to this city from all parts of this land and even from all other ends of the earth who are willing to do anything. Young woman, you are by birth American. You have been well bred and well educated, to use the current expression. But what can you do? Music? We have music teachers starving by the thousand. Painting? We have the best and scores of them who can't make room rent. Amanuensis? Armies of them are on the street daily looking for work. Stenography? Ditto. Telegraph operator? The town is full. The fact is, young woman, the few comparatively easy employments have long been monopolized by young ladies like yourself, who came here to do "anything" but could only do and were only waiting to do a few things. Can you cook? Yes and no, and a little that your mother taught you at home, and you don't want to go out to service, of course; and small blame to you that you should not wish to or become indignant at the idea of such a thing as sinking to the level of