

*LEARNING TO HOWL.*

It is an old Spanish proverb, we believe, "He who lives with wolves will soon learn to howl." He who lives with the faults of his friends, and counts them over and sorts them weighs them and measures them, will soon have equally grave ones of his own, which his friends will be sure to see, and which he will be positively unable to cure.

There is nothing that so deteriorates character as this undue looking after faults and blemishes in others while we are blind to our own. We may abhor meanness and stinginess in our neighbor, and be able to give a hundred reasons why he should give away more in charity, and see a thousand little things indicating his smallness of soul and at the same time we may be so engrossed with one phase of meanness in him as to forget another phase of meanness in ourselves.

We may abhor another untruth so vehemently in some one else that we shall forget to hate impurity in ourselves. We may despise our neighbour for his sharpness and trickery, and spread over our own slackness and idleness and shiftlessness the coverlet of "Thank God I'm not a sharper!" The idle thriftless man can never reform the overshrewd speculator; the impure man can never lift the untruthful man out of the bog; the gossip is not fit to cure the miser of his selfishness.

There is only one way to reform the world. Not by learning to howl at its faults, or to bark at its mistakes, but by beginning the work of reformation first with ourselves. We come back inevitably to the old truth so often before stated: In order to

make the best of others, we must first make the best of ourselves."

*WHY WOMAN IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND.*

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

But without her he would be rude, rough and ungoely.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because she can with him, endure pain quietly, and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Saviour for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and therefore man's best friend.—*Ladies Home Journal.*