

A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A young friend has been visiting me. She frets when it rains and frets when it shines. She frets when others come to see her, and frets when they do not.

It is a dreadful thing to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials; but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them.

I lately came across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is:

"Never fret about what you can't help; because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help; because if you can help it, do so."

Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only say, but do, and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

"But we have our trials!" my young readers say. Yes, you have; and your little trials are as hard to bear as our big ones. But fretting doesn't help them, nor wishing we were somewhere else or somebody else, or dwelling upon them till they look a great deal bigger than they really are.—Sel.

NEW EYES VS. NEW TEETH.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, a prominent Baptist minister of Chicago, has a defective eye. A good man and his wife who are members of the Henson household of faith, have felt for some time that their pastor would be much improved if the lame eye could be made whole like unto the other.

These persons are firm believers in the faith cure theory. Why should not their beloved pastor have two good eyes as well as one? They went to see him about it. "We have been praying for you that you may have two perfect eyes," they said to the doctor, "and have now come to pray with you. Will you not ask the Lord right here and now to give you a new eye?"

Dr. Henson's reply was startling. "What kind of teeth have you?" he suddenly asked the brother.

"Why—why, that's a strange question," he stammered; "but I don't mind telling you that my teeth are mostly false."

"What kind of teeth do you use, sister?" he asked of the other.

"Same kind," she frankly admitted.

"Well, good friends," rejoined the doctor, "you go and ask God to grow some new teeth in your mouths. According to your theory He will do it without delay. When you get your teeth, come around and we will see what can be done about that new eye!"

This happened some little time ago, so report saith. The good people are still grinding on artificial molars and Dr. Henson still looks down on his congregation with one eye. But he can see farther with that bright optic than most people can with two.—*Epworth Herald*.

PUNISHING THEIR GODS.

During the recent famine in India, the people prayed before their idols for rain.

The Hindus of Aurungabad in Western India had hired Brahman priests to keep up their noisy worship before the village idols, and fully expected abundant rain as the result of their worship.

But after waiting for days and weeks they resolved to punish the gods, who had received costly offerings without giving them the looked-for blessing in return. In some places they indignantly besmeared their idols all over with mud, and closed up the entrance of the temple with thorns. In others they filled up the temples with water and blocked up the doors, so that the idols may shiver in wet as a punishment for keeping their fields dry.—*Gospel in All Lands*.

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