

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe ;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom ;
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show ;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In want of time or woe,
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear .
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or cater to a friend
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe,
For friends and debts,
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after pain
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings
For station high
That wealth will buy
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays ! a blunt refrain.
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless

HOW TO KEEP GOOD RESOLVES.

A RECITATION.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Characters—*Lottie, George, Della.*
(*Lottie engaged in sewing or reading. Enter George greatly excited.*)
George : Oh, *Lottie* ! do you know that horrid cat has gobbled down your canary and only left these two feathers ?
Lottie (much distressed) : Oh, poor little birdie ! Oh, you cruel cat ! you shall not live three minutes longer. (Rushes out.)
George (laughing) : I didn't think I could fool her so easily. Won't she be mad when she finds it's a hoax !
(Enter *Lottie*, very angry.)
Lottie : *George* Hayes, you'd rather tell a falsehood than the truth any day. You said my bird was killed, when you know it is singing in its cage like a little yellow angel, and the poor innocent pussy is asleep in the yard.
George : I didn't say the cat had killed the bird. I only asked if you knew it had happened.
Lottie (enraged) : It's all the same, and you meant I should believe it. You're a mean, hateful, story-teller, and I'll never speak to you again. I hate you ! (stamps her foot, and, snatching an apple from the table, throws it at him violently.)
George (clapping his hands) : You've broken it ! you've broken it ! and I'm glad of it.
(Enter *Della*.)
Della : What is the trouble, *Lottie* ? and what have you broken ?

George : She's broken her New Year's resolve. I know she would.
Lottie (indignantly) : It was your fault and you know it ; I'll leave it to *Della* to decide. (To *Della*.) We resolved on New Year's day that we would each break off at once from our worst fault.
Della : And what is yours, *Lottie* ?
George : Why, I thought every one knew it. She's a little spitfire. My ! what a temper she's got. She goes off pop ! bang ! like a percussion-cap at the least thing.
Della : Since he is so prompt at explaining your weak point, *Lottie*, it is but fair that you should make me acquainted with his.
Lottie : He's always making up what he calls "white fibs" to play jokes on people, and I think they are just as bad as downright lies. He resolved to quit it, though.
Della : Did he keep his resolve ?
Lottie : No ; if he had, I should not have broken mine. He made my heart jump right to my mouth almost by making me think the cat had killed my bird ; and when I found it was not so I couldn't help getting angry.
George : Well, it's much easier to make resolves than to keep them ; and it's such fun to hoax people, especially *Lottie*. But I must say she has held out much longer than I thought she would.
Lottie : *Della*, I've tried just as hard as I could to control my quick temper, for I know how wrong it is to give way to it. I have bit my tongue and shut my teeth tightly when angry words would come, and mother said I was doing bravely, but now *George* has made me spoil it all.
Della : No, dear ; you must try again ; don't be discouraged by one failure. I am sorry to know that *George* regards his own resolve so lightly, and also tries to make it harder for you to keep yours.
George : I don't believe anybody keeps them ; and as for my little fibs, where's the great harm in them ?
Della : There are no such things as "white fibs," *George*. If a statement is not true, it is false ; and the fact that you are only in sport does not change its character.
George : *Della*, you are very severe on me ; and besides, I can't help it. The fibs pop out almost before I know it.
Lottie : That's just my case. I try to control my temper, but it is too quick for me, and I don't see much use in trying again.
Della : Did you ever ask God to aid you in subduing your temper ?
Lottie : No ; I have never thought of that.
Della : *George*, have you asked God to help you to speak the truth ?
George : No ; I don't suppose God notices little things I do in fun, if they are not really wicked.
Della : He notices our smallest words and acts ; and it is not strange that you and *Lottie* have failed to keep your good resolves if you have depended entirely on your own strength.
Lottie : *Della*, do you think God will help father to keep his pledge, if he will ask Him ? You know he has broken it again.
Della : He will strengthen and help all who come to Him.
Lottie (earnestly) : Then I will plead with father this very night to ask for that help ; and I'll pray for it myself,

for I do want to conquer my fiery temper, and be gentle and lovable.
George : *Della*, you have shown me my fault in a new light, and I feel sorry and ashamed. Do give me a Scripture text that I can remember as a sort of warning all the time.
Della : Here is one that will suit both you and *Lottie* : "Keep your heart from evil, and your lips from speaking guile."

SAFELY THROUGH.

THE danger of reviving an old appetite, or of creating a new one, by administering alcoholic drinks to sick persons, has led many conscientious medical men to abandon the practice.
The following case is an instance of this kind :
A reformed drunkard, after fifteen years of faithful adherence to the pledge, was attacked with pyemia, or decay of the blood, probably the slow growth of seeds of early excesses.
The physician who was called to him was well aware that wine and malt liquors were always prescribed in such cases, but he shrank from the responsibility of making the man a drunkard again if he recovered.
The disease is almost incurable under any treatment. He frankly told his patient so, and submitted to him the question of the remedies. The patient referred it back to him.
"With a wife and nine children dependent upon me," he said, "I do not wish to die ; but, doctor, my children know nothing about strong drink."
The physician was in a distressing dilemma. To withhold the liquors, and probably lose his patient, seemed almost like committing a crime against a human life. To prescribe them, and save the patient, would probably insure the man's slower ruin.
The physician was a Christian man. He asked for guidance from Him in whose hands are the lives of all men, and decided at last to dispense with alcoholic stimulants, and use only simple nutriments and correctives. If he could not restore the man's health, he would do nothing to injure his soul.
The patient grew weaker every day, but his faith in his physician and his Saviour was touching to see. Week after week he lay helpless on his bed, praying alternately for life, for his family, and for resignation. But all the time the thought that he was free from the poison that he hated for the harm it had done him, gave him joy.
"Thank God," he would say, "if I die, I will go, into God's presence at least a sober man."
At last his friends interfered and insisted that he should take wine. It was the only thing that would revive him, they said, for he was almost gone. But he replied :
"No, no ; if this be the passage from life to death, I am happy. Once I was dying a drunkard, and that was misery most unspeakable."
His wife entreated him with tears, but even she could not move him.
"Take the wine away," he whispered, pointing to it with his feeble finger. "It nearly lost me heaven once. Take it away !"
By-and-by the crisis came. The physician in despair wrote what he believed to be his last prescription, ordered careful nursing, and went away. The patient lay scarcely breathing, his attentive watcher leaning over

him with fingers on his pulse. The pulse began to grow stronger ; the breathing became deeper and more regular. The weeping family in the next room waited for the closing scene. They heard a strange sound and rushed to the sufferer's bedside. The poor man had opened his eyes and was trying to sing,
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
The crisis seemed to be passed, and the gladness with which wife and children joined in that thanksgiving must have made itself heard in heaven.
The man got well, and that physician will always believe that his recovery was due to the fidelity and Christian trust which enabled him to keep his pledge through a trial such as few men would care to encounter.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the case of other erring loved ones :
A lady in Baltimore had a wayworn son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy ; but her anxiety for her head-strong boy saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.
He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him ; but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.
By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love ; but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings, in Baltimore, she heard Rev. Robert Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings :
"Where is my wandering boy to-night ?
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer !"
"Bring me my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will ;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."
"Oh, where is my boy to-night !
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows :
Oh, where is my boy to-night !"
The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then, after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.
"Her wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party, and was lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved forgiveness of heaven. He had received the poem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart and had led him to repentance.—*Youth's Companion.*
NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.