

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

It is a most beautiful legend,
That the poet so sweetly sings,
Of the bell of the angels in heaven,
Which softly at twilight rings.

A music supremely entrancing,
But only that person can hear,
Whose heart is free from all passions
And of hatred and sin is clear.

I know of a music much sweeter,
And grander to mortal ear;
Every one, if he wills, can feel it,
And at any hour can hear.

'Tis made, not by heavenly angels,
But by human hearts and wills;
This music is most inspiring,
The soul with rapture it thrills.

'Tis in the most wonderful palace,
Its glorious anthems roll;
In the very innermost chamber,
Of the temple of the soul.

The heart that feels the approval,
That comes from a kindly deed,
Knows well there's no sweeter music
On which the spirit can feed.

In sweet'ning the life of another,
In relieving a brother's distress,
The soul finds its highest advancement,
And the noblest blessedness.

That life is alone worth the living
That lives for another's gain;
The life comes after such living,
Is the rainbow after the rain.

This spirit of human kindness
Is the angel the soul most needs;
It sings its most wonderful psalm,
While the heart does its noblest deeds.

It leadeth our spirits in transport,
To celestial valleys and streams;
By day it gives grand inspiration,
And at night it brings beautiful dream

In the twilight of life when the angels
Ring for us their heavenly chime,
The true heart will mount on the pinions
Of a symphony more sublime.

And the reason that music is grander
Than the bell which the angels toll,
'Tis the voice of God thus proclaiming
His temple within the soul.

—Edward P Sheldon

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake only, those things which are lovely and lovable.—Sel.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

Religion should begin in the home, though it should not be confined there. In these days of endeavour, Christian and un-Christian, there is danger of family religion being lost sight of. Lessons given in the home circle, and impressions gained at the family altar, are lasting. No nation can become or continue great where the family is neglected. The proper place for the father was not in the lodge, nor attending the numberless meetings connected with different branches of moral and religious effort, but in the home, where both father and mother can do their most useful and successful mission work. In these days of woman suffrage, and with women in the councils and school boards, there is reason to fear that mothers may have their attention taken off from the higher duty which God has given them, of training the minds of their children in godliness and good citizenship.—G. M. Milligan, D.D.

PRAY IN THE FAMILY.

Family prayer is the nutriment of family piety, and woe to those who allow it to cease. I read the other day of parents who said they could not have family prayer, and one asked this question: "If you knew that your children would be sick through the neglect of family prayer, would you not have it? If one child was smitten down with fever each morning that you neglected prayer, how then?" "Oh, then they would have it." "And if there was a law that you should be fined five shillings if you did not meet for prayer, would you find time for it?" "Yes." "And if there were five pounds given to all who had family prayer, would you not by some means arrange to have it?" "Yes." And so the enquirer went on with many questions, and wound up with this: "Then it is but an idle excuse when you, who profess to be servants of God, say that you have no time or opportunity for family prayer?"—Spurgeon.

THE CHARM OF BIBLE STUDY.

My surprise is mingled with pity for one who was not taught in childhood to love the Bible. When I was an infant in my mother's arms, she repeated stories from the Bible, and to this day, in all the realm of fiction and romance, nothing can interest me in comparison with them. She taught me to read it at four years of age, and then required me to read a chapter each day and three on Sunday, and to commit a verse to memory every morning. After a *daily study* of the Word of God, unless prevented by illness, for *sixty-seven* years, I become to-day so intensely interested in my morning reading, that when the breakfast bells ring it is often a great trial to have to close the blessed book to join the family at the morning meal.

There is a new meaning, a fresh beauty, an increased value and charm in the old, old verses that I have read hundreds and hundreds of times and committed to memory years and years ago:—

This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone
Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
The book were worth them all.

I believe I shall praise God through all the eternal ages for giving me a mother who appreciated the Bible and taught me to love it above all earthly treasures; yea more than words can possibly express.—Sel.