

GUARD THY THOUGHTS.

As our thoughts, so are our actions ;
 As we travel o'er life's plain
 Evil thoughts cause evil doing,
 And are followed e'er with pain ;
 But if thoughts are pure and noble,
 Holy lives will then be led,
 And the sunshine of love's kindness,
 All around us, will be shed.
 As the sowing, so the reaping,
 In our lives, shall ever be.
 If rewards of peace and pleasure,
 For our souls, we wish to see,
 Then let all our thoughts be noble,
 Dwelling on the higher life ;
 So our souls will not be trammelled
 By the bonds of mortal strife.—Sel.

HOW MOTHER HELPED HIM.

A young student at one of the large art institutions decided this winter to try for a prize. He was under twenty and his competitors were all older than he. He wrote his mother about it, begging her to come and pose for him, saying that he knew he could win if she only were his subject. She had a large family at home to look after, and a small baby hardly two months old. Moreover, the spring had come, never an easy time for a mother to break away, pick up a small baby, and establish herself alone in a distant town, merely to sit as a model for a son.

Most women would have hesitated, hoped for prizes being uncertain quantities, particularly for boys still in their teens, and present home duties being, according to all rules of logic, paramount. But his mother did not hesitate. Her son had asked her to come and so proved a rare loyalty. That was enough for her. At great inconvenience to herself she went, though cheerfully, and the picture was painted.

Now, the papers announce that the young boy-painter has won the prize ! This will send him for a two years' course of study in Paris.

It is like some old story of the masters, and certainly few sweeter stories of painters and their mothers have ever been told.—Harper's Bazaar.

PERSONAL WORK.

On a cold winter evening, said Dr. T. L. Cuyler, recently, I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left the door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said :

"What an awful night for the poor !"

He went back and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, said :

"Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know."

After a few days, I wrote to him the grateful

thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved and added :

"How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures, has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse Him his heart ?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a lifetime.—New York Observer.

A BUSY MAN AND HIS BIBLE.

The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the Word in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from the experience of fifty-four years. Though engaged in the ministry of the Word, I neglected for four years the consecutive reading of the Bible. I was a babe in knowledge and in grace. I made no progress ; I neglected God's own appointed means for nourishing the divine life.

But I was led to see that the Holy Spirit is the instructor, and the Word the medium by which He teaches. Spending three hours on my knees I made such progress that I learned more in those three hours than in years before. In July, 1829, I began this plan of reading from the Old and New Testaments.

I have read, since then, the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh it always seems like a new book. I cannot tell how great has been the blessing from consecutive, diligent, daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had a good time over the Word of God.

Friends often say to me, "Oh, I have so much to do, so many people to see, I cannot find time for Scripture study." There are not many who have had more to do than I have had. For more than half a century I have never known one day when I had not more business than I could get through. For forty years I have had annually about thirty thousand letters, and most of them have passed through my own hand.

I have nine assistants always at work, corresponding in German, French, English, Italian, Russian, and other languages. A pastor of a church with twelve hundred believers, great has been my care ; and, besides these, the charge of five immense orphanages, a vast work ; and also my publishing depot, the printing and circulation of millions of tracts and books ; but I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God, and then I throw myself with all my heart into His work for the day, with only a few minutes interval for prayer.—George Miller.