

Where to Sail.

A steamboat was at New Orleans, and a man applied for the vacant post of pilot, saying that he thought he could give satisfaction, provided they were "lookin' for a man about his size and build."

"Your size and build will do well enough," said the owner, surveying the lank form and rugged face of the applicant with some amusement, "but do you know about the river, where the snags are, and so on?"

"Well, I'm pretty well acquainted with the river," drawled the Yankee, with his eyes fixed on a stick he was whittling, "but when you come to talkin' about snags, I don't know exactly where they are, I must say."

"Don't know where the snags are?" said the boat owner, in a tone of disgust; "then how do you expect to get a position as pilot on this river?"

"Well, sir," said the Yankee, raising a pair of keen eyes from whittling and meeting his questioner's stern gaze with a whimsical smile, "I may not know just where the snags are, but you can depend upon me for knowin' where they ain't, and that's where I calculate to do my sailin'."

There are snags everywhere on which many young people make shipwreck. Bad companions lead many astray. Bad places attract and ruin many. Let the pilot's plan be ours. Keep clear of snags. Sail where they "ain't." Where there is anything that would make life a poorer, smaller, less useful and noble and honorable thing than it might otherwise be, keep away from it. It is a snag. It is dangerous. Sail where it "ain't."

Groping in Darkness.

"I met in India an intelligent Sikh from the Punjab," said Sir Monier Williams. When I asked him about his religion, he replied: "I believe in one God, and I repeat my prayers, called Japji, every morning and evening. These prayers occupy six pages of print, but I can get through them in a little more than ten minutes." He seemed to pride himself on this rapid recitation as a work of increased merit. I said: "What else does your religion require of you?" He replied: "I have made one pilgrimage to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five steps lead down to it. I descended and bathed in the sacred pool. Then I ascended one step and repeated my Japji in about ten minutes. Then I descended again to the pool and bathed again, and ascended to the second step, and repeated my Japji a second time. Then I descended a third time and bathed, and ascended to the third step and repeated my Japji a third time; and so on for the whole eighty-five steps, eighty-five bathings, and eighty-five repetitions of the same prayers. It took me exactly fourteen hours, from 5 p. m. one evening, to 7 a. m. next morning." I asked: "What good did you expect to get by going through this task?" He replied:

"I hope I have laid up a great store of merit, which will last me a long time." This is the genuine Hindu idea.

How Some Get "Rich."

Sometimes we see a man in a comparatively small way of business; he seems to have little or no chance of accumulating wealth, and yet, when at length he dies, everybody is surprised to find that he possessed large property.

Then people ask as to how he became thus rich. No one left him anything; he never gambled; he robbed nobody; he had no splendid speculation or windfall; and yet he died wealthy beyond all expectation.

Then it dawns upon the people that the diligent shopkeeper had been steadily making and accumulating pound after pound, persevering in self-denial and thrift year after year, and at last found himself with a large fortune.

"So is everyone that is rich toward God." Such go on day by day, bringing conscience into small responsibilities, showing great principles in trifling things, sanctifying commonplaces with the word of God and prayer, and finally are millionaires of the Spirit, gloriously rich in the incorruptible treasure.

One of the very greatest of the secrets of life is the fullest sanctification of daily routine. We are tempted to think much of a few extraordinary things, and to despise the ordinary commonplace.

A Mother's Love.

A Story of a Mother's Love.—In India, the legend runs, that if a woman stricken with leprosy suffers herself to be buried alive the disease will not descend to her children.

Now there was in the North-West provinces of India, the wife of a gardener on whom the loathsome malady had fallen. Children were born to her. The disease grew worse. She urged her husband to bury her alive. He at last, yielding to her prayers, summoned his son. The two dug the grave, and four neighbors assisted at the sepulture. So the woman died.

These facts were investigated in a magistrate's court, and were substantially proved. The men who took part in the burial acted in perfect good faith. We wonder what those who claim that the teachings of the Vedas are equal to those of the Bible say to such superstition and ignorance as this instance shows. What a call to us to hasten to them with the Gospel.

An old Cornish woman, who had prospered from small beginnings, was asked how she had got on so well. "Ah, you see, sir," said she, "most people be allus thinking of what they do want; but I and my old man, we be allus thinking of what we can do without."