

lead idle lives can never know what a true rest is like. Their machinery is rusted out and unused. The joy of Sunday grows out of contrast with the experience of the working days. When this balance of work and repair exists, when the soul is fed on Sunday for the hardest trials and the most wearing needs of the soul, the whole week becomes religious, as it should for every Christian man. And such a religion comes to it's most joyful expression on its own free day.—*Boston Transcript.*

If You Just Hold On

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

A thousand things will all come right

If you just hold on,
Though dark as Egypt be the night,
And not a glimmering star in sight,
The morn will break with splendid light,
If you just hold on.

Wild stormy days may o'er you lower,
But just hold on.
The snow and rain must have their hour,
Some day you'll reach a sunny bower,
All sweet and fair—then don't get sour,
But just hold on.

Your friends have proved unfair, untrue,
But just hold on.
You've God, and love, and truth in lieu,
That ought to be enough for you
If you're a man—so don't get blue,
But just hold on.

You are so weak of soul and poor,
But just hold on.
For sin will lose its power to lure,
And Heaven has wondrous arts of cure,
And you shall beat the devil sure,
If you just hold on.

Palmerston, August 11th, 1907.

Nuggets

The sweet pleasure and satisfaction found in sitting down alone to read the Bible is evidence of being a Christian.—*Mary Lyon.*

One of the secrets of happiness is the using of little pleasures. So many wait for the larger blessings, and, because they seldom ever come, miss all the joy.

Your faith should be a sweet-smelling savor unto the Lord, like this flower (lemon verbena) against which men can rub their lives and come away scented with the strength of its sweetness.—*Kate Gannett Wells.*

"Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness; plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit. Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, be happy."—*Tupper.*

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.—*Dickens.*

The source of nearly all the evil and unhappiness of this world is selfishness. We know it, but we still keep on being selfish. We see that the world might be made ideally beautiful if only all people would live unselfish lives, and yet we keep on being selfish.—*Minot J. Savage.*

It is the divine attribute of the imagination that it is irrepressible, unconfined; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.—*Washington Irving.*

Man excepted, no creature is valued beyond its proper qualities. We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her

gesses and bells. Why not in like manner esteem a man for what is properly his own?—*Montaigne.*

"There is nothing that can surpass the beauty of a holy life. The profoundest admiration is due that man or woman who has lived fifty or seventy years in grace and truth. And this seems one of the uses of old age. A great service, indeed. If improved, no period of life is more useful. It is to show forth the beauty of divine grace."

There are words and tones and facial expressions which throughout daily intercourse continually excite disagreeable emotions, and others which excite agreeable emotions; and the amount of happiness or of misery created by them, often far exceed the amounts created by maleficent or beneficent action of conspicuous kinds.—*Herbert Spencer.*

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for that which is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when the time comes.—*John Ruskin.*

A dear friend of mine used to say of a fine old doctor in Philadelphia that his simple presence did his patients more good than his medicine, and was easier to take beyond all comparison. Well, such a presence is always a noble medicine in itself. The contagion of a cheerful soul helps us always to look toward the light, sets the tides of life flowing again, and cubes all our chances of getting well.—*Robert Collyer.*

That song is sweetest, bravest, best,
Which plucks the thistle-barb of care
From a despondent brother's breast,
And plants a sprig of heart's-ease there.

—*Andrew Downing.*

Hymns You Ought to Know