

"Do It With All Your Might."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with all thy might."

Never put off till to-morrow
The thing you can do to-day.
Never let pleasure borrow
An hour that pain must pay.
Though a storm on your path seems brewing
And clouds may obscure the light,
Whatever you deem worth doing
Is worth doing with all your might.

Would you win Dame Fortune's favours?
Then woo her with heart and soul,
Though the cup she offers savours
At times of the gall-touched bowl.
Press on when the plough you're driving,
Look not to the left or right,
Though hard be your task, keep striving—
And do it with all your might.

If ever you turn from the labour
Appointed for you to do,
Let it be to assist a neighbour
Less stalwart and strong than you.
Stand not as a cold beholder
Of woes that may meet your sight;
Relieve them, and work on bolder,
And do it with all your might.

Ah, this is life's lesson, and learn—
Its wisdom and truth you will gain
Such treasures that even their earning
Will take all the sting out of pain.
When the dark shadows round you have
Vanished,
And nature is smiling and bright,
Be sure they were scattered and banished
When you struck them with all your
might.

Again let the maxim be spoken,
Once said by the wise and the true,
And lay it to heart as a token
Of what courage and patience can do.
When life's tumult is raging around you,
If you gird-up your loins for the fight,
Battle on until conquest has crowned you,
And battle with all your might!

—Independent.

TRIED AND PROVED.

A good Christian lady was visiting an aged widow. She was very poor and very ill, and yet she was bright and happy. A Bible which she had used for many years was lying on the table. Her visitor turned over its pages. In doing this, she noticed here and there a verse which had a line drawn around it, while on the margin opposite were printed in capitals, the letters T. P. The lady asked her aged friend what they meant.

"They mean 'tried and proved,'" was her reply. "The promises of God's blessed word have been my support and comfort under all my trials. And as I have used them one after another, and found how true they were, I have put these letters opposite them, to show that I have tried and proved them."

"When I first saw myself a sinner, I read that sweet promise, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' I believed what Jesus said. I came to him and found rest. Then I put T. and P. opposite that promise, because I had tried it and proved it. When I was left a widow with a family of helpless children, my heart was full of sorrow and sadness. But I read those precious words: 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them

alive; and let thy widow trust in me.' (Jer. 40: 11.)

"Then I committed myself and children to his care and protection. That promise was fulfilled. Then I put T. and P. opposite to it. Since then I've had many trials and troubles, but I have always found some precious promise of God's word that seemed to have been written on purpose for me. And I have never found one of them to fail. They are sure and certain promises. And if we only make a right use of them, we shall be able to write T. and P., tried and proved, opposite them all."

I have another story to illustrate God's promises—their power. Some time ago an infidel delivered a lecture against the Bible in a manufacturing town in England. In his lecture he said that the story of Christ in the New Testament was not true, it was all a fable. When the lecture was ended, a plain workingman from one of the mills rose up in his place, and said he would like to ask the gentleman a question. "Ask any question you please," said the lecturer. Then the man spoke as follows:

"Thirty years ago, sir, I was the curse of this town. No one would speak to me who had any respect for himself. I often tried to make myself better, but in vain. The temperance people got hold of me; but I broke the pledge so often, that they said it was no use trying any longer. Then the police took me up. I was brought before the magistrate and tried. They sent me to prison. There the wardens of the prison all tried to make me better, but in vain. At last Jesus took me in hand. He spoke to me some of the sweet promises of his Word, such as these: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' 'I will help thee, yea, I will help thee.' 'I am he that blotted out thy transgressions.' 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"These melted my heart and made a new man of me. And now I am a member of the church, and a teacher in the Sabbath-school. And the question I wish to ask is this: If the story of Christ is not true, is a fable, as you say, then how can you explain that it could have produced so blessed and wonderful change in my poor, sinful heart?"

The lecturer had no answer to make and the workman continued:

"No, sir, you may say what you please, but the Gospel is the power of God."—From Bible Promises, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.

A SHORT SPEECH ON TOBACCO.

My friends, I will take for my motto this verse: "Thy sons should not smoke, nor thy daughters sniff."

Many years ago Satan took a tobacco seed and cast it into the ground. It grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad. And it came to pass, in the

course of time, that the sons of men looked upon it, and some of them thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly, so they put forth their hands and did gather and chew thereof; and some it made sick, and others to expectorate most filthily. And it also came to pass, that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly. and they found that they were enslaved. And Satan laughed. And in the course of time it came also to pass that old ladies snuffed it, and they were suddenly taken with fits, in consequence thereof, and they did sneeze, and sneeze, inasmuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly funny. And yet others foolishly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did try to look very grave and wise while the smoke ascended. And Satan laughed. And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth. Merchants waxed rich by the commerce thereof. The poor, that could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And Satan laughed. Now, my friends, cease from this evil thing that you do. Be slaves no more.

THE BOY ON THE FARM.

We were struck with the truth of the observations of Charles Dudley Warner, when he said: It is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterwards.

Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede they would tire before night. He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house, or out of the house, there is always something to do.

Just before school, in the winter, he shovels paths; in the summer he turns the grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has

nothing to busy himself with but schools and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks; and yet, I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education, in the way of chores.

The Wine Cup

"This cup destroys the strongest man—
It blights the fairest flower;
For while it sparkles but a span,
It reigns with deadly power.

If beauty, fashion, wealth, and power
Combine to praise the wine,
Oh, youth! resist that fatal hour,
And life and love are thine."

"A SINGLE GALLON OF WHISKEY."

In a recent temperance address Judge Pierce said:

"Science has revealed, by aid of the microscope, the presence of living and often disgusting objects in a drop of water. The stomach revolts at the spectacle, under the glass, of the creatures which tenant every refreshing draught, however invisible to the naked eye. Let me tell you what once came out, under the process of justice in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of this city, from a single gallon of whiskey, which to my eyes seemed innocent and harmless enough. There came out of it two murderers, two widows, eight orphans, two cells in the state-prison filled with wretched convicts for a term of years. The whiskey, moreover, was used in connection with the administration of one of the ordinances of religion—the sacrament of baptism. It was drunk at the christening of a child, and the men who drank it fought, and two of them lost their lives, and the further results were as I have said. Did not Shakespeare well say, 'O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!'"

HATE EVIL.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp look out for boys. There is nothing too mean for him to do to win them, and then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them. Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better!"

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can afford to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart. Hate the devil, and fight him, boys, but be sure and use the Lord's weapon.