

readily as to the other. Age is so much respected that it is considered a distinction to be advancing in years. There are eight or ten different names which correspond to "Mr." according to the appearance of age, or real age, to which a man has attained, and the same for women. Besides, it is a matter of greater congratulation as years go by that one has been spared to add another year to the term of life. The length of the reign of the Emperor, the term of official service, the engagements of servants, the period of residence in a locality—all are dated from the New Year.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

TAKE TIME TO PREPARE.

I have read some years ago, the saying of some philosopher, that, if a man had thirty years to live, it would not be an unwise thing to spend twenty of those years in mapping out how he should live; for the getting himself into some kind of shape, and putting his life under some rule and order would be such a gain that he would make more out of the whole thirty than if he had not had any plan.

It would be a grand thing if we could all know exactly what we are living for and aiming at, so that, when the end comes, we may be able to determine whether the success we have achieved was even worth the making.

COME TO CHURCH.

Come for the blessed privilege and solemn duty of worshipping God. Heb. x. 25.

Come to be instructed and comforted by the word and ordinances of the blessed Gospel. Ps. lxxxiv. 2.

Come to help and encourage your pastor and fellow members, and to aid the Sunday school work. Matt. xxi. 28.

Come to bring others with you and lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. John i. 41, 42.

Finally, remember that your solemn covenant with God and the church, and your own and others' eternal welfare, require steady attendance on all church services, which no ordinary obstacles of weather, weariness, or dress, should hinder. Ecc. v. 4.—*Recorder.*

WHAT WEARS OUT LIFE.

It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame; and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves.—*Longfellow.*

—R. Walker & Sons, who have for many years been the leading mantle makers of the city, having been engaged in this line of business for over thirty years. Importing their cloths from Europe and manufacturing them on the premises, both for Ready-made stock and also to special order, they have given such general satisfaction all these years, that this department has continued to increase until the present large show room is too small to accommodate the numbers who daily crowd into it, trying to get served by the very obliging saleswomen and salesmen employed there, eleven of whom are constantly trying to supply the public wants in this line. We suppose it must be the low prices, good styles and extra value that R. W. & Sons give, which draws this large number of customers daily to their Rooms, and from personal observation of the immense stock of Rich Imported Mantles, as well as those manufactured by themselves, we think every lady in Toronto, and in fact all Canada might easily be suited with a new mantle this season. They have been improving their Millinery Department very much, and have

considerably increased their sales this year; the styles giving entire satisfaction and prices being so low. This week new goods are opening; some special bargains in the Silk and Plush Department, they having a large stock of goods to sell, and their buyer going to Europe for Spring purchases, they are anxious to clear all out and get in about Fifty Thousand Dollars to send with their buyer, so that the public may be sure of getting some great bargains this month.

A RAILWAY LESSON.

It was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered the train on the Iowa Division of the Chicago and North-western road at Bridge-water. Among them was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, and the shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open door and windows. The heat and dust made travelling, even for strong men, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised; the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said she, tremulously. "I am tired." And her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! By stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I was on my way home to the East. My husband—my husband—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape on the little travelling-hat. By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! And you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping-car, have you madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now" (with a cheerful smile).

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said, in a clear, earnest voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land and have had

Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman" (pointing at the sleeping mother) "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead; her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection." (The American citizen's last resort in distress.) "I'll give \$5."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and the quarters and the ten-cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, but failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart.—*C. H. Sheldon, in Companion.*

FAITH IN GOD.

We read the other day an interesting incident in the Life of Stilling, a celebrated German writer, who died over fifty years ago. In early life he was very poor. He wished to study medicine, but knew not where to go, nor had he any money to take him anywhere. But, young as he was, he had a firm faith in God. He reasoned thus: "God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. He alone has ordered my circumstances and everything regarding me he will bring about in his own way."

His friends were as poor as himself, and they wondered where he would get the money he needed for his education. After raising all the money he could for his long journey to Strasburgh, where he was to spend the winter, he started on his way, but when he reached Frankfort, which was three days ride from Strasburgh, he had only four shillings left. He said nothing, but he prayed much. While walking the streets he met a merchant belonging to his native place, who said:

"Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburgh to study medicine."

"Where did you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in Heaven."

"How much money have you on hand?"

"Four shillings," said Stilling.

"Sol!" said the merchant. "Well, I'm one of your Father's stewards," and he handed him seven pounds.

He had not been long in Strasburgh when his seven pounds were reduced to seven shillings. One morning his room mate said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and gave him six pounds.

In a few months after this he had no money to pay his college dues. The lecturer's fee must be paid by six o'clock on Tuesday evening, or he would be obliged to leave college. Five o'clock came, and still he had no money. Then, while he was in great grief, and praying to God for help, a gentleman came in and gave him eight pounds.

Thus it is that God never fails those who trust in Him. Some of those who read this article may be poor, and trying to get along in the world. Do not get discouraged. Do all you can, and do the best you can, and God will help you. He may not send people with gold or bank notes just at the very time you need them, but he will find some way to keep his promise, "I will never fail thee."

—It is to be hoped there is something apocryphal about the statement made by the *Christian Leader* that the induction of a Unitarian minister in a New England town was postponed the other day because the "Mikado" was to be played in the theatre that night, and the members of the choir had to sing there.