

**Precious Ointment.**

Do not keep your box of ointment;  
Break it o'er your friends to-day;  
Do not keep it in the darkness,  
Halt forgotten, laid away.  
Little deeds of love and kindness,  
Don't forget to give them now;  
Don't forget to smooth the pillow—  
Don't forget to bathe the brow.

Send your flowers to the living;  
Do not keep them for the grave—  
They may comfort some poor mourner,  
They may strengthen, help and save.  
Send them in their fragrant beauty—  
Show your friendship true and warm;  
What would care a rosewood casket?  
What would care a hickory form?

Hearts there are with burdens laden,  
Bearing bravely toil and care;  
Ready to receive your kindness  
Should you have your ointment there.  
Don't forget the kindly counsel—  
Don't forget the loving tone;  
They will make the cross seem lighter  
To some sorrow laden one.

All along life's rugged pathway  
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,  
Bringing all your love and kindness,  
Making every heart rejoice.  
Keep your ointment ever ready;  
Use it freely—there is room:  
It will bring you richest blessings,  
Soothe your passage to the tomb.  
—Exchange.

**THE BABY.**

The poet Tupper has said, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of delight." Truer words were never uttered; there is something that appeals to all that is best in our natures in the guilelessness, and innocence, and winning ways of childhood. Small wonder that the loving Saviour took them in his arms and blessed them. He must have a cold, hard heart, who does not love the little children. There, angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Our cut is a very clever example of engraving. See how plainly the baby's face and the nurse's fingers show through the veil, and how delicately the embroidery is shown.

**JUDGE NOT.**

We have no right to judge others until we know all of the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might act like those we condemn, under like circumstances.

A young man employed in a printing office in one of our large cities, incurred the ridicule of the other compositors, on account of his poor clothes, and unsocial behaviour. On several occasions, subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money.

One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused. "You are the most niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor, angrily. "Stop," said the young man, choking with feeling, "you have insulted me." The other compositors gathered around the excited man. The young man looked at them for a few minutes with a famished look, and a strange fire in his eyes. "You little know," he

said, "how unjustly you have been treating me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind sister to Paris, to be treated by a physician, who has treated many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty here in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Could you do more?" He had been judged without a knowledge of circumstances. Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the hearts of others, and, in many cases, to know all is to judge all. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

**DID NOT HEAR "THE VOICE."**

THERE is a tradition in Italy that Columbus had an elder brother who was a builder in Genoa, and who refused to leave his work to go with the navigator in search of a land of gold and for empire beyond the western sea.

"You can go and look for kingdoms," he said, "but I will build my shops."

Columbus gave a new continent to the world, but the shops of his brother were torn down by the next generation.

In the village of Mount Holly, when John Woolman was a tailor there, lived a shoemaker named Babbitt, a Quaker also, and a man of practical sense and industry. John Woolman heard the heavenly Call to preach the gospel in the wilderness of the West, but Babbitt refused to go with him, and stitched his shoes. Woolman was "driven by the Spirit" to carry the good tidings to the Indians, and again to the slaves in the West Indies, but Babbitt worked on over his last.

The preacher grew old and gray obeying the Call which sent him here and there in the world to do his Master's will. Babbitt grew gray also—making shoes. Woolman followed the Voice to England, where the plague was raging, and there died. Babbitt, safe at home, made shoes until he died of old age.

Woolman's work and words have remained in the world like a pure, lofty hymn, to cheer and comfort countless souls. Babbitt's shoes were worn out and forgotten before he himself was dead and forgotten also.

There are many 'abbitts in every community. They are well-intentioned, honest men, who, finding some work in their hands at the beginning of their career, believe that it fills up the whole life, and shut their ears to the call of any higher duty. Martha, with the supper to make ready, was indignant with her sister who, instead of cooking, sat at the Master's feet. She could not see that meals would be cooked daily for ages, but that this was the one opportunity to receive truth and life from the Son of God.

How many Marthas plod wearily

on with their cooking! how many Babbitts bend over their lasts, deaf to the heavenly call which comes to them!

The churches are but brick and stone buildings to them, which they never enter; the woods, which are full of voices telling of God, are but so much timber; music, which carries infinite messages of peace and love to the soul, is a scientific noise. They "have their work to do" and they refuse to endue it with high and holy meaning.

Zebedee mended his nets while his sons followed Christ through self-sacrifice, suffering, and martyrdom, to his kingdom.

We all have nets to mend. But when the voice is heard saying, "Friend, come up higher," shall we shut our ears to it, and declare that life has nothing for us but the mending of nets?

**Loss and Gain.**

Do not count when day is o'er  
Daily loss from life's rich store;  
But the gains, however small,  
Count them only, one and all.

Every sweet and gracious word,  
Every pleasant truth you've heard;  
Every tender glance and tone,  
Every kindly deed you've known.

Every duty nobly done,  
Every rightful victory won—  
Treasure all, and count them o'er  
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought  
Have a bitter harvest brought;  
If some foeman hath assailed you,  
Or the friend most trusted failed you;

If unkindness and untruth  
Have to you brought saddest ruth,  
Blot the score without delay—  
Keep no record of \_ \_ day.

**MARKETING IN CHINA.**

A CHINESE market is noisy and animated. You ask the price of shad, for instance, or of crabs, and the dealer raises the price of an ounce by so many cash, which you have to beat down. What Adam Smith called the "higgling of the market," exists here in its perfection. After wasting considerable time in talking and splitting differences, you at last decide to buy, or the trader concludes to sell. But however much you may congratulate yourself on having made a good bargain, you cannot be certain that others may not make much better bargains with the same man. Vegetables are sold by other dealers, and the same process must be gone through before you can make a fair purchase. Grocery stores are plenty, and there you will find on sale all sorts of sauces, preserves, sugars, and so forth, in fact whatever is dealt in by grocers in America.

Beef is not often eaten by the Chinese, on account of their religious scruples, most of them being tinged, more or less, with Buddhism, but especially because the ox is used in plowing. Occasionally you will see stalls

for the sale of beef. Through the same prejudice, little cow's milk is used by the people, and that little is made into thin cakes, well salted, to be taken as a relish.

But a kind of cheese is made of bean curd. The beans are ground in hand-mills and dissolved in water, then strained and steamed. The result is a perfectly white cake, something like blanc-mange. It is eaten with shrimp sauce. This cake is also dried. There is also a sauce made from beans.

You perhaps wonder why I have not described the cats, kittens, and dogs, which are said to be the common food of the Chinese people. The reason is because no such things are to be found in the market. In fact, I know of no place where such articles of food can be had, except in a low part of Canton, where people who are almost starved will buy almost anything to sustain life. The Chinese people live on wholesome food, as you will learn from good authorities. They eat rice as you eat bread. They make cakes of wheat, too.—From "A Chinese Market," by Yan Phou Lee.

**A NEW LEAF.**

HARRY WILDE says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. The boys, Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait a while and you'll see."

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story; he has taken hold of his school-work in earnest; he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings in the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

Just this:—A looking-glass was held before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said: "This won't do! I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good" Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?

"My dear," he said, "what is the difference between ingenious and ingenuous?" "The difference between u and i, my love," she replied.