

## MARION'S EXTRACT.

Everything had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and had been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister Allie had accidentally upset her cup of coffee and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry and rushed upstairs to change her dress. Some word which her Sabbath-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood, a few moments later, with her hat and coat on, ready for school, she remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it.

What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move in prayer?

She stood a moment committing the lines to memory, then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract, she rose, and with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly:

The little worries which we meet each day,  
May lie as stumbling blocks across our way,  
Or we may make them stepping stones to be,  
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.

## A METHODICAL MAN.

A methodical man died in Berlin recently at the age of seventy-three. When eighteen years old he began keeping a record which he continued for fifty-two years, which is the best commentary we have seen on the life of a mere worldeeling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. The book shows that in fifty-two years this "natural man" had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,642 as presents, while for the remaining 585,073 he had paid about \$10,033. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,086 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,310. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing."

A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the first missionary, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

## GOUGH AND THE CIGARS.

THE least meddling with liquor or tobacco should be avoided. A famous temperance lecturer, who once in a while indulged in a cigar, tells us that, on one occasion, he had engaged to attend a meeting of children. Before he went, a friend said to him.

"I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?"

"No, thank you."

"Do, take half-a-dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your cap."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Towards the close of my speech, I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits and the saloons, I said—

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste liquor or have anything to do with it without being found out; indeed, all secret sins sooner or later come to light. *Sol.*

## BURDETTE ON SMOKING.

Don't smoke, my boy. It makes you stupid, so it doesn't help you in your studies. It is bad for the heart, so it doesn't advance you in athletic sports. It makes you nervous, so it doesn't make you a better shot. It makes you smell like a tap-room, so it doesn't make you pleasant company. It doesn't do you one particle of good: it makes you appear silly and ridiculous: it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as it is to anybody else: you don't get a bit of comfort out of it, and you know it, so don't smoke.