

felt he couldn't grow rich on what so often leads to ruin and sin.

He was right, don't you think so? But the world would have called him "over-particular," and "scrupulous," and "absurd." Because money is everything in the world's eyes.

What image or form must you try to get? Surely the image of Christ. He will make you like Himself if you ask Him, for He moulds His disciples to His own likeness. And that will be blessed and happy for you.

But how sad to get hardened to the world's shape, so that at last you cannot change any more. Now is the time above all others to keep from being "conformed to the world."

Saturday Night

The week has gone with the troubles
That weigh upon heart and brain;
The cares that are worse than sorrow,
The task that is worse than pain;
The toil of a hard-won pittance,
The scoff and the bitter sneer,
That yet must be borne in silence—
Oh, would the end was near!

But rest comes now. It is midnight,
And I sit by the hearth alone,
And dream of the days departed,
And think of the youth long flown;
The days when a sunny radiance
Surrounded the future years,
When happiness seemed so certain,
And life had no thought of tears.

Ah, well! we have all our visions
When the pulses of youth are stirred,
Naught dreaming of coming sorrow,
Or the sickness of "hope deferred."
How the ties that bind in the morning
May break ere the sun is low,
And our dearest may pass from our presence,
And we—we must let them go.

Love, happiness, death and sorrow,
Thorns ever amid the flowers;
It must be so. In a circle
Moves onward this life of ours.
But I think that I should not murmur
If I knew it were near its close;
If to-night I should hear the summons;
Perhaps it may come—who knows?

A Beautiful and Consistent Life.

The late Miss Benson, eldest daughter of Archbishop and Mrs. Benson, has for years devoted the life which might have been spent in pleasure, to earnest and unwearying efforts to save and brighten the lives of others. She was deeply interested in the welfare of the poor of London, never sparing herself where they were concerned, and it was while carrying out her self-imposed duties as a nurse among the sick and suffering, that she caught the disease which put an end to her noble and unselfish young womanhood.

The poor and unhappy women of London have lost a devoted friend by the death of Miss Benson, and a gap has been made in the army of Christian workers which it will not be easy to fill. The record of her beautiful consistent life is of infinite value to those who are trying to live in imitation of Christ, and the pathetic story of her death is not unlike that of her Master's, in that she laid down her life for her friends.

Loving Words.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterwards regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation, to which we have given utterance, finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions. Looking back over our intercourse with a dead friend or fellow-worker, we may, indeed, regret that we were ever betrayed into a harsh, or hasty, or unloving word of censure or criticism in that intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had now the privilege of saying all the loving words that we might honestly have spoken while yet he was with us. But there will never come into our hearts, at such a time, a single pang of regret over any word of impulsive or deliberate affection which passed our lips at any time.

We have reasons to be on our guard in our speech in most directions; but we can be fearlessly free in our loving utterances. Apart from any question of the good we do to others by our words of love, we are personally the gainers, for now and hereafter, by every such word which we speak explicitly; and we are sure to be the losers, now and by and by, from every such word which we ought to have spoken and failed to speak.

Heart Worship.

In a certain congregation may be seen regularly an aged man silently following the course of the service, kneeling in prayer, standing in praise and sitting patiently through the sometimes lengthy sermon; yet all the while there is visible on his countenance that pathetic, passive calm, indicating a deafness that is all but total.

"Do you not find church going very uninteresting, now?" asked a friend, recently.

"Yes," answered the old man, "I cannot deny I do weary sometimes when the service is long; I go for three reasons; first, I can at least honor God with my presence in His House; second, I can worship Him in spirit, if in silence; third, every church-goer if regular and faithful may influence some one who is less so."

What a lesson for those who offer God a grudging, reluctant, and irregular attendance at His House, and go home perhaps grumbling over a sermon less interesting than usual, or a service not altogether up to the mark.

Well, undoubtedly, "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and how justly, therefore, will He discriminate between the true and the counterfeit worshippers that assemble continually in His House of Prayer.

Home Love.

Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape from the home nest, pause a moment and remember this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you in your turn should become a wife and mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover—not a husband—will ever be so true as your mother or your father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children where you are cherished, protected, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you may marry, true and good though he may be, will, after the love days are over and the honeymoon has waned, give you only what you deserve of love or sympathy, and usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary lest you lose that love that came in through the eye, because the one who looked thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were that dreadful little object—a baby—and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so better to them always than others.

"I Will Be With Thee."

We find these words frequently repeated in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament. In some instances they had reference to the Israelites as a whole, but in many instances they had special application to certain individuals. Now, what use can we make of these words so that they will do us good? How shall we interpret them so that, at certain times especially, we shall derive sweet satisfaction and precious comfort from them? Well, one way is to assure ourselves that they may and should be appropriated by us as individuals. It is just here that we often realize no little difficulty. Particularly is this the case when almost everything seems to be against us. We are caught in the gale of some adversity and are fearfully swept by it; double handed misfortunes tackle us and try our foundations with a hapless vim and vigor. We seem to be quite alone in our tossings on the billows. How dark it all looks! How solemn we feel! How weak we are! And then we

say: "True, God has said, 'I will be with thee,' but, then, this is meant for some one else. God does not say in direct and personal terms that He will be with *me*. If He did, then it would comfort me and calm my disturbed spirit." But stop, my dear friend! Did not God say these words to certain others that they might again be repeated for such an one as you? If you plead unworthiness, just remember that those were very unworthy persons to whom He first spoke these words. He did not speak such words to others because they needed them and wanted them. God always gives comfort and strength where they are needed and wanted. So, then, if you feel that you need the assurance that God is with you, and will continue to be with you, be sure to accept the truth that He is with you, and evermore will be. And remember who it is that says this. He is the great, loving and watchful Father: He is the all knowing, all powerful Lord and Saviour. He called Jacob "worm," and said: "Fear not, thou worm, Jacob. I will help thee." He is with thee, my brother, to help thee. Only trust Him and He will make His presence felt.

The Kind Princess.

The kindly, sometimes affectionate, regard shown by the Princess of Wales and her children for those who have been long connected with their household is particularly displayed toward Mrs. Johnson, who was for many years governess to the young princess.

When change of air was ordered for the Duchess of Fife, during her recent indisposition, she asked to spend a few days with her old instructress, and was very much benefited by her quiet pleasant stay in Devonshire.

Now we learn that the Princess of Wales is going to visit Mrs. Johnson at Farringdon House, and that she has begged to be treated with "no more formality than if she were Mrs. Johnson's own sister." Knowing the naturally simple tastes of this royal lady, and her daughters, we can easily understand that they might enjoy a change from court ceremonials, but the little incident also shows a refreshing absence of affectation and false pride on one side and the possession of much sound discretion and trustworthiness on the other, when the future Queen of England specially requests to be treated as one of the family in her late governess' house.

Parents' Influence.

Parents can exert a great influence for good on their children, by carefully ordering their lives in conformity with the purest ethics; by showing in life, as well as teaching, what the child should be. They should also daily impress on the children's minds the value of the great cardinal virtues, emphasizing them by illustrations drawn from the storehouses of history and biography. They should also place in the hands of the young no books but the best—prominent among which should be the biographies of earth's noblest men and women, those who have made the world better, and who have signally emphasized the cardinal virtues. The stories of their lives will prove an elixir of moral strength in forming a strong healthy character in the young.

What to Read When the Day is Over.

It is wise at night to read—but for a few minutes—some books which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death, and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us before we sleep a few thoughts worthy of a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. And, thank God, no one need go far to find such books. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days; I mean any books which help to make us better and wiser and soberer and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us to despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and high-minded, pure and just. In our own English language we may read by hundreds books which will tell of all virtue and of all praise; the stories of good men