

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul than be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of soul to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

ROOM AT ROOSEVELT'S.

WHILE Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York the colored baritone of St. George's Church, in New York city—a Mr. Burleigh—went to Albany one day to sing at a private musicale. After it was over the baritone went to a near-by hotel, but was refused admittance because of his color. Four other hotels were unwilling to receive him. Coming back to the house where he had sung, he explained his predicament. Governor Roosevelt, who had been one of the guests, heard the conversation. "What's that?" he roared. "Here, Burleigh, you come with me. I'll see to it that you get a bed." He drove to his own home, gave the singer the best guest room in the house, and saw to it before he went to bed that every Albany newspaper would announce the next morning that Mr. Burleigh had been a guest at the executive mansion.—*Zion's Herald*.

HONEY SACRIFICES.

IT is to be feared that a large portion of the offerings we bring to God may be characterized as honey sacrifices. We make our sacrifices as light and easy and pleasant as we can. One of the most common and plausible motives that are urged to induce us to give money is that we shall not miss what we give. We are asked to engage in religious work on the ground that it will take up very little of our time, and cause us almost no trouble. We are constantly urged in this way to offer to the Lord a burnt-offering of honey—to offer to high heaven what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. But such an offering is no sacrifice at all. It involves no real giving up of anything. . . . A honey sacrifice is forbidden because it is a contradiction in terms; it is no sacrifice at all. It is the yielding up of a thing that is outside of our life, instead of our life itself, of a possession instead of the heart. The honey ferments and turns sour. It is sweet to the taste, but its after effects are bitter. It makes us content with the semblance instead of with the substance. We come in time to loathe the rankness of its sweetness. There are no persons so dissatisfied with themselves as those who do easy work that costs them nothing, give only what they do not miss, and spare themselves from all self-denial. On the other hand, the persons who have experienced the deepest and purest joys have uniformly been those who have performed duties which involved the greatest self-denial,

and borne burdens for others which bowed their own souls to the dust. It is the universal experience that the highest glorification of a life, the truest living of it, is to give that life away in self-sacrifice.—Hugh Macmillan, D.D., in *Quiver*.

GOD BLESS OUR MOTHERS.

SHORTLY after the publication of the letters of Mrs. John Adams, a gentleman said to her son, John Quincy Adams, "I know now how to account for your wonderful success in life. I've just finished your mother's letters." The son's father, John Adams, seems, from the following anecdote to have entertained a similar opinion as to the influence of a mother. It seems that he and his friend, John Marston, dined together on Saturday for nearly thirteen years, their chief dish being boiled codfish, the usual Saturday dinner of New England some seventy years ago.

Mr. Marston's grandson, Mr. De Wolfe, of Chicago, says that when as a small boy he was presented to Mr. Adams, then ninety years old, he found that the ancient gentleman retained much of manly beauty and dignity of manner.

He asked the little boy some simple questions, and among the rest, "Where do you go to school, my son?"

"I answered," says Mr. De Wolfe, "that I had never been to school."

Apparently with some surprise, he continued, "But you know how to read?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," he added, "to spell, write, cipher, and some geography?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who taught you?"

The reply was, "My mother."

"He laid his withered hand on my head," writes Mr. De Wolfe, "with evident emotion, and in tones which still fill my ears, said, 'God bless all our mothers.'"

Carlyle used to say that no able man ever had a fool for a mother. In his own case the aphorism was justified. His mother had been a domestic servant. She could read, but was not able to write. When Thomas, her eldest son, had gone away from home and become famous, she taught herself writing, that she might correspond with him. Yet she was not only then advanced in life, but was burdened with the care of a large family.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

TEMPERING THE TEMPER.

THE cultivation of a sweet temper is apparently a small thing, but yet it is a duty whose influence reaches from horizon to horizon. It is so easy to become exasperated when everything is not as you wish it to be, and so easy also to give vent to your ill nature in words which stick in the memory like burrs in woolen. You can say in sixty seconds what sixty days of continuous regret will not destroy. They tell us of a sword tipped with poison which makes a wound pass all healing, but no sword can cut so deep as a hasty word.

There are some people with whom it is more difficult to get along smoothly than it is to pick your way through a hedge of thorns without tearing your clothes. They are a kind of barliaric

folk, for a hot temper that is uncontrolled banishes happiness from at least two lives—the owner's and the victim's. It has its origin in a pure selfishness which tolerates only "my way" and has no patience with "your way." It is also a mode of expressing a self-conceit, which proclaims that "I am always right, while you are always wrong."

Now, be it known that temper in the soul is as necessary as temper in a Toledo blade. Temper well in hand makes one enduring, persevering, brave; but temper that is ungoverned is like a frightened runaway horse, who smashes not only the vehicle to which he is attached, but every other vehicle with which he comes into collision. There is no more admirable creature on the planet than a man with a mighty temper that is well tamed and well trained, and there is no more despicable creature within sight, none more despicable in his own estimation or in that of others, than a man who flies into a fury or snarls and bites because matters have gone astray.

What we all need in order to render ourselves tolerable to ourselves is a recognition of the two-fold truth—first, that all the little things of life are great things, and, second, that in our relation to the world we should think of others rather than of ourselves.

Christ tells that we are members of one family; we are bound, therefore, to lend a helping hand and to go through life with gentleness and a chivalrous regard for the feelings of our neighbors. It is love that irradiates the soul, and if we have love we shall also cultivate a serenity of temper which will make friends for us at every stage of the journey.—*The New York Herald*.

BOTH ARE RIGHT.

SOME people praise the efficiency of our organization. Then forthwith some one lifts a voice of warning, and very probably waxes eloquent in telling us that we must not trust in organization. Both sides are right. It is true that the splendid mogul engine, a perfect piece of mechanism, just out of the shop, is absolutely helpless without power; and the power is something very different from the engine. But it is just as true that the power is unavailable without the engine. Without those boilers, those steam-chests, those pistons, those levers, a thousand pounds of steam would not move the load an inch. Let us not deery machinery. It is the necessary instrument of power. The Holy Spirit uses organized agencies to do His work. The more perfect the organization the better.

SCOTTISH THRIFT.

A WELL-KNOWN conjuror one day visited a Scottish village. After performing many astonishing tricks he asked for a half-penny, which a collier lent him. The conjuror then said he would turn it into a sovereign. He did so, as the people thought, and handed it around for them to see. When it reached the collier he coolly pocketed it, and said to the astonished conjuror, "Will ye cheenge me anither?"—*Tit-Bits*.