

can we who know the truth which renders free indeed, manifest less wisdom? St. Paul classes idle words and jestings, false words and foolish, among "things uncomely." And the Christian can take no other attitude in respect to them. Truth is golden; falsehood is ever worse and more useless than dross. To mix the two, even in mirth, is to gain a spurious alloy. The true metal is the only one worth having.

#### Followers of Christ.

The distinguishing mark of a follower of Christ is his gentleness and humility. He does not talk loudest of all, and try to push himself into the front place. He is not always on the lookout to resent an injury, but rather to forgive it. His voice is not loud in provoking a quarrel, but in giving "the soft answer that turneth away wrath." He does not go through the world probing people's wounds and sore places, but pouring in the soothing, healing oil of loving-kindness. If you watch a train stopping in a station for a few minutes during a long journey you will notice two men attending to its needs. One is a man with a hammer, who strikes a smart blow as he passes along the train; the other is a man with an oil flask, who makes the machinery run more smoothly. Some people are like the man with the hammer, they are always striking some sharp blow, always correcting their neighbours, and making them smart. More blessed is he who tries to make the wheels of life run smoothly and easily. It is better to be the man with the oil than to be the man with the hammer.

#### The Art of Christian Living.

Isabelle entered the room softly and closed the door behind her. There was an unmistakable look of discouragement on her face and her eyes were full of unshed tears. She was so weary of battling with self, and no hope of the conflict being over this side of heaven. Isabelle had great faith in prayer usually, but to-day a doubt or two shadowed her mind. "Why do I not find more delight in my religion?" she questioned. All the morning she had been doing her duty with a resolute will, but no one had to look twice into Isabelle's face to realize it had not brought happiness with it.

Now, the real trouble with Isabelle was that while striving to do God's will her own will was foremost and sure to conflict. Often, her lips would sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," but she did not find any pleasure in carrying the cross when it was laid upon her shoulders.

"The art of Christian living," to be always happy in the sunny presence of God's love, was what she needed to learn. Smiling through tears, accepting God's providences as they come, as His will for her, and praising Him always in word, deed and thought as her Redeemer, was what Isabelle needed to do.

When the Christian learns to live as in the presence of God, the trials of life may be borne with grace. "Not my will, but Thine," becomes the daily prayer.

As every cloud has its silver lining, so every loss brings its gain, if we but look for it. There is no such thing as a selfish Christian.

Isabelle was seeking to walk in borrowed light, the light of her own wisdom. And she had not been very wise in her choice of what she believed she wanted most.

Is it not always thus? If we were allowed to go on our way without God's directing love, how should it fare with us? Ah, many souls there are who will praise God throughout eternity because of His wisdom in not answering their selfish prayers. The Father, who loves us as the "apple of His eye," and holds us in the hollow of His hand, will not withhold from us any good thing. If we would understand the art of Christian living, we must remember that God's watchful eye is ever over us and live always as in His presence. We should guard well our thoughts, for they are heard in heaven. The books we read should be pure and devotional; the words of our lips truthful and earnest, while we follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master.

If we could always have our own way we should soon be dwarfed. And why should we desire it, since we are told that all things are working together for our eternal good?

#### He Succeeded.

The "Youth's Companion" tells the following story of a tame monkey that was given a corked bottle with a lump of sugar inside. The story indicates that the animal though unable to invent, could imitate. A phrenologist would say that the monkey had "perception," but "causality." How to get at the sugar was a problem that bade fair to drive him crazy.

Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle out of his reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to him. At other times he would sit with a countenance of intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh, and gaze into the bottle.

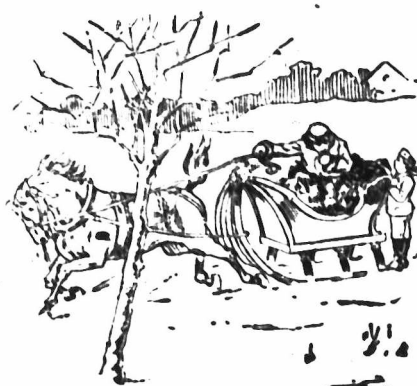
He would tilt it one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that he could capture the sugar by surprise, he kept rasping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie himself into regular knots round the bottle.

Fits of most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar containing bananas falling from the table with a crash and the fruit rolling about in all directions.

## You won't feel the Wind



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seeing that this popular interlining is put in all your ordered clothing, and only buy the ready-made garments which have the **Fibre Chamois Label**. It only costs **25 cents a yard**, and will provide a healthful warmth of which nothing can rob you.

His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it.

Lifting the bottle high in his paws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with much satisfaction.

#### The Garment of the Soul.

In the loom of daily life we are weaving, each one of us, most marvelous raiment. It is the raiment that shall clothe our spirits when we have laid aside all earthly vestments. All other work is of little moment, yet we rarely refer to it when we meet and talk about our occupation. All people are engaged in it, the sick no less than the well, the lazy quite as much as the busy. No prince is rich enough to hire it made for him, and no beggar is without abundant materials for the most costly suit. The manufacture goes on silently, attracting but little attention, and the results are very imperfectly perceived at present. But by and by the whole pattern will be seen; and how far we have succeeded in working out, in strength and beauty, the special design allotted us, will be known to all.

Each one's robe will be different. Even if all should labor with equal diligence, no two would effect the same. There is an infinite variety of patterns. Some will be complicated, others simple; some will abound in delicate, intricate traceries, others will be composed of strong and simple lines. No true success can be reached without great painstaking; and of him to whom is given, because of his natural skill and special opportunity, the task to weave a rich brocade, no mere calico or muslin, will be with praise accepted.

More care should be taken with this daily weaving, this hidden work that angels watch with interest so keen.

If the style, color, and material of what we wear from day to day has importance enough in most people's eyes to give them many anxious hours, how very much of patient, serious thought and earnest effort should be put into these garments in which we must be arrayed to all eternity—the garments of character!—*Zion's Herald*.

#### A Desire to do Right.

If a boy is ready for little deeds of kindness; if he is willing to give up his own plans to help along the plans of others; if he tells the truth, though it may be against himself; if he obeys his parents cheerfully and promptly, even when the task is hard and disagreeable, it is easy for any one to see what that boy desires most. His wish is to do right; and such a wish is always granted, because the Holy Spirit is ever ready to lead the willing feet into the paths of righteousness.

#### Catch Questions.

Very simple questions will sometimes find wise men napping. If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose? Who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, "Fifteen pounds?" the correct answer being, of course, twenty pounds.

The following catches are even simpler, yet many have been puzzled by them. How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth 50 yards long, one yard being cut off every day? A snail climbing up a pole twenty feet high ascends five feet every day, and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post? It is scarcely necessary to point out that the answer to the first question is not fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second, not twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail, who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth to the top of the pole and there remains.

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