

For A Good Meeting.

Hold a pasteboard "clinic" on the case of humanity, by means of cards distributed at the door, on which the members are to write what they consider the most urgent needs of mankind. Collect these in a basket, and use as many as it is wise to do.

Having discovered the needs, ways of true friendship should be suggested. Try to confine the suggestions as largely as possible, to practical, homelike things, though if some one should suggest signing peace memorials as one good way of ministering to a need of the world, don't turn the suggestion down as impracticable.

Give out some such questions as these for answer in the meeting: What should the American Good Samaritan do for his neighbor who has been robbed by strong drink? for his neighbor who has been robbed by Spain's oppressions? for his neighbor who has been robbed by the sweatshop? for his neighbor, the immigrant? for his neighbor, the convict, etc.

Education and Manners.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

—Tennyson.

The study of manners, in its truest sense, is of vital importance to those who are seeking a higher education, for it is "the finest of fine arts." But the popular idea of education is altogether too narrow and limited, and thus an art like "manners" receives too little attention in comparison with its importance. The cultivation of good behavior, proper conduct under all circumstances, style, politeness, noble action and bearing—in a word, manners—is the greatest part of education, and is in fact, the end to be aimed at. But the popular mind does not associate "good manners" with great knowledge, nor is the average college student generally accepted as a model of deportment. Unfortunately, education has not as much "extension" in its meaning as it is capable of carrying. This is a direct loss to the present generation of students, for when ideals are inferior in one direction the whole life suffers and the general success of the student is somewhat retarded.

The particular ways in which this weakness, as it relates to the subject in question, manifests itself are patent to everyone acquainted with school life. We have all seen and heard more than we care to print. People of good taste are often heard expressing their disapproval of such conduct; and wrongly, we think, associate unbecoming manners with education. Some excuse these weaknesses in young people, and say, "O they are boys," etc., but Sydney Smith remarks: "Manners are often too much neglected. Life is too short to get over a bad habit." A student can no more afford to neglect or trifle with his manners than he can afford to trifle with his health or his studies if he expects to make a success.

That manners hold a place of great importance in true education may be seen from the opinions given by the best thinkers of the world. A few quotations here will suffice:

"A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts." "Manners are the garments of the spirit, the external clothing of the being in which character ultimates itself." "Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." "A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than he has to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." To which may properly be added: "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." "Manners make the man" is an old and well-approved maxim.

Thus we see that good deportment is the passport to the best society. Want of modesty is said to be want of sense. Hence, roughness or boorishness in manners indicates lack of noble nature, and relegates a person to a lower caste of character. "Self-reverence, self-know-

ledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Manners have a commercial value. They win where rudeness and thoughtlessness repel. Universal politeness has become a primary law in all eminent mercantile houses, and characterizes the manner of our merchant kings. We hear of a lady who gave a generous donation to a college because good manners were emphasized there. Many a brilliant man has missed success in life, even though he had a "college education," because of carelessness in language and conduct, which, says Matthew Arnold, "are three-fourths of life."—Self culture.

Answers to Prayer.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."
—Psalm lxxvii., 19.

I asked for grace to lift me high
Above the world's depressing cares;
God sent me sorrows—with a sigh
I said, "He has not heard my prayers."

I asked for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road;
But clouds and darkness shadowed me
When I expected light from God.

I asked for peace, that I might rest
To think my sacred duties o'er,
When lo! such horrors filled my breast
As I had never felt before.

"And, O!" I cried, "can this be prayer
Whose plights the steadfast mountains move?
Can this be heaven's prevailing care
And, O! my God, is this Thy love?"

But, soon I found, that sorrow, worn
As duty's garment, strength supplies,
And out of darkness meekly borne,
Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears which stir'd
My startled soul God's will to do,
On me more real peace conferred
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in Thy mysterious ways,
Lead my dependent spirit on,
And whereso'er it kneels and prays,
Teach it to say:—"Thy will be done!"

Let its one thought, one hope, one prayer,
Thine image seek—thy glory see,
Let every other wish and care
Be left confidingly to Thee.

—Dr. Monseil.

The Labor of Excess.

By Julia H. Johnston.

How do the utilitarians account for sweet odors? What profit is there in fragrance, and what avails the sweetness of summer's laden air? Who is fed or clothed by means of the lavish outpouring? Yet "God hath made everything good in its season."

There is nothing more intangible than a sweet odor, yet a waft of perfume may have an abiding place in memory, or may be potent above many a substantial thing, in recalling scenes long forgotten, or in waking associations that have vital hold upon the heart, and power to change the very life, when once aroused. There may be unmeasured influence in the delicate, pervasive, elusive quality of a sweet smell. The frequent mention of perfumes in the Bible, is significant. From the compounding of the sweet ointment in the earliest days, to be used for sacred purpose only, on through the years of the ascending of sweet incense, to the odor of acceptable sacrifice in the offerings made in the Master's name, to the "golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints," there is strange emphasis given to the fragrant breath, the essence transcending outward form, which stands for love and prayer and praise.

So it is that the odor of Mary's ointment lingers yet, and "bewrayeth itself through the centuries." "To what purpose is this waste?"

is an idle question. The broken alabaster box, is her memorial:

"For precious in the Saviour's sight,
How precious, none may guess,
The service which the world esteems
A labor of excess."

Water would have served the ordinary purpose in laving the Saviour's feet, but from the labor of excess she bore the odor away on her hair, and all that were in the house perceived in the voiceless proclamation of the perfume in the air, the deed of love she wrought.

"Man shall not live by bread alone." The meager necessities of life, the bare sufficiency of sustenance will not avail for satisfaction. It is not living, to be merely kept alive. Utility is not the only consideration. The measure of actual need may be filled, and not a pulse quicken, though a calm gratitude may be rendered, but the labor that is in excess of the simply practical, the signs and tokens that are over and above the mere commonplace, stir the heart and live in the memory. The sweetness of remembered caresses may even overpower the thought of toils that provided daily bread. The exuberance of love that overflows in nameless, countless, continued courtesies and kindnesses exceeding the actual requirements of comfort, endears the giver.

More justice, practical business, will consider metres and bounds, will give but a bare equivalent for what is received, but love labors to heap up the measure till it runs over. The starving may have no right to ask more than food, but love lays a flower beside the plate and flavors the cup with kindness. When happiness is added to comfort, who shall say that the excess is not a means of grace? Not the calculating spirit which "holds the bag," but the love that breaks the alabaster box shall be had in remembrance forever.

Oh, be generous and self-forgetful,

And rather do more than less,

Remember His word of Mary

In her labor of excess.

"Let her alone," He bade them.

But He bent to approve and bless.

A two-horse load of tin clippings was being transferred to the rear basement of a prominent hotel. It had come from a can factory, and the narrow, curling strips had become so twisted and intertwined as to form a conglomerate mass that was moved with the greatest difficulty by two sturdy fellows with stable-forks. A bystander who was curious enough to inquire what use a swell hotel had for such truck was answered by an attache of the house: "We use it for rats. I mean the big, gray fellows with whiskers. The hotel rat is bigger, bolder and wiser than any other rat. He laughs at traps, fattens on poison, and the killing or chasing of dogs, cats, and ferrets is his pet diversion. Even when energetic measures have rid us of the pests they are with us again in augmented force within a day or two. They will tunnel through most anything for incredible distances. It is their boring ability that has given us so much trouble hitherto. No matter how we closed up their passage-ways, the routes were promptly reopened. Filling the holes with broken glass was considered a good scheme until we found that with marvelous patience they removed the glass piece by piece.

"But we think we've got them now. With this tangled-up tin we construct a sort of abatis, covering all places where the beasts are likely to enter our cellars. They can't get through it. They can't chew it, and they can't carry it away as they do broken bottles, for when Mr. Rat takes hold of a single trip of the tin he finds it an inseparable part of a network weighing many pounds."—Philadelphia Record.

The highest honors, the greatest happiness, the grandest life are offered to us in the Gospel. God and heaven, the unfading crown, the inheritance incorruptible, the glory immortal, are within the reach of every one of us. We may have them all if we but choose.—Rev. J. F. Dyer.