

and not only so, but that their Father loves to have His children come to Him, and that He is willing and ready to hear and answer their requests. With such professions how important that Christians be very, very careful as to how they pray and what they pray for. It is not enough to say we have asked God's guidance and blessing, therefore what we propose must be right. This does not follow, and just here it is we so often make most fatal mistakes. Let us stop and think.

What it is Wise to Forget.

And now let me give you a list of some things which will make you happier if you forget them:—
Your neighbour's faults.

All the slander you have ever heard.

The numerous times you have told a servant how to do things, and the numerous times she has forgotten. Try again, and perhaps she will remember.

Forget the faults of some of your friends, and remember the temptations.

Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

Forget the peculiarities of your friend, and only remember the good points that make you fond of her.

Forget any personal quarrels, or histories which you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life—they will come, but they only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thoughts of acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them and to almost grow tolerant to them.

Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things that are lovely and lovable.

These are the best rules for a peaceful mind and contented life.

The Missionary Fan.

The *Gospel in all Lands* tells how a missionary, too ill and feeble to take part in the service of the mission church, sat upon his veranda and wrote with an iron pen upon a palm-leaf fan the story of the Gospel. He gave it to a stranger who had stopped to listen to the singing of hymns in the adjoining chapel. He asked the stranger to come and see him some time when he might be able to talk. The stranger never returned, and the missionary died. It transpired, many months afterwards, that the fan had been carried into a remote region to which the Gospel had never been taken. The story upon the fan had been read and re-read in the hearing of the people. They had been led by it to abandon their idol worship, had given up opium using and other evil habits, and had sent for a missionary teacher. How God does use the little things we try to do for them!

A Converted Atheist's Testimony.

Mhegard, professor of philosophy in the university of Copenhagen, has until recently been the apostle of atheism in his country. He has, says the *Semur Vaudois*, just published a second edition of one of his works, and this is what he says in the introduction:

"The experience of life, its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul, and have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished; when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cables of science, broke like thread. Then I seized upon that help which many before me have laid hold of. I sought and found peace in God. Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned to it another place in my life."

Happy are they who learn to build upon a sure foundation before the final storm descends, when the hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding places of infidelity and unbelief.

Moths in Woollens and Furs.

Most persons think it necessary to hang their clothes in the open air before packing away for the summer. Experience has taught us that this method is not only useless, but injurious. The clothes certainly do not need airing, having been in use all winter, most of them out of doors, and a moments reflection will convince any one that clothing thus exposed is more likely to be seized upon by the tiny moth millers which fly about in such numbers during early spring. Winter clothing should be thoroughly brushed immediately before being packed away, as it is liable to receive the germs of destruction if allowed to lie about for even a few minutes; and if the tiny eggs of the moth are once deposited, we put them comfortably away in the trunks with the clothes, and irreparable mischief is set on foot. Gum camphor is the best thing to be put up with the clothing, and about a pound of it should be used in each trunk, but the most essential part of the whole proceeding is the brushing. All woollen garments that are worn during the summer, shawls, jackets, gowns, etc., should be taken out of the closet and brushed regularly if not kept in constant use.

Hot Water to Relieve Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach, and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve thirst and "cool off" the body when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than ice-cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the free use of drinks below sixty degrees; in fact, a higher temperature is to be preferred; and those who are much troubled with thirst will do well to try the advantages to be derived from hot drinks, instead of cold fluids to which they have been accustomed. Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion, instead of causing debility of the stomach and bowels.

Only Three Steps.

A learned divine one day accosted a simple-hearted Christian busy in his daily toil:

"Well, William, it is a long and hard way to Heaven, isn't it?"

"O no, sir," was the ready answer; "it is only three steps."

"Three steps! Why, how is that, William?"

"Why, sir, nothing is plainer. First, step out of yourself; second, step into Christ; third step into Heaven."

The astonished minister, years afterwards, acknowledged his indebtedness to the poor rustic for one of the most instructive and comprehensive lessons in experimental theology.

The Story of a New York House.

There is in New York, upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a magnificent house—yea, it is a veritable palace—which can never be looked at by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye, because of the story attached to it.

It was designed and built by one of the richest men in New York—the head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole house, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments and dainty touches that were the young bride's taste. The ball-room, in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and ceiled in many-colored marbles; but the lover, himself, directed the building of the porte cochere under which her carriage was to roll, so that stepping out she would not be touched by a drop of rain or a flake of snow. Everything was ready; the horses were pawing in the stable waiting for the day to come when they would carry their new mistress out; the coachman and the footman had their big, white rosettes at hand to wear on the wedding day; the house was full of fragrance, for beautiful flowers were massed to please the coming mistress, and everything seemed to be in harmony with all this thoughtful, loving care; for the sun shone bright, and it was some-

body's wedding day. Yes; but it wasn't an earthly wedding, for when, with quick footsteps, her mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given, had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever gave any human being, he gave to her as she rested in her coffin. But he lives on in the beautiful house and does with his great fortune, a deal of good, all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never opened in the wonderful house, the carriage has never been used, no feet have danced in the ball-room; but it and the solitary man are there as evidences of the fact that a love can so completely fill the heart that all life is nothing without it.

All things for Good.

It is part of the wise providence of God that even the selfish individual men and women is often made an instrument for the conferring of unmeasured good upon the race. It may have been nothing but greed of gain or lust of conquest that impelled many a mediæval ship to the discovery of unknown shores; but how great is the good which these discoveries have brought to the whole of humanity! Granted that it is only the haste to be rich that impels a syndicate to build a railway across an agricultural country, yet, however selfish the aim of the projectors, the railway will prove a blessing alike to the rich and poor, alike to city and country. We cannot understand how all evil can be overruled for the good of those who are on the Lord's side; but we can believe it, knowing that God has said that all things work together for good to those that love him.

Love Produces Repentance.

If you were going out into the open air on a frosty day, and were taking a lump of ice, you might pound it with a pestle, but it would still continue ice. You might break it into ten thousand atoms, but so long as you continue in that wintry atmosphere every fragment, however small will still be frozen. But come within. Bring in the ice beside the bright fire, and soon in that genial glow "the waters fall." A man may try to make himself contrite: he may search out his sins and set them before him, and dwell on their enormity, and still feel no true repentance. Though pounded with penances in the mortar of fasts and macerations, his heart continues hard and icy still. And as long as you keep in that legal atmosphere it cannot thaw. There may be elaborate confession, a got-up sort of penitence, a voluntary humility, but there is no godly sorrow. But come to Jesus with His words of grace and truth. From the cold winter night of the ascetic, come into the summer of the Great Evangelist. Let that flinty frozen spirit bask a little in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then, finding that you have been forgiven much, you will love much.

Learn to Forgive.

Learn to forgive. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through all your life. It will hurt you more than any one else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbour. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. You pass by a wood fire, you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrust it under your neighbour's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You find your garments on fire, and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbour. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who are calling themselves Christians, who are miserable because of their own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies, and get down on your knees and pray for them, and consolation will come into your own soul like a flood. "Father forgive them." Sweet prayer and a blessed example.

--Prayer and praise are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is drawn by prayer is breathed forth again by thanksgiving.