

## IN THE SHOP WINDOWS.

We have seen shop windows that made a great show, but when we went inside we were amazed at the limited amount of goods it contained. Everything was in display. So it is with a man who makes a great display of his religion. He has most of his shop window. His stock is very small. The genuine article is that which makes no effort at display. It is true it cannot conceal itself, but then the effort not to make a show of it exhibits it in the most satisfactory manner. The sunflower is not very beautiful, but then it grows into large proportions at the very top of the stem. The rose in flower is more modest, and often seeks to hide itself in the green foliage of the plant.—*Methodist Protestant.*

## HOW TO KEEP YOUR ROOM.

A look into the bedroom of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothing hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always tidy, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have the servant do it—and throws her dress or bonnet on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. It is such little things that reveal the character, and such little acts of carelessness that grow into strong habits.—*Young People's Paper.*

## BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT.

"The pear trees had a convention this spring; the most beautiful sight! Blossoms as thick as good thoughts in a mother's heart; a sort of 'hurrah' air about every tree that made people laugh and clap their hands and shout, 'The spring has come! The spring has come!' To-day they are holding another convention, not so lively in appearance, not quite so gay, but meaning business; for the blossoms are gone, and the job of making pears has begun in earnest.

"If anyone is troubled because our mass meetings are not quite so hilarious as they used to be, not quite so spontaneous, so gay, tell him the blossoms of our first attempts are gone into the serious business of doing things—Christian citizenship work, missions, etc.! Our convention addresses may not be so sparkling, but they tell you of definite things to be and to do with a force that makes a Christian Endeavor mass meeting a factor in shaping affairs."—*Indianist Endeavorer.*

## LIFE'S RUBBER TIRES.

The remark was made by our six-year-old, but it happens occasionally that the wisdom of six years is worth considering. We were talking of a sunny visitor who had just departed, and of her courage and cheerfulness amid many trials, when the small boy added his comment:

"Yes, I like her. She just goes over bumps as if her heart had rubber tires."

We laughed at our bicycle boy, but the description was a forceful one nevertheless. The cheerful heart did bound lightly over hurt and fret and all the rough places of the earthly road as if there were, indeed, some protecting tires about life's wheels. And should not the same be true of us all? What does our trust in God's care and love, and in the final working together of all things for good amount to if it does not speed us

more smoothly on our way? The friction and the jarring, the sensitiveness to every little roughness of the road must be because we have not learned to use our faith aright—the blessed tire of faith that should keep our spirits buoyant and our course steady.—*Forward.*

## IMPROVEMENT A DUTY.

Progress and improvement are every man's duty. It is not right to remain as we were, or as we are. We ought to be all the time gaining and growing in experience and attainment and grace. It may be to our shame that we are just where God put us, and that we have just what God gave to us. A man whose looks were spoken of contemptuously, said in rejoinder, "You're no right to find fault with my looks; I'm just as God made me." "I know it, and that's what I'm blaming you for," said his critic; "you've never made any improvement on yourself." That answer made a fair point. If the Lord puts us at the bottom of a hill, or at the beginning of a road, it may be for us to mount or to proceed, and not to stop where we are. It was the man who retained just what his lord gave him, and who was ready to give back at the day of reckoning, who not only lost his possessions, but was cast out into outer darkness as an unprofitable servant. Remaining just as God made us may be the cause of our condemnation.—*Sunday School Times.*

## RUSH AND PUSH.

We are living in an age of rush, push, and whirl. If one does not keep up in the hurly-burly scramble, he is considered a laggard and made to feel that he is losing many of the good things of the world. But there are those who are not yet entirely devoid of common sense, and they are beginning to realize that rapid living is deleterious to longevity at least, and the greatest enjoyment in life can not be derived from a hurry-scurry mode of living. The lackadaisical people to whom one often feels inclined to attach electric batteries, are so few in comparison to the scramblers that they need not cause worry. Many in search of the "happy medium" can sympathize with the minister of whom the *Youth's Companion* makes mention.

One of the preachers says he is half afraid to give out the hymn, "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," because there are many who have already carried the nerve-stretching business too far. On the other hand, he must not say too much about spiritual rest and peace, because lazy hearers will accept it for an excuse for lolling down on the cushions and going to sleep. His congregation may be taken as a representative of our modern world. Millions of men and women are feeling somewhat blindly for the golden mean between overdoing and underdoing."

## SOCIETY OF ENCOURAGERS.

Mr. Crockett gives us in one of his stories a delightful glimpse of a good old Scotch elder named William Greig. "He was of the great Society of Encouragers, who make the wheels of the world go round. He was once, they said, a sad-voiced, disappointed probationer, who had preached in vacancies and as a 'supply' for years which ran into two figures. He was so set up by a good word of William Greig's that he pulled himself together the following Sabbath day, and preached so stormily that he took a congregation by assault and got a call to the spot." I want, in a few lines that I write, to promote the interests of this great Society of Encouragers by seeking to induce all the readers of this magazine to inscribe their names in its membership roll. The simple condition of membership is a secret pledge, taken in privacy, that we will henceforth regard it as part of the service of our life to

go about among our fellows speaking encouraging words. Our mission as members is to look for the good side of everybody, to seek for the jewel in every dark-leap, to find out some element of success in men who are consumed with a sense of failure, to strengthen the weary, to cheer the faint, to state the other case when men are in doubt, to have an encouraging word for everybody, and by the encouraging words to make heavy hearts glad. —*J. H. Jewett.*

## THEY PROMISE MUCH, BUT NEVER PAY.

The world is full of just-a-going-to-be's—sublimative heroes who might, could, would or should be this or that but for certain obstacles or discouragements—prosperities which never become published works. They all long for success, but they want it too high. They covet the golden round in the ladder, but they do not like to climb the difficult steps by which alone it can be reached. They long for victory, but shrink from the fight. They are forever looking for soft places and smooth surfaces where there will be the least resistance, forgetting that the very friction which retards the train upon the track, and counteracts a fourth of all the engine's power, is essential to its locomotion. Grease the track, and, though the engine pulls and the wheels revolve, the train will not move an inch.

Work is difficult in proportion as the end to be attained is high and noble. God has put the highest price upon the greatest worth. If a man would reach the highest success, he must pay the price himself. No titled pedigree, no money inherited from ancestors with long bank accounts, can be given in exchange for this commodity. He must be self-made or never made.

The Romans arranged the seats in their two temples to Virtue and Honor so that no one could enter the second without passing through the first. Such is the order of advance—Virtue, Toil, Honor.—*Succor.*

## A NORTHLAND GOOD SAMARITAN.

In a little Minnesota village on the northern shore of Lake Superior, among a population composed of Indians and hardy Norwegian farmers, there lives a man, so writes Rev. Worth M. Tippy, whose life is at once a mystery and a blessing to his neighbors. In that sparsely settled region many of the advantages of civilization are rare, and none more so than the services of a qualified physician. For almost a hundred years along the coast there is needed such a man, who for almost seventy-seven years, refusing all compensation for his services, has gone among Indians and whites alike, through the winter's terrible storms or the summer's heat, alleviating the distress of those who suffer with a knowledge and skill that would have won him fame and fortune in any city of the country. He does not appear to be a rich man and, yet, in addition to his own services, he supplies freely to those in need both medicine and nourishment; and for all he does he receives nothing and refuses everything save the love and gratitude of those whom he serves. No one knows why he has adopted such a life or why he shies himself away in this unknown corner of the globe; but in the hands along the coast and far back into the forests the country folks hold him blessed. Personally he is slight of build and of almost womanly tenderness of manner; yet he impresses all who meet him as possessed of wonderful strength of personality, and Mr. Tippy, who discovered him during a summer excursion, says: "I have no idea as to his theology; but I could feel the love of God in him."—*New Voice.*