

Contemporary Wisdom.

The Romans had a law that everyone, wherever he went, should wear a badge of his trade on his hat or some other vestment, that he might be known; so the Christian is required to wear his badge of discipleship wherever he goes. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Words of cheer are words of help. Words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person with whom we have any dealings. A look or word can help or can harm our fellows.—*Sel.*

In connection with the acceptance of applicants into our Order, we hear considerable from our medical men concerning the influences of heredity, the following, therefore, will be appreciated: "Please, sir," whistled the boy with two front teeth missing. "Minnie William's mother says Minnie can't come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch in her side." "Who is Minnie William's mother?" the new teacher asked. "She's the seamstress." The teacher turned reflectively to the blackboard. "How wonderful are the influences of heredity," he muttered.

A young Englishman on a P. and O. steamer returning from India, said publicly at the dinnertable, "Missions are a humbug. I have been in India eight months, and I haven't seen an East India Christian." A quiet man sitting opposite, said, "May I ask for what you went to India?" The answer was "I went to hunt tigers." The other replied, "I am a missionary. I have been in India twelve years, and I have not seen a tiger." The young Englishman did not know that the Christians in India are already numbered by tens and hundreds of thousands.

When members of one fraternal order are asked to drop their membership in it and join some other, they should stop and think. God gave you brains and expected that you would develop them sufficiently so as to be of some use to you. Think why you are asked to make the change. Think how it would benefit you. Think whether a person who tries to create dissatisfaction is honest. If you can answer these "thinks" with a yes then make the change and never blame any one else afterwards when you come to regret your action. If you are approached and requested to join some other organization, with a view to adding to your insurance or protection, satisfy yourself first of the stability of such order, then join and keep up your membership. It is the duty of everyone to carry as much insurance or protection as they can afford to pay for. Nowhere can they secure as good value for their money as in a legitimate fraternal order conducted upon sound business principles.—*National Reserve.*

Flowers from the Forest.

"Boys," said the superintendent of the Sunday School, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?"

He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand.

"Well, Thomas," said the teacher, encouragingly.

Thomas stood up and said:

"No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

HELPING SOMEWHERE.

"Is your father at home?" I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep.

"No," he said, "he's away."

"Where could I find him?"

"Well," he said, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

And I turned with this little sermon in my heart. If you want to find the Lord Jesus, you've got to set out on a path of helping somewhere, of lifting somebody's burden, and lo! straightway one like unto the Son of Man will be found at your side.

Are you "helping somewhere?" If so, you will find that

"The great Physician now is near
The sympathizing Jesus."

WORDS OF CHEER.

The other day a tramp called at a Parochial Board office, not 20 miles from Edinburgh, soliciting relief. He gave his name as "Donald Gray." On being questioned as to his religion, whether Protestant or Catholic, he replied, "I'm neither, sir, I'm a Scotchman, as my name might tell ye."

Physician (examiner for a life insurance company)—"How old are you?"

Tramp—"Twenty-five."

"Your parents are living, I suppose?"

"No, sir, they're dead."

"What did they die of?"

"Ould age, sir."

"How old were they?"

"Forty, sir."

"Do you think a person of forty dies of o'd age?"

"In t' ould country people die young of ould age."

Scene—Auld Kirk vestry in Ayrshire. Stranger minister who is to conduct the services has just discovered that he has left the manuscript of his sermon at home, and is stamping up and down 'he room in a somewhat furious fashion. Old John, the beadle, sympathetically—"If you think, sir, a bit weer would help ye, never mind me."

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift; nor lie at anchor.—*Pythian Record.*

Don't try to forget—just forget.