

book. Here's what I've jotted down today, for instance:

"On my way to London Bridge this morning my hat blew off; I chased it, but before I reached it, three other men were after it, and one of them caught it for me. Now, there was an

Entirely Unselfish Act

on the part of men who were strangers to me; and you may see the same thing any windy day.

"As I was crossing Fleet Street, a woman in front of me dropped a glove without knowing it. Two boys made a dive for it, and shouted, 'Lady, you've dropped your glove!' Another act of kindness.

"Just as I reached the Strand, a cabman's horse fell. The driver had hardly left his seat before the drivers of three other vehicles stopped, got down, and began to help raise the horse. They did it because they saw a fellow-workman in trouble, and knew that they might need the same help at any time.

"On my way back to the office I passed a heavy two-horse load of flour,

Stuck on the Tram Lines.

I stopped a minute to look, and saw several men put their hands to the muddy wheels and push till the dray started. They had no selfish interest in that load of flour; they only wanted to help.

"These are all little things, but I think they show something very different from savagery. Some days I see even more, and some things I see every day. The reason we don't notice them more is because they are so common. You, watch when we get off the bus now, and you'll see

Half a Dozen of These Men

give the paper they have just glanced through to the newsboy at the foot of the stairs. They might easily throw them away, but they know the boys can sell them again, and, therefore, make a few extra pennies."

First Thing First.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success; All that I touched turned into gold.

Alas!

My cares were greater, and my peace was less.

When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name,

Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.

But, ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!

I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;

Through quivering heart and body and through brain,

There swept the flame of its devouring fire;

And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length

Great light upon my darkened spirit burst,

Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength—

Oh! had that prayer been first.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Everyday Blessing.

The accustomed things are usually accepted as a matter of course. One seldom stops to think of the beating of his heart, which causes the blood to flow through his body, or of the process of breathing by which the blood is filled with life-giving oxygen. Immunity from disease does not impress one until it ceases. Ability and opportunity to work are not always regarded as blessings. Friends with whom one has genial intercourse—wife or husband, children or parents—how little, after all, we appreciate them until we lose them!

The mute appeal in the eyes of the dumb beasts is too often denied; and we are thus deprived of the kindly comradeship of our fellow mortals.

Even when we do accept that comradeship we fail to prize it as a divine blessing.

The old earth itself, swinging through the infinite spaces of the universe, might fly from its orbit into chaos, for any serious thought that we give to the matter.

If one pauses a moment to consider these things, he will be filled with wonder at the orderly plan of nature, and will be moved by reverent awe in the presence of a power and a mystery beyond his comprehension.

Respecting The Sabbath.

One Sunday a minister called at a cottage in the south of Midlothian and requested a glass of milk, which was promptly handed him. He offered the woman who attended his wants a few coppers, but she curtly responded, "I canna tak siller on a Sawbath!" The minister thanked her, and was turning away, when she whispered: "Mon, ye can drap the bawbees in that tub wi' the grath (soap-suds) in't. I'll get them oot the morn!"

Poor Overworked Belshazzar.

A well known minister, whose speciality is conducting missions, says that once, having been requested to preach at

a very famous church, he gave an address on Belshazzar, a subject which fascinated him, and which alone had power to inspire him to extemporaneous speaking.

The next day he began his tour of mission work. He preached on Belshazzar in the morning, and made him do duty again at night at the next town. On Tuesday he went to a third place, and intoxicated with his previous success, used the overworked Assyrian again. After the service, a gentleman stepped up to him, shook hands, and said:

"That is a very fine sermon of yours."

The preacher was flattered, and ventured to hope that it had done his hearer good.

"Yes," said the other, "it has. I thought it was a fine sermon when I heard it first, two Sundays ago. I liked it better when I heard it last Sunday morning, and as I happened to be in the town where you preached Sunday night, I heard it there also. When I came to this town—I am a commercial traveller—and heard that you were to preach, I thought I would see if I couldn't meet my old friend. I have liked it better at each hearing," he continued, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Won't you let me know when and where you are going to offer it again?"

The preacher, in shame and confusion, owned that Belshazzar was his only extemporaneous sermon, and therefore his best beloved. The confession delighted the hearer even more than the rest of

the joke had done, and the two became the best of friends.

But the minister owns that he has since scarcely dared to use Belshazzar since. He is afraid of getting the Belshazzar habit.

Religion And Silver Polish.

A well known minister told an incident in his prayer meeting one evening, which is now first published.

George Henry, we will call him, was a butler in the establishment of a great earl who lived in Scotland and had there a country residence of large capacity. The butler had under his charge a pantry of considerable dimensions, and where, arranged on the shelves, was kept the silverware belonging to the house. As the earl was a very observing man, he noticed at one time that a wonderful change had taken place in the manners and conduct of his butler.

On a particular occasion, Lord C., with a few other guests, was dining with the earl. Just before finishing the repast, Lord C., noticing the extraordinary cleanliness and brilliancy of the silver, said to the earl, "Where did you ever get such silver?"

The earl answered: "It is my butler who has given it such an unusual polish. He is a strange man. Come into the pantry with me and look at the reserves."

They stepped together into the pantry, and the butler was there. After Lord C.

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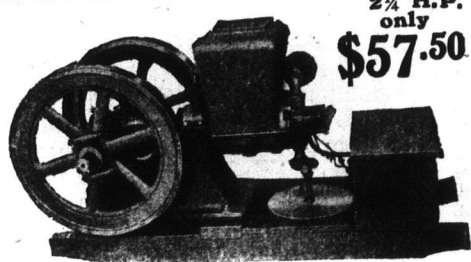
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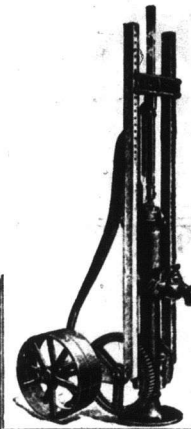
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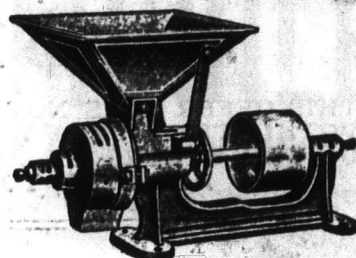
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