

HELP YOURSELF.

FIGHT your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone and you will succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching someone's influence and patronage. No one will help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well-earned dollar or two.

Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in a friendly spirit. They have out-stretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands and heart and brain. Say, "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

ROBERT MOFFAT, a pioneer missionary in Africa, says: "I have seen a fierce warrior, whose hands have been dyed in human blood, give out a hymn, read a chapter, offer a fervent prayer, and press on his countrymen the necessity of repentance, and fair toward the Lord Jesus Christ. I have seen men of different tribes who formerly hated each other with a deadly hatred, and watched for each other's destruction, sitting together at the Lord's Table with tears trickling down their cheeks. Yes, my friends, it is wonderful what influence the Gospel has had on the walk and conversation of believers in that country.

Let me give you an instance. I knew a chief who ruled over many thousands of men—a man of great influence. He had witnessed the results produced by the Gospel among his own people. He admired the Gospel, but had no idea himself of embracing it. On one occasion he heard that two of his sons had collected a number of warriors at headquarters, and had gone forth in order to attack a town. Grieved at the intelligence, he ordered his horse, mounted it with spear in hand and a tiger skin about his body, and away he galloped, taking a shorter road than his sons took, in order to be before them at the town they were about to pillage. As morning dawned he arrived at the place, and saw his two sons within a few hundred yards of him. He shouted at the top of his voice. They were petrified, for they knew the man. He galloped up to his eldest son,

sprang from his horse, put his spear in his son's hand, drew aside the tiger skin, and said, "Plunge that spear into my bosom; lay me on the ground, and walk over this body; then go do what you please, and not till then. We are now enjoying the peace which these men from a distant land have brought us. We have buried our spear, and shall we now take the torch, and set fire to the towns around us? It shall not be!"

WHEN Michael Angelo was once employed on one of his greatest works of art, the future owner of the statue called several times to see how the work progressed. Once he complained, saying that the statue appeared the same as when last he saw it.

"I can assure you," Angelo said, "that I have been hard at work upon it since you were last here. This furrow in the brow I have deepened; this eyelid I have slightly depressed; another line to the mouth has been added, and—"

"Yes, I see all that; but they are trifles," said his customer.

"That is true," said the great artist; "yet it is these trifles that make perfection, and do you call perfection a trifle?"

SIAM is the land of cremation. It costs more money to die there than to live, and the funerals of congressmen, which are not paid for at extravagant rates by the government, cost but little in comparison with that of a Siamese noble. When a king dies in Siam the whole nation takes part in the funeral, and \$1,000,000 and upward is sometimes spent in the turning of the royal embalmed body into ashes. The last queen who died at Bangkok was seated in a golden urn for a number of months after her death, and the foreign merchants in Siam bought thousands of dollars' worth of goods from Europe and China for the king to give as presents to those who came to the funeral. A great temple or palace with roofs covered with gilt paper was built as her bier, and the funeral-car was overlaid with pure gold and set with jewels. This car was six stories high and it was surrounded by tiers of golden umbrellas. All the foreign diplomats attended the burning, and there was a tiger fight, a lion dance, and a tournament among the celebrations. The king lighted the fire at 6 p. m., and he gave presents of gold and silver as well as a dinner to the most noted of the mourners. It took a full week to perform the ceremonies, and at the close the ashes were taken in a royal barge and strewn upon the waters of the Menam River.

HERE is an excellent rule: Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent. Nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.