

able to hear the still, small voice. And God was very patient till Elijah was rested and in a reasonable mood. Our human friends seldom have so much tact, and nervous prostration is such an unreasonable disease, and to a well person so needless!

Then there was the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment. In how few words the whole story is told! She had been sick twelve years she had suffered many things of many physicians; she had spent all she had; she was no better, but rather worse — there you have the whole story! I can just imagine how her relatives tried to dissuade her from going after Jesus. "You'll just tire yourself out; you will not be able to walk so far; you'll be worse after the excitement is over," and all that!

There are books that tell people how to get well, and they are a blessing. There are books that tell people how to live so as to keep well; they are a greater blessing, and the Bible is the best of them. But there are some of us who can't get well, and some who must be a long time about it.

I read the magazines and the novels and the stories of adventure, and something more solid besides; but here under my pillow I keep the Book which contains not only the Lord's remedy for sickness and sin, but a divine compassion for us even while we are sinners, and a lot of comfort even while we are sick. It is something to be helped out of life's trials; but there are times when we appreciate even more the help that helps us in them and through them.

If I Were a Girl Again.

(By Lucy Keeler.)

If I were a girl again—if some benignant fairy should touch me with her wand and say, Be a girl again, and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition, that belong to sixteen—some things I should do, and some things I should not do, to make me at fifty the person whom now at fifty I should like to be.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of body, of speech, of temper; a power best learned in youth before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity that seems to be cut in every human heart. I should count one hundred, like Tattycorum, before I would allow myself to utter unkind, impulsive words; I should scorn to burst into tears because of some petty correction or grievance; I should learn to sit quietly, to close a door gently, to walk calmly, even when my thoughts were boiling within me.

I should shun, if I were a girl again, the tendency to be sensitive and suspicious. Because my friend talks to another person, or because a group of acquaintances seem to be enjoying themselves apart from me, I should not fancy myself neglected. I should not construe thoughtlessness into intentional slights, nor abstraction into indifference. I should say oftener to myself, "My friend did not see that I was here; she has not heard of my return; she is busy with her music; she is tired after her journey. I will trust in her friendship, just as I would have her trust in mine."

If I were a girl again, I should be more careful about my conversation. I should beware of slang and gossip and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague, remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority. Nobody ever had so many enemies as Disraeli; and it is to be remembered that sarcasm was his most powerful weapon. I should practice the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well, and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered; be quicker with my praise and tardier with my criticism. I should cultivate a distinct enunciation, enlarge my vocabulary, and remember Lord Chesterfield's dictum, "never to utter one word

even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive with which the language could supply him."

If I were a girl again, I should be a better student. I should worry less over my lessons, and potter less; but I should think as I study, and try to understand statements in one reading rather than by saying them over and over, like a parrot. I should be more thorough, not passing to one lesson until I had mastered the last; and I should be ashamed of poor spelling or illegible handwriting or faulty pronunciation.

I should be more scrupulous about making and keeping engagements; I should be less daunted by obstacles and defeat, and be less, I hope the slave of petty but annoying habits.

These things I should do if I were a girl again. But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty! Still shall I not at fifty wish that I could retrieve the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently? Again, say I am fifty. At seventy could I not better use those precious years of preparation? There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which at every period of our life is before us—just as to-morrow's yesterday is still to-day. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend.—From "If I Were a Girl Again."

A Rich Boy.

"Oh, my!" said Ben, "I wish I were rich, and could have things like some of the boys who go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. "How much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs!" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run, and jump, and play ball, and oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," said Ben, smiling.

"And your arms. I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of smell are better than \$5,000 apiece, at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have \$50,000, and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you sure you wouldn't sell your eyes for that much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that much, at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper. "Legs, \$10,000; arms, \$10,000; voice, \$10,000; hearing, \$5,000; taste, \$5,000; good health, \$10,000; and eyes, \$50,000; that makes \$100,000. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your playmates laugh, too. Look with those \$50,000 eyes of yours at the beautiful things around you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson Ben never forgot, and since that day, every time he sees a cripple or a blind man, he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped him to be contented.

—S. S. Messenger.

Hold Fast What Thou Hast.

If a man want to make progress he must first see to it that he is able to hold what he already has. A young man who neglects the property which his father has left him can hardly succeed in business for himself. He who fails in attention to old friends will be of little value to new ones. There is no hope of scholarship

to a student who refuses to make available the researches of scholars who have gone before him. When you hear a man sneering at the faith or the doctrines of his fathers, be sure that his own faith and doctrines will be of little value to his children. If he cannot hold the best things his father left him he will not be likely to leave anything worth holding to them that come after him.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Family Enjoyment a Lost Art.

In the hurry and bustle of these modern times, our homes seem to be degenerating into places where we eat and sleep, and nothing more. In how few families it is the custom to gather round the fire at night, with books and sewing and cheerful talk. Nine times out of ten it is the father and mother who drowsily nod in the dining room, while the daughter entertains her beau over in the parlor, from which every other member of the family is rigidly excluded, and the sons hang around the village store.

Parents do not, as a rule, seek that intimacy with their children which should exist, and they forget that some day the young hearts will be closed against them by the reserve of older growth. It is hard, then, often impossible, to win their confidence.

There is a widespread discontent with the confinement of the domestic circle among women, and the children are quick to feel the effect of this spirit in the home. Sometimes the mother, over-anxious for the happiness of those God has given to her care, takes upon herself every unpleasant duty, instead of teaching them to consider her comfort and pleasure as of some importance. They are allowed to grow up with no idea of their obligations to the world or to their own families. A love of excitement and change is fostered, and by and by the home and father and mother play but a secondary part in their lives.

Let wise parents gather the little ones about them, enter more deeply into their feelings, implant in them early the feeling that home is the pleasantest place in the world; and then make an effort to have it so. It is positive injury to their moral characters to allow them to grow up careless and unconcerned, seeking all their joys outside the four walls which contain their nearest and dearest. Then perhaps the day may come again when the evening lamp, the work basket, and the merry chatter of the home circle, will shed its beneficent influence over the boys and girls.—Mary M. Willard.

Keeping Clean all the Way.

It was on a transcontinental train. We were fellow passengers and had become quite well acquainted by reason of our sharing the same section for a day or so. He was a young man full of hope and ambitions. Learning who I was, he became quite confidential and told me of his plans for the future and the purpose of his present journey.

He was on his way to a western town to marry the sweetheart of his boyhood days. On the second day, after a very dusty ride across the desert, I missed him for a time. He soon came back from the toilet room, cleanly washed and shaved, his clothing neatly brushed, and fresh linen in place of the soiled.

I said to him: "You must be getting near the end of your journey, where you will meet your future bride."

"Oh, no," said he; "I find that the best way to be clean at the end of the journey is to keep clean all the way along."

Oh, if the young men and women of our day would not put off cleaning-up time until the end of the journey! If they would not think that they will have time enough to prepare to die! If they could only be made to realize that it is a far more serious thing to live than it is to die, and that the only way to be clean at the end of the journey is to get clean now and keep clean.—Rev. Bruce Kinney.