

A young lady who possessed good natural ability for painting, made what she felt was but a crude attempt at sketching a picture. When it was finished she went and looked upon a sketch by an elder sister and compared it with what she had done. In her eyes the work of her own hands seemed so ordinary that she was utterly disheartened. The feeling of discouragement was so strong that she took her own work and tore it in pieces and scattered the fragments upon the floor. Presently her brother came along and saw the scattered parts of the picture. He was led to make inquiry as to how the sketch had been destroyed. When told that his sister had done it with her own hands, he reproved her for her folly, saying it was the best she had ever made. But the youthful artist said, "I am not going to try any more. I am just going to watch my sister." "But," said the brother, "suppose your sister should give up drawing also and should take to looking at Michael Angelo?" The sister, however, was of a different mind; she was willing to do the best she could even if others had done better. And that was praise-worthy.

It is wisdom to do the best we can without thinking whether it is better or worse than other people. It is well that some flowers bloom besides the most beautiful and most fragrant. How much more of music there is in the world because other birds sing besides those that warble the sweetest notes! The world is perhaps a greater debtor to that which is only second-rate than that which is best. Take out of this world all that is but second-rate or worse, and it would be a poverty-stricken place. There would be but little of beauty or of music or of anything else that ministers to the needs and pleasures of men. Let us be thankful for that which is called only second best; and if it should not be our lot to be classed with those who are capable of doing what is first and best, still let us contribute our part, second-rate though it may be. The world will be the richer for our effort, and we also will be the better for what we do. I would say, do your best when you are painfully conscious that it is only of second-rate quality.—W

Harbell.

"With drooping bells of purest blue
Thou didst attract my childish view;
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew,
Where 'mid the heath thy blossoms grew,
So lightly trembling."

Providence, R. I., Aug. 4th, 1891.

TO THE ENDEAVORER:

I left home on the same day the Minneapolis delegates started on their journey westward. After watching the friends who accompanied me to the station out of sight, I began to look about the car to see if there were any acquaintances travelling the same way. I soon discovered the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Moreton, who came and sat near me. The pleasant conversation we had entered into was broken by our arrival at the Bridge, and after a cordial good-bye I realized "thus hailing and meeting and parting are we." After sleeping soundly all night I opened my eyes in the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. When I closed them at the early hour of 9.30 in Rochester, I was thinking sadly how fast I was going from home, but when I looked about me in the morning and saw the grandeur of the scenery, my enthusiasm began to rise and my first thought was:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land."

How I have been enjoying the sea breezes and the pleasures of meeting old friends! It seems as though I had been in a dream for a while and awakened to find myself in such familiar scenes. This is the second city in size in New England, and in such proximity to the modern Athens, Boston, that it partakes of everything that city affords and gives something in return to Boston. As this city is paved with cobble stones the din is terrific, and many old residents hardly think of sleeping after four A. M. I sometimes wish in the day that I could get to a quiet place but in the night never. The streets are cleaned by a very noisy machine at twelve o'clock each night. I am often asked in the morning if I was not disturbed, and my reply makes me an object of wonder and envy. The Christian Endeavor societies hold their meetings here on Sunday at 6.30. I visited the only Methodist society of Christian Endeavor on Sunday last. I was greatly interested in the meeting. Nearly every one present took part, giving utterance to thoughts on the topic in a few graceful words. In no instance was there anything read from the Bible, though texts were quoted freely. The president gave me a very cordial welcome and made me quite at home, introducing himself and others. After singing four hymns at the beginning of the meeting, with piano accompaniment, all the rest of the singing was voluntary and unaccompanied. All the Sunday schools are