

HOW STUMBLING BLOCKS MAKE STEPPING STONES.

Strive vigorously to form, early in life, a habit of using everything that comes to you, whether pleasant or unpleasant, fortunate or unfortunate, to your advantage. Do not allow an unpleasant letter, a disagreeable criticism, an uncharitable remark, loss of property, or other trial of any kind to cloud your whole day and cast shadows over your life. Resolve vigorously to make every seeming stumbling-block a stepping-stone to higher and nobler endeavor.

If you can make no other use of misfortune, you can use it as a point of departure for new and more determined effort, an occasion for turning over a new leaf. Make up your mind resolutely that nothing shall stand in the way of your genuine success.

You cannot allow your life to be darkened by the clouds cast over your path by others who seem to wish to injure you. Treat trouble and misfortune as the oyster does the grain of sand which irritates it. Cover them with pearls and make them things of beauty.

Misfortunes and difficulties make stronger those who have the courage to surmount them and use them as stepping-stones instead of stumbling-blocks. If you will determine resolutely and vigorously that every apparent misfortune that comes to you shall be turned into a blessing, you will soon lose all fear of evil and will become strong to battle with seeming opposition. For, after all, what we call the misfortunes of life and the things that make us unhappy are not such in reality.—Success.

THINGS AT HOME.

I was obliged to wait at a railway station says a traveller so full of talking to the young man who was in charge. He was a bright, stirring fellow, evidently bound to get on in the employment which he had chosen. His first service had been in his home town and this was his earliest experience away.

"So you are really your own man now and are free from home restraints," I said to try him.

"Yes," he said, "but I am not over-well pleased with the change. I used to think that it would be fine to live at a boarding-house and eat fine dinners and have a latch-key; but I would gladly give them all and ten times more for the things at home. We did not have much money to spend but mother put something into her cooking that I don't find in boarding-houses; money does not buy from laundry-women the careful darning that mother gave to my clothes. I have a pleasant room—pictures and all that, but I would rather have mother's face.

"Look here! Here is a letter giving me an appointment with a large raise in pay. My greatest pleasure in good luck has always been telling it at home; and now I am a hundred miles off. I know of course that it is right that I should push off for myself; I could not possibly have earned a living at home; but I wish I had seen

how good home was when I was there and never found fault with mother."

The youth was now obliged to signal a train and left me; but his words kept coming up—"I wish I had seen how good home was and had never found fault with mother."

THE JUDGE'S MOTHER.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She confided her difficulty to old Judge Adams who was sitting with her husband on the veranda, and the Youth's Companion repeats the conversation that followed.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were men who exercised a strong influence in the world and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother.

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were gray-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. 'Mother,' we would say, 'what is the right thing to do in this case?' She knew nothing of law or politics but she always knew the right. I think," said the judge gravely, "that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I ever have known."

"She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No." The judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days mother was sure to be waiting beside a big fire. She was a plump little woman with merry blue eyes. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire with roasted apples and sugar and hot water in it and each one had his mug of the delicious stuff; and we sat and grew warm and joked and laughed and no doubt opened our little hearts to the dear, wise woman.

"All day long she was our comrade. Nobody came so close to us as she. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were men as we had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new States, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that one good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper, on which she had scribbled artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers.

"You think, then," she said, "that woman's strongest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can tell you only what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.—Presbyterian.