

Believe me, there is no evil which is not made worse by impatience. I know very well that is impossible not to complain of pain at times. I have seen a brave soldier cry like a child with the pain of a wounded hand. He was weak and worn out with suffering. The same man was quite ready to talk cheerfully and make the best of things when he was a little better.

Be patient with the faults and weaknesses of others, remembering how long your Heavenly Father has borne with you. Do not notice every little slip of temper, every inconsistency or oddity. Above all, never tease a companion to make him angry. That is doing the devil's work in good earnest.

Not long ago I read of a great ocean steamer which was caught in a heavy gale. The winds lashed up the waves to fury, and the boat was in great danger. What saved her? The captain filled two thick bags with oil, made a hole in each, and hung them over the vessel's bow, so that the oil fell drop by drop on the wild water. The drops spread, and in a few minutes the vessel was sailing in a smooth path of her own, while the waves raged about her, but could not reach her. Patience is the oil on the troubled waters. Let us pray to God to give us this precious oil, that we may safely pass the waves of this troublesome world, and anchor in that heavenly harbor where storms never come.—*Parish Visitor.*

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are very cheap; they do not cost money and they will come if you call for them at any time and in any place; they only require a little care.

Salute your acquaintance when you meet them. A cheerful "Good morning" or "Good evening" gives pleasure. Avoid rudeness to passers-by in the street; do not stare at them; do not run against them. Always make way for aged and infirm people, and never stand on the foot-path talking to others so as to stop up the road. In the eagerness of your play at ball, hoop or marbles, be careful not to annoy others. Never deface walls or door-steps by writing on them, and the benches in the parks or other public places, as rude people do by writing or cutting their names on them. If in a

steamer, a railway carriage or any public conveyance, be always observant of your fellow travellers and do not in any way annoy them. Do not selfishly look out for the best seat or refuse to accommodate another; at the same time, if you find any person who offers you civility be careful to acknowledge it. Do not annoy others with your boxes, baskets or parcels, or lean on your next neighbor, sit on their clothes or tread on them. Be courteous at all times and to everybody.

"Politeness," says a celebrated writer, "is a coin that enriches not only him who receives it, but him who gives it." What is it that gives value to these small civilities? It is that they express kind-heartedness. These courtesies should come from the heart; for remember that the worth of good manners consists in their being the sincere expression of our feelings. Like the dial of the watch, they should show that the works within are good and true.—*Southern Churchman.*

THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea, "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be! A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth, For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy rolling berth, And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight, But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right, And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say, But always found the people dull, and longed to get away, To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go; But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent, On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent; For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

WORK.

JANE DEWEY, said the old village pastor, came home from boarding-school when she was nineteen years old. She had been absent several years, for her father was in quite ordinary circumstances, and not able to bring her home in vacations. She was a pale, worn-looking girl, cold and reserved in manner, and evidently carried some burden of grief or anxiety. After a few weeks she brought it to me, asking my counsel.

"I became a member of the church this spring," she said. "How can I be cheerful or laugh like the rest? I must save my soul. I am full of faults. When I count them, and pray over them, I am miserable."

It was her habit, she told me, to keep a record of all her sins. A certain hour each day was given up to this work.

"But have you nothing to do for others?" I asked.

"Others! Is not my first duty to endeavor to overcome my own faults?" she retorted, irritably.

After this she visited me frequently, and wrote me interminable letters, all in the same unhealthy tone. One day she was sure she had committed the unpardonable sin. The next she had doubts concerning some theological doctrine. The third her "heart was cold." So she grew all the time more morbid, and gloomy, and selfish.

I said to her, "You say you have given yourself to Christ? By this you mean, or ought to mean, that you have given yourself to His service. Instead of this perpetual misery, you should be glad and thankful that he has accepted your service. But what service do you render Him? None. The work which He means you to do for others would strengthen and uplift your own soul more than all this morbid introspection."

But she was deaf to all suggestion or argument.

During that summer her mother died, and afterwards her father was thrown from his horse, and confined to his bed for many weeks. The charge of the house and five children was thrown upon her.

As the busy, anxious weeks passed, she grew, strangely enough, plump and ruddy and cheerful. She came to me for advice, sometimes; but it was to know how to enliven her father, who