

hanced the spiritual anticipation of the worshipper.

'Another church with which I am acquainted has made a beginning in this work. Close to its brick walls a long, narrow bed of nasturtiums was planted. One year poppies and marigolds were added. Waving ferns lurked in shady corners. Last autumn many bulbs were planted. Hyacinths, daffodils, tulips will thus arise in apostolic succession and witness to God's loving power.

'Because the northern latitude of this church precluded the use of English ivy for its walls, woodbine has been cultivated with success. Three years have sufficed to carry this vigorous climber halfway up the tower. One cannot tell which is the more lovely, its glistening green in June or its October scarlet.'

The transformation this pastor has seen wrought in Maine might be duplicated anywhere in the United States. Some church lawns will require more effort and some less, but when even the worst lawn is once put in good condition the large outlay of effort will not need to be soon repeated.

The best and greatest good of all this is not in the material, but in the spiritual, results, for who that has lifted his hand to do anything for the church, young or old, has not been drawn nearer to its inner life. In such a simple way as this can often be learned the deeper meaning of the true beauty of character, mutual helpfulness to one another and love to God, the Father of us all. How many of the sick or invalids or those in prison or in trouble might not be cheered, comforted and directed to thoughts of God, through offerings or flowers from the Church lawn.—'Ram's Horn.'

Vegetable Wrongs.

Digging the eyes out of potatoes.
Pulling the ears of corn.
Cutting the hearts out of trees.
Eating the heads of cabbage.
Pulling the beards out of rye.
Spilling the blood of beets.
Breaking the necks of squashes.
Skinning apples. Knifing peaches.
Squeezing lemons. Quartering oranges.
Threshing wheat. Plugging water-melons.
Felling trees and piercing the bark.
Scalding celery. Slashing maples.
Crushing and jamming currants.
Mutilating hedges. Stripping bananas.
Burning pine knots. Burying roots alive.—
Selected.

A Wonderful Gift.

'Sum up what thou hast done for God
And then what God has done for thee.'—
Faber.

'Sum up what thou hast done for God.' That is not hard, but, oh, what an impossible task to count up what God has done for us. Every day, every moment, we enjoy God's blessings. The necessary blessings to support life are great, but when we think of the many things that so many of us are surrounded by that seem for no other purpose but to give us pleasure, it makes us wonder, 'Why did God do all this?' Why did God make the sun set so glorious? Why do the clouds show their silver linings? Why do the birds twitter, and sing so sweetly? Why did He make the flowers so beautiful? We know that God did it all for all good things come from Him. But why did God do all this? We could live, and do our work without all these, but we certainly would not be so happy. These things give us great pleasure, but the greatest gift of all is the knowledge they give us of the kindness of God.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Among the Roses.

A rosebud showed its modest head
Where blooming sisters, early blown,
Around yon lonely cottage shed
A scented sweetness all their own;
While no one seemed to know or care
If June had dropped a floweret there.

Yet, morn and eve it sipped the dew,
And, fostered by the kindly sun,
Its heart unclosed, it breathed and grew,
As others faded one by one;
And long it lingered on the wall,
The sweetest, fairest flower of all.

Thus maybe 'mid unfolding schemes
Of saintly service, far and near,
Some modest child may nurse his dreams,
Untold, save in a mother's ear,
Until, with eager heart and hand
He longs to reach some heathen land.

And when, in manhood's ripening days,
He falls exhausted or returns;
His memory fragrant with the grace
That marked a Brainerd or a Burns;
Ah! who can tell what eyes may swim
That first beheld the Cross through
him?

And what if God hath willed it so
That, like a floweret smit by frost,
Some brave young hearts that long to go
Should find their darling purpose crossed,
It yet remains for those who stay
To bless the nations far away.

And oh! if every plant of grace
Blest with the sunshine and the shower,
To beautify some desert place
Would blossom into fragrant flower;
Each land would prove a golden shore,
And earth be paradise once more.
—M. Maxwell, in 'Daybreak.'

Every Day is Celebrated as Sunday.

Few people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on earth.—Selected.

Protecting His Rights.

'What was I laughing at?' said Uncle Silas, repeating the boys' question, as they gathered around the chair where he was resting under the shadow of the maples.

'Why, I was watching what went on in the next yard there, and laughing at a picture of human nature.

'You see, the women folks are cleaning house, and they've moved a lot of things out on the porch,—chairs, pictures, and such like,—and they've put one big looking-glass, where it leaned against the porch-railing, glass side this way.

'I don't know how their chickens came to be out, for they don't generally have the freedom of the yard; but, anyway, they were out, and that old red rooster was marching along as lofty as you please, when just as he got opposite the porch, he stretched up his neck to crow, and saw another red rooster crowing back at him from the looking-glass. This was too much to bear! He would not allow any trespassing on his grounds, and he flew up and struck his head such a blow against the glass that it knocked him flat.

'He seemed to think at first that the other fellow had had the best of it, and he picked himself up and looked around rather cautiously. But there was no other rooster in sight, none on the ground nor under the porch, and, after jerking his head this way and that, he seemed to think he had really driven off the enemy. So he ruffled his feathers, stretched his neck again, and began to crow over his victor, till all at once he spied the other rooster, and it was crowing, too.

'Twas funny to watch him, and I can't

tell you how many times he tried it. I believe he'd have been at it yet if some of the folks in the house hadn't seen him, and moved the glass for fear he'd break it.

'Twas only a rooster's foolishness, of course,' said the old man; 'but it made me think of human beings that are always watching out for what they call their rights.'—'Our Young People.'

A Good-Manners Code for Boys

Keep step with any one you walk with. Hat lifted in saying 'Good-by' or 'How do you do?'

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car, or acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor, stand still till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with a knife, fork, or spoon at the table.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when the ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

A Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain.
Lock it up within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it—
'Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.'

His Precious Blood.

Should you take a little camel's hair brush and dip it into red ink and pass it lightly over every text in the Bible which refers to 'the blood,' either in the Old or New Testaments, and then pass it over all the promises and expectations of God's people which are based upon the covenant of redemption, you would be amazed to find how red your Bible would look, from Genesis to Revelation.

Then, should you take a sharp knife and cut out of your Bible all those crimsoned passages and hold it up before your eyes, you would be amazed to find what a ragged and fragmentary Bible you had left. There would be no word of peace or grace to a sinner in it; no promise of forgiveness, no justification, no regeneration, no sanctification, no purging of the conscience, no hope of heaven, no song of redemption, no immortality. — 'Christian Age.'

Marion Lawrence gives us this formula for Sunday school teachers which he says he has from an English friend. It would be a splendid thing by which to prepare our lessons:

Our Tool Chest.

We can serve God acceptably in any sphere; every calling may be made a divine vocation. The great mistake of many is that they feel they must leave the carpenter's plane, give up the trowel, and enter some learned profession. God says: 'What's that in your hand?' In Moses's hand was the shepherd's crook, in Solomon's the scepter, in David's the sling or the harp, and in Dorcas's the needle. The Bible is God's tool chest. It is one of these patent tool-chests which contains every kind of tool. The word of God is adapted to every purpose.—Arthur T. Pierson.