

## LIFE'S LESSON.

Let us strive,  
While we live,  
Worthy things to do and give;  
Striving still,  
With good-will,  
Empty granaries to fill;  
For what we sow  
We surely grow,  
Though the harvest may be slow.

## SHALL WE GIVE SMILES OR FROWNS?

HOW few of us reflect how little it takes to make one happy or unhappy! A smile, a tear, a frown, may do it. It takes but a moment of time, but the result of that smile or frown may shape the future course of the one on whom it is bestowed.

There is a little ragged boy trying to get an honest living selling small wares. Do not answer him harshly. You may deenue buying with a smile as easily as with a frown. He may have become almost disheartened; but "Iry again," seems to be whi-pred in his ear, and he approaches you fearful of a denial. Give him a smile, help him if possible, for it may be the turning-point of his life. On such a simple act has hung the destiny of many a child. Many a one who has sold candy or shoe-strings, at the corner of the street, has become famous in the church, as well as in the world.

A child has broken its doll's head or arm. Say a pitying word; if you cannot then stop to repair it. It is a double grief to the little one if no word or look of sympathy is given. The child could exclaim, "He might have said, oh!" as a little one did who was turned off by a heedless father, who said, "Well, well, run away now," when his child told him, with tears, of some little grief.

See that young girl, without parents or friends in the city, to guide or counsel her. Kindly inquire after her; if she attends church or the Sabbath-school. Take her to your own place of worship; introduce her to the Sabbath-school class. If she needs suitable clothing, help her in as delicate a manner as possible, that she may not feel that it is common charity that she receives. By so doing, you may place her feet in the pathway of eternal happiness.

Happy and blessed are they who dispense smiles instead of frowns.—*Home Guardian*.

## THE PRODIGAL.

THE story of the prodigal son is familiar to every Biblical reader. In fact, to every intelligent person, be he Bible scholar or not. The enthusiastic welcome given to the returned erring one, the killing of the fatted calf to celebrate the event, the joyous reunion of family and friends of the reclaimed one, is all familiar. It acquires no stretch of imagination to picture such a scene as must have occurred, for where is the parent whose heart has not been made to rejoice over the return, the happy finding, the restoration of some juvenile face and form, lost, perhaps, for only a few short hours? How many more, too, have exclaimed, in the fulness of a heart overflowing with gladness, "Thank God," when, by a seeming providential interposition, some loved one has been turned aside from wickedness and sin, from worldly frivolity and dissipation, and been started on that happy road which leads to permanent reform, thence to worldly happiness, and finally to Heaven. What wonder then that even angels above, or the Master Himself should rejoice when an unfortunate drunkard is reformed to re-assume "the godlike attitude of man," before his fellow-man! Good men and true have fallen, but when they arise again and renew life's battle in sober earnest, they merit and receive, that meed of praise so well deserved from honest hearts. The really good men of society stand ready to receive them, ready to encourage and to sustain them, ready to assist and advise them, "Tis only the half-blind worldlings who are ready to sneer at their reform struggles.—*Temperance World*.

## HOME COURTESIES.

A WRITER in *Harper's Bazaar* makes some excellent remarks concerning courtesy at home. Please listen, good people of the home circle. The placing of the arm-chair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for auntie, hunting up papa's spectacles, and a score of little loving deeds, show unsuppressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling, "Thank you, dear"—if papa's, "Just what I was wanting, Sisie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favours, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanour, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless. In the home where courtesy prevails, it seems to meet you on the very threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No rude eyes scorn your dress; no angry voices are heard upstairs; no sullen children are sent from the room. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

MRS. H. B. BEEGLE.

There are beautiful things in this valley below,

Which God for our pleasure has given;

There are flowers, all blooming, and fountains that flow,

There are joys which the blessings of childhood bestow,

But more blessed the words of the Saviour, when He

Said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## VICTORY IN DEATH.

BY REV. JAMES YEAMES.

IN one of the houses in Cow's-place, Bethnal Green, the court which occupied the site of the present Wesleyan Chapel, lived a Jewess. She had lost one eye, and her favourite imprecation was, that God would destroy the sight of the remaining organ. Falling ill, she sent for the lady from the chapel. Miss McCarthy went, but on proposing prayer the woman would not hear of it. A little delay was purposely made before the next visit, but the woman's anxiety increased, and she sent again. The visitor went this time, and prayed without asking permission. The woman listened most attentively, but said, "You know I don't believe in that Jesus." Repeated visits were made, light broke in upon the darkness, the veil was rent from the heart, and the Jewess received Christ, the Hope of Israel, as her Saviour. A marvellous change was evidenced. The blaspheming fury was now mild, patient, and happy. The Jews offered to remove her to their hospital, and to generously befriend her, if she would give up Christianity and her Gentile husband. But she refused. Her husband brought in an infidel neighbour, that he might see the wondrous change that had been wrought. "Well," said the sceptic, "there must be something in this religion after all!"

The hour of death drew nigh. "Shall we send for the watchers?" said someone, referring to a custom among the Jews of appointing certain persons to watch the departure of the soul from the body. "No," said the woman, lifting her feeble arm, "there's my watcher! Christ is my watcher!" And then she began to sing,

"The Lion of Judah hath broke every chain,

He'll give us the victory again and again!"

And so singing she died. And the soul of the believing Jewess passed into the presence of the Lamb of God, who is the Lion of the tribe of Judah.—*From "Life in London Alleys."*