

reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly:

'Wife, I think that is the best book I ever read.'

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said:

'Wife, I am going to try to live by that book. I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man.'—(American Paper.)

While we May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Of if they speak too slow or quick, such
crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words
may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of
place, but dear
Because the lips that spoke are no more
here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or
slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would
take

Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush some Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the
way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just old ways—mistakes, or even
less—

Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We will be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.
—Frances T. Willard

Business Temptations.

If the devil should appear visibly to any of us—if he should enter undisguised, with visible horns and tail, and offer you millions for your soul, you would refuse and say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' But when he comes in the form of business, and says, 'Do as other people do. It may not be quite right, but everyone else does it. Do not be too puritanical. Be not righteous overmuch; why destroy yourself?' Then, perhaps, we sell our soul to him for a very paltry sum; and perhaps he cheats us out of that small sum, after all.—James Freeman Clarke.

Keep in Touch.

The cares of daily life, the temptations which beset even the best of us, the vicissitudes of everyone's experience, the bewilderments and anxieties which harass the most carefully sheltered life, all co-operate to interfere between our Heavenly Father and ourselves. They take off our attention from him and seek to focus it on worldly interests. Sometimes they even tempt us to believe that communion with him is but a dream. Yet, if once we have known it, nothing ever can wholly blot out the conviction of its genuineness and power. The richest blessings of life are due to it. We

may not attain the success for which men commonly strive. Wealth may not come to us, culture may not be attained, honors may pass us by. We may not even be able to feel ourselves conspicuously useful in our own spheres. Positive disappointments and distresses may harass us, grave disasters may crush for the time. Yet, whatever happens, the soul that has once known true communion with God is able in and through it, and in spite of every hindrance, whether of prosperity or adversity, to keep in touch, if it will, with its Father.—Congregationalist.

Taking Pains With Us.

A bar of iron worth £1, when wrought into horse shoes is worth £2. If made into needles it is worth £70. If into penknife blades it is worth £650. If into springs for watches it is worth £5,000. What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to be worth this? But the more it is manipulated, the more it is hammered, and passes through the fire and beaten and pounded and polished the greater its value. May this parable help us to be silent still and long-suffering. Those who suffer most are capable of yielding most, and it is through pain that God is getting the most out of us for His glory and the blessing of others. It will be alright some day; we shall see it and be satisfied. Yes, dear Father, we would like to be watch springs; take no heed of our cry, if we sometimes forget ourselves and say, How long?—'Kingdom Tidings.'

Tea-meeting Grace.

An English Minister writes to the Editor of the 'Christian World.' As a 'Tea-meeting Grace' we have for many years used the first two verses of Milton's hymn, 'Let us with a gladsome mind.' The difficulty is to find something which people generally know, otherwise the following might be a fairly good one.

We render thanks, O Lord,
For all Thy mercies given;
We pray Thee feed our souls
With Living Bread from heaven,
And while we thus our Voices raise
O may our Lives show forth Thy praise.
—From St. Goderic.

Hindrances to Usefulness.

Speaking at Keswick from the text, 'Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace,' the Rev. J. B. Figgis said: 'How often do you think that a husband who is fond of prayer-meetings, but also fond of money, wins to Christ a worldly wife? How often do you think a friend who loves meetings and conventions, but who loves the world too, who has a great deal of personal vanity, perhaps—how often do you suppose that such a one wins a soul to Christ? Even the world cries shame upon Christians when they are inconsistent. Even the world finds fault with Christians, and says in effect, "I would have better Christianity than that, or

I would have none of it." "Well," you say, "it is rather hard to be attacked by the world, when it is keeping away from Christ, and is keeping close to a whole bundle of sins." It may be hard, but facts are hard things; and this is the fact, and you will have to reckon with it and to deal with it."

My Refuge.

(These lines were written by Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, a Brahmin of the highest caste, adopted daughter of the Rev. T. Stone, Bradford, England.)

In the secret of His presence, how my soul
delights to hide;
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I
learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither
trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the
'secret place' I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, neath
the shadow of his wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a
fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold
communion sweet,
If I tried, I could not utter what he says
when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my
doubts and griefs and tears;
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my
drooping soul he cheers.
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What
a false friend He would be,
If he never, never, told me of the sins
which He must see.

Do you think that I could love Him half
so well, or as I ought,
If he did not tell me plainly of each sinful
word and thought?
No! He is very faithful, and that makes
me trust Him more:
For I know that He does love me, tho' He
wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of
the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall
then be your reward;
And whenever you leave the silence of that
happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your
Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the
fulness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and
your inward peace destroy,
You may always be abiding, if you will, at
Jesus' side;
In the secret of His presence you may every
moment hide.

'Suppose You and I Make a Beginning.'

The late William E. Dodge, Sr., used to relate that his honored father, David Dodge, an earnest Christian, was once in conversation with a devout and ardent Quaker, who, like himself, immensely desired to hasten the triumph of Christ's kingdom. They were dwelling upon the strange apathy of the church; the inertness, dullness and sluggishness of most Christians as to the salvation of souls, the progress of the church, and, in general, the glory of God on earth. They agreed as to the immeasurable importance of greater zeal, the sin of unbelief, of indolence in Christ's service, and the instant demand that Christians should awake to agonizing prayer, when the honest Quaker broke in: 'Friend Dodge, suppose thee and I make a beginning.' No better suggestion was ever made. The place to begin is here, and the time now. Christians here on earth are not chiefly spectators to see how others work, and the glorious results, but are themselves to be workers, and co-workers with God. Aristotle says: 'The beginning' is more than half.' Let every Christian who is deficient begin at once. 'Carpe diem.' The time is short. If not 'thee and I,' let it at least be, 'I now and here will make a beginning.'—S. W. B., in 'Presbyterian.'

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