

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S MAXIMS.

THE late Baron Rothchild had the walls of his house placarded with the following curious maxims:

Carefully examine every detail of your business.

Be prompt in everything.

Take time to consider and then decide quickly.

Dare to go forward.

Bear troubles patiently.

Be brave in the struggle of life.

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

Never tell business lies.

Make no useless acquaintances.

Never try to appear something more than you are.

Pay your debts promptly.

Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.

Shun strong liquor.

Employ your time well.

Do not reckon by chance.

Be polite to everybody.

Never be discouraged.

Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.—*From the Agenda Printemps.*

A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

IN a modern locomotive there are nearly six thousand pieces. Some of these are very small. Isolated and alone, how useless and valueless, but organized into an engine, and that vitalized as it may be, what a mighty force is secured. So in our churches are thousands of young people. As individuals and alone they regard themselves of no service, but organized and then consecrated to service, what a might they may become in leading back this lost word of Christ.—*Northern Messenger.*

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

NEVER were those words from "Holy Writ" so impressed upon my mind as when listening to our "silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, a short time before his death. A band of reformed men had gathered one evening in the old Bethel church in Boston, to listen to words of encouragement from several gentlemen. The audience was composed mostly of the lower class of working men and women,—those who were trying to live better lives and become temperate.

After speaking as none other could speak to such an audience, he paused, and in lowered, impressive tones, asked to be pardoned for an incident in his own life, he wished to relate as a note of warning to those of his hearers who might be tempted, as he had been, to neglect to speak to a brother-man he might possibly save. Said Mr. Phillips: "When I was a young man, which would have been in the early part of this century, I was with a friend with whom I had a business talk sitting under a piazza in Charlestown. As we were in conversation, I thought I noticed a smell of liquor, and felt sure that it came from the breath of the young man at my side. My first impulse was to speak to him, for although all, or nearly all, at that time drank more or less, I had decided fully that it was an evil, and that young people especially should not drink intoxicating liquors. My second thought was that it would do no good to speak to him, and so I left him. Seventeen years after that," said Mr. Phillips, "I was called to give a temperance lecture in a small town about thirty miles out from Boston, for I had then become deeply interested in the work of trying to reform men, and if possible save the youth. After delivering my lecture to a large and attentive audience, and as the people were leaving the church, I noticed a man pressing his way up to the place where I was standing talking with others who had waited to speak with me. As he came nearer, the poor man in his worn, soiled garments, took me by the hand and, in tones of reproof I can never forget, said to me, 'Wendell, Wendell, why didn't you say to me seventeen years ago what you have said here to-night, and you could have saved me. Now it is too late for you or any one else to save me from a drunkard's grave! Oh! Wendell, I am too far gone!' 'Those terrible words,' said Mr. Phillips 'caused me to decide, then and there, that another chance to speak to one whose breath gave signs of strong drink should never be neglected, for the poor man before me was none other than the young man who years before sat beside me on the piazza. My vow then made has never been broken. And now, dear reformed brothers,' said he to those before him, 'take warning from bitter experience, and never pass any one who needs a word of kindly warning or gentle reproof or brotherly

help. You may have power to save them!'"—*Union Signal.*

I HAVE LEARNED.

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, 'hough of simple power
To chasten and subdue. . . have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

—Wordsworth.

It is said that the late Isaac Errett, when speaking in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society, went to a country church in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It was harvest time, and the weather was warm. The "audience" which had assembled consisted of five or six rich farmers—no ladies being present.

"We won't try to have a meeting," said the good brother with whom Dr. Errett had been stopping.

"Ah, but," said Dr. Errett, with gentle firmness, "I always keep my appointments. I shall hold a meeting."

He held a meeting. He melted those rich farmers to tears as he told of the needs of the missionaries and of the heroic work they were doing, and at the end of the service each one of his hearers contributed five hundred dollars to the cause for which he had pleaded.

The preacher who thinks he can do nothing with a small congregation will generally fulfil his own expectations. The man who is strong and of good courage will not labor in vain nor spend his strength for naught.—*Selected.*

IN the early days of California, the wild Spanish cattle on the plains near the foot-hills would at times engage in fierce conflict. The lords of the herd, with their blazing eye-balls, tails in the air, and mighty bellowings, would rush upon each other with terrific fury. The dust-filled air re-echoed the tumult, and the extermination of all the combatants seemed to be at hand. Suddenly there was a wonderful change. Every taurine duel ceased *instantly*; wheeling and facing toward the foot-hills each long-horned warrior stood with lowered head, confronting a big black bear that with evil intent had approached the herd.