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by lameness. The old Elisha in that upper room was wrestling with God for a descent of the Holy Spirit. "I am not so foolish," said the good woman, "as to think that I know the secrets of the Lord. I am none of your fanatics. But remember, I tell you a revival is coming. God answers prayer. You will see." And Dr. Spencer did see ere long a powerful awakening in his congregation, and among the converts were a son and daughter of that old man who believed in prayer. His were not the only prayers; others in the church joined with him in asking God for what they wanted most. Has such praying lost its power? A thousand times No!

If the right kind of praying is a prelude to a genuine revival, the right kind of preaching is of vast moment also. The men who led in those seasons of great spiritual quickening that Dr. Storrs refers to, were not afraid to preach the exceeding sinfulness of sin and its just retributions, as well as the wondrous love of God in redemption. The thunders of Sinai, and the loving invitations of Calvary were both made audible in their trenchant sermons. Such preaching made thorough work. The surface of men's hearts and consciences were not merely scratched over with cultured essays but Christianity; the gospel plow was thrust down deep into the lower strata of human hearts and their nethermost convictions of divine truth; and when souls were converted, their eternal hopes were bottomed on the base rock. Sinners were not only invited to come to Jesus, but were told why they should come, and that, unless they left their darling sins behind them, the Saviour would not accept them. Bear in mind that it was this style of heart-piercing presentation of the gospel by the apostle Peter which produced the glorious harvest of converts at Jerusalem. That was a typical revival; earnest prayer and earnest preaching were attended by a powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Why not now?

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#### THE FOODS OF THE MIND.

If people would only be careful what they put into their minds! If man were like a tree it would not make so much difference. The tree absorbs only what it needs for growth and beauty. It takes from filthy water, from a mixed soil, from unpleasant fertilizers, and transforms all that it needs into wholesome nutriment. The mind of man is not such a chemical laboratory. If the mind were simply a reservoir, in compartments, it could be more easily managed. We could pump it out and cleanse it, and get rid of the bad material taken in, ignorantly or inadvertently. Whatever the soul is, it is not this sort of receptacle. If we could conceive of it as material, it might be some volatile essence or gas, with a hungry affinity for everything. Suppose it to be pure originally; it seems in its affinity to lack the power of selection or rejection, of transforming what it absorbs into healthy growth and beauty. The pure essence is changed in substance—it is colored; it is stained; it is tainted. Sometimes it shines and sparkles, and this iridescence, which perhaps is of decay, like Cypriote glass, is called beauty. A sinful and beautiful soul! Is there any process by which it can be redistilled and purified? Unfortunately there is memory, which holds fast all it gets. Why, this essence is more intractable to purifying treatment than butter. The housewife knows how nearly impossible it is to restore to purity tainted butter, which has been permitted to absorb alien and disagreeable odors. It is strange that she is much more careful of her butter than of her child's mind, which is much more susceptible and delicate, much more liable to take vitiating material, that becomes a part of the mind itself, and is practically ineradicable. One can see why an eternity is needed to forget what one has learned in the brief space called Time.

Can you not see the difference between a vicious mind—a mind transformed as if by chemical action by reason of unwholesome influences—and a diseased body? We can understand something of the chemistry of the body. Until its tissues are destroyed, it has the power of throwing off deleterious substances. Nay, originally it acts somewhat as a tree acts. It selects and appropriates only what it needs. We say, therefore, when the body is sick, give nature a chance. These ills are to some extent foreign, and the normal life can cast them off. Even habit in the body is not so inexorably a tyrant, usually, as memory is in the soul. Looking at the soul, or the mind, as an entity, a something separate from the body, it is made up of impressions; so far as it can manifest itself to us it is what it has gathered into itself. If it is made up of vicious impressions, what a labor it will be—memory standing by mocking—to transform its bad elements! The mind of the child, like some ethers, takes in everything that offers, without discrimination, and becomes of the substances it absorbs. What would not many adult men and women give if they could cast out from the very fibre of their minds the vile images and suggestions got when the mind was in its most plastic state!

This is all theory. Yes. You cannot raise a mind. It must know evil as well as good, and be straightened to resist the one and attain the other. True. But let us talk a little about children.

At no other period of life is acquisition of knowledge so rapid as in the first ten years. The curious mind is infinitely active in its attempt to know the universe. Impressions made then are the strongest. All the surroundings are eagerly absorbed, and if we could look within we could see the process of a mind being made by that absorption. No two minds are alike in this power of taking in, or in original capacity. But all alike are formed, invigorated, deteriorated, made noble or debased, colored or stained, by what they take in. It is evident that the quality of the mind can be largely determined in these plastic years. The child must see the world, but its meaning will be interpreted to him by what is told him. He will begin to form a habit of looking at it in one way or in another way. This is the beginning of the formation of taste. It depends upon his teaching and his surroundings whether he acquires a taste for that which is pure and noble, or that which is base and vulgar. A vast amount of his knowledge is, of course, self-acquired, the necessary consequence in a susceptible mind let lose in a new and intensely interesting world. But the determining bent for life may be in the mental tastes and habits formed by what he hears daily and reads. Men and women, some of them, learn by bitter experience what is harmful, and when they come to years of discretion, if they ever do, they regret the intellectual food which they took that is vicious. The child can be helped in his habit of discrimination. If care is taken in the family, in the school, that what he hears and reads is pure and elevating, he will get a strong liking for that which is good, and this liking, this habit, will fortify him against the evil in literature and in talk when he comes in contact with it. Thus it is of tremendous importance that nothing should be put into the mind of the child by those in authority that is not wholesome and invigorating. These are all common-places, and would not need to be insisted on if parents and teachers were as careful about what they permit to go into the mind of the child as they are about its diet and physical training. But they are not. A large portion of the reading-books are vapid and enervating. Most mothers are more anxious lest an unripe apple should get into the stomach of her child than that an indigestible, crude, vulgar book should get into his mind. In one case the doctor of medicine can probably relieve the patient; in the other, the doctor of letters finds it almost impossible to deal with a mind which has been vulgarized from the beginning. In the popular thought, reading is a sort of fetiche. It is regarded as a virtue in itself. It is a good or a bad accomplishment according to the use made of it.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for October.

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#### THE AMENITIES OF DAILY LIFE.

I think one of the most common forms of incivility as seen in daily life is the failure to show interest in what people are saying to you. This lack of interest, excused on the score of preoccupation, or absence of mind, or inattention, throws an effectual chill on family or social intercourse, and acts as a wet blanket wherever it is found. The fact is that when people are together, they should be interested in each other's talk and each other's concerns. Letters, the morning paper, one's own thoughts and plans should be put aside in the family, and whether in the sitting room or at the table, a common life shared should make possible common conversation and polite intercourse.

I was a very little girl when my father gave me a rule for conduct which has never ceased to have with me the force of an obligation. "Always look at the person who is speaking to you. Always look straight at the person to whom you are speaking." The practice of this rule makes one a good listener, and a good listener is as essential to pleasure in conversation as a good raconteur.

The whole secret, or nearly the whole secret of personal magnetism and popularity is in the habit of giving deferential attention to what is going on about you. Next to this comes, and it has a high place in family amenities, the keeping in the background your grievance.

Where people are sensitive, and the greater the scale of refinement, the greater is apt to be the sensitiveness to others' moods and to praise or blame. It is inevitable that feelings will be hurt.

But my grievance even if it be positive and well-grounded, is my personal affair, and must not be permitted to intrude upon the peace of the household. It is mine, and therefore it is my privilege to put it with other unpleasant things quite out of sight. No personal slight, no personal sorrow, no individual infirmity should be allowed to cloud the general happiness.

Among the neglected amenities of life, one finds

often the scarcely veiled indifference of the young to the old. Younger people are so full of vitality, so occupied, so rushed in these busy days with their engagements and their pleasures that they too frequently have scant consideration for their seniors. But age has its rights as well as its privileges, and it has a claim on the courtesy, the patience and the respect of those who, however young they may be now, will, if they live long enough, in time be old themselves.

Among the heedless brutalities of daily life is a habit of brusque and indiscreet candor. "What a hideous bonnet you have; pray, where did you get it? You look like a fright!" I heard one sister say to another, and I felt most indignant. The bonnet may or may not have deserved the comment; that was a matter of preference, but the young woman capable of so rude a remark should have been made to wear a penitential sheet with holes for her eyes until she had learned better manners. "You are looking very ill," if repeated often enough, will make even a well person a temporary invalid, and, where disagreeable truths will do no good, and no principal is involved in their expression, it is best not to utter them. Silence is sometimes, not always, but often, golden.—Aunt Marjorie, in Christian Intelligencer.

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#### IN PASSING.

BERTHA GARNEAUX DAVIS.

If Thou but hold me close, I shall not heed  
The flowing waters and the moaning blast,  
Nor strangeness of the banks where rush and reed  
In chilly dampness blow.  
Then hold me fast,  
Christ Jesus, when I go!

If Thou but whisper low, I shall not care  
What dreary echoes in the valley be,  
What gloomy noises fill the heavy air,  
And to loud wailing grow;  
Then speak to me,  
Christ Jesus, when I go!

If Thou but smile on me, I shall not note  
The dusk enfolding me a little while,  
Nor darkness of the waves that round the boat  
With saddened murmurs flow;  
Then do Thou smile,  
Christ Jesus, when I go!

Washington, D. C.

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#### DO THAT WHICH IS HONEST.

A gentleman jumping from an omnibus in New York lost his pocket-book. In a little while he discovered his loss, and hastily returned, inquiring of every one he met if a pocket-book had been found. Meeting a little girl of ten years of age he made the same inquiry. She asked, "What kind of a pocket-book?" He described it. Then unfolding her apron, "Is this it?" "Yes, that is mine; come into this store with me." The gentleman examined the papers. "That is all right," said he; "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each. Take this note of a thousand dollars as a reward for your honesty." "No," said the little girl, "I cannot take it. I have been taught in Sunday school not to keep what is not mine, and my parents would think I had stolen it." "Take me to your parents, then!" She took him to her humble home. The gentleman not only gave the gift, but provided work for the father. Dear children, it always pays to be honest. The Rev. Dr. Sargent states that during the days of slavery a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master who pitied his condition went to him, and said, "If I buy you, you will be honest?" The boy with a look that baffled description, replied, "I will be honest whether you buy me or not." That is true honesty!

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#### HOW A BEE STINGS.

The sting is, of course, a bee's only weapon, says a writer in The Cosmopolitan. It is not the single spear that appears to the naked eye, but consists of three prongs each beautifully grooved into the others, thus forming a sort of tube through which flows the poison from the sac to which the sting is attached. As soon as the point of the sting enters the flesh, two of the prongs, which are barbed, begin to work forward alternately. When one has been thrust forward, its barbs catch in the flesh and hold while the other is being thrust forward; and this motion, which also pumps the poison sac, is continued until the sting has penetrated to its full length. The sting, accompanied by its appendages, is almost invariably torn from the bee, and remains in the flesh of the unfortunate victim. Unfortunate bee, too, as the loss of its sting is eventually followed by death. Hence it can be said that a bee literally defends its home with its life. It is always well to remember that a bee seldom uses its sting except in defence of its home. Out in the fields, flitting from flower to flower, a bee is the most harmless creature in existence. If one strays into a building, there is no danger that it will sting the inmates; its only thought is to again find its way out.