

MINISTERING.

What though your feet are often over-
weary,
On ceaseless errands sent ;
And tired shoulders ache and ache so
sorely
'Neath heavy burdens bent ?
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are
serving
Be soon beyond your care ;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guid-
ing
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and
blessed,
As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished dar-
lings
So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still
around you,
Do not regret your care ;
Far easier aching feet, and arms, and
shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear.

And still beyond your household duties
reaching,
Stretch forth a helping hand ;
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land ;
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-
morrow
May with the angels sing ;
Some one may go straight from your
earthly table
To banquet with the King.

—*Exchange.*

THOUGHTS FOR A YEAR'S END.

A man who has lived fifty years
will have passed through 26,297,280
minutes, or 438,000 hours, not
reckoning the extra time in leap-
years. Making the most liberal
allowance for time spent in sleep,
eating, recreation, what a large
amount this leaves to be accounted
for.

If, during fifty years one half-hour
a day were devoted to the pursuit
of any special subject, it will
amount to 9106 hours, or 910 days
of ten hours each, or two years and
a half. Many could spare much
more than this besides doing their
regular work.

The difference of rising every
morning at six and at eight in the
course of forty years amounts to up-
wards of 29,000 hours, or 3 years,
126 days, 6 hours, so that it is just
the same as if ten years of life were
added, of which we might command
eight hours every day for the culti-
vation of our minds or the dispatch
of business.

If two men rise, one at six o'clock,
the other at seven in the morning,
both going to bed at the same time,
and all other things being equal, the
early riser adds to the length of
each year 365 hours, or more than
24 days, besides being in better
health of body, and, if he has used
his time aright, wiser in mind.

If we reckon the value of every
hour redeemed from bed each day
at sixpence, it would amount, in the
course of fifty years, to £456 5s.
without any interest or compound
interest.

If any one throw away five min-
utes of the day foolishly, reckoning
eight working hours in the day and
313 working days in each year, each
five minutes wasted mounts in the
year to 3 days, 2 hours, 5 minutes ;
every ten minutes wasted to 6 days,
4 hours, 10 minutes ; every twenty
minutes wasted to 12 days, 8 hours,
20 minutes ; every half-hour wasted
to 18 days, 12½ hours.

If a man were to throw away a
guinea every minute, he would be
looked on as a madman, and his
friends would confine him as such ;
but a man who throws away his
time, which is far more valuable
than gold, may still pass for a wise
man.—*Exchange.*

WHOSE I AM.

Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O Spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me ;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

A STRING OF BEADS.

There is a story somewhere of a
mother who gave her daughter a
string of beads, telling her that if
she used it right it would charm
away her bad temper. "When you
are very angry," she said to the
daughter, "and want to say some-
thing that is cross and unkind, pass
the beads through your fingers, one
at a time, till you reach the end of
the string. When you reach the
last bead, you won't want to say the
words that were on your lips."

The girl tried it, and found that
it worked just as her mother had
said. By the time she reached the

last bead, her anger had cooled, so
that she did not want to say the
cruel words that had rushed to her
lips at first. And, more wonderful
still, she found after a time that
even if she chanced not to have the
beads with her she could hold her
temper in check.

Can anybody guess the secret of
the charm that lay in the beads ?
It is a very simple one : It took
her some few seconds to move all
the beads along the string, for there
were quite a good many of them.
And in those few seconds the first
heat of her anger cooled down a
little, so that she could think more
calmly, and see that it would only
make matters worse to speak the
hasty, cruel words that had trembled
on the tip of her tongue. And the
reason that she could get along
without the beads after a time was
that by counting them over, she had,
without really knowing it, fallen in-
to the habit of pausing a few sec-
onds when she was angry before
she spoke, so that is the whole
secret of the charm that lay in the
string of beads. Wasn't it a good
one?—*Weekly Magnet.*

NATURALNESS OF PRAYER.

That prayer is natural and accept-
able to God has been well put by a
man of science thus :—"The exist-
ence of an organic or constitutional
instinct is adequate scientific proof
of the existence of its correlate.
Wherever we find a fin there has
been provided water to match it ; a
wing, air to match it ; an eye, light
to match it ; a migrating instinct, a
climate to match it. The instinct
of petition is no exception to the
rule that God creates no hunger to
mock it."

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

There are three things which the
true Christian desires with respect
to sin ; justification, that it may not
condemn ; sanctification, that it may
not reign ; and glorification that it
may not be.

The characters of men placed in
lower stations of life are more useful
as being imitable by great numbers.