

The Family.

BE STILL, MY SOUL, BE STILL. Be still, my soul, be still. Not hide thee in the left. But to thy Father's loving will. Be thy deliverance lent.

DIFFICULT PEOPLE.

CERTAIN moral qualities are very much to be desired, if we are to be easy to live with, amiable, gentle, agreeable comrades, in short, on the road of life. One of these is selfishness, a habit of thinking first of others, and second of ourselves, a sweet willingness to abate our own rights if they interfere with the comfort of our neighbours.

custom and grace. Try what discipline will do for you, and when you are in danger of being less than noble, sincere and gracious hold yourselves well in hand. Prayer and pains will keep any one from being difficult.

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

A HINT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. "Would you like another chapter, Lilian dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to nurse whom she had lately come from Hampshire.

THE CRANK.

THE crank tapers with Scripture. He never denies it; but he illuminates it. That is, he puts private interpretation upon it. This interpretation is nearly always counter to the ordinary acceptance of its meaning.

"O, Kate," continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose to her eyes, "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning while I have been in great bodily pain. I am in the Valley of Shadow. I shall soon cross the dark river, I know it, but He will be with me and 'not a stranger.' He is the Good Shepherd, and I know His voice; a stranger would I not follow. And when I open my eyes in another world it is the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold—my own Saviour, my own tried Friend, and 'not a stranger; I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved."

IN PRAISE OF SILENCE

"SPEECH is silver, but silence is golden." It is a great thing to be a fluent talker, it is a greater thing to know when to speak and when to be silent. If the Apostle James is right, more harm is done by injudicious talking than in any other way.

WHAT MATTER?

WHAT if your coat be patched and old? The worth of a coat is easily told. A handful of gold will quickly bring a coat that is fit for Prince or King; but an honest heart and a willing hand can never be bought in the whole wide land.

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these articles for myself. I have taken them to sell them for the kingdom of God. Another, who went forth as a foreign missionary wrote home: "I have found the kingdom of God come sooner than I expected; one of our number has already been translated, and though she is fifty-seven years old, she only looks sweet sixteen. We are working no more; we are simply waiting; and thirty of us sit for hours around the table every day, feasting in her glory, and wondering when our change will come."

try is an insidious sentimentalism, which undermines the old paths, till the poor, unwary Christian pilgrim finds his feet sinking through the honey-combed way into a pit of apostasy. Do not underrate the foe. Do not think the crank is a creation of the writer's brain. No person is busier in our churches than these cranks. We have had large personal experience with them. We could, to-day, point to many who were once active, splendid workers for Christ, who have, through the fly teaching of these same cranks, become idle dreamers in the Church of God. Their fruits attest to the mischief of their theories.—Mrs. G. C. Needham.

George, with a smile. "Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means not good at all." Fred turned angrily away from his friend, but he knew he was right. How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.

WHO WINS?

LISTEN to this, dears. I heard a story the other day about an old Indian who had borrowed some tobacco from a white man. After he had got to his wigwam he found some money rolled up in the tobacco, and at first was quite delighted to get it, thinking only of how many pounds of tobacco it could be exchanged for.

The Children's Corner.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRDS. Chickadee! chickadee! under the cedars. The little brown birdies are crowding together; The snow drifts are heaping, the wild winds are raving; But the little brown birds do not ruffle a feather. Oh, chickadee, chickadee, Like you I fain would be— Brave and undaunted, let happen what weather.

"GOOD ENOUGH BOYS."

"I made a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run." "So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"SISTER JEWEL."

In the morning he was surprised to find that a strange calm had come over him. He could not feel troubled in the least. Was he given up to hardness of heart? When he began to pray he understood. His prayer was answered, indeed. His eyes were opened to behold One who is "the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Sinful still, unworthy, yet he was set free from condemnation, with a deep and tender love for God! It had been given to him. He had not worked himself up to it by a series of gigantic efforts. How marvellous! Prayer was a delight, not a hard task. In the first flush of his joy "he vowed a vow unto the Lord," that his Master and King should be first in his life hereafter.