

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

A rather eccentric, yet eminent, physician was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady, who had imaginary ills. After inquiry about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper, and wrote down the following prescription: "*Do something for somebody.*" In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient and left. He heard nothing from the lady for a long time. But one morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of a washerwoman. "It's my wrist, doctor, that's ailing. You see, I was going out into the dark for a few bits of wood, when my foot struck this basket. It stood there, like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel from Mrs. Walker. She told me that your medicine cured *her*, doctor. So, if you please, put a little of the same on my wrist; I'll be none the worse for it." "It's a powerful remedy," said the doctor gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription, "*Do something for somebody.*"

A HOLY LIFE.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act, nor mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in torrent noise and force—are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions, little imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Christian Standard.*

CHILDREN.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you. Watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." I once heard a kind father say, "I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them; but, amidst all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."—*Elihu Burritt.*