

strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

4. To be as kind to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

5. To make their friends among good boys.

6. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

7. To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

8. To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, gamble, or drink, remembering these things are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.—The Glenwood Boy.

The Simple Life.

(The Housekeeper.)

It is a good thing for every woman, once in awhile, to sit in judgment upon her daily life, and ask herself if she is giving her time and thought to the things that are really worth while, the things that are broadening and uplifting and satisfying, and the things that make for the best interest of the home and home life. If she is not she is simply wasting her life in playing to pawns.

Shall we strive for social position at the cost of a quiet and peaceful home life? Shall we regulate our lives by what people say, try to do something we are not fitted to do, or live as we are not able to live, simply to find favor in the eyes of the world? Shall we wear clothes that we are not able to wear or make a show-place of our homes at the expense of our peace of mind, and shall we wear ourselves to a frazzle mentally and physically striving to keep up with the procession, when the opinion of the procession really has no bearing upon the things in our individual lives that are really worth while? Shall we set out to right all the wrongs of humanity and reform the world to the neglect of our own homes and the simple duties that lie close at hand? Or shall we look closely within our own four walls where we may find a greater need than any which lies beyond?

Do you say this is the gospel of narrow living? It is not, for this very simplicity is the open door through which we may pass to the realm of reading and self-culture and a broader and higher life.

To make our lives quiet and simple and honest and wholesome, this is the true secret of the way of the simple life. It is the overdoing in our daily lives and the over-crowding of our rooms with useless and often unbecoming bric-a-brac, the desire to outshine our neighbor in our dress and the craze for social distinction which destroys the simplicity of our lives and crowds out the things which are really worth while—the peace and serenity and happiness which is a benediction in the home and the sign and seal of a perfect and symmetrical life.

Elizabeth Clarke Hardy.

What Fred Lost.

"I won't! I shan't! I don't want to!" shouted little Fred. He said it to grandfather. Grandfather rose from his chair and began to look around the room. Under the lounge, under the table, under the bed he looked, until Fred followed him.

"What are you looking for, grandfather?"

"Why, I thought I might find Fred's temper, but I'm afraid it is really gone to stay!" and grandfather kept on looking.

By and by Fred slyly took hold of grandfather's hand and said: "It's come again, grandfather; it's here."

"But you said you wouldn't."

"But I will now; I will, I will."

"Oh, how d'ye do, Temper?" said grandfather. — Selected.

BIRD THOUGHTS.

By Charlotte B. Jordan.

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
I said, "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors,
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors!

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

Most Effective Workers Do Not Hurry.

The most obvious of these is the constant tendency of the work to master the workman. The task to which we devote ourselves may overwhelm us by its very growth, and the man may be swallowed up in his own success. The real failures in the industrial world are seldom recorded in Bradstreet; they are the cases of men whose revenues are advancing while their souls are shriveling; the men who are making money, but losing peace of mind, health of body, and love of home; the men who are driven through anxious days and sleepless nights by the interests and anxieties of their own creation. The restless Viking blood is in our veins, our climate acts like whip and spur, and "keep moving" is the direction posted at every corner of the modern city. Is the college man to be simply one more hurrying figure in the whirling crowd, or is he to take his place in the procession with the quietness and self-control of one who marches to a far-off goal, keeping time to a celestial music? The most efficient workers of the modern world are those who will not be hurried. The most enduring results come not from nervous, frantic effort, but from calmness of spirit, from the play of great motives, and the vision of the "pattern in the mount." Precisely here is the great need of American life.

The dean of a college in Japan was recently visiting Brown University. For three days he went about our camps, soft-footed, soft-voiced, alert, like all his countrymen. Then as he bade us farewell he said: "We need in Japan what you have in America, but not all of it. We need your railroads, your workshops, your machinery, your inventions; but one question always troubles me, I say to myself: 'Can we have these things and yet not have the American hurry?' And I said: 'If you can take our energy without our haste, our mechanism without our fume and fever, you will indeed be the most remarkable people in the world.'"

Just here comes in the function of religious faith. We believe in a working God. But the great religious lesson taught us by the last fifty years is the patience of the divine method. When men believed in the creation of the universe in six days of twenty-four hours each, then human labor might indeed be hurried, and men might seek to create states by fiat, to abolish poverty by act of parliament, or to evangelize and civilize China in one generation. But Darwin and his followers, whether their theories be fully accepted or not, have given to our age a new sense of the "dark background and abyss of time." They have enrolled before us countless aeons through which the world has been cooling, differentiating and preparing for what we see today. What we once thought due to volcanic action, we have found often due to the slow erosion of centuries. What we once thought written in the rocks by miracle, turns out to be inscribed by noiseless grinding of the glaciers and hidden by the imperceptible substance of a continent. All this gives a new meaning to the old insight that "with God a thousand years are as one day." If God's patience is as great as his power, if his method is that of slow approach, infrangible law and gradual result, why should his servants run about distracted in his service? Goodness must be allied to calmness, in man as in God. This is the truth taught so many centuries ago to the prophet Isaiah: "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things? Not one faileth." And the same truth found its modern version in Emerson:

Teach me thy mood, O patient stars,

That climb all night the ancient sky;

Leaving no shade, no scars,

No trace of age, no fear to die.

W. H. P. Faunce, in the Standard.

Beyond the Curtain.

The life which we are living now is more aware than we know of the life which is to come. Death, which separates the two, is not, as it has been so often pictured, like a great thick wall. It is rather like a soft and yielding curtain, through which we cannot see, but which is always waving and trembling with the impulses that come out of the life which lies upon the other side of it. We are never wholly unaware that the curtain is not the end of everything. Sounds come to us, muffled and dull, but still indubitably real, through its thick folds. Every time that a new soul passes through that veil from mortality to immortality, it seems as if we heard its light foot-falls for a moment after the jealous curtain has concealed it from our sight. As each soul passes, it almost seems as if the opening of the curtain to let it through were going to give us a sight of the unseen things beyond; and, though we are forever disappointed, the shadowy expectation always comes back again, when we see the curtain stirred by another friend's departure. After our friend has passed, we can almost see the curtain, which he stirred, moving tremulously for a while, before it settles once more into stillness. Behind this curtain of death, St. John, in his great vision, passed, and he

has written down for us what he saw there. He has not told us many things; but he has told us much; and most of what we want to know is wrapped up in this simple declaration, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." I think that it grows clearer and clearer to us all that what we need are the great truths, the vast and broad assurances within which are included all the special details of life. Let us have them, and we are more and more content to leave the special details unknown. With regard to eternity, for instance, I am sure that we can most easily, nay, most gladly, forego the detailed knowledge of the circumstances and occupations of the other life, if only we can fully know two things—that the dead are, and that they are with God.—Phillips Brooks.

Settle it with Him.

By Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D.

There is a variety of standards by which the people of this world are inclined to determine what is what, and why it should be thus. The social standard sways the conscience and conduct of multitudes. "They all do it" is a powerful determining factor in social life, and causes many consciences that have not been trained to hold so fast to the right.

But certain social customs are thrusting themselves upon us, claiming respectability and therefore recognition. The law of love to God and love to man, if recognized, would exterminate these intruders which, if not intrinsically unrighteous, lead downward, dull the keen sensibilities of a true spiritual life, and hang a darkening veil between the soul and its Saviour. Many Christian people, who once walked in sweet fellowship with God, upon whom the candle of the Lord once shined, are today walking in the dim shadows of a disturbed faith.

There are multitudes who must settle all questions by their own sweet will. It is so, because they want to have it so. They have never come to the end of all controversy by a surrender to the revealed will of God. They have never been able to joyfully say, "Thy will be done." Every question has been brought to the bar of their own personal desires for settlement. "My will," not "Thy will," determines what should be done. Back of this personal will in the matter lie all the tendencies of the unregenerate life. Our Lord has informed us as to the moral deflection of this will. "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." It is the unforgotten will that sets itself up in the face of the "Thou shalt thou Lord," to determine what may or ought to be.

Another form of dealing with questions that perplex the public mind, and near of kin to downright self-will, is that of weighing the difficulties in the balance of self-interest. There is today a tremendous current of selfishness sweeping over our nation. There is much true life, unselfish devotion to the Master; but bearing down upon it, in political, commercial and social life is this burning greed for place and power, that engulfs or sweeps away civic and economic righteousness. Men ambitious for preferment, settle questions on the basis of a supposed self-interest. "Will it pay me?" Questions of right and wrong are determined solely by a supposed personal interest. Wreck of fortune often ensues, wrecks of character always.

There is One only, with whom all questions of rectitude must be settled, if they are to be settled correctly. We must settle it with Him. In the hour of perplexity, of doubt, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

The personal question, the question of our personal relation to God, must first be settled. No other question can be seen or understood truly until we come into right relations with Him. It is in the proper settlement of those relations that all questions emerge. They come out in their true character, only as we come into our place in subjection to the divine will.

Right with God means right with our neighbor, right with the family, the Church. Hence the extreme folly of deferring the first, the great adjustment. We must face that adjustment at last. We may defer it here. But is so, the day will come when the settlement will be our eternal undoing. Hence our God has warned us—"Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliver thee to the officer and thou be cast into prison."

The prison house for unadjusted character knows no opening. The bolts are never drawn. Settle it with Him, and settle it now.—Herald and Presbyter.

Human happiness and misery, we find, are largely an affair of what people are saying to each other. When we remember we can make hell or heaven by our words, it is amazing we are not more careful of them. Indeed, the taming of the tongue has hardly yet begun. St. James went further (there had evidently been a hot time of it in Jerusalem circles just then) and declared, "The tongue can never tame." There was, in his view, and we believe he was right, nothing for it but God. The work, we say, has yet almost to begin. We are in an age of torpedoes and of eleven-inch guns, but the tongue still bears the palm for sheer destructiveness.—Jonathan Brierley.