

GOD'S BEST.

God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test ;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill
That risks the Promised Rest ;
The better, often, is the foe
That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants,
In some way to be blest ;
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord, I seek,
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,
But when by trials pressed
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross,
And so they lose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true for God and man ;
Help me to be my best.

I want to stand when Christ appears
In spotless raiment dressed ;
Numbered among His chosen ones,
His holiest and best.

I want among the victor throng
To have my name confessed ;
And hear my Master say at last,
"Well done : you did your best."

Give me, O Lord, Thy highest choice ;
Let others take the rest ;
Their good things have no charm for me,
For I have got Thy best.—*Selected.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Precious cares," was the phrase we heard a mother apply to her three little children. The care of a child, its training and education, to any one who has a proper sense of parental duty, is one of the most taxing of human responsibilities, and yet it is so rewardful that some of the chief joys of life come through this self-sacrificing ministration. The true parent gains far more than he or she loses. The care, perplexing and exhausting as it often is, opens a fresh fountain of happiness in the depths of the inner life.

So it always is ; the path of responsibility, of burden-bearing, of sacrifice, is the path to the deepest and fullest satisfactions. You can attain a certain sort of happiness in isolation from human experiences, in shirking responsibilities, and in choice of the easiest ways, but the loss outbalances the gain. When you shut out of your life a helpfulness to others, a responsibility of a burden that you might justly assume, you are not only closing the door to care, but to joy.—*The Watchman.*

A POWERFUL SERMON.

The following incident, acknowledged by Dr. Newman Hall to be "one of the most interesting" in a long ministry, is culled from his autobiography.

One night Dr. Hall started for Snowdon's summit, in order to witness the sunrise from the top of the mountain. Companies of quarrymen were also gathered early that morning to enjoy the beautiful sight. As they waited, they sang in their Welsh tongue hymns of praise.

"My landlord," says Dr. Hall, "roused me early, and I sat on the top of the cairn, that I might enjoy the spectacle undisturbed. No words can describe it—the reddening sky, the first level rays goldening a hundred peaks, the shadow of our mountain slowly creeping over Anglesey, and a score of lakes gleaming in the sunshine. But I was recognized and entreated to descend from my pulpit and preach to about a hundred Welshmen and a dozen Englishmen."

Dr. Hall assented, but only offered prayer. When he had closed, he noticed that several of the rough quarrymen were shedding tears.

Two years afterward, while Dr. Hall was on a walking tour near Snowdon, a man driving a cart containing cheeses and a live pig pulled up and offered him a lift. Dr. Hall says : "I felt it a good opportunity for conversation. He had recognized me, and speaking of that sunrise service, said it resulted in the conversion of fifty people. I said that I had only offered prayer. He said, 'Yes, and as they only spoke Welsh they did not understand a word you said, but the effect was a revival in the village churches near.'"

The power of the preacher's religious consecration was so unmistakable that it uplifted even those who could not understand him.

One of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written is chiselled in white marble on the grave of a little girl : "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

COURTESY.

Courtesy is the oil that smooths the waves of life. It is an international passport, an adjustable key, a never failing card of introduction. Corn gains strength by bending and men gain power by condescension. An ounce of courtesy is worth a ton of policy. Men, like horses, are handled best without a whip. A sweetsmile is a morning benediction, and a courteous bow is a harmless tonic. Abraham brought water to his unknown guests, and centuries later the Saviour washed the disciples' feet. Men are pianos waiting to be tuned ; use a key, not a club. Paul began his sermon in Athens with a compliment. A look dissolved an apostle into contrition. Christ always had a kind word for the underman. Be ye courteous.—*Sel.*