

memorial of a good name.'—Scottish Temperance League Pictorial, No. 575.

Do Everything Well.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we know was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class, which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship, he could go on with his course. A well-known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

'Nobody gets perfect marks in everything,' the boy objected.

'That is nothing to the point,' said the teacher. 'You are perfect in my recitations; do as well in the others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence.'

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in his class. He gained his scholarship, and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Exchange.

Still Selling Well.

In one of the big departmental stores of New York City, I once saw two stacks of Bibles, each about eight feet high, and I inquired of one of the assistants how they expected to get rid of so many. He looked up in surprise, and said:—

'Perhaps you never had any experience in the book business or you would know that the Bible is the best selling book we have. We sell more copies every year than of any other book in stock. Occasionally there is a run on a popular novel, then the demand will cease; but the Bible is a staple, and sells as well one year as another. We sell from 16,000 to 18,000 copies every year. At Christmas time we have a Bible department, which requires the exclusive attention of three or four men. We make up two of those great stacks every morning, and by night both will be nearly gone. You have no idea how many Bibles are bought for Christmas presents by Sunday-school teachers and fathers and mothers.

'No, we do not sell them in large lots. We sell only one copy at a time as a rule. Our average the year round will run from 120 to 150 a day. No other book has touched the Bible as a seller.'

I got the same story in all the other big department stores, and at the big stores they tell me that the demand for Bibles is steadily increasing. Sometimes there is a spurt which the booksellers cannot account for. At other times there will be a sudden increase in the demand, which will continue for several weeks. Then the sales will drop back into the normal amounts.—Wm. E. Curtis.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Engineer's Story.

No, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain in my breast;
But here as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head for ever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the 'Gladiator' labored,—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the up-grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the uptrain passed, oft called me,
A-playing round the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashed
The reserve lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only—
The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the cross-bar,
Where the cow catcher slopes to the rail;
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
I saw the bright curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I knew little more, but I heard it,
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled with a shudder
I swept my hand over the track;

Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years, in the eve and the morning,
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fulness of heaven
Blesses me evermore.
—Source Unknown.

Cultivating a Kind Voice.

If one would have a kind voice, says the Boston 'Journal,' one must start in youth to cultivate it, and be on the watch at all times, while at work and while at play. The kind voice must speak the thought of a kind heart.

It is in play that a sharp voice is most easily acquired. Boys and girls say words in a quick, harsh tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If one of them is vexed, the voice sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. It speaks worse than the heart feels. The ill-will is louder in the tone than in the words.

In mirth one may carelessly allow one's voice to grow shrill and unpleasant. Some people have a sharp home voice, and keep a company voice for use elsewhere. It is a safe rule to use one's best voice at home.

The Blow That Counts.

In a gulf on my farm, says an American writer, a ledge of beautiful blue rocks crops out from the ground. One autumn I planned to get some of them out for a wall under my house, but they were so large that I could not move them. The strongest team of horses would not have been able to draw them.

So I brought a stone drill, and with a heavy hammer sunk deep holes into the rock. Into these I put steel wedges and tried to force the rock apart. It was slow work. The stone was hard and firm. Blow after blow would I strike without making the slightest seam in the heavy rock. But by and by I thought I could notice a change in the sound of my hammer. The ring that came back in answer to my blows was not quite so clear. Then I could trace a tiny crevice each way from my wedges. The rock was surely breaking. On I worked, until at last there lay before me two beautiful pieces of stone.

Which one of my blows broke the rock? When did the stone begin to come apart? Was it when I struck the last blow? No; I think you will say it was just as much the first blow as the last. Every one counted.

You cannot win a good name all at once. One act does not make a man great. Honest dealing, earnest purpose, kind and helpful deeds, not for one day, but for all the time, count at last. And that alone. The last blow tells for no more than the first or those between.

If we could only close all our public houses, the forces of true religion would be in the ascendant everywhere.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.