

DON'T BEGIN.

DON'T begin to tell untruths. Many boys and girls have a great desire for sport, and they sometimes gratify that sport by telling marvellous stories just to see what those who hear them will say; and when the stories are told they will tell you, perhaps, that they were only in sport. This habit of telling untrue stories, in sport, is wrong, Jesus said, "Let your yea be yea and your nay nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." This means, *Say what you mean, let it be the truth and add nothing to it.*

Lies told in jest spoil your conscience, and the child who gets into the habit of telling them in sport will soon tell them when he is in earnest. Like all other bad habits, this will grow as it is indulged. If you become untruthful no one will feel like trusting you. The God who said, "Thou shalt not lie," also said, "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Then, dear boys and girls, don't begin to tell lies, even for sport. May the dear Lord help you to know what is right, and aid you to shun this terrible habit.

Don't begin to be disrespectful to your parents. When you were very young a fond mother toiled through many a weary day to care for you. In sickness and in health you have had both a mother's love and a father's care. Do not then so far forget the love you ought to bear for them as to treat them unkindly, or to speak to them rudely. The Bible promises long life to the one who honours his father and his mother; and this implies that he who lacks in this regard may not see a good old age.

Youth never looks so beautiful as when it yields proper respect to age. But I hear some one say, "My parents are not aged." True, but they are much older and wiser than you, and are entitled to your love and respect. Then don't begin to be coarse and disrespectful to those whom God has commanded you to honour and obey. —*Free Methodist.*

KEEP CHEERFUL.

IT is not very difficult for a person to be sunny-tempered when everything is going prosperously with him. When a man has made two or three hundred dollars a-day, and all the signs are favourable for his making the same amount to-morrow, how good-natured he can be! When the hour comes to close the store, he takes his hat from the peg, buttons up his overcoat, draws on his gloves, and starts for his home with the feelings of a king. He feels kindly towards everybody. He buys a paper of the newsboy, snaps him a ten-cent scrip, and hurries along without waiting for the return change, chuckling to himself as if he had perpetrated a first-class joke. When he comes to his house he smiles at the servant, kisses his wife—or ought to—bounces the baby, and fills the entire household with a sense of his own supreme satisfaction. Ah, me! How easy it is to be good-natured under such circumstances! What saints we all are when we have all we want!

But time changes. The business sky looks darker and becomes black with ominous clouds. Under our feet run rumblings and the premonitory unsteadiness which always precede a financial earthquake. The commercial atmosphere is motionless and oppressive; everybody scents danger. Buyers are timid; sellers are suspicious. The current of trade shrinks. Goods remain unsold; paper on which you had relied goes to protest; household expenses begin to crowd; small bills accumulate; *du* grow imperative. Ah, now is the time, friend, when good nature in you is a virtue; yea, a grace, and a grace so white that it shall be seen in the highest heaven and noted there. Now is the time for you to show what stuff you are really made of. Now is the time, if you are a gentleman, to prove it. If you love your wife, now is the time to show it; if you have faith in something nobler, higher, sweeter, than this world and its possessions, let that faith be manifest in your conduct everywhere. Don't take a gloomy face, and a surly voice, and a sour temper to your household. That household has its own cares, and troubles, and clouds enough in its own sky. Tell your wife your difficulties; but in such a brave, gentle, and loving way as, instead of oppressing her spirits, will cause them, rather, to rise buoyantly at the thought that she is fully trusted by you and may be able to help you: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—*The Golden Rule.*

TWO DEATH SCENES.

I ONCE stood beside the death-bed of a young wife who was a firm believer in the doctrines of Universalism. She was surrounded by every earthly comfort—an affectionate husband, kind and loving parents, tender-hearted sisters, and dear friends. Strange to say, they had no words of comfort or consolation to offer. The future that hovered over them seemed dark as death. Christ was not there. Christ was a stranger to their hearts. As the shadows of death crept over her—as moment by moment she was growing weaker and her earthly life was drawing to a close—she seemed to peer into the future, and I have always believed she had a glimpse of the darkness and gloom to which she was fast hastening. The death-struggle came; agony was in every feature. She threw up her hands wildly, and in a tone of despair which I shall never forget, cried, "Oh, mother, mother! What shall I do? What shall I do?" fell back and died. For twenty years those words have rung in my ears.

Some three years subsequent to this I was called to the bedside of a young mother whose dissolution was momentarily expected. From a child she known the Holy Scriptures, and they had made her wise unto salvation through repentance and faith in Christ. Her face was bright with holy smiles. Her life "was hid with Christ in God." Her faith was large. Her hopes of the glorious life to come were fixed and unalterable. She was ministered unto by angels. She, too, was surrounded by loved ones. Christ, the hope of glory, was their theme. As death drew near she asked to have her hands folded, and raised as if in prayer. I shall never forget the heavenly smile that lit up her pleasant face when she told me the angels had been singing to her. I asked her what hymn they sang. She replied:

"Sister spirit, come away."

Here was a triumphant death—triumphant through Christ. I cannot doubt that she, too, had a glimpse of her future, and that Christ and her friends were waiting to receive and welcome her spirit.

"She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

—*Christian at Work.*

LENDING A PIE.

"**M**OTHER," said Johnny, "haven't you a pie you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" she asked, for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord'? I don't believe old Betsey has had a pie for a long time, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to old Betsey; only she was sorry she had not thought of sending her one before. But if she had she would have lost Johnny's way of "putting it." —*Moravian.*

As the tree is known by its fruit, the gold by its touch, and the bell by the sound, so is a man's birth by his benevolence, his honour by his humility, and his calling by his courtesy.

The lines between the Church and the world have become very faint. They must be retraced and distinctly marked. All who will be on the Lord's side must step over from the world and stay there. On this subject the pulpits of the land must give no uncertain sound; and out of the pulpit a strong, steady, but merciful hand of discipline must be felt by all who are living too near the world. Many are, perhaps, afraid to administer discipline. Well, to all such God speaks terrible in His Word. If we see the sword coming, and fail to warn, we must bear the blood of the slain. Only a pure church can be a strong church, and a church can be pure only when its members live far away from the world and very near to Christ. "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Reader, have you not been living too near to the world?