

advantages that come from daily reading God's Word and daily family prayer. Let us begin at once.

THE way to happiness, said the late Dr. Guthrie, does not lie in attempting to bring our circumstances up to our minds, but our minds down to our circumstances. Many birds wear a finer coat than the lark, nor is there any that dwells in a lowlier home; yet which of the feathered songsters soars so high, or sings so cheerily, or teaches man so well how to leave the day's cares and labors, for the bosom of his family, as when, envying neither the peacock his splendid plumage nor the proud eagle her lofty realm, it drops, singing, into its grassy nest, to caress its young, and with its wings to shield them from the cold dews of the night? Let ours be the cheerful happiness of him who, content with little, pleased with whatever pleases the Father, careful for nothing, thankful for anything, prayerful for and in everything, can say with Paul, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

How true is it that the world knows nothing of its greatest men! There are great multitudes of lowly lives lived on the earth which have no name among men, whose work no pen ever records, but which are well known and unspeakably dear to God. They make no noise in the world, but it needs no noise to make a life beautiful and noble. Many of God's most potent ministers are noiseless. How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, cheer and life they diffuse! How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns or worlds! So Christ has many earthly servants, who work so quietly that they are never known among men as workers, whom He writes down among His noblest ministers. They do no great things; but they are blessings, oftentimes, perhaps unconsciously, wherever they go.

THERE are few of us, says the *Young People's Weekly*, who estimate rightly how much a happy, sunny temperament can do toward lightening the burdens and cheering the sorrows of those with whom we come in contact from day to day. If we can help in no other way, we can at least turn a cheerful face to the world, for this sunshine of the heart may be cultivated, as is proved by one woman's experience, told of in an exchange.

A woman who had had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing I could give to my friends but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden anyone else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I, myself, am happier than I should have been had I sat down and bewailed my fate."

WHEN Dr. S. H. Tyng, the eminent preacher, was a young man, says *Our Sunday Afternoon*, he received from someone a stinging, provoking letter. After reading it he wrote a reply filled with words quite as sharp as those which had come to him, for he was abundantly able to hold his own in such a controversy. Starting to the post-office to mail his letter, he heard on his way a voice as if someone spoke to him, saying:

"Stephen, that won't do."

He looked about him, but there was no speaker to be seen; and yet the voice had reached his heart.

Said one good man, when speaking of certain things which other people sometimes practised:

"I cannot do such things; if I do, there is someone inside of me who talks to me nights."

How many have been withheld from folly, from rashness, and from bitterness by that voice within?

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In these days of speculation and

eagerness to grow rich, the following wise words of Phillips Brooks should do good:

I do say that in young men with abundance of life within them and around them gambling and betting, if they be not the result of much thoughtlessness, are signs of premature demoralization which hardly any other vice can show. In social life, in clubs, in college, on the street, the willingness of young men to give or receive money on the mere turn of chance is a token of the decay of manliness and self-respect which is more alarming than almost anything besides. It has an inherent baseness about it which not to feel shows a base soul. To carry in your pocket money which has become yours by no use of your manly powers, which has ceased to be another man's by no willing acceptance on his part of its equivalent—that is a degrading thing. Will it not burn the purse in which you hold it? Will it not blight the luxury for which you spend it? Will you dare to buy the gift of true love with it? Will you offer it in charity? Will you pay it out for the support of your innocent children? Will it not be a Judas treasure, which you must not put into the treasury because it is the price of blood?

MEN AND LENTEN SERVICES.

Should one come from another world and enter one of our churches during a week-day service he would be likely to conclude that either the women were the only sinners on earth, or the men were so bad that repentance, confession, and reformation would be without avail. We, who live here, know that either conclusion would be false. We know that while men are not hopelessly bad they need repentance, confession of sin, and prayer for grace to start afresh in the service of righteousness and God, quite as much as the women who so often form nearly the entire congregation at a week-day service, whether in Lent, or out of it. Most men have grown ashamed to say "that religion is a good thing for women, but men don't need it," yet by their conspicuous absence from God's