

mands. It is a community in itself, and nobody can belong to it for any considerable length of time and exhibit sympathy with its ambitions and projects without fitting into some place where he can display his capacities and win due consideration because of them. He will make friends and useful friends. He will have the social life and social surroundings necessary for him. He should go to church from the first, and regularly make himself known to the pastor, and then without putting himself forward take a hand in all the undertakings of the parish. If he is patient the reward will come.

Even apart from merely religious profit, such associations will be of inestimable advantage to a youth who goes to town a stranger. There is much talk in these days about "rings" and "combines" for evil purposes; but there is one ring which is always good and beneficent in its objects, and it is the circle of the church. Inside it a young man forms the intimacies which most contribute to his practical success, to say nothing of his spiritual health.—*Chautauquan*.

Move On.

"Move on," said a policeman the other day to a group of idlers who were standing on the pavement; "move on and allow the people to pass." "Move on," said the master of a shop to one of his apprentices whom he had caught gazing into a window, when he should have been going on an errand. "Now, move on, what do you think the world would come to if every one, like you, kept standing still and never moved forward?"

"Dear me," said a schoolmaster to a pupil, "how could you be so stupid? Look here; you have got 5 from 9—3. When will you know better? For the last three months you have been trying to learn subtraction, and now do not know any more about it than when you first began. Instead of progressing you are at a stand-still. Why don't you *move on*?"

"Look, Bill, look at Jim yonder, he must be getting on—new coat, new trousers. Why, I declare! a new suit altogether. Where can he get his money from? He has no more wages than we have, but he looks much more respectable. How is it? It puzzles me." "Why, just this, Dick; when we're spending our money at the Black Bear, he is 'moving on.' His garden is full of fruit, ours are full of weeds; he is happy, we are miserable; and I, from this time, mean to try to 'move on.'"

"Move on," said a minister to his hearers. "move on in religion, faith, and charity. 'Move on;' let it not be said that you are behindhand in religion; keep faithful to the end; and although ever moving, be ever firm, so that when you arrive at the appointed resting place, you will be ready to exchange mortality for immortality."

The *London Spectator* tells a story of a clergyman who was once addressing an audience of children. "Now, children," he said, "I propose to give you on the present occasion an epitome of the life of St. Paul. Perhaps some of you are too young to understand what the word 'epitome' means. 'Epitome,' children, is, in its signification, synonymous with synopsis." Having made this simple and clear explanation to the children, the speaker went on with his story.—*The Morning Star*.

The Sum of it All.

The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.
—*Dr. Ray Palmer*.

Pray While the Sun Shines.

A little girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed.

One day at the close of a fearful little storm, she came to her mother with the information that, praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear."

The child did so, and when another storm was raging she said sweetly: "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now."

What a lesson we who are older might learn from this incident! How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to Him for shelter and protection?

If we could only give our best, our brightest days to His service, we would have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on. How very much we miss by not having Jesus to go with us through all our earthly pilgrimage!

Do It.

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute in New York City, had a hard struggle. As a boy his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year of his life, and during that year he could only go every other day. But when he was eight years old he was earning his living by pulling hair from the skins of the rabbits his father shot, to make hat-pulp.

He had not "half a chance." It seemed almost literally that he had no chance at all. He went to New York when he was seventeen years old. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for five years for his board and two dollars a month.

He had neither time nor money for what people called pleasures, but he had the pleasure of hope. While he was working for fifty cents a week he said to himself: "If I ever get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free," and he did it.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say:—

"Don't talk of what you want to do—do it!"

Quite So.

One of the most beneficial influences of fraternal organizations is the fact that they induce men to forget their political differences. When they enter the Ceart room they are no longer Republicans or Democrats, Grits or Tories, but men united in a common brotherhood, and political affiliations are superseded by fraternal association.