

"Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose."

"No, sir," he exclaimed, shaking his head; "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke, and the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said." (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing!)

"He went on triumphantly: 'Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than on the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in along side of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the strong one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder.'

"Then his face lit up as he said: 'That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light—because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulder.'"

"So shall ye find rest to your soul."
—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

DRESS SIMPLY FOR CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

In several European countries it is not considered a mark of good breeding to wear handsome clothes to church. The wealthiest and high-born, as well as the middle classes and wage-workers, dress simply and inconspicuously. It is yet to be proved that a rich dress, a costly bonnet, and a display of gold and precious stones are an aid to one's devotion. It is well known (at least by the clergy and the poor and struggling working woman) that they are stumbling blocks to the devotion of others. And "that charity which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own," would decree, if it were heeded, a change in the Sunday fashions which would be of untold benefit to religion, the Church, and the souls of the plainly-clad masses.—*The Diocese of Springfield.*

THE HUMAN HAND.

THE human hand is the most wonderful tool in any workshop. It is a profound study. No instrument devised by man compares with it for complicity. It is a hammer, a vice, a forceps, a hook, a spring, a weight; it pushes, it draws in; and the fingers alone con-

tain elements of chisels, gouges, and all the tools a sculptor requires in modelling. From the elbow to the digital extremities its movements are produced by nearly fifty muscles. So complicated is the cordage of a human hand, that expert anatomists can hardly keep in remembrance its intricate mechanism. With it all the emotions of the mind may be both manifested and intensified. How could a Frenchman talk with his hands tied? The hand is the prime minister of the brain. It is the soul's agent in the accomplishment of its designer. It is a wonder of wonders.—*Churchman's Magazine.*

HOLD THE TRAIN.

"MADAM, we miss the train at B—,"
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible, it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me, then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"Are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
I think the fellow over here,
Oiling the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face white with agony.
"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, oh, sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B—?"
"Twill do no good: it's due at three,
And"—"Yes, but God can hold the train;
My dying child is calling me,
And I must see her face again?"
Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God,
They grasp the power that rules the rod.
Out from the station swept the train
On time, swept past wood and lea;
The engineer with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "Oh, Lord hold the train at B—!"
Then flung the throttles wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides, and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.
A halt, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel
His glances lean, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal;
Heart, hand and brain, with one accord
Work while his prayer ascends to Heaven,
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven,"

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage home and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides,

They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He
Who listened while His children prayed,
In answer held the train at B—.

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

JOY IN SORROW.

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

—*Scrapbook.*

SIX GRAVE-DIGGERS.

HENRY MUELLER, a pious German, used to say: "When I look upon the youth of our day I see six grave-diggers. The first is called 'Drunkenness.' How many kill themselves by excessive drink! The seed must spoil when there is too much water. Therefore, young man, if you wish to live, give up drinking.

"The second is called 'Lust.' How many have thereby hastened death! By unbridled appetite the body is weakened and loses its strength. Is it not true that all that is exposed to fire is ultimately consumed?

"The third is called 'Wrath.' Sirach says, 'Jealousy and anger shorten life,' and Paul in the book to the Galatians places next to each other wrath, strife, and murder. Wrath brings on strife; strife is often the cause of murder.

"The fourth is called 'Disobedience to parents.' We know what a blessing the fifth commandment proclaims, Who does not keep it will feel its curse. Dry wood which cannot bend must break.

"The fifth one is called 'Bad company.' How many who thereby have lost life and soul eternally! Tie a corpse to a living body, and although the living being cannot bring the dead body to life, yet the contaminating odour of the corpse will ultimately kill the living.

"The sixth and last is called 'Idleness.' It kills man though he seems alive. 'Is an idle more use than a dead body?' When the tree will not bear any more fruit it is cut down and thrown into the fire. Ye who have a desire to live, consider this, and leave these grave-diggers and pall-bearers alone."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

A birdie with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed you sleepy-head?"

—*R. L. Stevenson.*