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Lord had put his mark upon it; he needed it for his poor, and he had given her money to buy more.

A well-known speaker on benevolence, herself a rich woman, recently described the way in which she had cared for a poor family a whole winter. She told of the scraps of food saved, the ends of loaves, the dried coffee grounds, evidently never seeing that it was all to be something ashamed of, since she ought to have given lavishly of her abundance, rather than doled out to them what had no real value.

There is also a false economy in saving money at the cost of things more essential. How many men and women lead narrow, unlovely lives, depriving themselves of books and music and pictures and social life, merely to have a good and growing bank account! They starve their minds and hearts, and sometimes even their bodies to a degree, rather than face a possible future without a competence.

A woman contrasting her life with that of her sister said: "My husband and I began on little and saved all we could; as we had more, we still saved; now we are growing old, and we have never been anywhere, never seen anything, never had any comfort; all we have is our savings. My sister and her husband have taken their comfort as they've gone along, and they've always had enough money, too, if they haven't got so much laid up." Life is hard enough without denying one's self the reasonable things to soften and sweeten it. It does not pay to economize too carefully on the things for the mind.

And then there is the mistaken economy the mother practices when she denies herself rest and change because they cost. Every overworked woman knows she ought to drop everything and get away from home once in a while, but though flesh and heart fail she stays on; she economizes. Many women have nervous prostration just because they will not take the needful amount from the family purse to go away, and then pay the money out a hundred times over in doctor's bills and specialist's fees and trained nurses! It is the falsest of false economy to be too lavish of flesh and blood and too saving of mere dollars and cents. Unquestionably we ought to practice a wise and careful expenditure of money in every department of domestic economy and outside expenditure. We ought, assuredly, to try and live the simple life, and constantly cut down on the luxuries we do not need. But we ought not to cultivate the virtue of economy at the expense of others. The poor, the tired, the sick, need to be treated with extravagance, not with parsimony. Let us give generously where we can, and when we economize let us be sure no one suffers but ourselves.—Congregationalist.

A Glimpse at Lincoln's School Days

In these days when it is so easy for anyone who really wishes it to get a good education, it is perhaps well to think of the days when Lincoln was a boy and of how much labor and perseverance were necessary to gain even the simple rudiments of knowledge.

Thomas Lincoln, the President's father, was one of those easy-going, good-natured men who carry the virtue of contentment to an extreme. He never was rich nor even as well off as was his father, for he never exerted himself to do more than feed and clothe his family. Neither he nor his wife, Nancy Hanks, had much education, though it is said she knew how to read and write and taught him how to sign his name.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky on the 1st of February, 1809. Before he was eight, he and his older sister, Sarah, began going to the district school near their cabin. Their first teacher was Zachariah Riney. Later, they walked four miles to another school taught by a man named Caleb Hazel. In 1816, or when Abraham was between seven and eight, the family moved to Indiana. It was late in the autumn when they reached their new home, and all that winter, in fact for almost a year, they lived in a structure known as a half-faced camp. It differed from a cabin in being closed on only three sides and open to the weather on the fourth. It was usual to build a fire in front of the open side, thus avoiding the use of a chimney—but how cold it must have been in winter weather!

By next autumn the Lincoln family had moved into a rough but four-walled cabin, but there a far greater trouble awaited the two children, Sarah and Abraham. Their mother fell sick and, it being over thirty miles to the nearest doctor, she died before help could reach her. The death of Mrs. Lincoln was a serious loss to her husband and children. Sarah, then only eleven, had far too heavy cares for her years. All through that second winter and the next summer the little household struggled on. But in the autumn of 1819, Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and married Sally Bush Johnson, whom he had known before she was Mrs. Johnson.

Abraham Lincoln's stepmother was a superior woman with energy of body and a heart and head large enough to take in and care for her own three children, and the two motherless ones as well. For the first time in their lives Sarah and Abraham knew real comfort. Under her urging the father supplied the floor, door, and windows which had not yet been added to the new cabin. She it was who saw that Abraham had wonderful powers of mind, and so en-

couraged him in all his plans for study. He had not been able to go to school since he left Kentucky, and it is not known just when he began again in Indiana, but it is thought it was in his tenth year, or when he fell under the stepmother.

The school which he now attended was held in a low, rough log cabin, the main light entering it from the open door. There were few books, slates, pencils, pens, ink or paper. Abraham, after this year at school, did not attend again—probably because there was no teacher—until he was fourteen, and then not until his seventeenth year. Although his schooling was scattered over a period of nine years, the aggregate did not amount to one year. His schoolmates, most of them lazy and indifferent, forgot in the intervals of school-keeping what was taught them, but Abraham, studying between times, made each opportunity a step upward.

He read every book he could lay his hands on. In the long evenings at home he would do long sums on the fire-shovel. This was a broad, thin clapboard with one end narrowed to a handle. Upon this Abraham worked his sums. When it was covered with figures he would take a drawing knife, shave it off clean and begin again. By the help of such expedients, Abraham Lincoln worked his way to an education. The field from which he could glean knowledge was very limited. Books were few, though he diligently borrowed all in the neighborhood. The list is a short and interesting one—Robinson Crusoe, "Aesop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress," Wern's "Life of Washington" and a History of the United States. When he had exhausted other books, he even resolutely attacked the Revised Statutes of Indiana, of which the constable of the township had a copy.

During the twelve or thirteen years in which he was making this effort at self-education, it must be remembered he was also performing hard manual labor. It all shows what steady, unflinching determination and perseverance were needful in Lincoln's case to gain an education which comes to us all so easily and naturally in these days.—Selected.

The Love of Friends.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Few enrichments enter our lives that so add to their pleasure and so beautify the daily path as the treasures that come to us through the love of friends. We owe more than we think from childhood on, to those who share our thoughts, studies and our hopes; whose companionship encourages us when we are weary, and cheers us when we are sad. A congenial friend lightens the burden of sorrow, and adds zest to the hour of joy. One's friends should not be all of the same age, nor even of the same class and condition.

The heart is a palace in which are many rooms. Life has many needs, the day has many moods and tenses; a friendly soul goes through the world making friends everywhere, and among all sorts of people. Why should we have friends only along certain lines of our being? The woman who waits on the table, or who cooks the dinner should be more than a mere employe in the house of her mistress; she should be a friend. Until the lost art of friendship between mistress and maid is regained, the servant question will continue to present perplexing problems in our American homes. Why should not the young lady who teaches one's children be the mother's dear friend, treated with honor and distinction, and invited as a guest to the home table and the fireside? This is the way it used to be in American families. Too often we are so busy in these days that we think our duty to teacher and the children and ourselves, complete when school hours are over, bills and taxes are paid, and the teacher goes her way a stranger.

As we go on in life, our friends leave us.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end,
Were this frail world our only rest
Living or dying, none were blest.

Looking back a few years, we miss many dear ones who were once essential to our earthly happiness. One by one they have heard the call to the Master's immediate presence. Obviously we require to be always making friends, so that the gaps in the thinning ranks may be filled, and the loneliness, decreased. No disloyalty to those who have gone is involved in the making of other friendships, nor, while life lasts, should old friends resent that widening of the circle which brings new occupants into its warmth and cheer.

Old friends belong to the whole course of life. A great fund of common association, common memories and fragrant perfumes from the past hollows and endears an old friendship. No one can take the place of the one you have known all your life, who has been your comrade in sunshine and in shade. Yet the new friend may have a place of her own. Life is not all looking back. Life is not all standing still. Life is a ceaseless and beautiful going forward. We never make a visit in a new place, we never cross the ocean or the continent, we never take a little trip to a near by resort, or make a call upon a neighbor, where there is not the

possibility that we may meet a new friend, whose love may be a solace, a stimulant and a strength.

The old Bible story of the love of David and Jonathan shines out from the pages of its chronicler with unfading charm and brightness. The hearts of the two noble young men were knit together in a love passing the love of women. Some of the truest friendships are between man and man, between woman and woman. The element of sex does not enter as a complement. The friendship is independent of and outside of those threads of attraction which draw lovers together in their happy union.

A book might be written on the friendships of our Lord in the days of his flesh. He had friends in Galilee. He has friends now.

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend:
He is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free and knows no end."

In the intimate circle of the apostles Jesus had one who was dearest of all, to whom was given that beautiful title "that disciple whom Jesus knew."

In the title home at Bethany, Lazarus, Martha and Mary were his friends. It is pleasant to think that in his earthly life Jesus was dependent upon friends, just as we are; that he did not walk a solitary way, and that there were those whose friendship held him firmly and strongly, notwithstanding the assaults of his enemies to the very end of his life. The friends who stood nearest Jesus were the first to see him when he rose from the dead, the first to hear his voice in the morn of the Resurrection. They had the reward of their friendship.

In St. Paul's inimitable chapter upon love, he tell us that love seeketh not her own. Love envieth not; love suffereth long and is kind. Without deep, true, self-forgetting, self-effacing love, friendship is impossible. Love is not always blind. We see the faults and foibles of our friends, but we love them none the less. Sometimes they try our patience, yet we love them still. Sometimes we wish they were more discreet or less headstrong, nevertheless we love. Love can stand a good deal of wear and tear. That which blows away into atoms at the first breath of unkindness, that which allows suspicion to flourish, or envy to creep in, or jealousy to corrode, is not love, and can never be transmuted into the fine gold of friendship. We take our friend for richer or poorer, for better, for worse, for sickness and health, till death do us part, and then we expect to meet and love our friends again where parting is no more.

"Where the tree of life is blooming
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Friends will walk and talk together, in the land of endless
peace.—Christian Intelligencer.

Adoration.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

O Master, at thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet!
Before me, as in darkening glass,
Some glorious outlines mass.
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power;
I own them thine, O Christ, and bless thee for this h ur.

O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face
O tenderest heart of love untold,
Who may thy praise unfold?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of kings,
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veiling wings.

I have no words to bring,
Worthy of thee my king;
And yet one anthem in thy praise
I long, I long to raise;
The heart is full the eye entranced above,
But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb?
When thee the heart doth see, and own
Her lord and God alone?
Tune for thyself the music of my days,
And open thou my lips that I may show thy praise.

Yea let my whole life be
One anthem unto thee.
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife!
O Jesus Master! be thy name supreme
For heaven and earth, the one, the grand, the eternal
theme! —The Outlook.

Two paths lie before us. One is wide, smooth, easy to traverse, and frequented by a goodly company. Many prizes lie along the way which are eagerly seized by the tumultuous throng; with fevered pulses and blinded eyes. To travel the other, one must walk erect with thought and eyes uplifted, seeking the highest. The material prizes are comparatively few, but all who tread this path have something better than worldly emoluments of any kind; they have the consciousness of living up to their best. Can anything else give such real and lasting happiness? Which path shall we choose, you and I?—Ex.

The Kingdom of God can rule in my heart because it asks something of me as well as gives something to me.—W. Charter Pigott.