

Reverence in God's House.

"Who was that little girl who came into church just before the prayer yesterday morning?" Mrs. Leigh asked of her daughter Hattie.

"I think that it is someone who has just moved into town. You know there are some new families who have just come," Hattie answered.

"I was very much impressed in her favour," Mrs. Leigh continued. "And it was not her sweet face either which attracted me, but her actions. First she came in so quietly, that no one could have heard her, and I should not have known it at all, if I had not chanced to see her as she passed down the aisle. Then as she took a vacant seat she bowed her head in silent prayer for a moment, and after that she paid very strict attention to the services. She opened the hymn-book so carefully that those close by her, as I chanced to be, could not hear the rustling of the leaves. After the services closed she went out as quietly as she had entered the church. I hope that some of our young people who are a little careless about their demeanour in church, will pattern after the little stranger."

"I do not think that our young people mean to be rude, mamma," Hattie answered, a flush rising to her face.

"Perhaps not," Mrs. Leigh answered slowly. "Yet I am quite sure that they are not as reverent in God's house as they ought to be. They are a little careless, I am certain, and carelessness often leads to more serious things. Only a week from yesterday, I noticed two girls who sat erect in their seats during prayer, and I am sure I saw them whisper during the singing. Surely this was very careless in them, if not really rude."

The flush deepened on Hattie's face and she remained quiet, while her mother continued:

"I am going to know more about this stranger, and find out the secret of the reverent spirit that she revealed yesterday."

As Hattie did not reply, the conversation ended and nothing more was said for several days on the subject.

"To-day I called upon the new family to which our reverent little girl belongs," Mrs. Leigh said one morning.

Hattie looked up with sudden interest. "What more did you find out about her, mamma?"

"That she is a very nice little girl, and carries her sweet spirit into her daily life. Her face was lit up with the same pleasant smile, as I met her to-day in her own home, which seems to be full of Christian influences. Her mother, who is a refined lady, spoke very tenderly of little Elsie several times. So I know that she is just what one would suspect her to be, from seeing her in church."

And the little sweet-faced maiden was just the same always. The influence that she exerted over the young people connected with the church would make a long bright story, which if written could not fail to induce others to follow her pure example.

Forming the First Link.

What would the world be without that kindly wish which leads one to put aside selfishness, and by deed and thought to bring happiness to others? From infancy to old age it is continually bringing blessings to mankind. No one can say that he has never felt

its benefits at some time or other during life.

But the blessings this great factor of happiness confers are not alone those enjoyed by the recipient. There is a peculiar happiness, a heart-felt satisfaction, in bending the wishes for self into abeyance to the necessities and desires of others, that answers a longing in the soul that can be satisfied in no other manner. Apparently, we were never intended to be selfish, and he who has never learned the lesson of self-sacrifice has failed to attain to one of the pleasing possibilities of life.

"How pleasant I feel when I try to do good!" exclaimed a little girl not long since. And this is but the feeling of each one who makes the same effort. There is nothing that so clears the vision and buoys up the spirit as the kindly, earnest effort to be helpful to others. It would be worth trying to do good to those with whom we come in contact, if we had no higher motive in view than this very selfish one.

But how shall we go about it? Certainly not by going away from home, away from our daily avocations, into unusual places and among strange peoples. Few of us have the time for that. But here is the place, right where we now are busy with the cares of life. This is the time, this passing moment, if we are to attempt the deed at all. Those whom we are to bless are not the strangers without our gates, but the acquaintances about us, the chance-comers whose lives our daily duties bring into contact with our own. We are to bless them, they others, and so the chain of brightness and good cheer is to pass on, from one to another, until it encircles the world. Only remember, we are to form the first link.

And the effort need not be so great, if we only stop to think of it.

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Learn it Now.

"Mayn't I wait till to-morrow to learn my lessons? I guess there will be time enough then," begged Lucy, standing, book in hand before mamma.

"No you must learn it now; then it will be sure to be learned in time to recite. You only guess at having time to-morrow. You know you have time to-day. The lesson must be learned, so learn it now."

And Lucy obeyed, finding afterward that mamma's way was the most comfortable as well as the best. Of course it was.

Soon after this Lucy was taken ill, and her Sunday-school teacher came to see her.

"I don't want to be sick now," said Lucy with tears. "It's harder now than if it were next month, 'cause, you see, there was the entertainment I was going to help in, and Children's Day pretty soon, too."

"Yes, dear, it is hard," said Miss Blake tenderly, "but Lucy, we all must learn to take God's way instead

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Spells and faintness have been my afflictions for 22 years. Often I would fall in a sudden faint and several times narrowly escaped being burnt on the stove. No medicine gave me more than a few days relief, and I laughed when a friend urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. But I took it and in six months I was free from all headache trouble, faintness or dizziness. I am now perfectly well. I cannot say too much in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is worth its weight in gold to me. MRS. R. H. HANES, Paris, Ont.



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of our own. His way is best and His time is best, even for sending sickness. We must learn to take it pleasantly because it is from His loving hand. This is the lesson He wants you to learn, and you must learn it now. It must be learned by every one of His children, and the longer it is put off, the harder it is."

"Why, mamma said the same words to me the other day about a school lesson," said Lucy, looking brighter. "She said, 'Learn your lesson now,' and afterward I was so glad I did."

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