

Striker Stowe's Way.

For years Striker Stowe, a tall, powerful Scotchman, had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works. Nearly all of the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

The knowing ones smiled and said: "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather—in ti' July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams, yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take strong drink. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," he said, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It's now tan o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty. From eight till nine He kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till tan He's kep' me, an' noo I gie' Him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these, I pray, 'O Lord halp me—halp me to fight it for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldn't gie it up for anything. It is as if He took me by the hand and said, 'Wark awa', Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearfu'. You teck care o' yeer regular wark, and I'll see to the de'il an' the thirst, an' they shall na' trouble ye.'"—*H. C. Pearson, in the Contributor.*

True Beauty.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment for moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those which go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowly ways, if God wills it so.

Polish Up the Dark Side.

"Look on the bright side," said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy. "But there is no bright side," was his doleful reply. "Very well—then polish up the dark one," said the young man, promptly. Are you ever despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to "polish up the dark side" is to work—work hard, and work with ceaseless devotion and energy. I once had the honor of work-

ing for a time with a famous and eloquent dignitary of the Church. He lost his wife very suddenly, and I knew that this was the most crushing blow he could possibly suffer. I quite expected, therefore, that he would go away and rest, perhaps for several months to come. But in a week he was busier than ever. His zeal increased tenfold, his energy appeared to be boundless, no lurdon of work seemed too heavy. It was evidently a daily struggle to concentrate his attention on what he had in hand—but he did it, and by degrees the awful load of grief seemed to grow lighter. Honest work well done is the sure path to a cheerful spirit. Try it.—*Churchman.*

Flowers From the Forest.

The reason some people "love at first sight" is because they don't know each other then.—*Columbus Post.*

Think of good advice when you read, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and you will understand the saying.—*Archison Globe.*

Lady Patient (who has been looking over the periodicals on doctor's table): "Do you take *Life* now?" *Doctor* (embarrassed): "Well—I—I'm still in the medical profession!"—*Life.*

"Phat a blessing it is," says Pat, slightly muddled, "that night niver comes on till late in the day, when a man is all tired out, and he couldn't work no more, anyhow, at all, at all, not even if it was morning."—*Exchange.*

"When he saw the enemy coming he turned and ran. I call that cowardice." "Not at all. He remembered that the earth is round, and he intended to run around and attack the enemy from the rear."—*Hornet's Bazar.*

CRITIC.—Your manuscript has nevertheless a good side—

POET.—How the acknowledgment delights me, what is it, then, if I may ask?

CRITIC.—That on which nothing is written, (*Erieglude Blätter.*)

A Boy's Answer.

At a Sunday-school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart little urchins the necessity of Christian profession in order to properly enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said:

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my house, I turn it on; the pipes and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell why I don't get any water?"

He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

"Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking at the many wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem.

"I know!" squeaked a little five-year-old, "You don't pay up!"—*The Comic.*