HOMELY COUNSEL.
by margaret e. sangster.

## It isn't worth while to fret, dear

 To walk as behind a hearso, No matter how vexing things may bo, They easily might bo worso; And the time you spond complaining And groaning about the load Would better be given to going on, And pressing along the roadI've trodden'the hill myself, dear". "His the tripping tongue can preach, utt though silence is sometimes rolden, child,
As oft thero is graco in specchAnd I see, from my higher level, That wearics the back and dims the And writes the lines on the face.
There are vexing caros enough, dear,
And to spare, when all is told ;
And lovo must mourn its lossos,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old: But the spell of the craven spirit Turns blessing into curse,
While tho bold henrt meets the trouble That oasily might bo worse.
So smilo at each disnstor
That will prescntly pass away,
will follow the darl to.dny, Thros owing and to.day. Gether your strened by fretting; Gather your strength nnew, nd step by step go onward, dear, rpcr's Bazar.

## HIS TENTE.

by maud rittenhouse.
The text did not please Silas Bent that day, and he knew the sermon would please him less. He was tired of hearing the same old story, "Give, give, give," to first one board and then mother, to missions and missions without end. He knew from the very beginning of it that Dr. Weeks' ontire discourse would be an urgent anll to his peoplo to adopt the old tithing system, and give at least that much as a matter of
course to the Lord. A tithe, indeed! course to the Lord. A tithe, indleed!
Why, Silas Bent was worth two hundred thousind dollars, with minanhual income of twenty thousind. A tithe of thit would be two thousand dollairs a year, thrown to the winds. So long as he rented a pew, sent his wife to the socinbles, and put ten cents each Sabbath morning into the conbeing evernstiong he didn'tsee the sense in money, money. No, lie wouldn't listen to the sermon. It took in unusually fine one to keep him awake at any time, and he certainly wouldn't oven try, this morning, to tainly wouldn't oven try, this morning, to
fight off his drowsiness. A tithe! Absurd! If he had only a dollar he might not mind giving $a$ tonth of it, but two thousiand dol-lirs-nevor
There lay a snug roll of bills in his vestpocket, and these he polked down deeper, lest unwarily his nervous fingers, in fumbling for the usual dime, might clutch one of them instend. And then the voice of good Dr. Weeks sounded more and more distant, and presently old man Bent, to the silent amusement of the younger members around him, was sleeping peacefully. Did I say peacefully? Let us follow him to that mystical "Land of Nod."
Bonnets and bald heads and pew-backs had barely faded from his vision when he found himself hurrying along a business street. Yes, of courso-Monday morning, mad he must not be late at the office. Mail to attend to, and employees to direct, and yet, with all his hurried:wrilking, he en-
joyed the fresh air, the sunshine, and the soounds of activo life about him. sounds of activ hife about him.
Suddenly he became a ware of a figure at his side, a slender form, in neutral colors.
He tried to inspect it closely, but his He tried to inspect it closely, but his
glasses needed rubbing or something was glasses needed rubbing on something was
wrong, for ho had only an indistinct impression of a calm countenance and misty gray apparol. It mado him neryous, this ephomeral figure keeping step with him.
"Well?" he asked.
"Well", an answer camo in mensured voice; "I bear a message. You who will not give evon one-tenth to the Lord, shall now receive but a tenth from him- $a$ tenth of happiness, of health, of the good things of life. Ho will give you more than you are willing to give him. Ho will give you a full tenth.
Silas stopped whore he stood, polished his glasses, adjusted them, and stared.

The figure had gone. What had it said ? peated the Lord's prayer, with one petition "A tenth?" He hardly understood, and of his own. His amen was said, but no started on, intending to forget the gray one arose. I knew they were waiting for vision and the calm voice, in his own business pursuits.
But what had gotten into his legs! H could hardly lift his feet or place thom one
before the other.: Odd thing! Why, he before the other. ; Odd thing! Why, he
had prided himself upon his health and had priced himself upon his health and briskness, for twenty years. Ho sho
though with agueg overy breath of aix chilled him through and through; ho must Iurry the faster to the office,-and have that rascally Tim build a heaping fire. But the office seemed growing farther and farther awny, larder and harder to reach. He give you a tenth of your health." The words rang in his ear; and ho turned pale with horror. The pleasant bustle of the street had grown less clenr; ho murdly heard-the tread of feet, the call of voices, the rumble of wheels. If only he had had Craddock drive down with him that morn-ing-it was too chill to have walked. The very sunshine scemed growing dim- not
half so bright, nor a third, not $a$ fifth, nor -nerciful powers!-i tenth as bright perhaps. He shuddered Then the air, the very air he breathed, seemed to be growing thinner and thinner. He gasped and choked, and fell heavily to the pavement.
"Help! help!" ho shrieked, smothering and terrified ; "help!"
A busy man rushed toward him, and poked him viciously in the side with a gold-tipped cane. His head was swimming, sunshine, power, cyerything seemed flying from lim. Then that fiend with the cane and the gray monstache, instead of helping him up and fanning a bit of breath into his body, still punched him nercilessly. His wody, still punched him mercilessly. catch the cudgel and thrust it from him. It felt queer and warn, and larger than it and found himself holding with both hands and found himself h
There wero smotheren giggles sounding behind him. Cold drops stood on his forehead. He could actually feel the pallior of his face. Maria looked pale, too, and her glance was full of meek reproach.
A dream! Thank the Lord, only a dremm! Ho had suffered untold agonies in twenty minutes by the clock. Brother Weeks was just concluding his eloquent appenl; the elders passed down the aislos with tho baskets, ind when Silas felt the cold little coin in his pocket it made him colder. Out came the roll of bills, and softly they fell in among the contributions. No one silv it but Maria; she thought he had lost his mind, till ho said to her during their quiet walk home: "Marin, who could help giving his tenth after henring could howerful sermon !"
"It was a good sermon," Mirin replied; and when Silas Bent's two thousind went to the mission work that yerr, she thanked the Lord that hor husband lad awakened in time to really hear that sound, good sermon, and to gain so lasting an impres-
sion from its stirring truths.-Hcrald and sion from
Presiyter:

## Family Rinigion

Ten years ago, says a student, when an unconverted man, I boarded in tho family Christinn. Thero was a daughter of nincteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every moming, after breakfast, I heard the humble woman gather hoi fumily in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter I. could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which quite mystified me. At last I asked one day if I might remain. She hesitnted, her daughter
blushed, but said I could do so if I reall blushed, but said I could do so if I really
desired. So I sat down with the rest. desired. So I sat down with the rest. read $n$ verse in turn. Then, kneeling on the floor, that mother began her praye audibly for her dear ones there, her hus band, and horself; and then $j$ tusing a moment as if to gather her e..rries or ate stupplication $\cdot$ for me. She clused, and her danghter bogan to pray. Poor ainl her danghter began to pray. Poor girl I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for a blessing as usual. Then canne the other danichtor, and at last the sonhe youngest of that circle, who only
one arose. I knew they were waiting for
me. And I-poor, prayerless I-lad no me. And I-poor, prayerless I-had no
word to say. It almost broko my heart. word to say. it almost broko my heart. I hurried from the room, desolate and
guilty. A few weeks only passed when I asked their permission to come in once
more ; and then I prayed to and the more ; and then I prayed, too, and thanked in my heart, and the now song on my lip. -Christian Guardian.

DID YOU SPEAK TO HIM?
You had the chance, perhaps such as wil never como within reach of your influence gain. Ah! how miny precious oppor-
tunities slip through our fingers. Some tunities slip through our fingers. Some
time ago Mr. Spurgeon went to preach at prominent chapel, and, after taking toa it the deacon's house, walked down to the chapel under the guidance of a son of the household.
"Do you love my Master ?" was the question which, in his ciear, manly way, the preacher put to his young friend. Beboking his questioner straight in the face lookin
siid:
" M
"Mr. Spurgeon, I havo walked down to this chapel with the ministers for several years, and not one of them ever asked me hat question before."
The faithful worl was the beginning of new light; and, seeking God, he found ardon and peaco through Christ
Sincere reader, if you be a follower of thie Lord, ask yourself the question, "Have
I done my duty in this respect?" Or are you letting the opportunities you have froni day to diy slip through your fingers? Exchange.

## Dominion Compotition

LORD LORNE THE JUDGE.
the "amessenger" prize zo me awarded dy thim marquis.

## Lambiniy

Ondox, March Gth, 1889.

This is the cablegram received by the publishers of the Witncss and Messenger in answer to a request that his Lordship the Marquis of Lorno would pass final judgnient on the selected stories from each province, and award the Dominion Prize for the first in order of merit. Every Canadian scholar will have a chance to have his story sent to England to the Marquis of Lorne, and probably submitted to Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise. This should prove a greater incentive to boys and girls to send in their storics. Tell all your friends about it. Teil them they should take the Messenger to read these stories. Any onc who wants fuller information on tho subjost should send a post card addressed.
In rosponso to a very general appenl, the date for sending in essays to this office has been maximped to tho end of the present month, and the last day for mailing will be March 30th inst. But all intending compotitors should not fail to send in their ossays as soon as ready, in order to facilitate the work of sclection.

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