HOMELY COUNSEL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. It isn't worth while to fret, dear, To walk as behind a hearse, No matter how vexing things may be, They easily might be worse; And the time you spend complaining And groaning about the load Would better be given to going on, And pressing along the road,

I've trodden the hill myself, dear-"Tis the tripping tongue can preach, But though silence is sometimes golden,

As oft there is grace in speech— And I see, from my higher level, 'Tis less the path than the pace That wearies the back and dims the eye And writes the lines on the face

There are vexing cares enough, dear, And to spare, when all is told; And love must mourn its losses, And the cheek's soft bloom grow old: But the spell of the craven spirit Turns blessing into curse, While the bold heart meets the trouble That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster That will presently pass away, And believe a bright to-morrow, Will follow the dark to-day. There's nothing gained by fretting; Gather your strength anew, And step by step go onward, dear, Let the skies be gray or blue. Harper's Bazar.

HIS TENTH.

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 another; to missions and missions without end. He knew from the very beginning of it that Dr. Weeks' entire discourse would be an urgent call to his people to adopt the old tithing system, and give at least that much as a matter of course to the Lord. A tithe, indeed! Why, Silas Bent was worth two hundred thousand dollars, with an annual income of twenty thousand. A tithe of that would be two thousand dollars a year, thrown to the winds. So long as he rented a pew, sent his wife to the sociables, and put ten cents each Sabbath morning into the contribution-basket, he didn't see the sense in being everlastingly preached at for money, money, money. No, he wouldn't listen to the sermon. It took an unusually fine one to keep him awake at any time, and he certainly wouldn't even try, this morning, to fight off his drowsiness. A tithe! Absurd! If he had only a dollar he might not mind giving a tenth of it, but two thousand dollars—never!

There lay a snug roll of bills in his vestpocket, and these he poked down deeper, lest unwarily his nervous fingers, in fumbling for the usual dime, might clutch one of them instead. 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 course—Monday morning, and he must not be late at the office. Mail to attend to, and employees to direct, and yet, with all his hurried walking, he enjoyed the fresh air, the sunshine, and the sounds of active life about him.

his side, a slender form, in neutral colors. pression of a calm countenance and misty They gave me a testament, and we each gray apparel. It made him nervous, this read a verse in turn. Then, kneeling on ephemeral figure keeping step with him.

"Well?" he asked.
"Well," an answer came in measured voice; "I bear a message. You who will not give even 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. He will give you more than you are willing to give him. He will give you

Silas stopped where he stood, polished

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 vision and the calm voice, in his own busi-

But what had gotten into his legs! He could hardly lift his feet or place them one before the other. Odd thing! Why, he had prided himself upon his health and briskness, for twenty years. He shook as though with ague, every breath of air chilled him through and through; he must hurry the faster to the office, and have that rascally Tim build a heaping fire. But the office seemed growing farther and farther away, harder and harder to reach. He ached in every bone. "The Lord will give you a tenth of your health." words rang in his ear, and he turned pale with horror. The pleasant bustle of the street had grown less clear; he hardly heard-the tread of feet, the call of voices, the rumble of wheels. If only he had had Craddock drive down with him that morning—it was too chill to have walked. The very sunshine seemed growing dim—not half so bright, nor a third, not a fifth, nor —merciful powers!—a 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!" he shricked, 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, his pulses beat but feebly; life, health, sunshine, power, everything seemed flying from him. Then that fiend with the cane and the gray moustache, instead of helping him up and fanning a bit of breath into his body, still punched him mercilessly. He writhed and groaned, and clutched to catch the cudgel and thrust it from him. It felt queer and warm, and larger than it looked. He opened his eyes with a start, and found himself holding with both hands

-his wife's elbow. There were smothered giggles sounding behind him. Cold drops stood on his fore-head. He could actually feel the pallor of his face. Maria looked pale, too, and her glance was full of meek reproach.

A dream! Thank the Lord, only a dream! He had suffered untold agonies in twenty minutes by the clock. Brother Weeks was just concluding his eloquent appeal; the elders passed down the aisles with the baskets, and 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 saw it but Maria; she thought he had lost his mind, till he said to her during their quiet walk home: "Maria, who could help giving his tenth after hearing that powerful sermon!"
"It was a good sermon," Maria replied;

and when Silas Bent's two thousand went to the mission work that year, she thanked the Lord that her husband had awakened in time to really hear that sound, good sermon, and to gain so lasting an impression from its stirring truths.—Herald and Presbyter.

FAMILY RELIGION

Ten years ago, says a student, when an inconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning, after breakfast, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter —"verse about"—in the Bible. Then, as I could not help listening, there was a Suddenly he became aware of a figure at | peculiarity of service which quite mystified me. At last I asked one day if I might He tried to inspect it closely, but his remain. She hesitated, her daughter glasses needed rubbing or something was blushed, but said I could do so if I really wrong, for he had only an indistinct imdesired. So I sat down with the rest. the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly for her dear ones there, her husband, and herself; and then plusing a moment as if to gather her elements or wing her faith, uttered a tender, affectionate supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college; I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son his glasses, adjusted them, and stared the youngest of that circle, who only re-

one arose. I knew they were waiting for me. And I-poor, prayerless I-had no word to say. It almost broke 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, too, and thanked my ever-patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip. -Christian Guardian.

DID YOU SPEAK TO HIM?

You had the chance, perhaps such as will never come within reach of your influence again. Ah! how many precious oppor-tunities slip through our fingers. Some time ago Mr. Spurgeon went to preach at a prominent chapel, and, after taking tea at 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 clear, manly way, the preacher put to his young friend. Before replying he stopped in the street, and, looking his questioner straight in the face

said:
"Mr. Spurgeon, I have walked down to this chapel with the ministers for several than of them ever asked me years, and not one of them ever asked me that question before."

The faithful word was the beginning of new light; and, seeking God, he found pardon and peace through Christ.

Sincere reader, if you be a follower of the Lord, ask yourself the question, "Have I done my duty in this respect?" Or are ou letting the opportunities you have from lay to day slip through your fingers?

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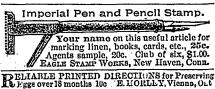
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