

WHAT SORT?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in the non-payment of a debt as long as his creditor refrains from "dunning."

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle.

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge, but is silent about an undercharge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to evade meeting his creditor lest he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because the creditor is presumed by the debtor not to need what the debt calls for?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because of a failure in farming, or other enterprise or undertaking?

What sort of morality is that which gets offended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

What sort of morality is that which provides for his own wife and children by defrauding the wife and children of another man, dead or alive, to whom he is just indebted for things which have been used by the debtor's family for their own enjoyments or profit?

What sort of morality is that which ignores moral obligation as to a debt, and pay only when the civil law compels?

What sort of morality is that which lightens the obligation to pay a just debt in proportion to the length of time since it was contracted?

In short, what sort of morality is that which disregard the command, "Thou shalt not steal?"

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

It is of the highest importance that children should be trained to habits of religion, for the habits of youth cling to the man even down to the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. The boy is the father of the man. Education may do much; grace may do much. But the marked characteristics of boyhood come out in manhood. A fair boy, a manly boy, or a mean, tricky boy, usually carry those traits through life. A prayerful, religious; industrious girl, or a frivolous, hot-tempered, vain girl will be much the same in advanced life.

The majority of the faithful, devoted Christian workers in our churches to-day are those who gave themselves to Christ in youth.

The generous whole-souled men of this generation were the open-handed boys of the last. The mean, stingy men we see about us were niggardly when they were young.

THE ART OF BEING BRIEF.

It is an art; and one not everybody possesses. Its absence is most marked and most deplorable, however, in the average public speaker, both on the pulpit and platform. Because it is so much easier to talk for forty-five minutes about a half a dozen truths, than in ten minutes clearly to express one truth and deeply impress it upon an audience, the former is done so much oftener than the latter. How many public meetings, anniversaries, commencements, how many sermons, and, above all else, how many Sunday school services, have been utterly ruined, converted from times of refreshing to a weariness of the flesh and spirit, simply by some teachers not having sense enough to know when to stop! The art of being brief is one that can and certainly ought to be cultivated.

Its first requisite is what may be called a right sense of proportion. The speaker must realize his relative importance to the occasion; and the relative importance of his subject. If he considers himself and what he has to say the most important feature there, then of course he will take up the greatest proportion of time. The length of a speech thus often is an accurate gauge of a man's self-conceit, of humility, as it always is of his judgment and taste.

The next requisite is to know what one wants to

say. Vagueness of thought necessitates diffuseness of expression. Long speeches usually result from the futile efforts of the speaker to make clear to his hearers what is not clear to himself. So the degree of a man's ignorance not seldom comes to be revealed by the length of his speech.

Finally, it is necessary to appreciate the fact that what the intelligent hearer wants is thoughts not words, truth not sound; that the only legitimate use of speech is to convey ideas; and that language, like dress must clothe living thought or it becomes a mere scarecrow; must clothe it, not mummify, smother, kill and bury it. The firmer the quality of thought and expression, the less will be the quantity needed.—*The Moravian.*

CONFIDENCE.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath Divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me with the billow's might—
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Dean of Canterbury.

A PRINCESS AT GOOD WORK.

"It is pleasant to record that when the Prince and Princess of Wales, after a fortnight's almost incessant round of travelling, were the Sunday guests of the Duke of Abercorn at Baroncourt, the Princess, after having attended divine service, visited the room of a poor working girl in the neighboring town of Newtonstewart, and remained with the dying sufferer for two hours. What passed during the long interview on that quiet Sunday afternoon probably will never be known on earth, for the girl passed into eternal rest a few hours afterwards; but there is in the fact a lesson and an example for those in less exalted positions who have it in their power to carry comfort and love to the homes and hearts of the lowly and suffering, and who profess to be unable to find time for the exercise of such practical Christianity."

PUSH.

If there was more push in the world there would be fewer hungry, half-clothed, homeless, suffering children, fewer broken-down, dissipated men and women; less need of almshouses, houses of correction, and houses for the friendless.

Push, means a lift for a neighbor in trouble. Push, means a lift for yourself out of the slough of despondency and shiftlessness, out of trouble, real or fancied. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push the better, if it is given in the right direction. Always push up hill—few people need a push down hill. Don't be afraid of your muscles and sinews; they were given you to use. Don't be afraid of your hands; they were meant for service. Don't be afraid of what your companion may say. Don't be afraid of your conscience, it will never reproach you for a good deed—but push with all your heart, might and soul, whenever you see anything or anybody that will be better for a good, long, strong determined push.

Push! It is just the word for the grand, clear morning of life; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is full of work as this is. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back, push!

If there is anything good being done in any place where you happen to be, push!

NEVER GO EMPTY-HANDED.

I learnt this capital bit of advice long ago. A dear old aunt said it to some one else, when I was near, and I remembered it. You cannot think how useful the hint has been, nor how much trouble and time it saves me.

Just notice what it is we all do from morning to night. Why, we take things out of their places and put them in again,—if we are tidy people, that is! We cannot help doing this. The pots and pans, the cups and saucers, and plates and dishes, must be taken out and used many times daily. Then comes the washing up and setting to rights. It is so with our books and clothes, and all we have. Well, then, there must be always something for ready hands to carry up or down. It is a great help in a house if we make it a rule to look round the room, and never go empty-handed.

This may be a new thought to some of you. Try to act on it for one day, and see if it is not as useful as oil on a rusty wheel. The work gets done like magic in houses where all help father and mother, and try to save them fatigue. Won't mother's dear eyes brighten when she sees you trying to think; and won't father be pleased when you save him journeys up and down by recollecting our wise maxim!

And when you go to see a sick friend or a poor neighbor, take something. A sweet flower, or a comforting text neatly written by yourself, will make sunshine. If you are really wanting to do good, look up and say often, "Lord help me;" and soon your heart will be as useful and busy as your hands. Only try.—A. M. V., in *Friendly Greetings*.

CARRYING THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me, and said in a cantering voice:

"Bishop, do you believe in a hell?"
I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"

"Yes," said he.
"Well," said I, "the best answer I ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece, who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room, and said:

"Aunt, I aint gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I jest wants to know where dey gets all de brimstone for dat place; dat's 'actly what I would like to know."

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said,

"Ah, honey darlin', you look out you don't go dere, for you'll find dey takes dere own brimstone wid'em."

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"

"No," said he.
And he went home, I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry 'their own brimstone' even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy, "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound, Ont.