

ASHAMED OF SELF.

I remember hearing of a young convert who got up to say something for Christ in the open air. Not being accustomed to speak, he stammered a good deal at first when an infidel came right along and shouted out; "Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, standing and talking like that." "Well," the young man replied, "I'm ashamed of myself, but I'm not ashamed of Christ." That was a good answer.

Hedley Vickers took a very good way when he laid down his open Bible on the mess-table, and when his brother officers began to laugh and joke at it he began to defend it. That was how he confessed among his ungodly comrades.

I had a conversation some time ago with a man in America, and we talked about confessing Christ. "Well," he said, "I must go home and confess Christ to-night. When he got home he couldn't help feeling a little timid, and his wife said, 'What's the trouble?' He had made up his mind it would be good to begin by erecting a family altar."

Next morning he got up half an hour earlier and called for his family, and, taking his Bible, he read a bit, and when he got down to pray he couldn't make a long prayer, but God blessed him, and his whole family were soon converted.

Now I've noticed that nine-tenths of the men who want to avoid a certain cross get just the cross they don't want. A man says, "I want to be converted, but I don't want to be converted amongst the Baptists, the Presbyterians or the Methodists." I've always noticed that he gets converted just right there where he didn't want to. The fact is, man wants his own way, and God would teach him that he must take his will. When a man gives up his will and says, "Lord, I take thee to be my Priest and Prophet and King," then he learns to confess Christ.—D. L. Moody.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIRDS.

Seven years ago a notorious woman in Paris appeared at a semi-disreputable ball with stuffed birds as ornaments. Since then the feminine beauty, piety, homeliness, vanity, and thoughtlessness of Christendom have servilely followed the fashion thus started by a wanton profligate. Entomologists estimate that the annual loss in food and fibre plants due to insect pests, amounts in this country to fully three hundred million dollars. At the lowest estimate five million of birds are butchered by us every year to satisfy the demands of a barbarous fashion. It is estimated that the death of every insect-eating bird causes an actual and consequential loss equivalent to four bushels of grain. When the enormous fecundity of insect pests, and the numbers daily destroyed by their feather foes are considered, the estimate will not be considered greatly exaggerated. The decrease of birds by ordinary accidents, depredations, and mortality, nearly counterbalances their increase and such special havoc as that made of them for feminine vanity's sake, upsets the balance of nature, and leads to the extinction of whole species. This is an excellent time to change this fashion inaugurated by vice and maintained by recklessness, cruelty, and vanity. Let the flowers that bloom in the spring-time take the place of the birds that die the year round.—*Rural New Yorker*.

CHOICE THOUGHTS.

God is glorified, not by our groans, but by our thanks-giving.—E. W. Whipple.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry "Tis all Barren."—Sterne.

Let no one flatter himself that he is innocent if he loves to meditate upon anything which he would blush to avow before men, or fear to unveil before God.—F. Wayland.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace to no man; to make no effort to escape it is indeed disgraceful.—Thucydides.

As sure as ever God puts his children in the furnace he will be in the furnace with them.—Spurgeon.

Trials teach us what we are; they dig up the soil and see what we are made of.—Spurgeon.

Fame can never make us lie down contentedly on a deathbed.—Pope.

Charms always strike the sight; but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.—Pope.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Pope.

Better die ten thousand deaths than wound my honor.—Addison.

Aim to live so well that the world will demand your services while living, and learn of your death with regret.

Cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing in perfection.—Lady Morgan.

Speak out in acts; the time for words has passed, and deeds alone suffice.—Whittier.

Who would appear clean must be clean all through.—Alice Cary.

Character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.—Emerson.

The working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally forever, and cannot die.—Carlyle.

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YOUR PASTOR.

Don't find fault with your pastor! He is only a man with human frailties and infirmities. Of course he errs and probably no person feels it more keenly than he does. Your criticism will only tend to diminish his zeal and to dishearten him in his labors. But if he should never know it, don't do it. You cannot afford it for your own sake; you should listen to him as your teacher and guide in the Christian life, and not for the purpose of seeing how much error you can discover in him. Will it build you up in holiness to dwell upon another's faults? You cannot afford it for the sake of your family. Every such word that you drop in their presence will make it less likely that his ministry will benefit them. It may keep your children from Jesus. Such cases have occurred. Shall they occur in your home? You cannot afford it for the sake of the church and community. Every word spoken derogatory to him for good will diminish the efficiency of all departments of church work, and will hinder the gospel of Christ.—*Zion's Herald*.