

angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others about you are angry.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times for it is of more value to you than gold, beautiful houses or gay fashionable clothes.

Hold on to the truth for it will serve you well and do you good through time and throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—It is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

And best of all get a firm hold of Jesus then no evil can overtake you. He will carry you safely through this world; and in the end will take you to that home where you will be safe and happy for ever.

The Fountain-head of Good and Evil.

It is in the *household*, more than anywhere else, that personal character receives its early direction and its subsequent shaping. The sublime order of the material universe is the result of law acting upon each particular atom, and holding it in its proper place. Equally in the sphere of human life the general good is the product of the special obedience rendered to the spirit of truth by the individuals composing a community. Making due account of the general appliances of education, whether secular or religious, nevertheless we must come back at last to the household as the chief source of right training. Fathers and mothers are, and must be, for good or evil the main educators of their children.—Dr. J. M. Feriss.

Morning and Evening.

Speak kindly in the morning; it will lighten all the cares of the day, turn sorrow into gladness, make household, professional and all other affairs move along more smoothly, giving peace to the one who thus speaks and grateful joy to the one who hears. Speak kindly at the evening hour, for it may be that before the dawn of another day some tenderly loved one may finish his or her span of life for this world, and then it will be too late to recall an unkind word, or even to seek forgiveness for an injury inflicted upon the heart of a loved friend departed.

Character in the Family Circle.

Home life is the sure test of character. Let a husband be cross and surly, the wife grows cold and unamiable. If children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. This is not what the family circle should be. If one must be rude to any, let it be to some one he does not love—not to wife, brother, or parent. Let one of the loved ones be taken away and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and green ground are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then and he sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved. It is a pitiable picture of human weakness when those we love best are treated worst.

A Hard Way.

No one has ever "crossed the Rubicon" from integrity and virtue to a life of vice without finding it a path of remorse and tears. Mr. Moody said truthfully in one of his plain speeches, "There is not a day passes but you can read in the pages of the daily papers, 'The way of transgressors is hard'."

You go to the Tombs in New York city and you will find a little iron bridge running from the police court, where the men are tried, right into the cells.

I think the New York officials have not been noted for their piety in your time and mine, but they had put up there in iron letters on that bridge, "The way of transgressors is hard."

They know that is true. Blot it out if you can. God has said it. It is true. "The way of transgressors is hard."

On the other side of that bridge they put these words, "A Bridge of Sighs."

I said to one of the officers, "What did they put that up there for?"

He replied that most of the young men—for most of the criminals are young men—as they pass over that iron bridge