

books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some woman who knows nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the every-day joys and sorrows, my dear girl, that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and do be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought out one, about everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must be judged yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now."

The Day of Rest.

O sweet, fair day of silence,
When echoes come and go,
Of voices praising Him, the King,
Who died so long ago;

When sunlight's benediction
Lies wondrous to behold,
As though no sin had entered in
To stain its fettered gold.

As though its mystic beauty
His loving hand confessed
More dreamy fair on all the air,
This still, sweet day of rest.

As though in benediction
It brought us nearer heaven,
His face to see, His own to be—
Day sweetest of the seven.

Good Rules.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.
Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Frequently to review your conduct and note your feelings.

To say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you.

Not to affect to be witty, or jest so as to hurt the feelings of another.

Never to court the favour of the rich by flattering their vanities or their riches.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from you in political and religious subjects.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of circumstances which tend to irritate.

Some People.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity "speaking their minds," or "plain speaking." Sometimes they dignify it by the name of "telling the truth." As if truth must be unpleasant in order to be true. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover?

The sum of human misery is always so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount, and in trifles lie the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions; but if the information is unnecessary and makes her unhappy, it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action.

Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a mere worldly matter to light-minded people.

But why it should be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant ones is a somewhat puzzling question.

Give of Our Best.

Why is it that men so soon wax weary in labour? How is it that there have come amongst us such low standards of giving? How comes it that we think it enough, if out of the abundance that is given to many of us, we give but the pining and offscouring of our abundance to Him? How is it we give the day to our work and the night to our pleasure, and think it much if we remember Him in a hurried prayer, that we feel rather glad to have said? Because His presence is not by us; because we do not realize that His eye—the discriminating eye which saw the poor widow offer her mite and the rich man cast his empty, unrewarded gift into the treasury—that discriminating eye is beside us now. It is that that makes our labour so little and our gifts so poor. If you and I can get into His presence, go as she did who brought the alabaster box and knelt at his feet in the house of Simon the leper, hear His voice,

"See the brow that thorns have bound,
Mark the hands the nails have pierced"—

if we did but thus see Him beside us, should we not love to offer our very hearts to Him?—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

Sorrow Foretold Deepens Confidence.

Sorrow foretold gives us confidence in our Guide. We have the chart, and as we look upon it we see marked "waterless country," "pathless rocks," "desert and sand," "wells and palm-trees." Well, when we come to the first of these, and find ourselves, as the map says, in the waterless country; and when, as we go on step by step, and mile after mile, we find it is all down there, we say to ourselves, "The remainder will be accurate, too." And if we are in Marah to-day, where the water is bitter, and nothing but the wood of the tree that grows there can ever sweeten it, we shall be at Elim to-morrow, where there are the twelve wells and the seventy palm-trees. The chart is right, and the chart says that the end of it all is the land that flows with milk and honey. He has told us this; if there had been anything worse than this, He would have told us that. "If it were not so I would have told you." The sorrow foretold deepens our confidence in our Guide.

Nagging.

A dictionary will tell you that nagging means "petty teasing," but the fault, habit, or whatever you choose to call it, if persisted in, quickly grows beyond the bounds of pettiness, assuming alarming proportions that will undermine the firmest foundations of happy homes.

Every good housekeeper loves order, and untidiness in others often stirs up her indignation. Instead of administering her reproof for any slip of orderliness and having done with it, she severely reprimands the offender, and applies the caustic of constant reminder to the wound already made by her sharp tongue.

It is small wonder that when a man goes home tired and hungry, and is met at the door with such a greeting as "Scrape your feet before you come in," "Do hang up your coat," "Gracious alive, how you smell of smoke," that the husbands and sons are glad to spend the evening anywhere else than at home.

Nether are the lords of creation altogether free from this sandpaper scolding. If, in the press of household duties, the wife or mother happens to spoil the bread or burn the meat, just once, be sure that these creatures that are just one degree lower than the angels will not forget to remind her of it for weeks to come.

A nagging man or woman in the home is like a hedgehog, pricking and wounding all they come in contact with, poisoning the sweet home life, eating like a canker into the peace and happiness of the family, and tainting what it cannot consume.—*Christian Guide.*

Fruit.

Living to Christ in small things and living for Christ every day is the secret of large fruitfulness. A peach or an orange tree does not leap into a bounty of fruit by one spasmodic effort; an orchard does not ripen under a single day's sunshine. Every raindrop, every sunbeam, every inch of subsoil does its part. A fruitful Christian is a growth. To finish up a godly character by a mere religion of Sundays, and sermons, and sacraments, and revivals, and special seasons, is impossible. A man can be converted in an instant, but he must grow by the year. The tough fibre of the slender branch which can hold up a half-bushel of oranges, is very different from a little willow switch. It is the steady compacting process which makes the little limb like a steel wire. Such is a healthy and holy believer's life. Every honest prayer breathed, every cross carried every trial well endured, every good work for our fellow-men lovingly done, every little act conscientiously performed for Christ's glory, helps to make the Christian character beautiful and to load its broad boughs with "apples of gold" for God's "basket of silver."

A Word with the Discouraged.

We applaud those who in any striking emergency show that they are masters of the situation, but we do not commonly realize that the situations in which most of us are to exhibit our mastery are not public and dramatic, but that they arise in the combination of events which make up daily life. Each one has his peculiar temptations, trials and limitations. The victory that God intends we shall win is on the field in which His providence has placed us. This is the situation in which we are to prove our mastery. He does not make any situation too hard for us to master if we keep our faith in Him, and go forth to the work with a steadfast heart. Do not, then, give up; do not envy those who appear to have an easier time of it; do not give place to gloomy forebodings. Expect to master the situation which God has put you in, and count on His help to enable you to do it.—*The Church Worker.*

Large Gifts to American Colleges and Schools.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$7,000,000 to educational institutions—more than any other living man has given. But Stephen Girard exceeded him in his benefactions by about \$1,000,000. Following is a list of those who have given more than \$1,000,000 for educational purposes.

Stephen Girard, Girard College, Pennsylvania, \$8,000,000.
John D. Rockefeller, University of Chicago, \$7,000,000.
George Peabody, various institutions, \$6,000,000.
Leland Stanford, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, \$5,000,000.
Asa Packer, Lehigh University, \$3,500,000.
Johns Hopkins, Johns Hopkins University, \$3,500,000.
Paul Tulane, Tulane University, \$2,500,000.
Isaac Rich, Boston University, \$2,000,000.
Jonas G. Clark, Clark University, \$2,000,000.
Vanderbilt Brothers, Vanderbilt University, \$1,775,000.
James Lick, University of California, \$1,650,000.
John C. Green, Princeton College, \$1,500,000.
William C. De Pauw, De Pauw University, \$1,500,000.
A. J. Drexel, Drexel Industrial School, \$1,500,000.
Leonard Case, School of Applied Sciences, Cleveland, \$1,200,000.
Peter Cooper, Cooper Union, \$1,200,000.
Ezra Cornell, Cornell University, \$1,100,000.
Henry W. Sage, Cornell University, \$1,100,000.

—Temperance preserves the functions of the mind in serenity and acuteness; to the offices of the body it secures health, and consequent agility and vigour. The effects of excessive repletion are to injure the senses, confuse the intellect, and induce an unmanly languor and stupidity.—*Epicurus.*