

Retrospect.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed;
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His blessing healed.
Oh! tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom that taught and tried,
'Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided my paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known;
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water springs by the way;
For the glowing pillar of flame by night,
And the sheltering cloud by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting place.
Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears. —Selected.

Give Home Your Best.

The responsibility of giving the best of one's self to the home does not devolve solely upon the parents, but upon the older children as well. A daughter has no right to be full of animation when invited to tea at a friend's house, and to indulge only in monosyllables at the home able whenever she happens "not to feel like talking." She is bound to contribute something to the pleasure of the family circle, those whom she really loves better than anybody in the wide world, but for whose pleasure she is too indolent or thoughtless to bestir herself.

There are boys who are the "life" of social gatherings, yet who never deign to entertain father and mother, or brothers and sisters with an account of their good times. Only by dint of persistent questioning can the lips of these mutes at home be unsealed. They never proffer any racy recital of experiences to the household. They neglect to say "good-night" or "good-morning." They do not think it worth while to show any affection to other members of the family. The parents are not always to blame for this unsocial spirit. Perhaps they are making great sacrifices to win a son or daughter to express more love and interest for the home. The matter should be laid upon the consciences of these older boys and girls. They must bring themselves out of this essentially selfish attitude.

The Blessedness of Sympathy and Helpfulness.

"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord: and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—Prov. xix., 17.

There are of course persons who counterfeit poverty, and who make a living by deceiving other people. It is sometimes better to be deceived than to run the risk of neglecting to supply honest need. I have not much faith in those men who boast that they have never been deceived. They are generally hard, unresponsive, and suspicious. Their sagacity is no virtue; on the contrary, it is a pitiable moral weakness. Hear their comments upon persons who complain of imposition! What rebuke there is in their tone! What sneering there is in their whole aspect! For themselves, they never were deceived; they claim to be penetrating, sagacious, able to find out all the wiles and cunning of the most subtle duplicity. All such boasting is vain, and it can only come to a miserable end. He who is suspicious will be suspected. Jealousy always carries its own sting and its own fire, and will certainly kindle its own hell. Never omit the element of pity from your character. Even a judicial mind should be softened by the influence of compassion. There can be no real justice, in the largest and divinest sense of the term, unless there is great mercy, great pity, great sympathy with human weakness and human temptation. The Lord seems to have adopted "the poor" as His peculiar dependents. Though we are all poor before the Lord, yet there is a sense in which the destitute specially claim and specially receive His condescending and beneficent attention. Shall we despise those on whom the regard of the Lord is fixed? Shall we not rather count them amongst those to whom we should offer our tenderest and completest sympathy? Rely upon it that an account is kept in heaven of all our pity, and charity and helpfulness. In this respect, as in others, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Think of a man having been in the world thirty or forty years without having pitied or helped anybody! No matter what the balance at the bank may be, I rather ask, What is the balance in heaven? How does your account stand as it is written by the hand of God? He puts down every donation to the poor, every impulse of pity, every offer of help, every service done in the Divine name of His own charity. I pray for you that whatever may be your assets in your own ledger, you may have got assets in the account which God is keeping in heaven. Every day help some poor life to become more hopeful, and in the end you will find that you have been sowing seed which shall bring forth abundant and ever-satisfying harvest.—Dr. Parker.

Friday.

America was discovered on Friday. The pilgrims landed on Friday. The Declaration of Independence was adopted on Friday. The year 1886 was a prosperous year, though it may be said to have been one of Fridays. It began on Friday, ended on Friday, contained 53 Fridays, had four months with five Fridays, the longest and shortest days on Friday, and five changes of the moon on Friday.

Don't be superstitious about Friday.