

slip, we fall, we are swallowed up in the floods—we are lost forever. Look up, not down. Look forward, not behind. The outlook to the skies is ever open and brings sweetest rest.

An ancient philosopher asked a friend to visit him and see his garden. When his friend came he found the philosopher walking in a little-walled space in the rear of his house. When he found that this was the garden he was disappointed. But the philosopher said to him: "Despise not my garden; for though it is not very long nor very wide, it is wondrous high." It reached to the skies. Look up!

THE COW.

A widow, named Berene, was living with her two daughters in rather poor circumstances. What they earned every week, every week they were obliged to spend. Besides this, one day they lost their only cow, and were in the greatest distress about it. They said, "Unless God gives us back our cow, we can never have another; for it is impossible for us to raise money enough to buy one."

"Do your part faithfully," said their neighbour, "and so God will send you help."

"But what, then, can we do?" said Berene.

Their neighbor answered: "You must, in the first place, by industry increase your wages. There are three of you, and you understand well spinning knitting, and sewing: work daily two hours longer; it must, indeed, go hard if you cannot each earn twopence more than hitherto."

"In the second place you must, by economy, diminish your expenses. You drink at breakfast every day a kind of slop, which you call coffee. Although you take but but very little coffee and sugar, yet that costs you too much. Therefore eat a little broth, which is certainly more nourishing; and so you will each save, at the least, another twopence. Follow these two pieces of advice; lay up that which you so gain and save, and you will soon have collected as much money as a good cow costs."

Berene and her daughters followed this wise advice, and at the end of a year they had as much money as they wanted to pay for the cow. Yes; and

what was still more, they had thereby learnt to better their poor circumstances by industry and economy, and were tolerably well off. Their neighbour then said, "Do you see, now, that I was right? It is always found true, — 'Aid but thyself, and surely God will aid.'"

Th' attempt by industry and prudence made."

THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK.

A hundred years ago there lived a boy in Oxford, England, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there.

He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favor of the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposition; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes:

One step, and then another, until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.

TOUCHY PEOPLE.

Perhaps nothing detracts more from a person's own comfort in this world than being over-sensitive. The touchy person is always fancying that people intend to slight her; and quite often she thinks herself wounded and hurt when nothing is hurt but her vanity. Cultivate anything else, girls; but as you value your peace of mind and the happiness of your neighbors, and the contentment and enjoyment of your own homes, do not be foolishly sensitive.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Sing, little children,
Children of God,
Ye who are treading
Youth's sunny road.
Happy in childhood,
Buoyant and bright,
Heedless of either
The dark or the light.

Sing in the sunshine
Flooding your way,
Praise for the goodness
Given each day.
Joy in the noontide,
Fear not the night,
Faithfully true in
The dark or the light.

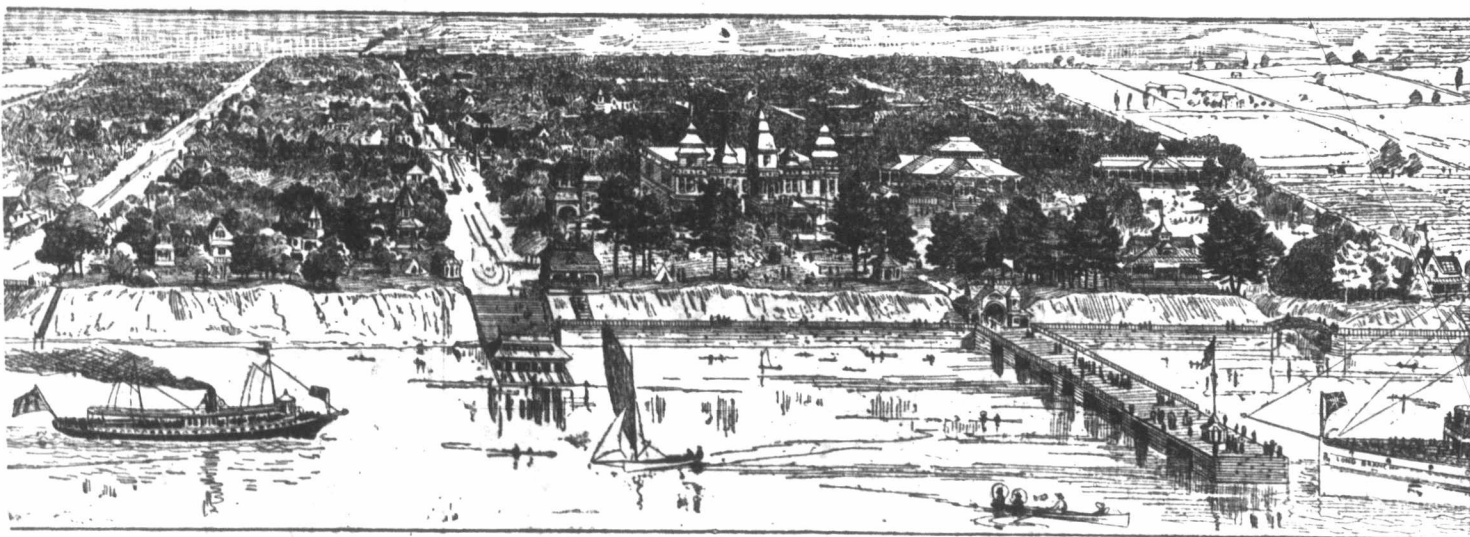
Trust, little children,
Children of God,
Even when shadows
Fall on your road.
Walking by faith
When you cannot by sight,
Knowing who sendeth
The dark with the light.

Trust and be fearless,
Earnest and strong,
Seeking the right paths,
Shunning the wrong,
God in his wisdom
Leads us aright,
Even though he mingles
The dark with the light.

A SEVERE TRIAL.—Frances S. Smith, of Emsdale, Muskoka, writes—"I was troubled with vomiting for two years and I have vomitted as often as five times a day. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured me."

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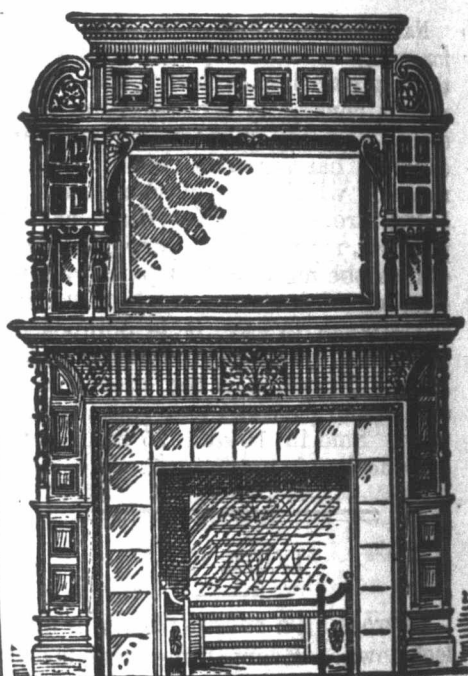
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