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Christmas.

My little child comes to my knee
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me.
Beginning "Once upon a time."
It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherd saw one winter night—
And the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.
This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of one who prayed alone and wept
While his wearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.
And now my darling at my side
And echoes of the distant chime
Bring that sweet story back to me—
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners, once upon a time.
The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones or fluent rhyme,
Like misty vapors fade away;
But this sweet story "blows for aye,
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

An Act of Heroism.

A large concourse of people had collected in one of the streets of San Diego in California, and were shouting at the top of their voices in a very excited manner. The cause of the uproar and tumult soon became apparent.

A drunken drover had charge of a herd of wild cattle, and was driving it through the town. Every one knows how dangerous these animals are, especially when goaded into fury by a tipsy drover. One of the largest of the bulls, with terrific horns, detached himself from the others.

Now, a little child was playing in the street, dragging a toy cart after it, and the mad bull rushed after the child. The drover tried to turn the infuriated animal, but in doing so lost his balance and fell heavily from his horse to the ground. A cry of terror arose from the lips of the spectators as they saw the great danger the poor child was in. Surely nothing could save it from its horrible fate!

But help was near. A young lady was passing, and the shouting of the tumultuous crowd having attracted her attention, she took in at a moment the imminent danger of the little child. She immediately seized hold of the drover's horse, and, springing into the saddle, gave chase to the bull. She soon caught up with the animal, and taking a shawl from her shoulders she threw it over its head and neck, while the bull was in full charge, and painfully near the child. In less time than it takes to tell, she had reached down, clutched the child, lifted it into the saddle, and bore it away out of danger.

The shouts and hurrahs of the delighted spectators were deafening, as this young lady (Miss Lawrence by name) dismounted and placed the child in the arms of its grateful mother. Not only did this splendid action show great presence of mind, but it was a feat of horsemanship which most people, even if they had been willing, would have been incapable of performing.

There is not the slightest doubt, that had it not been for the young lady's heroic action the child would have been tossed and gored to death. Such an act will live in the memory of all those who were so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

A Silent Christmas.

The first "Still Christmas" in England occurred in 1525. Henry the Eighth was king, and he had not yet forfeited the respect of his subjects; but great political events were at hand.

In December the king was sick. The nation was filled with anxiety. It was decided that the Christmas should be a silent one: there were no carols, bells or merry-makings.

Silent Christmas were proclaimed in the Protectorate of Cromwell. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of the emblems of the nativity was held to be seditious.

The change was most notable in London. There was silence on the Strand. The churchbells were still. St. Paul lifted its white roofs over the Thames, and Westminster Abbey its towers, but the tides of happy people in holiday attire no more poured in and out of those ancient fanes. The holly and ivy no more appeared in the windows of the rich and the poor. The Yule fires were not kindled, nor the carols sung.

Bells indeed rung out on the frosty air, but how different from the chimes of old! They were the hand-bells of the heralds in simple garb passing from street to street and smiting the air and crying out:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"
Heads filled the windows and figures the doors. Crowds stopped on the corners of the streets and in the squares. The cry went on:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

It smote the hearts of those who loved the old ways and customs. But the spirit of the time was not lost. In the silence of the long procession of English festivals the law of Christ was a period of great morality and fruitful plenty. A period when the nation was conscientious and strong. The Star of Bethlehem was still shining.

A great change followed the Restoration. The Christmas bells rung out once more. The waits again sang their carols at the gates of old feudal halls. There were merry-makings under the evergreens. It was at one of the Court Christmases of these years that Charles knighted a loin of beef, and gave it the name of "Sir Loin."

A Beautiful Complexion.

A clean, fair skin and a good color are within the reach of a great many who think they can never hope to have a beautiful complexion. But the price to be paid, not in money, is often a very large one, and involves an entire change of diet and ways of living.

One who is accustomed to turning night into day, who during the hours of sunshine is sleeping within four walls, may have a clear skin, but it will not be rosy. One who eats wrongly or overeats must pay the price, and a part of it will be in a muddy complexion. The skin is an important factor in the sewage of the body (which is seventy-five per cent. water), no less than twenty-seven miles of sewage tubing being on the surface of the adult of average size. Obstructions anywhere along this extended line will show themselves, if not in fevers and colds, in eruptions, scales, "blackheads," and other unsightly blemishes.

The sewage escapes of the body are the skin, the lungs, the kidneys, the bowels. If the air one breathes is foul, it cannot properly purify the blood, and the skin that is nourished by impure blood cannot be beautiful. If the diet is constipating there will be another source of ugliness to the complexion. The skin and lungs will try to get rid of effete matters retained in body and the breath will be fetid. As a lady lecturer on hygiene once said, in recommending an oatmeal and fruit diet: "It is impolite to have a bad breath." If by a hearty meat diet the kidneys are overworked, unable to perform their office, the skin, by its unhealthy color, will show its sympathy with them.

Friction and cleanliness are important factors in producing a clear complexion. The bath is inseparable from beauty. Exercise is an important factor in producing a clear complexion. If the exercise taken must be within doors, let them and the windows be thrown wide open, and all of out-door that is possible be brought within the walls. Even then one cannot realize the full benefit of out-door exercise.

Cosmetics such as are above recommended will do more to improve the complexion. They will make the person using them well and strong and happy in exuberant health. To sum up, these cosmetics are:

1. Plain, wholesome, nutritious food.
2. Abundance of pure air.
3. Plenty of sleep at night.
4. Exercise in the open air.
5. Friction of the skin and the bath.
6. Regularity of habit in all things.

Only Tongue-Love.

Mary Marson was always telling how much she loved her mother. Words were very cheap, and little Mary seemed to have a great number of them—so many that her mother got tired of hearing her talk.

Of course you will expect me to tell you that Mary was a great comfort to her mother, and was always glad to help her in every way possible. That was just what Uncle Ralph thought when he heard his niece's fine, loving words; but before his visit was half over, he found the little girl loved her mother with a love that is good for just nothing at all.

One day the girl who did the work was taken sick, and baby Willie was very fretful, so the mother's hands were more than full of work. Mary kissed her mother when she saw how tired she was and called her "darling mamma," but did not offer to amuse the sick baby, or take Ann's cup of tea to her room. Oh, no! she could not stop, for she was making her doll a new hood for winter. Uncle Ralph said to his sister:

"What can I do to help? I see that your little daughter does not love you any, but I do."

Mary stopped knitting and rocking in her comfortable chair and looked at her uncle in surprise. "I do love mother," she said angrily. "Oh, no; you don't!" her uncle said, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I do." And here I am sorry to say one little foot went down on the floor very hard.

"You have plenty of mouth or tongue love, I know; but that is like 'sounding brass'—noise only; don't amount to anything."

Mary began to cry at this, and "wonder" what could she do.

"Ask your mother 'what can I do?'" said her uncle.

Poor little Mary stopped crying, but looked very unhappy; for it seemed to her that she must sit on that very comfortable chair and knit dollie Jane's hood. But she might take care of baby.

"I will take baby out!" said her uncle; "that will help."

Then Mary felt easy again, for some one else was doing her duty for her.

"I wish your Mary loved you," said her uncle to his sister, as he put the baby into his little carriage: "but she does not I fear—only tongue love, not heart love."

After quite a while Mary went softly into the dining-room, and set the table neatly for dinner picking up baby's playthings in the sitting-room, and made his little crib bed for his nap, besides taking care of her own little room.

What kind of love did this show? Which kind have you for your mother?

Some people like brooks are always murmuring.

Echoes.

Far away, in days ago,
Shepherds heard the angels sing;
Light from heaven round them shone—
Listen! distant echoes ring—
"Glory be to God on high,
Who giveth peace"—the hills reply,
"And good-will to men." Agah,
Echoes sweetly sound, "To men."
If the angels, a note then, never,
Have been heard, by us, forever
Echoes will rebound
Through the hearts of men; endearing
Each to each, forever cheering
All around.

The Birthday of Jesus.

A little girl was separated from her mother several thousand miles. When her mother's birthday came, she said: "If my mamma were at home, I should make a nice present and give to her; but she is far away, and I cannot give her anything. I have thought of something that will be better than a present."

I will do everything I can think of to please my mamma all day to-day." This was her resolve before she rose in the morning. So she dressed herself neatly and came to the table promptly. She attended to her morning duties, kneeling in her room and asking God's help, and went to school, all the time thinking to herself, "Will this please mamma?" When she was tempted to speak unkindly, or to be selfish with her school mates, or to neglect her studies, the good angel in her heart would whisper to her the better thought; and so she went through the day, often asking herself the same question, and holding herself to the purpose of doing everything in a way that would please her mamma. At night she wrote her mother a letter, telling her how she had celebrated her birthday. The letter reached her mother and made her very happy; and she wrote her little girl that it was the best birthday present she had ever received. Our Savior has gone away from us into heaven, but He told His disciples He was coming again. In a few days we are going to celebrate His birthday, which we call Christmas. He is not here, so we cannot bring Him presents, as the wise men did when He was on earth. How can we do better than to do as the little girl did for her mamma—try to do everything to please Him that day, and so make Him happy? In the first place, love Jesus; then obey Him. Think out what He has done for us, how He has died to save us, and thank Him; then try and make others happy. Many children make a mistake in thinking only of having a good time themselves on Christmas, and forget that it is Christ's birthday, and that He is the one to be made happy. But to strive to please Him is the surest way to be happy ourselves. If Jesus was really going to spend His birthday in one of our homes, how we should try to think what we could give Him and do for Him. But He has told us that what we do for others in His name He will accept the same as if done for Him. So it is in the power of us all to make Christ happy on Christmas day. Do the things that would please Him.

The Country Boys.

About sixty years ago a Vermont boy, a farmer's son, was sent to East Poultney by himself to sell a load of potatoes. It was a great event for him—the proudest day of his life. He sold out his load, then drove around to the tavern, put up his horses, and went in to dinner. How grand he felt, ordering a dinner on his own account, and paying his own bill!

A good many people were in the dining-room, among the rest a distinguished-looking man, no less a personage than the sheriff of the county, who had been formerly a member of Congress. But pretty soon our young fellow's eyes fell upon a "tall, pale, white-haired, gawky boy," sitting at the further end of the table in his shirt-sleeves, paying attention to nobody, and eating as if upon a wager. "This is a pretty sort of a tavern, anyhow, to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen! He ought to come in with the hostler," thought our proud potato merchant.

Before long the conversation turned upon some political subject, some act of an early Congress, and there was a difference of opinions as to how certain members voted upon it. All at once the sheriff turned to the white-haired, half-dressed boy at the end of the table, and asked:

"Ain't that right, Greeley?"
"No," said the boy, "you're wrong."
"There!" said one of the other men, "I told you so!"

"And you're wrong, too," continued the boy, and he proceeded to give the history of the measure in question from beginning to end.

Our dealer in potatoes was astonished out of measure, the more so because the whole company took these statements as law and gospel, settling the whole dispute at once and forever.

The "gawky boy" was Horace Greeley, who was there at work in a printing-office at East Poultney. The other boy became a prominent New York physician. The two did not see each other for many years. Then the famous physician met the famous editor one day in the street, and told him this story, to his great amusement.

Many a man has never realized what a safe-guard to human life and welfare the gospel is till he has gone to some section of the country where there are no Churches or Sunday-schools.

Tributes to Woman.

Confucius—Woman is the master piece.

Herder—Woman is the crown of creation.

Voltaire—Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.

Lessing—Nature meant to make woman his masterpiece.

John Quincy Adams—All that I am, my mother made me.

Ruskin—Shakespeare has no heroes—He has only heroines.

Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone can restore it.

Gladstone—Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly.

E. S. Barrett—Woman is the last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

Bulwer—To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of sex.

Saadi—A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.

Danmartine—There is a woman at the beginning of all good things.

Rocheffoucauld—A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.

Cowley—What is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.

Richter—No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.

Cervantes—All women are good—good for nothing or good for something.

Victor Hugo—Women derest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Francis I.—A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft.

Shakespeare—There was never a fair woman but she mouths in a glass.

George Eliot—A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.

Heine—Handsomeness without religion are like flowers without perfume.

Voltaire—All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman's.

Leopold Schefer—But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is the mother.

Beecher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.

Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.

Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

Michelot—Woman is the Sabbath of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Lord Landsdale—If the whole world were put in one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

Cervantes—Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.

Water Before Breakfast.

A thin, tall man got up at the other morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and, coming down stairs, ordered two glasses of water at the liquid refreshment counter, says the New York Mail. The trained bartender smiled, but handed out two large glasses full of pure cold water. The man smacked his lips, and said it was a healthy drink before breakfast, and one that he recommended. He said:

If I had not drunk cold water before breakfast, I might have been in my grave long ago. I am a physician, or, rather, was one before I retired, and have made a study of liquids. Water, drunk freely before meals, has a very beneficial result, for it washes away the mucus secreted during the intervals of repose.

The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food and to convert it into soluble compounds. In the morning the accumulation of mucus is especially marked, when the gastric walls are covered with a thick, tenacious layer. Now, food entering the stomach at this time will become covered with this tenacious coating, which for a time protects it from the action of gastric ferments, and so retards digestion. Your man with a tubular contracted stomach, with puerile mucous lining and viscid contents, a normal condition in the morning before breakfast, is not suitable to receive food. A glass of water washes out the stomach, gives tone, and prepares the alimentary canal for the morning meal.

The farmer's life, according to carefully-prepared statistics in Massachusetts, is longer than that of men engaged in any other occupation. He lives on an average sixty-five years, while the highest average of any other business is fifty-six years. This longevity is not due entirely to his out-of-door life, for some other out-door workers are not long lived. But the farmer's out-door work is mostly in pleasant weather. In storms he keeps pretty closely in doors, thus showing the great advantage not only of knowing enough to go in when it rains, but of having a business which allows him to do so.

A Happy Christmas to You!

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A happy Christmas to you!
For the Light of Life is born,
And his coming is the sunshine
Of the dark and wintry morn.
The greatest omen must pale,
The loveliest western gleam must fall,
But his great light,
So full and bright,
Arise! for thy heart to-day—
His shadow-conquering beams shall never pass away.

A happy Christmas to you!
For the Prince of Peace is come,
And his reign is full of blessings,
Their very crown and sum.
No earthly calm may ever last,
Tis but the full before the blast;
But his great peace
Shall still increase
In might, all-rejoicing way—
His kingdom in thy heart can never pass away.

Success in Public.

John Bright says:

"When I intend to speak on anything that seems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience. I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three or four slips of note-paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call while I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written."

Young ministers of religion would do well to ponder these ingenious confessions. It would probably be found that all supremely successful speakers of our own time have substantially adopted the same method as Mr. Bright. Very few, if any, great speakers in Parliament or the bar have fallen into what Mr. Bright truly describes as "the double slavery" of writing out their speeches at length, and then committing them to memory. Reading speeches and reciting speeches are vices peculiar to the Christian ministry. All the most powerful and successful pulpit orators of our time have emancipated themselves from the "double slavery." Even those who began with that plan have discovered that it is unendurable and fatal to the highest success.

Mr. Spurgeon's success is, on every ground, phenomenal. Now his method of preparation is substantially the same as Mr. Bright's. He prepares both of his sermons on Saturday evening by jotting down on half a sheet of note-paper the main outline, with suggestive words. Like Mr. Bright, he leaves very much to the inspiration of the moment, when under the glorious influence of the great crowd that fills the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Every true orator owes some of his best and most impressive passages to the subtle, magnetic influence of his audience. The speaker and those who listen, act and react upon one another. Some of the loftiest achievements of human speech are improvised in the presence of a sympathetic audience. The true speaker instinctively modifies and readjusts in actual delivery even what he had minutely prepared. The man who reads or recites a sermon is not an orator. He may be a brilliant essayist, or a refined scholar, or a consummate rhetorician; but the very essence of oratory is dextrous adaptation of speech to the exact circumstances of the living audience. A man who reads his sermons is a brilliant pianist who may do wonderful execution with notes already mechanically prepared. He may even by a subtle "touch" bring much expression out of them. But the true orator, of the Bright or Spurgeon type, is a violinist who makes his own notes, and produces subtle and exquisite effect beyond the reach of art, and even to himself instinctive rather than deliberate.

More technical symmetry and artificial flourish should always be sacrificed to force and effect. A sermon is not an end in itself. It is a means to an end. The real end is to move the will of the hearer to the imitation of Christ. If the preacher only succeeds in awakening admiration in the mind of his hearer, or in his own, his sermon is a dead failure. Sir Charles Russell is the leading orator at the bar because he convinces juries and wins the verdict more frequently than any other men. Preaching is as real and practical a thing as forensic oratory, and must, in like manner, be judged by its results. As men are increasingly interested in religious questions, the public taste in pulpit oratory is being revolutionized. Mere rhetoric, mere clever word painting, is becoming positively repellent. There is profound truth in Dr. Parker's famous exclamation: "Prepare your sermon? No; prepare yourself!" Let men be simple and earnest; let them use intelligible illustrations and arguments; let them subordinate everything to the great practical result; and they will not lack an audience wherever they are.

FORGOT HIMSELF.—There was once a judge noted for the mildness of his manners and the gentleness of his reproofs to the lawyers, who sometimes addressed each other in language which could not be passed by without notice from the Court.
One day two lawyers who were pleading a case passed beyond the stage of bantering, and began to call each other names. One of them said:
"The attorney on the other side is, may it please your honor, not the ugliest but the stupidest lawyer in the country."
"You forget yourself, Mr. Smith—you forget yourself!" said the judge, rapping gently with his gavel.

The Great Boston Parade.

The third was a blue October day—not blue like the sky, or the sea, or the distant mountains, but the day took its hue from the noses and cheeks that piercing air had so chilled, that the blood did not circulate.

Five thousand soldiers, infantry, cavalry, artillery, with a sprinkling of ambulance wagons, some gaily caparisoned officers, and now and then a chaplain in clerical dress, marched with ten bands of music through the principal streets of Boston. There was no rain, or dust, or heat, and very little mud, so that there was a minimum of discomfort for marchers. The sidewalks were packed with sight-seers, and boys who love noise diligently clapped their pieces of board in applause.

Two young men, wearing spectacles, rode on one fieldpiece. Some gray-haired veterans and many fat men trudged along as soldiers. Now and then a sword was naked. On the march they halted and unfixed their bayonets. They rolled their overcoats and wore them about their shoulders like a strap. The soldiers were rewarded by being looked at, but one could poorly distinguish one from another in the crowded and uniformed ranks.

There was no pretence of "cession," no "day" celebrated, unless the railroad excursions for this week constituted such. Did it pay? Let us see.
Five thousand men idle two days preparing and getting home. Let us allow them:
One dollar and fifty cents per day \$15,000
National guard and at least 10,000
Dinner and other expenses in Boston 7,000
Extra preparations and expenses 5,000
\$27,000

The theatre-going, drinking and general dissipation would carry the expenses up to \$50,000.

One soldier (or officer), who bore no marks of being extraordinary except his clothes, crowded me and others aside in an unimpaired or at least unaltered way. A gentleman with eagles on his shoulders answered curiously and discourteously. The crowd of spectators yelled and shouldered and pushed each other excitedly to see.

Pride, profanity, selfishness and vanity were all "paraded." But what meant the cannon, the muskets, bayonets and swords? They were made, polished, kept and "paraded" to show what was the thing essential to a soldier, viz: to wound and kill his fellow beings. The ambulance with its stiff springs and jarring motion was the mark of mercy. The chaplains looked as if merged in the soldiers. The fact, the reality which was kept out of sight, but which is the basis of war, is cruelty.

Poor fellows, if it is mere parade, it hardly pays even if confessedly grand. If it is preparation for war such as is said to be going on in Canada, it is a mustering of all forces belonging to man, to destroy his fellow-man. He has little claim to be called a Christian, and is indeed less than a human, who does not pity those who are fooled into willingly kill their fellow-men. We pity also the governments and the public sentiment that encourages this folly. Parades do not educate men in what they need most: meekness, humility, modesty, self-denial, Christliness. They minister to vanity, boastfulness and selfishness. But parades are the best things about military life in either war or peace. This "play" over the reality of war is depraving. Men will learn this by and by. By the way, the soldier-life is the admirably the fashionable life of darkness. But the light cometh. The day dawns. The day star appears. Pray for it, watch for it. Be ready for it. "Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Agos to Come.

"That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus." Eph. ii. 7 (R. V.)

"The ages to come"—what a wonderful prospect! How shall we, the short-lived and short-sighted children of time, year to look into the heights and depths of that eternity called by St. Paul the "ages to come"? All that we can now be by divine revelation, and the glimpse here afforded us as to the glorious future of God's people is elevating to the spirits as it is comforting to the heart. In that great future the power of which we could not show His people that which they could not apprehend, the power of which we could not show His people that which they could not apprehend, the power of which we could not show His people that which they could not apprehend.

All that can here be known of the exceeding riches of His grace is poor compared to what has yet to be revealed. "In kindness toward us in Christ Jesus." The centuries of time are not long enough to show all this; it requires the "ages to come" for its full display. The work accomplished by Christ in His life and in His death was in one sense ended when He died. He said, "It is finished!" but its glorious results shall know no end; the "ages to come" will only unfold more of their "exceeding riches."

How strange that we allow ourselves to be engrossed with the cares of this life even to its most petty trifles, while such a prospect as this is set before us! How sad that we should break out of hearts over the losses and the crosses of a day, and forget the exceeding riches of his grace, to be shown in the "ages to come."—The Sunday at Home.

How to Make Hens Lay.

People would better understand this matter if they consider for a moment a hen to be, as she is, a small steam engine, with an egg-laying attachment, and that there must be a constant supply of good feed and pure water to keep the engine and its attachment up to its work. In addition to keeping before hens that have complete liberty a constant supply of water, summer and winter, it will be found that during the cool and cold weather of fall, winter and spring, a dough compounded as follows, fed one day, then intermitted for two days, produces excellent results: To three gallons of boiling water add one-half an ounce of common salt, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and four ounces of lard. Stir the mixture until the pepper has imparted considerable of its strength to the water. Meantime the salt will have been dissolved and the lard melted. Then, while the mixture is hot, stir in a meal made of oats and corn ground together in equal proportions, until a thick mush is formed. This is an excellent food for the purposes intended—to make hens lay in cool weather.

A man's own good breeding is his best security against other people's ill manners.
Obstinacy is the heroism of little minds.

Jesus never taught His disciples how to preach, only how to pray. He did not speak much of what was needed to preach well, but much of praying well. To know how to speak to God is more than to know how to speak to man. Not power with men but power with God is the first thing.

How to Judge.

A well known Paris scientist, Dr. Delaunay, has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook, he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, and watch how she moves her hand. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch or clock, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the Doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from a left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunce, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same.

No Lunch Between Meals.

A prominent physician and surgeon once said to me of his three children who were then well grown youths, and the picture of health: "We never allowed our children to lunch between meals, and they are all good eaters; we never allowed them tea and coffee, and they are all good sleepers." All those same children have since graduated from colleges and are holding high positions to-day in the professional world, robust and of excellent habits, though inheriting a frail constitution from a mother who died young.

HOW TO SERVE TEA.—A cup of tea or coffee should not be filled to the brim; it is in bad taste, and certainly ungraceful, as the liquid slops over into the saucer and causes the bottom of the cup to drip as it is lifted to the mouth. You will find it convenient to have a little bowl of hot water beside you when you are pouring out tea. In this you dip the cup before filling. In this way it becomes sufficiently damp at the bottom not to slip, and perhaps upset in the saucer. In filling the cup a second time the dipping in the bowl of hot water removes any residue of coffee grounds or tea leaves. On English tables the "slopbasin" is considered as necessary a portion of the tea-set as the tea-pot.

Be sure that the children understand what they learn by rote in Sunday school. One little fellow innocently asked his teacher who Nora was, having been accustomed to read the Tenth Commandment as if it read, "Nora's ox, Nora's ass." Similar blunders are made sometimes by older people. The Cornhill Magazine tells an amusing story of an ignorant Yorkshire man who persisted in using a positively harmful quack medicine. The doctor appealed to the man's wife to exercise her influence, saying that her husband was surely killing himself. To which she tearfully replied: "I know it, and many's a time I've prayed against it in the church service," referring to a passage in the Litany which she had always rendered, "From all false doctoring, good Lord, deliver us." There are cases, however—the Christian Scientists, for example—in which false doctrine and false doctoring run into, and, so to speak, telescope each other.

FOUND IN THE LITTLE DESK.—Not long ago a little girl in a Christian family died. She was only six years old. About a year before her death she had a small writing desk given to her. After she died, her mother unlocked it, and found this writing:

"The minute I wake up in the morning, I will think of God.
"I will mind my father and my mother always.
"I will try and have my lessons perfect.
"I will try to be kind, and not get cross.
"I want to behave like God's child."

Give not a hair-breadth of truth away, for it is not