

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

SHE was only a bent old mother, worn with the cares of years, and weary with the toils of the day. Sitting in the old armchair by the window, she gazed out into the gathering gloom of the wet afternoon, and strained her eyes for the sight of him who should bring a message from one so dear to them both. At length he came. Cleaning his shoes of the clinging mud and divesting himself of his overcoat, he took from his inside pocket the mail of the day, and delivered it into his wife's hand, with a radiant look and cheery greetings; for sheltered between the folds of the daily paper lay the letter from son or daughter, or maybe letters from both. Only the work of a few minutes for son, or daughter, or both, but somebody's heart was made lighter.

He was only a spare old man whose face looked the anxiety his sightless eyes could not show. He stood on a crowded street corner, his cane in his hand, waiting for the lull in the rush that should proclaim it safe for him to pass over. And so he stood and shivered, for the day was cold, and his coat was thin, and he was alone in the dark. Then a hand rested lightly on his shoulder, and a deep voice spoke in his ear.

The old man faced the speaker and in trembling voice answered, "Yes, sir."

With a brisk, but kindly, "Let's go then," the stranger grasped his arm and helped him over. Then a friendly farewell, a warm pressure of the hand, and the stranger passed on, but somebody's heart was made lighter.

She was only a lonely schoolgirl, friendless, away from home. Drearily turning the leaves of the textbook she had been studying, discouragement tore at her heart, and she wondered if a Christian education was worth so much after all. Then a knock at the door, and a gentle-mannered miss, who had just left more congenial companions to bring friendship to this downcast one, entered. And so another heart was made happier.

He was only a chubby little fellow with soiled clothes and a tousled head, who came weeping to big sister with a broken toy and a heavy heart. With a smile, she kissed his tear-stained cheeks, mended his broken toy, tenderly comforted him, and his little heart was made to rejoice.

Only a kind deed done, a kind word spoken, but God looks down and blesses twice, for He blesses the doer and He blesses the receiver.

LIFE'S MISTAKES.

- 1—The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others
- 2—The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed.
- 3—Insisting that a thing is impossible because we cannot do it.
- 4—Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
- 5—Neglect in developing and refining the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading fine literature.

Many a noble purpose has been strangled, lost under the mazes of mental discord, drowned in a sea of fear, swept away by waves of worry and discouragement.

I AM—

WITHOUT me no man has ever achieved success, nor has any nation ever become great. I have been the bedrock of every successful career and the cornerstone of every fortune.

All the world knows me, and most of the world heeds my warning.

The poor may have me as well as the rich.

I am of greater value than pearls, rubies and diamonds.

My power is limitless, my application boundless.

He who possesses me has contentment in the present and surety for the future.

Once you have me, no man can take me away.

I make a man well dressed, well housed and well fed.

I lift my possessor to higher planes of living, increase his earning power and bring to realization the hopes of his life.

I insure absolutely against the rainy day.

I drive want and doubt and care away.

I guarantee those who possess me prosperity and success.

I have exalted those of low degree, and those of high degree have found me a helpful friend.

To obtain me you need put out no capital but personal effort, and on all you invest in me I guarantee dividends that last through life and after.

I am as free as air.

I am yours if you will take me.

I am Thrift.

HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING OTHERS.

In working to save others we do the most good to ourselves. The Alpine traveler who carried his freezing brother saved both the other and himself. In the effort to carry the other man new warmth of blood was forced into his own veins, and he was enabled to go on until a place of refuge for them both was found.

The miser who was going to drown himself found two sovereigns in his pocket, and thinking it a pity to waste so much money gave them to a poor man who was starving for bread. When he saw how happy the pieces made the mother and her children he thought himself of how much happiness he could occasion by all the hoards of gold and silver he had in his cellar. He gave up the idea of suicide and devoted the rest of his life to doing good. By saving others he saved himself.

If people are despondent, if their Christian life is ebbing low, find some Christian work for them to do. In helping others they will help themselves. In saving others, they will save themselves.



The Wise Old Owl Says:

YOU don't have to institute a lawsuit to collect the wages of sin.