

Family and Fireside.

"All Sorts."

Coming up in the elevator the other day, I heard a sentence and a reply that I have heard before, I suppose, a thousand times, but without once thinking of their import:

"Oh, well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

"That's so."

They had been talking about some very disagreeable person, I could not help gathering. They wanted to dismiss the annoying subject, and they contemptuously turned it off in that way:

"Oh, well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world!"

No, it doesn't.

The world could get along very well without a good many kinds of people.

Crusty people.

Fussy people.

Selfish people.

Egotistical people.

Opinionated people.

Silly people.

Sour people,

Malicious people.

Suspicious people.

Dogmatic people.

Domineering people.

Procrastinating people.

Slouchy people.

And

so

on.

Why, so far is it from being true that it "takes" all kinds of people to make a world, that the world could wag merrily, far more merrily than it wags now, with only one kind of people,

Helpful people.

Yes, we could even dispense with the people of genius, and the people of wit, and the people of skill, and the people of power, and with lots of other kinds of fine people, if the entire globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Falklands, could only be filled with

Helpful people.

Let us stop thinking and talking as if the world were a great museum, and had to have a complete collection of all genera, species, and varieties, however ugly and poisonous. There are many varieties that we may spare from our assortment. There are many animals we are quite content to allow to become extinct with the ornithorhynchus. In the progress of our spiritual evolution they are to become extinct, and I, for one, am eager to expedite the process.—Caleb Cobweb.

Calm Though Storm-Tossed.

There is a state of grace for every believer in which the soul is so united to Christ and so permeated by his spirit,

that the whole being is abundantly satisfied even amid earthly tumults, distresses and pains. And there have been witnesses without number to this marvelous experience, men and women, who, under various circumstances, have been resolute and trustful, expressing perfect satisfaction for every need of life, financial, social, intellectual, spiritual and all.

Once in a storm at sea, when many expected to go to the bottom, and not a few were utterly panic stricken or dazed with terror, a Christian man stood up and sang with all his heart—

"My life flows on with endless song;
Above earth's lamentation
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn
That hails the new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul,—
How can I keep from singing!"

While the steamship was pitching and rolling and the sea was roaring and men's hearts were failing them, he held on to the latter, and kept on singing—

"What though my joys and comforts die!
The Lord my Savior liveth;
What though the darkness gather round!
Songs in the night he giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to this refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing!"

Afterward being asked the reason for his strange calmness he replied: "If I had died at sea, I should only have taken a short route to glory, and should have been with the angels, waiting to welcome the saints on their arrival. God was with me in the trouble, bless his name forever! and has been with me ever since."

The Scriptures are full of this gracious experience. Peter, weak, impulsive, wavering disciple that he was, came into a state of grace so satisfying and controlling that he exclaimed, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

And many modern saints have entered into this taste of rejoicing and trusting. In her "Companionship with Jesus," Mary D. James gives expression to this sense of joy in the Lord:

"Oh, blessed fellowship divine!
Oh, joy supremely sweet!
Companionship with Jesus here
Makes life with bliss replete.
In union with the purest One
I find my heaven on earth begun.

"Oh, wondrous bliss!" oh, joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

"I'm walking close to Jesus side,—
So close that I can hear
The softest whispers of his love,
In fellowship so dear,
And feel his great, Almighty hand
Protects me in this hostile land."

—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Inoculation of Ground.

Great strides have been made in the treatment of certain diseases by inoculation, and not more than a year ago no one dreamed of applying this same principle to sterile or diseased soil. But American science has again come to the front and can show as one of its latest achievements man's power over matter. The National Geographic Magazine says: "Some of man's most dread diseases—smallpox, diphtheria, plague, rabies—have been vanquished by inoculation; and now inoculation is to cure soil that has been worn out and make it fertile and productive again. The germs that bring fertility are mailed by the Department of Agriculture in a small package like yeast cake. The cake contains millions of dried germs. The farmer who receives the cake drops it into a barrel of clean water; the germs are revived and soon turn the water to a milky white. Seeds of clover, peas, alfalfa, or other leguminous plants that are then soaked in this milky preparation are endowed with marvelous strength. Land on which, for instance, the farmer with constant toil had obtained alfalfa only a few inches high, when planted with these inoculated seeds will produce alfalfa several feet high and so rich that the farmer does not recognize his crop."—Christian World.

A Little Lesson in Courtesy.

A mother had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet grave, courtesy, she said, "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?"

He looked up and said, "What made you ask me that, mother?"

"Because, dear," she answered, "it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F. (the minister), and surely I would not be ruder to my own boy."

The boy thought a moment, and then asked, "Mother, what ought I say back?"

"What do you think would be nice?"

He studied over it a while—for he was such a wise laddie—and then said, "Would it be nice to say, 'Sure you can?'"

This was mother's time to say, "That would be nice; but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, 'Certainly?' It means the same thing, you know."

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said to him the other day, "It's second nature to W. to be polite." The mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace that had helped her to be unflinchingly courteous to her boy.—Christian Work.

Not creeds but deeds supply men's needs.