

shiny daughter who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth away her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her own brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem, and a most honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, Mother, Home Office.

WANTED.—Parents who shall train up their children in the way they should go; parents who are strong enough to be firm, and gentle enough to be tender; parents who will leave their children an inheritance of a healthy constitution, a good name, a generous disposition, and a good hope of eternal life; parents who feel their responsibility for raising good citizens, patriots and Christians. For all such parents there are homesteads waiting in America as well as filial honour and devotion and the blessing of children's children. —*Golden Rule.*

"I'M GLAD YOU SPOKE OF JESUS."

THE incident to be told occurred in a train that ran through the peach country of Delaware. There were no women in the car. The dozen men and boys in it talked together of the business outlook, the crops, and politics. One lad with dull eyes and swollen face got out at almost every station for a drink; two or three of the men were loudly profane.

Among the men was a young clergyman, who watched his companions anxiously. He knew that he ought to speak, to bring higher thoughts into their minds. But he could not find courage to reprove these strangers. They would not know that he was a clergyman, for he was dressed as a layman. They would laugh if he talked of moral obligations.

The train stopped at a little station, and a bluff, hearty-looking farmer in his working clothes entered with a basket of vegetables. Something in his keen, friendly glance made his face very attractive. One of the farmers, a peevish, sickly old man, proved to be an old friend whom the newcomer had not seen for six years. They sat down

together to talk of their children, their friends, and the peach crop. The other men listened, interested and amused. No one could hear the stranger's voice and hearty laugh and not feel his strength and simplicity and kindness.

"Yes," said the old man, irritably summing up his grievances, "I've had a mighty big lot of troubles to carry, John."

"I know," said John pityingly, "I know." Then he added with a grave, tender voice, but loud enough to be heard by all around, "I reckon we all have worries enough to pull us down in this world, if it wasn't for the hope given us by our Friend who has gone on before."

"Who is that?" sharply asked the boy who had been drinking.

"Why my dear boy, don't you know? Jesus is the One Friend above all others," said the farmer simply.

There was a significant silence in the car. Some of the men presently began to talk of the trees and soil by the roadside, and the farmer joined them. They saw that he was a practical, intelligent man, who understood his own business. At the next station he took up his basket.

"Well, good morning," he said, nodding and smiling.

The old man said, "Good-bye, John. I may never see you again. I'm goin' down hill pretty fast. But I'm glad we met, and"—his voice sinking—"I'm glad you spoke of—*Jesus.*"

As John went out of the car, he was followed by friendly smiles and good-byes. The men remained silent after he was gone.

The young clergyman at the back of the car was both startled and puzzled. Never before had he heard that holy name mentioned in that place, except in an oath. Yet if we all really believed in the one Friend "gone before," how natural it would be to speak of Him!

The farmer's simple reverence had evidently touched some of the men present. There were no more oaths after he had spoken of his Friend, and even the half drunken boy was less obtrusive in his garrulousness.—*Youth's Companion.*

EVERYBODY has need of being loved, in order to be worth anything.—*George Sand.*

WHEN LOVE IS AT ITS BEST.

As tired children go at candle light,
The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun,
Almost too languid now that play is done
To seek their father's knee, and say, "Good-night!"

So to our great Father out of sight,
When the brief gamut of the day is run
Defeats endured, and petty triumphs won,
We kneel and listlessly His care invite.

Then with no sense of gain, no tender thrill,
As when we leave the presence of a friend,
No lingering content our souls to steep,
But reckoning our gains and losses still,
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end,
And, oarless, drift out to the sea of sleep.

Not such is prayer when love is at its best,
And if our lagging soul do not outsoar
The words we utter, though our chamber floor
Be hallowed by our knees, 'twere vainly pressed—

Nay, be each prayer with our soul's seal impressed,
And let us send no courier to heaven's door
To speak our thanks, and further gifts implore,
In any sort of mask or livery dressed.

Rather, as friends sit sometimes hand-in-hand,
Nor mar with words the sweet speech of their eyes;

So in soft silence let us oft'ner bow,
Nor try with words to make God understand.
Longing is prayer: upon its wings we rise
To where the breath of heaven beats upon our brow?

—*Congregationalist.*

THANK-OFFERINGS.

SOME time ago a woman living in the country in one of the German states, brought to her minister thirty marks (\$7.50) for the work of missions, saying, as she laid down the offering before him: "In former years I have been obliged to pay a doctor's bill of this amount. This year there has been no sickness in my family, which enables me to give so much to the Lord." At another time she brought a donation of twelve marks (\$3), saying: "Many of the farmers have recently been visited by a cyclone, but we have been spared. So I bring you this donation for missions as a thank-offering."—*Spirit of Missions.*

WILLIAM TYNDALL, the translator of the Scriptures, had many enemies who persecuted him with cruel hatred, but to whom he bore the tenderest charity. It is recorded that to some of them he said, one day, "Take away my goods! take away my good name! yet so long as Christ dwelleth in my heart, so long shall I love you not a whit the less."