

"Does your son never send you money?" "No," reluctantly answered the mother; but, eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she quickly added, "but he writes me nice long letters and sends me a pretty picture in almost every one of them."

"Where are these pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see them?"

"Why, certainly," was the answer. And the old woman went to a shelf and took down the old Bible, and there between the leaves lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending her from America through all the years.

What were they? Nothing more or less than bank notes, each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had had under her hand a sum of money sufficient to satisfy her every want and she did not know it. She had looked at the pictures; she had thought them pretty pictures; they had been to her reminders of her far-off son, and evidence that he had not forgotten her, and that was all.

Of what does the little story remind you? Are we not often, like this woman, finding "pictures" in the Book where we should find wealth for the supply of all our needs? God's promises are bank bills; they are cheques and drafts upon the bank on high. We look at them, read them, admire them; we think of the love that prompted God to make them and give them to us; we imagine circumstances in which they would be peculiarly and exceedingly precious and helpful. Then we shut the Bible and leave them there, and go out to face the poverty and destitution