

The Widow's Mite.

THE Master sat in the temple
Where the crowd before him passed,
Over against the treasury,
Where the offerings were cast.

The haughty priest and Pharisee,
The rich and the poor were there,
And the hearts of all, like an open book,
Before His sight lay bare.

Like an open page before Him
He read each heart aright;
No secret thought or motive
Was hidden from His sight.

He knew who gave with grudging,
And who with proud display,
And who with willing heart and hand
From out his store that day.

The widow from her scanty store
Let one poor farthing fall,
Yet, in the loving Master's sight,
Her gift was more than all.

And I somehow think the Master
Sits just as He did then,
Over against the treasury,
To weigh the gifts of men.

He knows who gives with grudging,
And who with proud display,
And he who gives with loving grace,
Just as He did that day.

The poor from out their scanty store
Still bring their offering small,
Yet their humble gifts are counted much
By Him who weighs them all.—*Scl.*

Another Penitent Thief.

THE most persuasive of the "Evidences of Christianity" is the fact that it makes good men out of bad men. What reply can the honest doubter make to this fact? There is now working in New York City a successful philanthropist, who, five years ago, was one of the most expert thieves in the country. He was made what he is by the Christian religion.

His mother was an abandoned woman and his father a thief. Born in the atmosphere of crime, he took in the art of stealing with his mother's milk.

Training and an acute mind made him a place among the most successful thieves. This so gratified his depraved ambition, that during forty-six years he devoted himself to crime. Thirty-six years he lived in prison. He was an old acquaintance to the wardens of Blackwell's Island and Sing-Sing.

"We'll keep your cell warm for you, Mike, for six weeks. You'll be back by that time," said the warden of Sing-Sing prison to him, as he left it, five years ago.

The discharged convict smiled, as he tossed back an "All right, sir!" and hastened to his old haunts in the city.

But one day the Master met him, in the person of an earnest Christian man, and through his teachings the old jail-bird found out that he was not only a bad man to his fellows, but a sinful man before God. Then he discovered that the Master had come into the world to seek and save such reckless, outlawed men as himself.

The two facts germinated in his heart until they made him a new man. He abandoned his old crimes, but his heart went out towards his old "pals." The active brain, hitherto used to plan robberies, began to devise a way in which he might save those who should be turned out of prison, homeless and friendless.

He laid hold of two controlling ideas. "I must," he said to himself, "have a home to which I can take the men I would save. A discharged convict turned loose into New York City must

steal to live. And every man I help must earn what he eats."

When this ex-convict laid out his plan for saving his "pals," he had not a cent in his pocket. But he pawned his coat, and with the proceeds hired a room in that part of the city where thieves resort. Entering this little asylum, he locked the door, knelt down, and laid the constitution and by-laws of his *society* before God.

"No discharged prisoner," ran his vow, "shall be turned from this room so long as there is space to shelter him.

"No man shall eat a second meal in this room till he has earned it."

The beginning was small and the plan simple. Yet Mike has sheltered eleven hundred discharged convicts, many of whom he has led into a new life by persuading them to become servants of his Master.

The little room has given way to a building that cost forty thousand dollars. All prisoners know "Michael Dunn's House of Industry." They also know that when discharged from prison they will find there a welcome, a home, and aid wherewith to begin a better life. But they must earn what they eat, for Mike believes that industry is the first step to honesty. Such are the legitimate effects of Christianity on heart and life.

Let Us Do Our Part.

WE cannot afford to be idle,
There is something for each one to do,
No matter how small is the portion,
Allotted to me and to you.
There's enough to keep us all busy,
There's work for the heart and the brain,
And those who love the Lord Jesus,
Of His work should never complain.

The world we believe is progressing,
Yet many are going astray,
In so many artful inventions,
Who ought to grow wiser each day;
And with the great tide sweeping onward,
Of souls so dear in God's sight,
While thousands to ruin are falling,
Let us do well our part in the fight.

There's the Gospel to preach to the heathen,
There are heathen all over our land,
Who ought to know more of the Bible,
And more of its truths understand.
There is peace to proclaim among nations,
There's the temperance cause to sustain,
And in our own circle are duties,
That none of us ought to disdain.

Oh! fearful, if when at the judgment,
We meet with some one that we love,
Who fails to pass in at the gateway
That opens to glory above.
Then let us all double our efforts,
And do what we can for our Lord,
The least of our work in His vineyard,
Will meet with a blessed reward.

—*Christian Worker.*

Restraint and its Fruits.

A LITTLE more than a century and a half ago, there might have been seen at Lincoln College, Oxford, a young divinity student of plain speech, habits and dress, but of unusually fixed principles of character. He resolved to follow the example of Caleb of old, and to obey God in "all things." That he might rightly understand the will of God, he became a diligent student of the Scriptures.

A brother and several students united with him in his purpose. Among his principles was one worthy of imitation to-day. He looked upon his physical health as a sacred trust, and resolved to do nothing which would tend to impair his usefulness by reason of disability of health in the future. He lived abstemiously; devoted the

rightful hours to sleep, preserved a quiet mind and a pure heart.

"I resolved," he said, "to have no companions by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me on my way to heaven."

His strict manner of living caused him to be ridiculed. He and his companions were taunted as "Methodists," owing to their methodical habits.

He was sometimes in doubt as to the exact rule of right living. He once consulted his mother, a woman of great strength of mind and character, in regard to the use of necessary amusements.

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she answered, "take this rule:

"Whatever weakens your reason; whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience; whatever obscures your sense of God; whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind—that thing to you is wrong, however innocent it may be in itself."

These rules he followed, and by so doing laid the foundations of physical health firm and sure.

Eighty years silvered his hair. He had faced mobs, borne persecution, journeyed from country to country, and had preached more than forty thousand sermons, and gathered into his societies more than one hundred thousand souls.

He passed from chapel to chapel, from town to town. His old friends were gone, but the vigour of his youth remained. He was preaching now to the third generation of his followers.

Upon completing his eighty-second year, he said,—

"It is now eleven years since I have felt such a thing as weariness." A year later he said, "I am a wonder to myself. I am never tired either with writing, preaching, or travelling."

In his eighty-seventh year he said, "I am an old man now. However, blessed be God, I do not slack my labours. I can preach and write still. Eighty-seven years have I sojourned on this earth, endeavouring to do good."

He died at last of the natural failure of his physical powers. His last words were, "I'll praise"—

That man was John Wesley.

Good people often suffer from ill-health, sometimes from accident and errors of judgment, and as frequently from causes not traceable to their own conduct. But good health and long life are usually the results of right living in youth, and are among the promises to such a course of life. A conscientious life is the guardian of health as well as the hope and strength of the soul.

PERHAPS the dumb animal that we strike, in our power, forgives; but its piteous eyes accuse us still.—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

THERE is such a thing as spiritual bloodshed. A changed light of suffering flows cut over the countenance of one who has been stabbed by words as distinctly, and with an effect as terrible, as that of the scarlet life-tide which gushes from a physical wound.—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

A YOUNG woman who was married three months ago was asked how she was getting along with the mysteries of housekeeping. "O, I'm learning very fast. Why, would you believe it?" she exclaimed, "I hemmed a whole towel myself in six hours yesterday."—*Boston Post.*

The Joy of Decision.

"Do you dance?" was the question we once asked of a certain young lady.

"I do not dance now," she said, "I have given it up. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved it. Becoming a Christian, I found that I could not conscientiously longer engage in it. I do not find fault with people who dance and play cards, but for myself I have decided."

In a later conversation on the same subject, when the decision of some other young ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:—

"I am so glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a fixed decision. I enjoy the right so much the more when I finally and positively decide in favour of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not exert itself as intellect and conscience direct, clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smites.

He is happiest who makes up his mind, put his foot firmly down, dismisses forever the possibility of going back to the old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.—*S. S. Journal.*

Varieties.

WHEN the police want a thief they go to a saloon.

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them.—*George Eliot.*

A TENNESSEE poet writes:

A boy got left at the grammar-school,
Because, to get up a first-class race,
He tied an active transitive oyster-can
To a dog in the objective case.

WHILE a man's relations to the universe are a high and worthy object of study, it is by his relations to his wife that he is to be justified or condemned.—*Gail Hamilton.*

"BOIL down this stuff about forests," said the managing editor, handing a bundle of manuscript to a reporter. A few seconds later the editor received the following: "The way to preserve our forests—don't cut them down."

THE current "catch" is to ask your friend if Christmas and New Year's come in the same year. Not a few people will promptly answer, "No, of course they don't," and a half minute later they feel sick over their own mental weakness.

THE German missionaries in Ranchi, India, arranged for a grand demonstration in honour of Luther, in which 35,000 native Christians took part. It is a striking comment on the far-reaching influence of a single life that the children of the jungle should thus be found celebrating the birth of one who lived and died on the other side of the globe four centuries ago.

PROFESSOR G. H. B. MACLEOD, in an article in the *Glasgow Medical Journal*, says:—"I most heartily subscribe to the opinion which, I am glad to think, begins to prevail, that there is no risk whatever in withdrawing alcohol suddenly and absolutely from inebriates. I have long known and practiced this. It is, in my experience, the only hope for their recovery. Half measures always fail."