

violent perspiration and then suddenly cool down. This is often the germ of consumption, or the beginning of a long term of sickness. There is no bravery in uncalled for exposure. It is foolhardiness, not courage. What folly to despise injury to the delicate framework of the body. "It's only a little cold I've got," is often laughingly exclaimed. Well, death is only a *great cold*.

Let our young friends enjoy the season as it passes, and be thankful to God for its indoor and outdoor pleasures. The fireside gleams most brightly in January, and what a world of delight may be had around it. How many nice home sports can be engaged in. What pleasant and useful reading may be enjoyed. What sweet converse with those we love. Out of doors there is often much wintry beauty to be seen. How pure is the snow! How cheerful are the evergreens! How pretty the frost work! How clear the sky! How brilliant the starlight! How rich the Aurora Borealis! Sleigh riding, coasting, skating, sliding, are fine outdoor winter sports for young people. Enjoy the season then; but amid its many comforts and pleasures, do not forget the God who makes January, who made you and claims, as His just right, your love and your obedience. Serve Him with joy and gladness all the year round, read His wisdom, power and love in the months as they roll in their courses, and give your hearts and lives to Him.

"'Twill please us to look back and see
That all our days were THINE!"

A HELPING HAND.

Mr. Wakeman had been sick all the spring, and as a consequence, all his farm-work was behind hand. There seemed a poor prospect, indeed, for his sickly wife and little ones for the coming year. Anxiety for them doubtless made his recovery still slower. He had managed to get a few things planted in the garden, but the exertion had brought him down to his bed again. Now, he could only look out of the window and sigh at the encroaching weeds and the barren fields he should reap nothing from in the harvest time. It made him groan to see his delicate wife trying to cut off some sticks of wood to boil her kettle, and he knew that was only a little of the hardships she had been obliged to endure.

A new neighbour had just bought a farm in the vicinity, and he chanced to be passing when Mrs. Wakeman was thus employed. It was the

work of a moment to enter the little gate and respectfully take the axe from her hands, with a cheery "Let me help you," and then, with a hearty good-will, he proceeded to pile up enough wood to last her a day or two. It required but a little effort of his strong arms, but oh, what a world of hard labor it saved her!

Mr. Bryant called for a few minutes on his sick neighbour. There was such a pleasant, cheerful air about him, that he unconsciously raised and invigorated the sick man's spirits as a bracing sea-breeze might his body. His quick eye took in at a glance all the difficulties which surrounded him, and his mind was at once made up. Deciding and acting always went hand in hand with John Bryant. That day he spoke to a little knot of farmers he chanced to meet, about each of them giving a day's work to help Mr. Wakeman on in his affairs. All knew of his illness, and thought what a pity it was, but never considered that they had any responsibility in the matter. Mr. Bryant, in his sturdy, straight-forward way, now put the case in a different light. Mr. Crabbe, it is true, remarked with a coarse laugh, "It's none of my business if he is sick." But a word and look of withering sarcasm sent him muttering on his way.

The result of that little chance gathering, as it seemed, was the assembling of quite a number of farmers, with their boys and teams, to try and put the Wakeman place a little "to rights."

The poor man, in his weakness, watched them with dewy eyes as they plowed and hoed and planted, while two young men gave him a day's chopping on some loads of wood they had hauled for him. At noon all repaired to Mr. Bryant's hospitable dining-room, where a feast was spread for them, and after a short nooning, all returned to their work of benevolence again. Never had they worked with heartier good will, nor with lighter hearts. Charity brings its own reward with it.

By nightfall the place had assumed a different aspect, and a little attention for a month or two, until Mr. Wakeman was quite restored to health, insured him good crops and a comfortable prospect for his family. Indeed, he began decidedly to mend from the day that this heavy burden was lifted from his heart. How gratefully he always remembered that act of neighbourly kindness in his hour of need! How much misery it had saved, and yet how little it had cost! No one ever missed the day, and God rewarded them all doubly for all they had done for their neighbour. We may learn the mind of the Lord in this matter by the directions which he gave to his ancient people:

"If thy brother be waken poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee. Thou shalt surely give him, and thy heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thy hand unto."

Mrs. J. E. McG. in *Country Gentleman*.