

strength are left for it. May I suggest three remedies for this dangerous state of things! (1) Liberal giving. We cannot cherish the false idea that money is our life, if we do holy violence to it by imparting to those who have not. The only "bags which wax not old" are the pockets of the poor. What a wonderful character is that at which we should aim! "ready to distribute, glad to communicate!" (2) Resolute observance of your habits of devotion and of the Lord's day. What an unspeakably sad state of things is it when the Lord's day is an interruption to business! Never may you come to that! Steadfastly guard the holy hours from the intrusion of business in any shape—deed, talk or thought. And on week-days form your plans of devotion, and keep to them. Then all your day will be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. (3) Think often of the end. If you live the longest life of prosperity, yet it will end. And then? Often ask yourself that. Please God it will lead you to ask of Him, through His dear Son, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not. In these days we hurry on so fast that we persuade ourselves we have no time to think. But if we have no time to think, there is something wrong. God meant none of us to live such a life as that.

III.—"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." (St. Luke xvi. 10.) True, the Lord calls riches "that which is least:" but He plainly teaches that they bring responsibility though they be "least." Indeed, they bring it (1) for all who are below us in the social scale. They give position, and we are answerable for a faithful use of that. If ample means are yours, my dear friend, you cannot fail to influence for good or ill. But riches bring responsibility, especially (2) for those in our employ. A Christian man ought never to think his responsibility ends with giving a fair wage for a fair work. My neighbour, the Saviour taught, is every one with whom I am brought in contact; I owe him the debt of Christian love. Some regard for the souls of your employed you should surely show. And if they sleep under your roof, they are your household. Forgive my saying that a religious man should be in charge at the head, and careful provision made for quiet Sundays and attendance at a place of worship; that good libraries are most helpful; that young men's Christian societies should be encouraged; and that it has been found possible to have family prayers in such houses. When we meet our employed at the judgment seat of Christ, let us not have to feel that they were never anything to us but those by whose services in part we made our money. And, once more, riches bring responsibility (3) for the kingdom of God. He is not a well-instructed Christian who does not recognize this. And he is surely not a Christian who, when the claims of that kingdom are put before him,

refuse to recognize them. Christ laid it on His Church to preach the Gospel to every creature. We ourselves should not have heard it but for the obedience rendered by others to the command. If His command, if the blessings of the Gospel are anything to us, how can we be indifferent to the increase of His kingdom, and leave all effort in that direction to others? Yet how many wealthy Christians think it quite enough if they are what is called "charitable," and give nothing toward evangelizing either the ignorant at home or the heathen abroad! It is so easy to sneer at the workers among the heathen, as though they sought their own advantage in some way by engaging in the work; and so easy to harp on "charity begins at home." But the command puts the matter in a nutshell. Pray, then, do consider whether you should not at once devote some of your income to that glorious end—the spread of the Gospel; and, if you have begun doing so, whether the proportion you give is the right proportion. The proportion should increase as riches increase. God measures our gifts not by what we give, but by what is left after giving. Too many rich offer what cost them nothing. God will abundantly reward the sacrifices of love. He will give the true riches, and they shall be our own.

Forgive the plain-speaking of one who desires to be only
Your sincere friend,

V. M. S.

WINNIFRED ROY.

BY EMILY A. SIKES, TORONTO.

CHAPTER VII.

"And she hath leaned her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty lorn of murmuring sound
Hath passed into her face."

Knowing the danger that awaited them, should the horses continue their upward course, and the certainty of death if they plunged over the side embankment, Harold, with wonderful presence of mind, had taken advantage of a momentary pause in their mad career to throw himself, with Winnifred in his arms, on to the roadside. Poor Winnifred had fainted some minutes before, from the shock occasioned by the crashing in of the dashboard, and nearly half an hour elapsed ere she regained consciousness.

The vivid realization of the scene, coming slowly to sight and mind, was never obliterated from her memory. Harold's face, white and stern with pain (for in striving to save his companion from injury he had broken his arm), bent anxiously over her; far overhead dark, ominous clouds betokened a near approaching storm; above the grim rocks and rugged ridges a long line of intense crimson defined the sumach grove that had tempted them out of their