

Spirit is one, that its characteristics are inseparable, and that those who truly have one must have all.

Growth is secret. We do not understand it. Growth has varying conditions. The plants need the darkness as well as the light. In similar conditions will ripen in us the fruit of the Spirit. The darkness may seem terrible at times; yet it is in the darkness of night that the most rapid growth is said to take place. Let us only make sure that the secret influences of the Spirit are working in our lives. And we may have this certainty if we know that, day by day, we are opening our heart to His teaching, and asking for His guidance.

"NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS."

"Nobody knows but Jesus,"

'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus";
Is it not better so
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I lean the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come to share;

Whether it be so tiny
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
That seems so real to me;

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them alone with Jesus
Mysteriously sweet.

"Nobody knows but Jesus";
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

"Nobody knows but Jesus";
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow,
That no one knows but Thou.

—Selected.

For PARISH AND HOME.

A CHEAP RELIGION.

AN eminent English clergyman was one day called to conduct a funeral. After the solemn service, and the mourners slowly

had taken their departure, the clergyman, observing a lonely woman near some bushes, softly approached her, when the following conversation took place:

"Do you weep for the friend we have just buried?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in any way related to her?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Had you known the deceased long?"

"No, sir, not very long."

"Then may I ask why these many tears?"

"Sir, she allowed me sixpence a week."

"Sixpence a week!" he repeated to his large and attentive audience soon after; "genuine tears from a full heart, precious drops sparkling in the sunlight like jewels—you can have them at your funeral for sixpence a week!" And with a flush and a glow of moral victory, he exclaimed, "I call it cheap!"

The preacher was expounding a part of the twenty-fifth of Matthew: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat." "Does it cost much to give a little bread to the poor? to give a cast-off garment to the needy? to carry a flower or some little trifle to the sick? It is not even 'I was sick, and ye cured me; or in prison, and ye restored me to liberty; but ye sympathized and helped in the common things of common life.'"

Small services are not small when done in His name. The devil's work is costly and bad. The Saviour's work is cheap and good. H.T.M.

For PARISH AND HOME.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

ILLUSTRATIONS of simple trust in God and God's faithfulness to simple trust are not wanting in the paths of the Christian ministry. The Lord is still Jehovah-Jireh. He will provide. I visited during her last illness, and for some time before her death, a poor girl wasted and weakened by consumption. During one visit she said to me, "Oh, yes, I realize the rest that comes from trusting the Lord for everything. I remember on one occasion I had a strange longing for some fruit. I knew my poor mother could not provide it for me, and so I did not mention it to her. She would have given her last copper to get me all that I desired. So I just spoke to the Lord about it and waited. At the end of that week, after some days of waiting, the fruit came, just the kind desired, and by the hand of one who was a complete stranger. On another occasion I had a great longing for a particular kind of meat,

a piece of chicken. I also kept the knowledge of this from my mother. A whole week passed, and the longing was so great at the end that I felt as if I must ask her in some way to get it for me. But I did not. I said to myself on Saturday, I shall wait upon the Lord and see what Monday shall bring. Monday morning came, but no chicken; Monday noon, and my dinner was brought into my room. There was no chicken upon the tray. I ate as well as I could what a mother's love had provided, concealing my disappointment. But while I was partaking of the food before me, the door bell rang, a nicely-prepared dish of chicken was handed in, also by a stranger, and the longed-for food was laid before me. Oh, yes, the Lord has never failed me. During my long illness He has given me not only every thing that was really necessary for my life, but other things I have craved for." Here is another illustration of simple trust and God's faithfulness. "Many years ago, when in a country charge," says a writer in the *British Messenger*, "I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. After a long ride, I had accompanied the mourners to the churchyard. As I neared my stable door I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. My natural reluctance to make another visit was overcome by a feeling which I could not resist, and I turned my horse's head toward the cottage. I was thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted bareness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand, I began to inquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. 'I just spread it out before the Lord!' 'Did you tell your case to any friend?' 'Oh, no, sir; nobody kens but Himself' and me! I kent He wouldna forget, but I didna ken hoo He wad help me till I saw you come riding over the brae, and then I said, 'There's the Lord's answer!'" Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my Heavenly Father." The Lord is still Jehovah-Jireh. He is most honored when He is most trusted. He who took the loaves and the fishes in His hands, and through them supplied the need of the multitude in the wilderness, holds in these hands to-day the universe,