

sell. The first year I gave twenty dollars, the second thirty-five, the third forty-seven, the fourth forty-nine, the fifth fifty-nine, and this year my Bible contribution is seventy dollars." "For twenty years previous," he continued, "my doctor's bills had not been less than twenty dollars a year, but for the last six years they have not exceeded two dollars a year. I tell you, 'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth,' and 'the liberal soul shall be made fat.'" How many will follow this man's example?

"AH, SIR, THAT WORD, BELIEVE."—"I am no scholar, sir," said an old man to me in a Hampshire workhouse; "I have taught myself the last fifteen years, and now I can read a good bit of the Bible; but I can't make out all the big words, you know, sir. Ah, sir, that word 'believe' that is a great word with me—it is everything to me, and as far as I can make out, there is no other way of getting to Jesus. He says 'Come unto me,' and I thank God I am very happy in coming to Him, by believing that he died for me, and that 'He washed all my sins away.'"

And truly, as the old man thus spoke, his venerable face brightened up with joy and peace in believing. Have you, dear reader, joy and peace in believing? Are your sins washed away by the blood of Jesus? There is, indeed, salvation in no other; for there is "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Acts iv: 12. Therefore, look to Jesus, dear reader, and be reconciled to God now, for "He has made Him (Christ) to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Believe it.

"LITTLE THINGS":—The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following *morceau* by B. F. Taylor:

Little martin boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the

most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest; and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything rare and beautiful, she makes them little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew. Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife into his heart, and what was she but little?"

Some one, feeling that actions are better than words has said: "We read of the Acts of the Apostles, but never of their resolutions."

A TENDER PLANT.

Did you ever see a tender plant just thrusting its pale head above the ground? In a few weeks you can see many such. How weak they appear! You can crush one of them between your fingers, and then it will be a dead plant. If you had let it live and grow it might have become a great tree, so strong that you could not shake it.

Isaiah speaks of a "tender plant." Can you tell me whom he likens to such a delicate thing? Ah, you know! It is our Saviour. Herod thought him a tender plant that he could easily kill, and he tried to do it. Did he succeed? But what a beautiful thing a tender plant is! How the gardener cares for it! And as it grows it becomes more and more beautiful and lovely.

Grace in our heart is a plant. It is weak and tender enough at first, but if we care for it we shall find it grow more and more.

We must be very careful of good things that are tender, and try to make them strong. Prayer will make our weak faith strong, and we must pray always.