

Him whose life on earth shed a sacredness for ever over poverty.

It is not only among themselves that the poor show kindness. Their childlike hearts are quick to feel for us, their more fortunate neighbours. A little cluster of bright geraniums, the one cherished ornament of a certain poor little kitchen, was the choicest gift that came, among showers of delicacies of every description, to a lady's sick-bed recently. No Christ-gift ever gave more pleasure than two holders made by a poor coloured woman for one who had had the privilege of being kind to her. "Not for the kitchen," explained the giver; "they are for you to use yourself if ever you want to press out anything." And though the stitches were not dainty, and geometry somewhat at fault in the curves, they were carefully reduced to the supposed proper size and covered with silk, "to make 'em soft for your hand, you know."

The same woman, who had been a famous cook in her day, bought, at no small expenditure of strength and means the requisite materials, and made a notable loaf of cake for the doctor who had attended her through her illness. She came to borrow a "gilt-edged plate" and a nice napkin with which to serve up the present; and the doctor says he never took a richer fee.

Is not this trait worth cultivating in the minds of the poor with whom we have to do? Send a flower with the bowl of broth some day, and see if it does not come back to you in some pleasant form after many days. By example, and by encouragement, we may help these less fortunate friends of ours to one of the most unfailing of pleasures—that of doing little kindnesses.

Sophy Winthrop.

A TEAR AND ITS MISSION.



ONCE knew a beloved friend living in one of the commercial cities of the United States of America who was travelling to one of the Western States on business. Arriving at a city on the northern bank of Ohio, he resolved there to spend the Sabbath. Walking in the street before the time of public service, the familiar notes of "Old Shirland" tune, ringing out in the soft and clear voices of the

morning Sunday-school, he accepted as an invitation to enter, and went in. There, in a moderately spacious hall, he saw the children arranged in classes with their respective teachers. Approaching a class sitting not far from the entrance, he received a more than ordinary welcome from the teacher.

He asked the stranger if he felt interested in Sabbath-schools, and wished him to examine the class. My friend at first declined, but his reluctance was finally overcome by the teacher's earnestness, and the

engaging manner in which a little boy offered him the lesson-book.

The teacher took his place with the children as one of them, and insisted on being permitted to become as a little child in the class: the reason will perhaps better appear to the reader by-and-by. The delightful work of teaching and learning had proceeded fifteen or twenty minutes, when this child of forty years gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears, which he evidently could not repress.

My friend Mr. Love was not a little perplexed to account for this outburst of feeling. He endeavoured to proceed with the lesson as though nothing had happened, but the sympathy of his heart with the emotion manifested was not sufficiently under his control to admit this. The man was brought to a level with the child. The teacher whom we have described as taking his place with the children, observing the pause, wiped away the tears from his eyes, and thus explained the matter. The reader shall have, as far as possible, his own words.

"Twenty-eight years ago this month I was a member of a Sunday-school class, and left it, being then only twelve years of age, to go to sea. The lesson of that Sabbath was the lesson of to-day. I remember that the teacher, after explaining the lesson, spoke to me of my intended absence. My heart was light and boyish, and had never entertained a serious thought. I was all gladness at the idea of going to sea. I had been in that teacher's class only about a month, and the last day is all that I remember about it, and I should have forgotten *that*, too, if it had not been for one circumstance, which I never can forget.

"After the lessons were over, the teacher took me by the hand, and in the presence of the class conversed with me for the last time. He spoke with much tenderness of the dangers and temptations to which I should be exposed so young. Then, with a tear glistening in his eye, he commended me to the Saviour, adding, 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life.' *That tear*," he continued, "was the only one to my knowledge ever shed for me, except by my mother, who is now at rest.

"I remember it well, for it has been to me through storms and sunshine as an emblem of love and peace ever since, and by it the blessed words of the lesson were borne into my heart. That Sabbath-school was in Massachusetts, and *you* so resemble that teacher, that I fancy you *are the person*. His name was Love."

The boy and the incidents were remembered by Mr. Love. It need scarcely be added that this unexpected meeting was of great interest to them both, and tended to deepen their love for the Sunday-school in which such pleasant fruit was found.

Will not the reader of this touching incident endeavour to add something to the result? Possibly he is not engaged in any department of useful labour. The present will be a happy moment if now his desires move in that direction, if love consecrate a leisure hour to the welfare of immortal ones.