

the Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the proceeds of the sale of canary birds raised by himself. Now you have no canaries to sell, and would not feel that each of you could do so much. If however you have the willing mind you will find ways and means to get money for God.

Two little children once cultivated a bed of cucumbers and sold all that grew upon it. After selling they gave the proceeds, something over a dollar to the Day Spring Fund. You see then what can be done when we are in earnest.

But I want to show you, if you have the will the money is provided. God says, Hag. 2nd and 9th "The silver is mine, the gold is mine." He further says, Matt. 18th and 19th, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Now if after reading this article in the Maritime Presbyterian, you go to God and ask for money believing that you will get it, you will find the way will be provided, and you will receive it according to your faith will it be unto you. Show, children, your faith in God. Trust him and see if he will not do as he has promised. Assume this burden, put forth an effort at once to remove this thousand dollar debt. Try it I know you will succeed, and enjoy a blessing,

THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the old mother. Time has scattered the snow flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest cheeks and the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with soft radiance of holy love, which can never fade. Ah yes, she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go forth and reach down lower for you than any one else upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight haunt where she cannot see you: you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your

virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with tender devotion.—*Watch Tower.*

OPENING THE HEART.

The Rev. J. G. Cunningham said:

"I know a little boy—he was my own brother, in fact—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious, 'Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?' and he answered, 'I would say, 'Come in.' She then said to him, 'Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.' Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made my father ask, 'What makes you so glad to-day?' He replied, 'I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, come,' and I think He has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before.' I could see that Jesus had come in by his obedience, by his beaming countenance, and by the love he showed to God's Word and to God's people."

WHICH WILL LIFT YOU OUT OF THE PIT.

A Chinese Christian tailor thus described the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity:—

"A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: if you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the man. *That is Confucianism.*

"A Buddhist priest next came by, and and said, 'Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. *That is Buddhism.*

"Next the Saviour came by, and, hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, 'Go, sin no more.' *That is Christianity.*"

—*Rev. Canon Stowell*