

spiritual life just in the same way as you have received me into your home. You are spiritually sick, and He knows it, and sends you the gracious message, 'I will come unto you'; and His reason for coming is that you may 'cast your burdens' upon Him, the 'burden bearer.' Now He waits, as I did, for the invitation to come. I received from you a letter of thanks; will you not respond to His offer in the same manner?"

"Oh, but that is something very different," said Ruth.

"The only difference is that, whilst I waited at a distance for your letter, He stands beside you waiting for your answer. 'Behold,' He says, 'I stand at the door, and knock.' You believed me when I said I would come, but turn a deaf ear to His plea for admittance. I found you watching for me, and you threw open your door at once, and received me lovingly. Cannot you treat your heavenly guest in the same way?"

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," said Ruth, musingly. "Madeleine, He says stand, not will stand. Oh! can it be," she cried with flushing cheeks, "that He is really here?"

"He is here," said her friend, solemnly.

She dropped her head upon her hands, and sat for a long time, silent. When she lifted it there was a look almost of illumination upon her face.

"What must I do next?" she said softly.

"Rest upon Him, as in some small degree you have rested upon me. Give into His hands the management of your spiritual life. Let your wishes, your hopes, your fears report to Him, as your servants do to me. Let the responsibility rest upon Him of disposing of them in His own way, and then you will understand what is meant by "casting all your care upon Him," and that your warrant for doing is that "He careth for you."—*Alix, in Parish Visitor*

FAVORITIES.

A FEW weeks ago one of my boys absented himself from the class on Sunday morning. I saw him during the week, but could get no satisfactory reason from him why he was not there. Another Sunday came around, and again his place was empty. I was troubled, and asked one of the other boys, who I knew was an intimate friend of his, if he knew any reason why he did not come, but he said he did not.

One evening I was coming up street,

and I saw Charley standing in front of a building. I touched him on the arm, and said, "Charley, come with me, please; I have something to say to you." Half reluctantly, he complied with my request.

I said, "Why is it that you do not come to Sunday-school?" For a moment he hesitated, and then burst out:

"Because you have your favorites, and I am not one of them."

If a flash of lightning had illumined the winter night, I should not have been more surprised. Favorites! Yes, I had; but every one of them was that.

He went on to tell me why he thought so—because I listened so carefully to one that did more talking than the rest, and I always gave an extra greeting to another who only came occasionally. I admitted that, but hastened to assure him that I would listen only too gladly to any and all of the others, if they would only express their opinions as that one did, and, if my greeting had a little more warmth in it, I only had a chance to give it at rare intervals.

After our talk, I thought over my boys one by one, tried to be as honest with myself as I could, and found I loved them with the same degree of yearning over their spiritual and temporal welfare, no matter what their difference of character or disposition may be, or their manner of treating me. It came to me then, in a faint sense, surely this must be the love wherewith the Father loves us? In our wayward moods we think He must have His favorites, because He listens to some and smiles graciously on them, and we grow envious at the good of our neighbor, while all the time His love is flowing in an unbroken stream toward us. For that reason we miss so many blessings, for, like Charley, we keep ourselves out of the way of them.

Thus we grieve the great loving heart of the Master, as my own heart was grieved, by our mistakes and lack of faith.—*Agnes Beard, in S.S. Times.*

YOUR BEST GIFTS.

You may not costly gems on her bestow
Who, by your side, life's heavy trials bears,
But you can give to her what she will prize
More highly than the crown an empress wears.

A loving word, a tender smile, will fill
Her soul with joy, and make it sweet to live!
They cost so little, and they bring so much
Of gladness that naught else on earth can give.

Then be not slow to give what costs you naught,
The day may come when o'er a grassy mound
You'll murmur tend'rest words above the one
Whose ears are dulled to e'en the sweetest sound.

—*Mrs. M. E. Cornell, in Parish Visitor.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

| International. | Institute. |
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| July 2. Acts 16: 6-15..... | Gen. 46: 28 to 47: 13. |
| " 9. Acts 16: 19-34..... | " 49: 33 to 50: 13. |
| " 16. Acts 17: 22-31..... | Review..... |
| " 23. Acts 18: 1-11..... | Exodus 1: 7-14..... |
| " 30. Acts 19: 1-12..... | Exodus 2: 1-10..... |

LITTLE THINGS.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

Just a little dew-drop brightens up the flower,
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle, shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if His aid we seek:
Just one cup of water, given in His name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame,
Shown to those above you in some word or deed,
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

—*Youths' Instructor.*

NELLIE'S GIFT.

"DID you ever want anything awful bad and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when the package came from auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just 'splen-dor-if-ic,' and Jack's my brother, and he knows. I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

"I don't know how auntie found it out unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I held my paws like a sacred rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mitts on.

"It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sunday-school, and by and by I didn't, for we had such a good Sunday-school I forgot everything else. A missionary man told all the folks about some poor children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house, and they hadn't any nice houses, or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and learn; and he said