

holding up their right hands, or keeping some other member of their body in a cramped position. Some remain seated in the same posture for weeks together under a tree. Some travel about the country, making people stare and wonder at them. They are supported by charity. The Hindoos think it a very meritorious thing to give money to these devotees.

Ought not *we* to be devotees? Yes, in another and a better sense. We, too, should give up our whole lives to be spent in the service of religion.—Jesus has bought us with his blood. We do not belong to ourselves; we belong to him. But the service He requires is a very different one. We know that no bodily suffering of ours can merit heaven. No stripes—no tears—no fasting—no torture—no penance—can buy for us the favor of God. Already God looks with favor upon us for the sake of his dear Son. His face wears a smile. His heart is full of love. He even says, speaking through Jesus, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

But must we not deny ourselves and lead holy lives? Oh! yes; if we love God, we shall delight to do his commandments, and his commandments are not pleasing to our wicked hearts. So we must fight and struggle sometimes. It will not please God to see us whipping or starving ourselves; but it will please Him to see us conquering our evil tempers and our laziness, and stirring ourselves up to obey him in all things and to be useful to our fellow-creatures. A sad waste of life it would be to spend it in sitting under a tree; rather let us be imitating that blessed Saviour, who spent his days in going about “doing good.”

BETTY, THE POOR WELCH WOMAN.

There lived a poor Welch woman—a pauper—upon two shillings per week. With two shillings a week, she managed to find clothing, firing, food, and all she wanted! It was little enough for her, but she never complained. How much

had she a day, if she had two shillings a week? Not quite threepence half-penny a day. Now this woman was as remarkable for her love to Christ, and her zeal for his glory, as she was for her poverty. She never passed the plate, when a collection was made on the first day of the week, at the house of God, without throwing in her mite. One day, the deacon of the church to which she belonged, who had long noticed her liberality, took her aside, and said, “Betty, I don’t understand how you have always something to give, when many richer than you often give nothing.” I cannot tell you why it is,” replied Betty, “but however much I may want a penny on other days, I never happen to be without one on collection days. It must be God in his goodness, who knows how it would grieve me to be unable to give to his cause, and who takes care to supply me.” “Well,” he said, “I am sure you want a few little comforts; take this sovereign and get some warm things for the winter.” “I want nothing,” answered Betty. “Oh! yes,” said the gentleman, “I am sure you can easily think of something that you would be glad to have. Spend the money as you like.” She took the sovereign, went back to the cottage, entered her little room, put down the piece of money on one of the chairs that stood in it—and there were but two—and kneeling down there before it, she said, “Blessed Lord Jesus! thou hast given me clothes to wear; thou hast given me food to eat; thou hast given me this hut to dwell in, and thy presence to cheer it, which is better than all. What more can I want than I have? Take this sovereign, and use it for thy glory.” A day or two afterwards, a good man called upon her, who had been begging for a chapel-case in the town, and he told Betty what success he had met with. She went to her drawer, and to his surprise, brought out a sovereign, “Here is a sovereign for your chapel,” she exclaimed. “A sovereign, my good woman! I cannot take such a gift from you.” “If you don’t have it,” said she, “the next beggar shall; for I have given it to Christ, and it is not my own.”

Oh! this is the true spirit of giving! To give, not just because we are asked, but beforehand deliberately to economise, on purpose to give, and then to set apart for Christ all that we can afford. My little readers, if you did this, don’t you think