

all solaces is quiet sympathy. Surely it is the flower of self-forgetfulness, that blossoms out of still communion with Him Who alone can give wisdom for the blessed ministry of consolation.

ROSA PORTER.

OLD AGE.

ROWLAND HILL, himself a very old man, says that he heard of one who was asked what age he was. He answered :

"The right side of eighty."

"I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer.

"Yes, I am beyond it," he replied ; "and this is the right side, for I am nearer my eternal rest."

A man once said to Dr. Rees, "You are whitening fast." The doctor answered him in a sermon which he preached immediately after : "There is a wee white flower which comes up through the snow and frost ; but we are glad to see the snow-drop, because it proclaims that the winter is over and the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother, it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over ; that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of the earth, and that my summer—my eternal summer—is at hand."

To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world."

"Fear it, sir!" he replied, "I know I am ; but blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it—I hope it."

The Apostle Paul was an old man, but, happily for him, he was no agnostic, and so he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and that he will keep that which I have committed to him until that day ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

But for old age to be happy it must be a time of acceptance. Old age fought against is miserable ; old age accepted is calm and peaceful. Enamelled wrinkles dare not smile ; the honest wrinkles may even laugh. To be living in a mistake is to be living in a false position, and in all false positions there is weakness and discomfort and misery. The way to be happy in your old age is to consider that you are not in a false position, but in a right one—in the one which God has ordained for you, and therefore in the one which contains blessings—its blessings, its

own peculiar blessings. Where you meet with disappointment it is in expecting from it what does not belong to it, and what would not be blessing if it did.—*The Quiver*.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
June 4.	Eccles. 5, 1-12	Gen. 41, 37-45
" 11.	Eccles. 12, 1-7, 13, 14	" 41, 46-47
" 18.	Mal. 3, 1-12	" 42, 3-20
" 25.	Prov. 31, 10-31	" 45, 1-15

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

I know a funny little boy—

The happiest ever born ;

His face is like a beam of joy,

Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,

And waited for a groan—

But how he laughed ! Do you suppose

He struck his funny-bone ?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks ;

His laugh is something grand ;

Its ripples overrun his cheeks

Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,

And till the day is done ;

The schoolroom for a joke he takes—

His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,

You cannot make him cry ;

He's worth a dozen boys I know,

Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

—*Wide Awake*.

THE BEST SHE CAN.

"THIS," said a proud father, addressing a gentlemen visitor, and directing his glance towards his ten-year-old son, just entering the room, "is the boy whose pictures you admire so much. The little fellow really has a wonderful talent for drawing."

"And what has this little lady a talent for?" asked the gentleman, turning kindly towards a modest-looking little girl, who had entered the room in the rear of her brother, and now stood quietly by her mother's side.

The father hesitated as his eyes rested upon his least-gifted child ; but the mother, drawing her fondly towards her, replied, "This little girl has a talent for doing the best that she can."

Dear children, are there any of you who also possess this talent for doing the best that you can—not in great things only, but also in small ones? The most slenderly endowed among us may do this much : the most gifted

cannot do more. Our blessed Lord is not a hard master, "reaping where He has not sown, and gathering where He has not strewn," but he does require that the service which we render shall be in proportion to the capacity with which he has endowed us ; the servant in the parable who received five talents, gained beside them five talents more. Higher praise was never given to man or angel than that which our Saviour bestowed upon the woman who anointed His head with ointment.—"She hath done what she could."—*Grace Willoughby, in Southern Churchman*.

SAMBO AND HIS BIBLE.

SAMBO, a freed slave in Jamaica, had possessed a part of a New Testament, which by constant use was worn out. Learning that in Kingston, fifty miles from his home, there lived a missionary who kept a store of Bibles to sell to any one who wished to purchase them, though now an old man, he determined to go all that way on foot to buy a Bible ; and he actually did so. He went to the missionary's house, and when he saw the nice looking Bibles, contrasting them in his mind with the "book" he had thought so much of, he was delighted and surprised, and eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, massa, how large ! how fine ! how great ! how good !"

"Yes, my friend," answered the missionary, "that is very true ; they are large and fine and great and good."

Sambo then expressed his wish to purchase one, and inquired the price.

"A dollar and a half," replied the missionary. The negro's countenance fell instantly.

"What is the matter, my friend?" asked the missionary, observing the sudden change.

"Oh, massa," said poor Sambo, "dis all me hab," showing a dollar.

The missionary then told him that, even at the price at which the book was offered, it was under the expense the Bible Society had incurred in publishing it ; but the poor negro could only say, "Massa, me berry sorry ; me hab no more dan dis."

The missionary then inquired of Sambo what his name was and whence he came ; and greatly astonished this good man was when he found how far his dark-featured brother had travelled on foot in that hot climate in his eagerness to obtain the Book of God ; and knowing the negro's master, after a