

May woods, but he did not notice them; and it was only when his feet began to get tangled in the creepers or stumble over fallen logs that all at once it flashed upon him that night had come, and Maidie was not found.

Then he paused, and a great despair settled down on his heart. Oh, could he leave his darling alone in the black darkness of the wood? Then there reached his ear a little sob, and parting the leaves of a clump of dogwood he saw, oh, God be praised! there, in the gathering gloom, his darling, his little Maidie, kneeling on the soft green moss, her little hands held up, palm to palm, her tear-stained face turned to her Maker, and her soft, sweet voice in broken sobs praying—

"O Dod! send fadder to me twick!"

In a moment she was clasped tightly to his heart, the great tears rolling down the man's face upon her own. She nestled her little tired head into his broad bosom.

"I c'ied and c'ied for you, fadder, and you didn't tum," she said, looking up with glad eyes, and trying to get closer to his heart; "and den I tout I'd ask Dod to send you twick, and den you tum."

When John Reed emerged from the big wood, with little Maidie sleeping quietly in his sheltering arms, there came flying through the gathering dusk the figure of a woman, and, faint with joy, the little mother threw herself on to her husband's arm, her earthly treasures once more her own. And that night the stiffness went for ever from John Reed's knees, for Maidie had taught him that it was not always a sheer waste of time to pray.

OLD COMRADES.

COMFORT is always set over against tribulation, or rather it is joined to it hard and fast. Let the two go together; they are old comrades, they have been together these six thousand years. God has joined them, they are near of kin, they are lovingly agreed. But for the tribulation, the consolation could never be. Still, the question arises: How does this Divine comfort come to us? For answer we may say that the whole world is full of it. The whole economy in which we live is healing. Only come into trouble, and if you are a Christian in your trouble, in that moment you begin to come into consolation.

As God can bring trouble by a touch, so He can dispel it by a touch again. He often gives consolation by a thought,—one thought, perhaps, which changes everything. And best of all, He can draw the troubled one to Himself, and when consolation has been sought in vain at all the streams, He can give it, deep and pure and strong, from the eternal fountain in Himself. Many a time has God thus taken distressed souls into His own pavilion, and soothed and comforted, and laid them to rest on His bosom, even as a nurse cherisheth her children, or as a mother sings her sobbing child to sleep.

Alexander Raleigh.

IT SEEMS QUITE PROVIDENTIAL.



"It really seems quite providential," said Mrs. Roberts, as she finished telling the story of her husband's accident; "it really seems quite providential, the doctor's happening to go that way; for it's an out-of-the-way place, and my husband might have lain for hours, and nobody passed by. And then, the doctor says, the limb might never

have come together again properly, besides my poor man's taking his death of cold. But now, if it was to be at all, nothing could have happened better, for the doctor himself passed by in his carriage in less than a quarter of an hour, and he and his man lifted him in, and brought him home, and got him to bed, and the poor leg was set and bound up all comfortable before there was time for any harm to come. I'm sure it seems quite providential."

Mrs. Roberts spoke as if she was surprised at anything happening providentially. She seemed to think that generally things come about by chance; but that on this occasion, strange to say, God had been pleased to work. She was not quite sure of it, even in this case, but she almost thought it must be so: "It really seems quite providential," said she.

Many people are like her; and people who are called Christians, too, and profess to believe in God. If something happens unexpectedly which gets them out of a difficulty, or if some pressing want is relieved in a way which no one could have thought of, they say it is "quite providential." But their very words show that they do not think most things providential, or they would not be so much surprised.

This is quite wrong. It is not one thing only now and then that happens providentially: everything happens so. For what does the word mean? It refers to the providence of God. It means that He foresees, and takes care, and provides; that all things happen according to His foreknowledge and purpose; that, though a thousand means and instruments may be used, yet He orders all, and overrules all.

Almighty God does not concern Himself about one thing, and not about another. He does not leave most things to chance, and only now and then step in "quite providential," as Mrs. Roberts seemed to think, and as many other people seem to think. That was not the only day on which God had cared for John Roberts, and ordered things for his good. If Mrs. Roberts had been better informed, she might have said about what was happening to her and her husband every day, "It is quite providential."

And so may we all say. A watchful eye is over us continually. A kind and gracious care is bestowed on our concerns. Every day, and every hour, Providence—that is, God—is directing our affairs.