

see and hear of so much youthful depravity. There is such a thing as training up a child in the way he should go, "and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PROMISE TO PAY.

"A certain Jew, when dying, requested his partner to bury in his coffin the money belonging to him in the firm. Solomon was outraged by the request, but his rabbi told him he must keep his promise to his dead friend. After the funeral the rabbi asked him if he had been faithful to his trust. He told him that he had. 'Well,' said the rabbi, 'what kind of money did you put in the coffin? Gold or greenbacks?' 'Neither,' answered Solomon. 'I put my check there.' 'Your check!' 'Yes my check is good!' Here was a device giving absolutely nothing, and that insinuating that an obligation had been met. So there are professors who give their promise to pay, and repeat their promise, but never pay, and yet feel a silent and sometimes a noisy satisfaction at their own liberality.

A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest days in February last.

A little boy about ten years old, was standing before a shoe store in Broadway bare-footed, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady richly dressed in silks, alighted from the carriage and went quietly to the boy and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her a half dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he would give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her. She took the little fellow to the back of the store, and

removing her gloves, knelt down and washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him and patting him on the head, said:

"I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad took her hand, and looking up in her face with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words:—"Are you God's wife?"—*Parish Register.*

A MOTHER'S TRAINING.

There are six children in the household—three sons and three daughters. The mother was a cheery, quiet, religious woman, thoroughly bound up in her household. The husband was a resolute, defiant, outspoken unbeliever. He was a journalist, and lost no opportunity to have his sling at Christianity. Unbelievers, bitter as himself, were frequent guests at his table, and made themselves merry with the Bible and religious faith before the children. The mother seldom bore any part in the conversation. Not one of the children entertained the opinions of the father. As they grew up, one after another came into the church. The sons, especially, were noted for their intelligent piety. I felt a great curiosity to know how Mrs. Long accomplished her difficult task, by what means she had neutralized the influence of her husband, and how she had led her entire flock into the fold of the Redeemer. I asked Mrs. Long to give me some clue to her method. "Well," she said, "it is a very simple matter. I never opposed my husband, never argued with him, nor disputed on the subject of religion. I never belittled him in the eyes of the children. But I never allowed them to go to bed without reading a few short verses of something the Saviour had said. I put his words over against the words of men. If the devil cast in his tares and went his way, might not the truth be as potent? And that's the whole of it!"—*Christian at Work.*

A COMFORTING PSALM.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Reading in the *Observer* recently an article on the beauty and helpfulness of