

HEDGES.

A thicket of thorn bushes has more than one lesson to teach. Hedges mean value. Men do not build a hedge around a mountain or across a plain. When a vineyard is planted, it is hedged round about. Look at the human body; it is hedged round about with bones and sinews, fearfully and wonderfully made. "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." "Stranger still," says another, "that a harp so exquisitely made should ever get out of tune."

Man's estate is hedged in by God in Providence. "Hast thou not cast a hedge about him and about his house and about all that he hath on every side?" Job i. 10.

More wonderfully still, God builds moral fortifications to defend the elements of character in the process of formation.

"When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man."

Hedges suggest care. Present, personal, sufficient. A hedge is impersonal, but God sets a watch, keeps guard, with unceasing care. Often the human spirit rebels and chafes, but, upon reflection, we are led to say: "He hath hedged up my way that I cannot pass." Look back and see if you cannot discover His hand keeping you in and keeping you back from many a false path. Still let us pray: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

Hedges remind us of discipline. Man breaks away from God and casts off the cords that would hold. "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent will bite him; he will get more than he bargained for." To the wicked God saith: "I will hedge up thy way with thorns; the flesh is torn and blood is drawn, but, oh! the pain of memory; what a pricking brier is conscience!"

Hedges suggest delight. The people of God are separated from the world by a hedge. He fences out the enemy and welcomes in the friend. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." A garden is for fragrance and beauty and fellowship. Now, in a garden, nothing comes naturally it must be planted

and set and kept. "Am I a plant of the Lord's right hand planting? Then I shall not be rooted up; nay, he will come to admire, to bless, to use." The garden of Christ is a delight to Christ. "They shall be as a well watered garden whose waters fail not." "I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feedeth among the lilies."

Beamsville. H. T. MILLER.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

The stork flew over a town one day,
And back of each wing an infant lay,
One to a rich man's home he brought,
And one he left at a labourer's cot,
The rich man said, "My son shall be
A lordly ruler o'er land and sea,"
The labourer sighed, "'Tis the good God's will
That I have another mouth to fill."

The rich man's son grew strong and fair,
And proud with the pride of a millionaire.
His motto in life was, "Live while you may,"

And he crowded years in a single day,
He bought position and name and place,
And he bought him a wife with a handsome face.

He journeyed over the whole wide world,
But discontent in his heart lay curled,
Like a serpent hidden in leaves and moss,
And life seemed hollow and gold was dross.

He scoffed at women, and doubted God,
And die I like a beast and went back to the sod.

The son of the labourer tilled the soil,
And thanked God daily for health and toil.

He wedded for love in his youthful prime,
And two lives chorded in tune and time.
His wants were simple, and simple his creed,

To trust God fully; it served his need,
And lightened his labour and helped him to die

With a smile on his lips and a hope in his eye.

When all is over and all is done,
Now, which of these men was the richer one?

—Ella Wheeler Wilton, in *New York Journal*.

A MISSIONARY AT HOME.

There are home mission fields for every person who desires to be actively employed in doing good. One of these is in Christian homes, in which young women are employed to do housework. It is one of the incredible features of our modern Christianity, that such girls are so little influenced by the Christian homes in which they live.

A lady who had acquired a wide influence by her strength of character, sympathy, and moral sense, came from the country to the city to spend the winter in a quiet lodging-house.

A young woman from the provinces came into the house as servant. The lady was late at the table one evening, and so was left alone with this girl. She noticed a shade of sadness in her face and said:

"Mary, have you friends in the city?"

"No, not one. My father and mother are dead. My sisters are married, but poor, and I have come to London to make my way alone. I have friends in the old church at home. The pastor there was very kind to me."

"Were you a member of that church?"

"Yes, and I have a letter from it. I would like to show it to you."

The girl produced the letter.

"I am a member of a church of the same denomination," said the lady; "so we are sisters."

Sisters! At that word the thought of her mission came to the good woman.

"Mary," she said, after a moment's silence, "what is your evening out?"

"FriJay; but I have nowhere to go."

"I go to church on that evening. I would like company. Will you go with me?"

"It would make me happy all the week if you would only let me," said the girl.

The other members of the quiet household were somewhat surprised on the next Friday night to hear the lady say:

"Mary and I are going to week-night service."

But the friendly relations did not end here. The lady lent Mary her books, and selected for her a course of useful reading. Occasionally she gave her a ticket to a concert or lecture, and obtained consent from the landlady that the girl might attend them. She guided her by wise and good advice.

More than this, she gave her personal regard with her favours, and the girl came to love her as she loved her mother