

exception to it. I have long laboured in the service of sin, but I got no profit by my labour." "Then you know something of the apostle's meaning when he asked, 'What fruit had ye then in these things whereof ye are now ashamed?'" "Thank God," said he, "I do; and I do know that, now being freed from sin, and having become a servant unto righteousness, I have my fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life."—*Living Waters.*

AN INFIDEL REPROVED.

When an eminent minister once heard an infidel jestingly say, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," the venerable servant of Christ turned round and promptly replied, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Away back in the years that are gone, a rich merchant, returning to his home one cold November evening, found a poor, barefooted child upon his doorstep, shivering, and in tears from suffering and want. Many persons would have driven her away, but a glance at her face struck pity to his heart, and he took her into his house, warmed her by the fire, fed her at his table, and clothed her in the warm cast-off garments of his own little girl. He listened to her tale of sorrow, believed it, and with a basket of food and an old though comfortable blanket, sent her home, telling her to come to his house whenever they needed food, clothing, or fuel.

It seemed that the poor family struggled on as best they could, and whenever poverty pinched too bitterly, the girl came to the merchant's house for the proffered charity, until her little face became quite familiar.

One day she came in great sorrow and bitter weeping. Her mother was dead, and she had no one to turn to in the bereavement of her little heart but the kind merchant. He buried the poor dead woman, and took the girl to his home until he could, from the dying directions of the mother, write to her relations, for it seems the mother had married against the will of her parents, and had been disinherited. During her life she had preferred to remain in poverty and obscurity rather than to appeal to her relatives; but at her death pride was swallowed up in anxiety for her helpless child. The relations came and took the child away, and then her whereabouts was lost to the merchant.

Years rolled by, and misfortune overtook our man of generous heart. Death of his family and bankruptcy of his fortune left him a poor and desponding man. Many were the ways he strove to rise again, but always failed, until he finally kept a street-stand. One day a runaway team overturned his stand and injured him so severely that he was taken to the hospital, and a paragraph of the accident appeared in the papers, with his name and a sketch of his life and failure.

This paragraph caught the eye of a wealthy lady living in a neighbouring city. She hastened to the hospital, and stood by the bed of the poor old man. In her fine, generous face he could not recognize the little girl he once befriended. But such she was. She had been educated by wealthy relations, had married well, and lived in luxury. She had never forgotten her first benefactor, but had lost all traces of him until, to her surprise, she saw the paragraph in the papers. And now the bread cast upon the waters had been found after many days gloriously multiplied; and, taken to the generous home of the noble woman, he is passing his last days in peace and happiness, loved and