

every one. The prints of an iron hand are on every heart.

"Never a word to encourage!" slipped unawares from her lips one day. It does not seem much; but who that has felt it does not know that it is the secret of many a joyless childhood, many a broken spirit. *Family Friend.*

## Children's Corner.

### "NONE TO MAKE."

"I am sorry to hear," said a local preacher to a gardener in Yorkshire, "that you have lost your son."

"Yes, indeed," replied the man; "it is quite true."

The visitor went on to say, "I hope he had made his peace with God."

"None to make," was the reply.

The visitor, thinking the man did not understand him, repeated, "I hope he made his peace with God."

"None to make," again replied the gardener.

"What do you say?"

"None to make," was the man's reply once more.

"What do you mean?" the other asked.

"None to make," was all he could get from the gardener.

This question was repeated several times, and always brought from the man the same answer. So his friend left him, no doubt thinking him a dark and ignorant person. However, the man with his rake on his shoulder soon followed, and coming up with him, said,—

"What were you saying, sir, just now about my son?"

"I was saying that I hoped he had made his peace with God."

"Well, I say he'd none to make."

At last, the gardener explained himself and said:

"What did Jesus Christ say upon the cross? Did he not say, 'It is finished'?"

"Ah," said his friend, "you are right, you are right. 'It is finished.' He had none to make."

And surely nothing is more plainly set forth in Scripture than the fact that Christ has "made peace by the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20), and accomplished such a work of eternal redemption

that whosoever believeth in Him, now risen and ascended, has peace with God.

The cross of Christ, is then, the true and only *ground of peace*; and it tells us of peace made, as the resurrection and ascension of Christ bear witness. The *enjoyment* of this peace is connected with our simply taking this ground in faith before God.

### A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Ashamed of work, boys—good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your Roman history now, and read of Cincinnatus. On the day on which they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field plowing.

What about Marcus Curius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up; you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato—you have surely heard of him—how he rose to all honours of the Roman State; yet he was often seen at work in the field with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labour on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maidens.

Better, even, than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." There! after this you will feel ashamed not to work.

### THE STORY OF A HINDU GIRL.

Miss Phoebe Rowe writes from Pithoragarh of a poor Hindu girl in one of the villages of India:

Hira lived in a small but very wicked village. Mrs. Gray, the dear missionary, persuaded the parents to send their girl to school. She became a regular attendant, and learned to sing and pray to Jesus, the children's Friend.

It was her earnest desire to come into the