

terfere with the unity of design which should govern a religious service.

### A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The world's a room of sickness, where each heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,  
Is theirs who skill of comfort best;  
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone  
Enfeebled spirits own.  
And love to raise the languid eye,  
When like an angel's wing, they feel them fleeting  
by—

Warm'd underneath the Comforter's safe wing  
They spread the endearing warmth around:  
Mourners, speed here your broken hearts to bring,  
Here healing dews and balms abound:  
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,  
By trial taught your pain:  
Here, loving hearts, that daily know  
The heavenly consolations they on you bestow.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travellers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in Africa deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travellers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble woman in the cellar kitchen, and the half-crown slipped into her hand at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?"

A poor Scotch comb-makers wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half doubting way, if I thought some poor children who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad! By what? Surely by "cups of cold water," in no wise to lose their reward.

Several young girls met in the early part of the season to sew for poor children.—From time to time they have come together, playing busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result.—Sixty-two "cups of cold water!" How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an inva-

lid, heard that her neighbour, living next door, was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbour good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and, with a "Mother sent you this," the little flask stands upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chemistry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this also to be a "cup of cold water!"

Late one Saturday evening, a pious widow in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, for years, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message, "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, determined me to leave it until the morning, when I took it where I thought it would be welcome.—"The Lord has sent you a loaf bread, Mrs. S.," I remarked, as I went in. Lifting up her hands towards heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised." Then pointing to the neatly spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day."—Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe new notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chronicler noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple?"

And so streams of refreshing flow through the parched desert. So to fainting his lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."

"Yes like the fragrance that wanders in freshness  
When the flowers that it came from are closed  
up and gone.

So will they be to this world's weary dwellers  
Only remembered by what they have done.

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,  
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,  
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what I have done."

### NEVER TEMPT A MAN TO BREAK A GOOD RESOLUTION.

The Mohigans were an excellent tribe of Indians. They had a long line of kings in the family of Uncas. One of the last was Zachary; but he was a great drunkard. But a sense of the dignity of his office came before him, and he resolved he would drink no more. Just before the annual election, he was accustomed to go every year to Lebanon, and dine with his brother governor, the first Governor Turnbull. One of the governor's sons