

woman disappeared. I am very sure that she was happier for that little service than if he had given her ten dollars with a lofty air of condescension. It was a dinner of herbs, and content therewith, which she found infinitely preferable to a possible stalled ox.

Now, very few of us could give a great many tired young women a ten dollar bill, as Mr. Carbuncle can, but there's nobody in town who cannot help a poor girl with her basket, and relieve her mind as well as her muscles by taking upon himself the burden of his neighbour's indignation about nothing. There is nobody so poor that he cannot spread this dinner of herbs for every wayfarer. And, oh! if all of us did it, what a hospitable and happy world this would be!

What a fearful amount of friction there is in the ordinary journey of life! What occasions it? Not surely the contest with wild beasts at Ephesus, for very few of us travel by the Ephesus road. It certainly is not the necessity of fighting with lions, for there are very few lions in anybody's path. The difficulty is in our shoes. It is the little peg and the little pebble. We despise them; we won't stop for any such ridiculous thing. We go striding on, wounded at every step, until there is a blister, a fester, a sore. We won't dine at all except upon stalled oxen, and therefore we starve. But, dear brethren—I would say if I were a preacher—take the pegs out of your shoes, and you can jump over the lions. Dine every day upon herbs, and you will not care for the ox.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

### KNEE-WORK.

I did pity my friend. He had been trying to stand up against the temptation to drink, and Satan had knocked him down again. He was blue, discouraged, heart-sick, when I found him after his fall. He was lying away down in the "depths." His success in standing up had been owing to prayer. "Had you prayed?" I asked. No, he had not. Here was something to be done at once. "Let's get right down and go to work," I said. We knelt. So I prayed. I heard him sobbing. The

prodigal was coming back. Then he prayed. I heard his cry for forgiveness. We rose, and at the same time a downcast soul got up out of the depths of its despair. How he smiled as he said afterwards, "I am saved!" Knee-work had done it.

And knee-work will do wonders in every direction, simply because it makes a connection with the source of all power—God. He bends in blessing as we bend in prayer. If we want to take our own hearts in hand, do it with a bent knee. Penitence, peace, strength, will be the result. If you want to take in hand the heart of some one else, let there be knee-work. On your knees plough up the hearts of sinners. On your knees sow in the truth. In the day of harvest how the yellow sheaves will stand about us.

We get hints as to success in serving God when we look through His Word. Moses was a man of great knee-power. So were Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Daniel—all the Bible worthies. It is said that Peter's knees were worn rugged and callous through praying. It must have been after his fall. He wouldn't have tumbled if he had had that ruggedness on his knees. It would have made a good coat of mail for his soul.—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in New York Observer.*

### MINISTERS' WIVES.

The *Baptist Magazine* (London) says: "The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the Church. She should be warranted never to have \*\*, or head-ache, or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge; she should be intellectual, pious, and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should *keep up the style of a lady* on the wages of a *day labourer*, and be always at leisure for good works, and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society and Home Mission; she should conduct Bible classes and