

Practical benevolence is heaven. Practical selfishness is hell.

True virtue does not publish itself; it does not even know itself.

Eternal life is a gift, but rewards will be according to works, good or evil.

Sickness is a Christian opportunity. Some are shut away from the world that Christ may come in to them.

The Social Committee should endeavor to turn its sociability when it is needed towards the strangers and the sick.

QUOTATIONS.

The position that men take toward Christ is revealed by that which they take toward His children. "He that receiveth you receiveth Me," Jesus said several times—the result of which is that to reject the servant is to reject the Master.—Dr. Godet.

"Christ claims our love in many a strange disguise;
Now fever-stricken on a bed He lies,
Friendless He wanders now beneath the stars,

Now tells the number of His prison bars,
Now bends beside us crowned with hoary hairs;
No need have we to climb the angel stairs,
And press our kisses on His feet and hands.

In every saint who suffers here the Man
of Sorrow stands."

Why were these righteous persons blessed? Because they held the right system of truth? Not a word about that. Because they were in the line of faith according to the Jewish conception of religion? Not a syllable on that subject. Because they were good and regular citizens, paid their taxes, kept the laws, and went to church? Not a hint of that. What, then, are the grounds? Look at the inventory: "I was hungered," etc.—Henry Ward Beecher.

What, then, is the heart of this parable? That a life of selfishness includes in it, of necessity, sin and rejection before God and odiousness before men; and that a life of true sympathetic benevolence includes in it all motive power; and is the spring and charm of all those graces which bring a man to the right hand of God in glory. This is the simple meaning of the whole parable.—Beecher.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A missionary, weary and heartsick, went to address a strange Sunday School in the country. While pondering what he should say to them, he noticed in the corner a little girl shabbily dressed and barefooted, her little sunburnt face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fingers, sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon a little girl, apparently about eleven, went to her, and, removing her ragged sunbonnet, gently stroked her tangled hair, and talked with her cheerily until her face brightened, her tears were dried, and only smiles wreathed the small, rosy mouth. The missionary went to them and said to the little comforter, "Is that your little sister, my dear?" "No, sir, I have no sister." "O, one of the neighbors' children?" asked the missionary. "A little schoolmate, perhaps?" "No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before." "Then how came you to be so kind to her, if you do not know her?" "Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone and needed somebody to be kind to her." "Ah!" said the missionary to himself, "here is a text for me to preach from." "Because she was a stranger, and seemed all alone and needed somebody to be kind to her."

A Bishop of the M. E. Church South, being on board a New Orleans steamer, saw, late one night, a man go stealthily to a state-room, and hastily open and shut the door, passing something in without entering. He suspected it was a case of drug fever, and, after pressing the officers of the boat, was informed that it was a Catholic priest ill with that terrible disease. He insisted upon being admitted to his room. As the door was opened the sickening odor for a moment drove him back, but, entering, he found a miserable man at the point of death, who for twenty-four hours had not had so much as a cup of cold water ministered to him. But what was the Bishop's surprise to find, not a Catholic priest, but a well-known minister of his own denomination. He cared for him and was the means, under God, of his restoration to health. He risked his life to save a sick stranger, but unexpectedly saved a friend. Some such glad surprise awaits all those to whom Jesus shall say at His coming, "I was sick, and ye visited Me."

"The lowest service rendered for His sake is higher than the mightiest struggle for mere self-advancement." This is part of a sermon that a young girl heard which changed her whole life. "For Him," she whispered softly to herself as, the service ended, she declined an invitation to go with one of her young companions, and instead gave her strong arm to the feeble grandmother and helped her home. "For Him," she whispered, as she laid aside the attractive library book, that she might assist her mother to wash the dishes. "For Him," became the glad motto of her life.

Three half-orphaned little girls, being obliged to travel alone from Berlin to St. Louis, were sent, provided by their aunt with a little blank-book, upon the first page of which was written their names, ages, starting-point and place of destination, and underneath the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me." These children were instructed to show to any stranger when they needed help and direction. As they journeyed some of those who read the words gave them money, others kind advice, frequently a tear would drop upon the page, but every one who read the sentence ministered to them until at last from across the continent, from over the sea, from the long railroad journey, they were safely landed in St. Louis and clasped in their father's arms. Ah, if all those who look to us for comfort or help or sympathy could always hold before us these magic words, how they would incite us to deeds of kindness, how they would inspire us to be patient with the slow and the stubborn and the stupid; to be kind to the poor, the sick, the unfortunate.

QUESTION SPURS.

What has our League been doing in looking after strangers and the sick?

What more can we, and ought we, to do?

Is hospitality a lost art with us?

What are we doing with our homes?

Do we grudge time spent with those whom we may never see again?

Are we preparing happy memories for our own sick beds?

To be Published Soon

In answer to several enquiries we are authorized to say that "The First Century of Canadian Methodism" will be published early in the year, and meantime advance orders are accepted at \$1.00.

Book Shelf

All books mentioned here can be procured from the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Our Little Alaskan Cousin. By Mary F. Nixon-Roslett. Published by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, 60 cents.

Another volume of the popular "Little Cousin" series which describes, in fascinating story form, the habits and customs of various countries and people. These books are ideal volumes for the Sunday School library, as they convey an immense amount of information in a way so attractive that it will be eagerly read by the little folks. This book tells about the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska, and is exceedingly interesting.

How Are You Living? By W. T. Hambrook. William Briggs, Toronto, Publisher. Price, \$1.00.

This book is a discussion of the greatest questions relating to human life and character, written with the young man and woman specially in view. The chapter headings will give some idea of the scope of the volume: "The son's duty to God"; "The son's duty to self"; "The son's duty to home"; "The son's duty to state"; "The daughter"; "The mother"; "The father"; "The wife"; "The husband." Young and old can scarcely fail to get good out of reading this book.

Just One Blue Bonnet. The life story of Adella Florence Kinton. By Sara A. Randless. Toronto: William Briggs, Publisher.

A Salvation Army story of the life work of one of its soldiers, a young woman of strongly marked individuality, great sweetness of disposition, and deeply devoted to Christ. Possessed of literary and artistic ability, she was for a time a valued member of the Editorial Staff of the *War Cry*. A considerable portion of the book is taken up with the diary of the subject of the sketch, particularly interesting, perhaps, to those who know her.

The Life of Hugh Price Hughes. Popular Edition. By his daughter. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, London. Toronto: William Briggs, Price, \$1.25; postage 15 cents.

This interesting volume was published three years ago, and sold for \$3.50, which was not an extravagant price, as the book consisted of 670 unusually large pages. Now this "popular edition" has been printed from the same plates, and prepared in very much the same style to be sold at the very low price, \$1.25. At this figure it ought to have a very large circulation. Hugh Price Hughes was one of the most remarkable Methodist preachers who ever lived; an exceedingly well-written life story by his talented daughter is well worth reading. To the preachers it will be wonderfully stimulating.

In the ancient cathedral of Genoa, a vase of immense value has been preserved for six hundred years. It is cut from a single emerald. Its principal diameter is twelve and a half inches, and its height five and three-quarter inches. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands, and is rarely exhibited in public; but only by order of the Senate. When exhibited it is suspended round the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one is allowed to touch it but him. It is claimed that this vase was one of the gifts which was made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

The Editor of this paper would be glad if the Corresponding Secretary of every League would kindly send their Topic Card or Programme of Meetings to this office. Suggestions may be gleaned that will be helpful to other Leagues.