

## Christ's Little Coin.

The other day I went to see an old woman; times are hard with her just now, and she told me the amount of her present income—two shillings and sixpence a week from the parish, out of which she pays two shillings for the rent of her little room, leaving sixpence a week to find her in food and coal; "and I gives a penny to the Church collecting card, and a penny to the Guild, and then there's a halfpenny to the offertory bag. I used to put a penny in, but I can't afford that now."

She said all this quite simply, with a smile on her face as though it were something of a joke.

"But that only leaves threepence halfpenny; how can you live upon that?" I asked in astonishment.

"No I couldn't do it if it weren't for my daughter," she answered, "but I goes up to her now and then, and she gives me a cup of tea and a little bit of food, and presently, when the winter needlework begins to come in, I shall get along better, please God; this is the slack time."

In the winter she earns another shilling or eightpence a week by needlework supplied by a good parish society.

I could not help thinking of the poor widow whom the Lord watched and commended, as she threw her two mites into the Temple treasury; and this is quite as real a woman as that one; she lives in a street hard by, and I often see her. Do you think her twopence halfpenny which she thus gives to God each week are "little coins"? I fancy they are very big ones, far bigger than many silver pieces in the offertory bag, perhaps even than the gold ones, if there are any of that sort, for the people of that church are nearly all poor. Sometimes God does wonderful things with such "little coin" as that; one hears of great things done, great churches built, good works forwarded by the copper coin of the poor.

There are two things which go to make "little coin" really big coin, or big coin to have any worth at all when given to God. They are *Faith* and *Sacrifice*.

*Faith.* That old woman knows to whom she gives her twopence halfpenny, and that, if He likes He can use it, perhaps multiply it, like the loaves and fishes, and make it do great things.

*Sacrifice.* Well, there is not much need for any words of mine here; you, who know how very poor people do their shopping by the halfpennyworth, know how many things she might have bought for herself with that twopence halfpenny, and did not. These two real things—faith and sacrifice—touch the poor copper coin and turn it into gold in God's and the angels' sight.

But a gold piece which is not touched by these angels at all will turn to copper, or even a little dust in the bag—you know what I mean.

Which sort of coin do we give to God and His Church? If it can be only "little coin"—outwardly copper, is it inwardly gold? Is it given with faith and sacrifice? If not, it is not only little, but worthless in God's sight; but if it is, then is it a little treasure in the Master's hands, which He will use, and one day repay to us. He says, "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—S. Luke xii. 33.

## Fox or Eagle—Which?

Of one of the saints in the Roman calendar, an old legend relates as follows: In one of his walks for meditation in the forest he saw a fox with a broken leg, hungry and wretched. The thought struck him that God had forgotten the poor creature and left it to die. But as he watched, there came an eagle from above, bearing a fowl in her talons, which she laid down before the fox, who caught at it eagerly. "Ah, I learn the lesson," said the delighted man; "I am like the fox, to wait God's ever mindful care for my wants." And so he went forth to a cave and became a hermit, telling all his acquaintances that he should be fed from Heaven.

For a day and a night he sat at his door in the hill. But no supply came for his need. A week later his friends found him in the market place scattering alms among the poor. "How is this, master hermit?" they inquired. "Fasting is good for clearness," answered the holy man; "and I had a vision in the second night, when I was told that the eagle was my symbol, not the fox, and I am bringing my burden to-day."

We are becoming tired of those who imagine they are always to be the helped ones in this life. It may be exceedingly lovely in show to sit waiting for God's providence, and starving meanwhile; but in fact it is simple presumption. God's providence helps the provident soul. Many an able-bodied Christian can be pointed out whose symbol is found in the eagle rather than the fox. More energy of honest endeavor would make him a lifter instead of a drag.

## Think no Evil of Anyone.

It is not enough to say, I will speak no evil; you are forbidden to think evil of anyone. Drive forth the thought as you would repel a venomous snake. To think evil of others is to harbour in the chamber of the soul an insidious poison—a malaria or miasma of death—which by creating an atmosphere of inharmony will injure you far more than the one against whom your thoughts go forth; an atmosphere that will blight every noble and spiritual impulse, as frost in early spring-time blights the daring flowers. The world is full of shadows. Do not add to the darkness. Your mission should be to banish night. Do not by the shadow of an evil thought add to humanity's gloom. The development of your own soul depends on the extent to which you open the windows to the light of spirituality, the warmth of God's love.

## Not Caring.

It is said that many years ago there lived in some country far away from ours, a band of wild, bad men, who gained their livelihood by crime. They cared not either for religion or for law, had always scoffed at the one, and eluded the grasp of the other. When they were successful in their robberies and other wicked schemes, they held wild revellings and banquets through the night; if unsuccessful they often quarrelled and fought. But on the whole they held together, and were, in their own strange fashion, loyal to their chief.

In one of their mad drinking bouts they got talking in their usual scoffing way about religion, and especially about a certain priest of whom they knew something, and who lived in a town not so very far from where they were then living. A strange freak got into the heads of some of them, and they laid a wager with their chief, declaring that he would not dare to go to this priest and hold a conversation with him about the concerns of his soul. The chief accepted the wager, said he would go, and, to win his wager, went.

On coming into the presence of the priest, who was an old man, full of faith and love, the robber said,

"Father, I have come to talk to you about my past life, and all that I have done in it."

"Well," said the priest, "I am ready to listen to you."

So the man began. "Well, I have committed a great many robberies, but I don't care about that; I am a gambler, but I don't care about that; I am a drunkard, but I don't care about that; I have been a murderer, and a great many other bad things, but I don't care at all about any of them, and in fact I only came to say all this to you for the sake of winning a wager."

The old priest listened quietly to all this without looking shocked, as no doubt the robber had hoped he would do. Then he said:

"Well now, you have made your confession, and I will give you my advice. Just say over now and then to yourself these few sentences, and say, 'I don't care about that,' after each:

"Jesus died for me, but I don't care about that—"

"I must die, but I don't care about that—"

"I must be judged, but I don't care about that."

The man went back to his companions, and told them what he had said, and what the priest had told him to do, and asked them whether he should

do it or not. They said that of course he must or else lose his wager, for that it was all part of the business. So the man used every now and then to say the sentences to himself as the priest had told him. But after a time he began to have a very uncomfortable sort of feeling as he said them.

"Jesus died for me, but I don't care about that—well, but I ought to care about it."

"I must die, but I don't care about that—but I do care very much indeed."

"I must be judged, but I don't care about that—what! Not care for the Judgment?"

And so it went on till he could bear it no longer, but went to the priest in good earnest, asked his advice, meaning to follow it, gave up his wicked life, made what atonement he could for his many robberies, and became an earnest-hearted Christian man, loving and reverencing to the end the good old priest who had by God's blessing been the means of his conversion.

I do not know where this story is to be found, for it is many years since I heard it, but it may seem as striking to others as it did to me.—E. M. Blunt.

## Hints to Housekeepers

**WILTED DANDELIONS.**—Cut the roots from half-a-peck of dandelions (they are not fit to eat after they blossom), wash the leaves through several waters, drain and shake dry. Cut fine with a sharp knife. Beat an egg until light, add to it a half-a-cup of thick cream, and stir over the fire until the egg cooks, then add a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the juice of a lemon, with pepper and salt to taste. Put the dandelion leaves in the sauce, and stir over the fire until they are tender. Serve hot.

**DRESSED LETTUCE.**—Take two large heads of lettuce, remove the outside leaves, and wash in cold water; pull apart, put in a dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour over half-a-cup of melted butter, with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir lightly until mixed. Garnish with cloves.

**VIGILANT CARE.**—Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safeguard.

**DUTCHED LETTUCE.**—Wash carefully two heads of well-grown lettuce, separate the leaves, and tear in pieces. Cut a large slice of ham in small squares and fry brown, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat one egg until light, add two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, then add it to the ham; stir over the fire one minute until it thickens, and pour, boiling hot, over the lettuce; mix carefully with a fork, and serve at once.

**DISTRUSTFUL PEOPLE** make an exception in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtainable.

**FRIED ASPARAGUS.**—Scrape and boil two large bunches of asparagus. Take up, drain, mix in egg batter, and fry in boiling lard.

**TO BOIL GREEN PEAS.**—Shell and put in cold water for ten minutes. Put in boiling salt water and let cook tender. Add a tablespoonful of sugar. Take up, drain, put in a hot dish, and pour over melted butter. Season with pepper and salt.

**PUREE OF PEAS.**—Wash a pint of green peas in cold water; then put them in a saucepan with boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Have them dry when done. Press through a colander. Boil a pint of milk, add a small onion, three or four cloves and a small sprig of parsley.

**A CANADIAN FAVORITE.**—The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.