

A SILVER LINING.

THE old proverb that "every cloud has a silver lining," is strikingly exemplified in a little book we have just been reading. Under the title of "Annals of An Unquiet Neighbourhood" (Longley, ls.), Mr. Yeames very tellingly narrates his ministerial experiences in the East of London, more especially in connection with the beloved Miss McCarthy.

"The following," says Mr. Yeames, "is the experience of a woman who has for many years walked worthily of her profession. We give it as nearly as possible in her own words:—

"It was on a Sunday morning that I was first made to think about my soul. I had been selling in the street as usual, when I heard a young man preaching at the top of Banner-street, and I went and listened. While I listened I became very wretched, and could not hold up my head. I was rooted to the spot and could not move, though I knew my husband's dinner was spoiling. 'If all this is true,' says I to myself, 'it won't do for me to go on as I have been goin' on.' I went home and said to my husband, 'Now it's no use your making a noise, for I couldn't have come home before, not if fifty dinners had been spoiling; no more would you if you had heard what I've heard, and felt what I've felt.' So in the evening I went to look for some humble place where I could hear more about my soul—not a big church or chapel, you know, but just a little humble place where nobody wouldn't notice me. I went down Chequer Alley, and there stood our old lady (Miss McCarthy) at the door of the little old room. 'Are you coming in to-night, my dear?' she said, and so I says I was, and I went in. But I felt worse than ever. And in the prayer-meeting she saw how miserable I was, and she came and spoke to me, and she seemed to know all that was in my heart, she did. And she spoke so kind, and all—she is the best friend I ever had—God bless her! So afterwards they invited me to the little class, and I went, but I felt it wouldn't do for me to be selling in the street on Sunday mornings, and going to class in the afternoon.

"One Sunday morning Miss McCarthy came and said, 'Now I want you to go to chapel with me.' And I said, 'Why, you'd be ashamed to walk along the street with such a one as me; besides, my husband won't let me go.' 'Oh!' she said, 'I'll make that all right? let me help you on with your bonnet and shawl, and I'll go downstairs and ask your husband.' 'But you'd better not,' I said, 'he's sure to abuse you and swear at you.' 'But,' said she, 'I'm not afraid; God shut the mouths of the lions when Daniel was in the den, and He will shut his mouth.' So she went down and asked him, and he said, 'Take her, and welcome—I don't want her.' We went to St. John's-square Chapel, and Mr. Perks preached, and my heart was more broke than ever. I went home and I said, 'It's no use, I must save my soul, and I won't sell on Sunday any more.' And soon I found peace with God, and I bless God for what He's done for me."

"She did not say, however—what was the fact—that she promised to go without food on Sundays, if her husband would not require her to sell in the streets. She has still to endure much, both of ridicule and annoyance, but once told me that, though she were thrust out of doors, with only a truss of straw and a crust of bread, she would never give up her religion."

PRAY FOR THE STANDARD BEARERS.

IT is sometimes the case that Christians forget to pray for those who really most need the help of their prayers. They look upon them as strong, and as needing no assistance. They think of their talents and abilities, of the works which they have done, and of the influence which they wield, and say, "Surely they have no need of any help from such weak ones as I!"

But greatness is no guarantee of goodness. Strong men have strong passions; great men have great faults. The man who to-day seems adequate to every emergency, capable of meeting and confounding every foe, may, by the subtle influence of temptation, before another morning dawns, be smitten, wounded, and destroyed. The fight rages most

fiercely where the banners wave above the fray; and those who have been set forth in the providence of God, and by the call of his Church to bear the standard in the fight of faith, of all persons need the earnest, sympathetic, prayerful help of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Many have fallen, and many now are trembling on the verge of overthrow. Pressed down with burdens, afflicted in various ways, tempted, tried, flattered, and praised, unless God interpose, it is a wonder that their lives are not an utter failure, and the hopes of those who love them wrecked in ruin and despair.

Let Christians remember the standard-bearers—those who lead the van, those who mould and guide the opinions of others, and who shape the sentiment which rules the hour. Let them be faithful to God in all they are called to do, and let us pray for them, that, fulfilling all His will, they may be accepted in His sight at last.—*Christian*.

WEAVING.

BY L. H. WATERHOUSE.

I SIT in the loom of life and weave. The Master stands by and patiently teaches me how to thread the shuttle and beat the threads in carefully. I must not stop until the work is finished, and the Master has promised to be with me to the end. I once fretted at my work, and tried not to do it, but the Master was firm and patient, and now I do it carefully through love for Him. I once was anxious to weave in threads of my own choosing, but I saw what pitiful work I made, and now I let the Master choose for me.

Even after I gave the threads into His care, I wondered that He gave me so many different kinds. Now I am satisfied with His choice for me. Some of the threads are golden and some are very dark. Tears have fallen over some places; my weary hand has often almost dropped the shuttle, but the Master has whispered to me, "Only a little longer, then rest."

Some of the threads are very, very fine. I can scarcely see them. I once scorned these, but I work carefully with them now, for the Master has a use for them. Once I often asked the Master when the end would be, now I am content not to know. I am glad that I have learned that it is blessed to weave. I once wanted the praise of those about me; now I ask, "Is the Master pleased?"

Sometime He will put His hand on mine and say, "The work is done; you need not throw the shuttle any more. Come with Me." I shall come down from the loom, He will cut out the web of life, and I shall go with Him and rest.

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

GIVE no countenance to the idea that the Sabbath-school effort is an outside affair, to be managed and conducted apart from the Church. It is rather the Church, the people of God, exercising their Christian activity in that particular mode. The Church has its Sabbath-school, as one of the means of training its own children in the doctrines and duties of religion. The children of the Church attend the school, and then, as a matter of course, remain with their parents to attend public worship. This fact is a good basis of operations for inducing the other children of the school to attend. Let the teachers and let the Church authorities keep this aim ever before their eyes. There is no way by which an irreligious family can be so surely and effectually benefited, as by inducing them to become connected with a Christian congregation, and to attend stately religious worship. Next to a house to shelter their bodies, a family should have some religious home, a place in some house of worship which they consider theirs, and in which they appear stately on the Sabbath. There is no means so effectual for securing this end as an efficient, well-ordered Sabbath-school. Teachers and superintendents should accustom themselves more than they now do to regard this as an important, indeed a leading part of their work. The Sabbath-school is an immense network of influences, and it should be continually putting out its feelers in every direction, to see what can be done towards reaching and bringing in those families which are without any Church connections.—*Dr. Hart*.