

"THE DECENT FOLKS' SIN."

John Grant was a Scotchman, leal-hearted and true,
A blacksmith to trade, good work he could do,
Obliging and steady, he ne'er tasted drink,
And he smoked but an ounce in the week, I think,

And she stretched forth her hand, her eyes flashing with light,
" At this moment a picture appears in my sight,
" Of the time when our Saviour's blessed feet trod
This earth, when he entered the temple of God,

VISITED UPON OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.
(On a trip up the Hudson, this eminent divine saw an affecting sight, a tipsy man at whom the crowds were laughing. A decent, middle-aged man looked on so pityingly that the doctor drew him out, and at last he told his own story about as follows.)

from the publican that it was not the first time. I had bills to pay, and it was not the last. I used to take a drink myself, not to be drunk, but this stopped me. I never tasted it again; please God, I never will.
" From that on it grew worse—money it seemed bought little or nothing. I had no heart to work, no heart to come home, no heart to look at the children; but I earned and tried hard with Bessie. I got a minister to come, got her to promise against it, got her clothes to go out; but it was no use; if she was doing better a while, one of these drinking times, when everybody seemed to go that way, would come, and things would be as bad as ever.

reply, "she does it when she enters the room, and every one's back is towards her."
" If any one in the school had known how small was the amount of spending money Miss Goldsmith possessed, they would scarcely have credited the disclosure; nevertheless, she was constantly dropping her mite into the Lord's treasury.
One of the boys in her class was losing his interest in the prayer-meeting. She had heard him envy another boy the possession of a little red hymn-book used in the meeting. After long deliberation that would have been ludicrous over so small an amount had it not been so serious a matter to her, she gave him the book; and every Thursday evening she sees him in his place, eagerly watching for the number of the hymn to be given.
One of the young men's Bible class made a skeptical remark about the Bible,—an apparently honest doubt. As such remarks were not allowed in the class,—nor was his teacher fitted to cope with them,—Miss Goldsmith pondered how she might help him, and finally succeeded in deducting from something—her simple food, it may be—the price of "The Bible and Other Ancient Literature in the Nineteenth Century," which she sent to him, and was told by his sister, that, when she made his bed, she found the little book under his pillow, where he had been reading it the night before.
Hearing of the sickness of a poor old man, who was once a successful Sunday-school superintendent, she brought more pressure to bear upon her purse, and sends him a religious journal every week. His crippled hands will not allow him to turn its pages; but, as he turns them with his tongue, does he doubt that her fifty-two cents a year are cast into the Lord's treasury?
The Lord's treasury, although including both of these, is deeper than the home mission, broader than the foreign mission, and is without inscription.
Not the missionary cause less, but, as we have opportunity, more.—Sunday-school Times.

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THE LORD'S TREASURY.

BY ELLA A. DRINKWATER.
On each side of the doors of a certain Sunday-school room are placed boxes bearing the inscription, "The Lord's Treasury."
One afternoon, at the close of the school, one of the teachers paused, blocking the way of those behind her, to drop her contribution, remarking in a loud aside:
" I never see Miss Goldsmith give anything here, for all her talk in favor of missions."
" If she ever does give," was our mental