

press ordered, though I dare say they scolded a good deal among themselves at having to wear old dresses, and spend their time feeding ugly worms.

But the Empress Yuenfi was a wise young woman, and a good one too, as we know by her giving thanks for the silkworms, so she did not mind her ladies' grumbling, but gathered mulberry leaves herself, and studied how to make the best use of the silk thread. In a few years she had shown all her country what a useful and beautiful thing silk could be, and all China was made richer by the silk it sold to other nations.

I have no doubt that her husband, the Emperor Hwangti, helped Yuenfi in inventing ways to catch the threads and unwind them from the cocoons, for he was always studying to help his people and improve his country.

It is very pleasant to read in history of kings and queens who have found good, profitable work for their subjects, instead of spending their time fighting other kings, and killing their poor people by thousands. I am sure that God must have sent his blessing to this emperor and empress, though they did not know Him, for He loves all those who try to help others.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Two young men, one a Christian and the other a skeptic, were travelling through Switzerland. One summer afternoon, when their walk led along the brow of a steep cliff, they began to converse of the providence of God.

"I should not be willing to live another day," said the Christian earnestly, "if I could not believe that the Almighty directed my steps. I have no anxiety; for I trust his unerring guidance. No circumstance is too trifling for his control."

"Well," replied the other lightly, "I can control myself. I do not need my steps directed. See here!" And he paused to roll a stone down the precipice. "Did the Lord direct that pebble? See this lonely tree standing so near the edge! Do you suppose God ordained it should grow just in that spot. Some traveler threw the seed. Did the Almighty declare just where it should fall and take root?"

He threw one arm firmly around a limb of the tree, and leaned against the trunk for his companion to reply. But the soil began to crumble; and, before he could move, that part of the bank had fallen upon the rocks below. Only his arm around the tree, and one foot upon the stone where it partly rested, saved his life.

For an instant, both travelers stood motionless. Then the Christian fell on his knees in prayer. The skeptic came and reverently knelt beside him. Silently they arose and resumed their journey.

God himself had spoken to the soul of the skeptic. He became a humble Christian, and a minister of the gospel.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

BY OWEN D. DONNE.

GO forth in thy garden when bright tints, adorning
The east, paint the sky with a magical glow,
When the birds raise their voices to welcome the
morning,
And soft, cooling breezes like angels' breaths'
blow,

Thy heart shall o'erflow with a wave of affection,
Thy spirit shall glow with the dawn's early ray,
The goodness of God in His works of perfection,
Shall meet thee and greet thee at breaking of day.
Then seek out some soul, heavy laden with sorrow,
And teach it the wisdom taught thee from above;
To forget dark to-day in the light of to-morrow,
In the smile of the Saviour, the gospel of love.

Speak kindly to those who have fallen in error,
Proclaim the glad tidings, the message of cheer;
No soul was e'er saved by the promptings of terror,
No Christian heart hides 'neath the mantle of fear.
Our Saviour, our God, from the heaven descended,
To face the grim cross and the scourge with its thong,
That the voices of nations might rise to Him, blended
With the notes of His angels, in rapturous song.
So preach to thy flock, oh, my friend, the glad story,
Oft told in the star-jewelled heavens above,
Of God in His majesty, power and glory,
Of Christ and His teachings, the gospel of love.

Of those deep, tender eyes that knew sorrow and weeping,
Of that voice ever ready to comfort and bless,
Of the Master who watched while His servants were sleep-
ing,

Of the words which brought ease to the soul in distress.
Go! lift up thy voice and in tones interceding,
Tell again the glad tale of the ages gone by,
How the Saviour stands waiting, with tender voice pleading,
For the love, which, alas! we so often deny.
Send forth the glad tidings from ocean to ocean,
There beats not a heart but the story will move
To love, adoration and deepest devotion,
For the mercy of Christ, and the gospel of love.

SACRED MONEY.

Some years ago, a gentleman heard two children talking about their "sacred money." On inquiring what they meant, he found that they faithfully set apart a tenth of all money that came into their hands, using it for Christian work. They often gave more to this fund, never less. Their father said that they had themselves invented the expression "sacred money."

Many children might copy this good example, and so have a little fund ready to draw on when they want to help in sending the Gospel to the heathen, or to give Christmas presents to a mission school. How many of you will try the plan, little friends, and so gain for yourselves, also, a blessing from Him who sends you all the money you have?
—Selected.

"Gon's angels keep the eternal round
Of praise on high, and never tire.
His lambs are in His temple found,
Early, with all their heart's desire.
They boast not to be free,
They grudge not to their Lord
Meek ear and bended knee."