

made in a reform of charity itself, for people are beginning to comprehend that charitable work among the poor requires experience and wise thought as well as sympathetic feeling. As Miss Hill indicates, it is better to teach the poor self-control and foresight than to keep them on the brink of pauperism by the continued distribution of petty doles.

London Christians feel the stimulus of numbers, and the greatest zeal is displayed in all the forms of mission-work. The evangelization of "the largest heathen city in the world" is no mean problem; but, as Dr. Cuyler says, "God's people are wrestling with it bravely." Several churches are doing noble work, employing as aids orphanages, mission-schools, ragged-schools, Bands of Hope, etc. Numerous societies and individuals attend to special departments of mission effort.

The London City Mission, organized in 1835, exerts an immense influence through its nearly five hundred missionaries. The total receipts of this society for the last year were \$515,010.

These missionaries refer all cases of temporal distress to the care of friends, as it is a positive rule of the society that the missionary shall be known only as a religious teacher. Nearly four hundred of the missionaries have special districts assigned them, preaching in the open air, establishing Sunday-schools, and seeking in every way the spiritual benefit of those committed to their care.

One hundred and one of the missionaries, instead of having districts assigned them, are appointed to some particular work. Some devote their whole time to visiting liquor-saloons and coffee-houses; others minister to the needs of various foreigners, whom they are able to address in seventeen languages. And so the good work goes on in all the nooks and alleys of this great city, an effort being made to give every class an opportunity to hear the gospel message.

The work of these missionaries has been greatly blessed, and it is a pleasure to know that, through their ministrations, "whole districts have been changed in their character, and whole classes of persons have been influenced for good."

A Cross with a Crown.

A STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

BY MARION.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me."

THE above was the text selected for the sermon preached in the R— Street Church, in the town of D—, one fine Sunday morning in October, 18—. The sermon was impressive. The preacher showed clearly in the context the important duty of the Christian in this respect.

Among the hearers was Phyllis Gresham, a member of the Church, and an earnest, active worker in the Sabbath-school. She was a bright, intelligent girl, amiably disposed—consequently a favourite among her numerous acquaintances. Being the daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, and possessing a happy home, rendered more cheerful by the companionship of brothers and sisters, the twenty-four years of her life had been comparatively cloudless. Some months previous to the Sunday previously mentioned, she publicly professed conversion, and was now trying to fulfil her duties as a Christian.

"Mother," said she, when they were alone together the following Monday afternoon, "I am thinking a good deal of Mr. Benton's sermon in

regard to cross-bearing. Since becoming a Christian, I find I have in many instances to resist much which I now clearly see to be sinful, but which—before my conversion—secretly appeared in that light; and when I am so weak as to yield, the act causes me grief. These are crosses, to be sure; but on the whole my life, as you know, is a happy one, and my troubles nothing when compared with those which many have to endure. I sometimes wonder if I could endure great trial for Christ's sake. Do you think it right that I should be so cheerful and happy as I am?"

"Certainly it is right," answered her mother. "When God gives you sunshine, he desires you to enjoy it. He will discipline you just as he sees necessary; and if you ever have a heavy cross to bear, be ready to take it up cheerfully, remembering that 'his grace will be sufficient to help you.'"

The golden autumn, with its various tints and shadows, had passed. December, too, was rapidly wearing to a close. The snow had fallen plentifully; and there were indications of preparations going on in anticipation of the festive day which brings friendly greetings and happy meetings.

Our friend Phyllis was looking forward to this Christmas with special interest, for "Some one was coming from over the sea." In other words, Horace Hartely, her affianced, had lately returned to Ontario from an extended trip to Germany, and had written to her of his purpose to spend the coming Christmas at her home.

He was a clever young doctor, had graduated high in his profession, and had visited Europe for the purpose of further advancement in his studies. He expected to be settled in his own country soon, and hoped ere long to take his bride to a pleasant home. The young couple had been acquainted since they were children; and as he was a young man of excellent qualities, the match was considered a very suitable one.

Christmas-day broke as bright and clear as Scrooge's famous Christmas. The sleigh-bells were soon jingling merrily, and during the day the streets were thronged with well-dressed people on their way to the different churches in which Christmas services were being celebrated.

In the refined and comfortable home of Dr. Gresham the scene was a pleasant one. Frank, the eldest son—who had been attending college—was now at home for his vacation. Alice, the second daughter, had lately finished her college course, and was now to remain at home. There were also other friends present; and that gentlemanly young stranger we will introduce to our readers as Dr. Horace Hartely. Of course he is handsome and of intelligent appearance, and Phyllis is justly proud of him. He seems to be worthy of the lovely girl he is wooing.

During the course of the day, which passes so speedily—as all happy days do pass—Horace and Phyllis happened to be alone for a few moments at the piano. Phyllis had played several pieces, the last of which was a Christmas hymn. When she had finished, she looked up at him, saying: "You are aware, Horace, that I have become a Christian since we last met!" "Yes," replied he, smilingly. Neither spoke for a minute. The Phyllis, in a low voice, asked: "And are you only on the threshold, Horace?"

His face assumed a more serious expression, and he was about to answer, when some of the others came up, requesting Phyllis to play, so the subject for that time was dropped.

A few days after this, Phyllis attended a party at which Dr. Hartely was also a guest. Sometime during the evening, Phyllis happened to pass near two gentlemen engaged in quiet conversation. Not

noticing her presence, one of them remarked: "Yes, Hartely is a splendid fellow, but it is a pity his ideas in regard to Christianity are what they are."

"What are they?" asked the other.

"Skeptical," was the reply.

Phyllis wanted to hear no more. "It cannot be true," she said to herself; "I will not believe it until I have proof from his own lips." Nevertheless, there was a vague uneasiness in her mind, which took away the pleasure of the evening and she retired as soon as it was possible to do so without attracting notice.

She did not speak of the matter to any one—not even to her parents—until after she had conversed with Horace on the subject. She soon had an opportunity of doing so; and, though feeling strangely nervous and reluctant, she considered it her duty to be brave, knowing it was a matter which would be likely to affect her life, both for time and eternity.

"Horace," said she, "I united with the Church some time since."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I will not object if it pleases you."

"But, Horace, have you no thoughts of becoming a Christian?"

"I suppose," replied he, "you may be surprised when I tell you that our views on this subject differ very widely; but I cannot see that it should make any difference between us, as you will be at perfect liberty to exercise your own will in this respect."

"What are your religious views?" asked Phyllis.

"I believe," replied he, after a moment's hesitation, "in a principle which teaches one person to act honourably and unselfishly towards another."

"And that is just what our Christian religion teaches, Horace."

"How many of your Christians follow its teachings, then? I have watched them, Phyllis; and I have discovered but very little of that spirit exercised among them."

"Those who do not exhibit it are not Christians, Horace. Besides, there will ever be the 'tares with the wheat.'"

"I have no doubt, Phyllis, many are sincere; but I think they are mistaken. And I do not believe in a future existence."

"Are you decided in these opinions, Horace?"

"Yes, Phyllis," said he, quietly.

"Then, Horace, our engagement is at an end," said Phyllis, whose face was very pale.

He tried in vain to persuade Phyllis that their different views in this matter would be of no importance. She was decided, however, and they parted. He left the town shortly after.

While conversing with her mother on the subject, she said: "He would not seem to believe that I cared for him when I would allow this matter to interfere with our purposes." Her voice trembled as she spoke, and in another moment she was weeping freely—her head resting on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Gresham, putting her arm around her, and kissing her tenderly, whispered: "You have acted wisely, my daughter. God will strengthen you. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' To them that choose the light instead of the darkness. You have made that choice. Then, remember, it is 'ALL things,' not one stray event, here and there; and the end is—good."

Years glided by. Dr. Hartely settled in a distant city, where he rose high in his profession, and was becoming wealthy. Strangely enough—owing to certain circumstances—he went to board at the home of the Rev. John Beale, who, with his excellent wife and agreeable son and daughter, made Hartely's stay a pleasant one.