

God heard them, and he made the big boy one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a missionary to the heathen.—*Selected.*

ALL FOR THE BEST.

 HERE once lived in England a good man named Bernard Gilpin, whose pious labors in Westmoreland, York, and Northumberland counties, at the period of the Reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts, of "The Apostle of the North." It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses and troubles, "Ah, well! God's will be done; nothing happens that is not intended for our good; it is all for the best!"

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, Bernard Gilpin was accused of heresy before the merciless Bishop Bonner. He was speedily apprehended, and he left his quiet home, "nothing doubting," as he said, "but that it was all for the best," though he was well aware of the fate that might await him; for we find him giving directions to his steward "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake," at which he would be burned.

While on the way to London, by some accident he had a fall, and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon his habitual remark. "What," says they, "is this all for the best? You said, Master, that nothing happens that is not for our good; think you your broken leg is so intended?"

"Sirs, I make no question but it is," was the meek reply; and so in very truth it proved, for before he was able to travel Queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to liberty and his friends.—*Selected.*

DOING AND NOT DOING.

 IR," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the

gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

FIVE BARLEY LOAVES.

 T may be that many of our boys and girls who love the dear Lord Jesus and desire to serve Him grieve because they seem to be able to do so little for Him. They should be cheered when they think of that lad with the "five barley loaves and two small fishes" whose little store our Lord used to feed the great multitude. So He may use your store, whatever it may be, if you place it at His disposal.

Some one, in writing of this miracle, says:

"Little did that Jewish mother think, as she ground the grain, and mixed the dough, and heated the oven, and gave the five cakes to her little boy as he started for the great outdoor meeting, that her little cakes, passing through the hands of the Prophet of Nazareth, were to feed the five thousand men who gathered to hear the words of grace. And little do we think, when we are doing some trifling service, how great a blessing God may pronounce upon our labor. . . . Let us do our work heartily for God, and pray that He may accept the labor of our hands and crown it with His eternal benediction."—*Selected.*

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammer's gone.

—*The Current.*

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way,
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you;
If you love them, tell them so.