

## A Common Difficulty.

There was to be a new rector at St. Jude's. 'I wonder what he is like?' said nearly every one. 'Is he musical?' asked one. 'Does he preach long sermons?' another wanted to know. 'Is he a good visitor?' 'Does he use manuscript or notes, or does he speak extemporaneously?' Everyone had something to ask, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation.

Bert Hamilton was a member of the choir of St. Jude's. He had sung there for several years; he knew everybody, and nearly every one knew him. He knew all about everything that had taken place in the parish, for, indeed, he usually had a hand in all that was going on.

'I wonder what kind of changes he'll make?' said Bert, 'for, of course, he will make some. Certainly he'll be a change himself; but I wonder if he'll change some of us. I'd just like to see this place a year from now; wonder what everything will be like?'

The new rector's first Sunday had come and had passed off. People had discussed both him and his sermons, and the verdict appeared to be a favorable one. And now he had been at St. Jude's several months. Yet so far no startling changes had taken place. Of course a good many more people were at church than formerly, but that was easily explained; some people are always attracted by anything new. Perhaps the responding was better, though that might be accounted for by the extra number of voices.

'Well, Bert,' said one of his friends one day, 'what about all your changes? Don't see many yet.'

'No,' said Bert, hesitatingly, 'I can't say that I see any changes.' But though no change was as yet apparent Bert had an instinctive feeling that something was going to take place. He did not know what; indeed, when he questioned himself he could find no ground for the feeling; yet he had it, though he could not explain it.

Presently his friends began to notice that Bert was different. He was not like himself at all; always preoccupied and quiet.

'What is the matter with you, Bert?' asked some of his more intimate friends. 'What's gone wrong? You're not a bit like you used to be. What's come over you?'

'Oh, I guess it's the change of seasons. I'll be all right when summer comes. I'll come back with the birds.'

But that did not explain it, though it was all the explanation Bert would give.

One day the rector met Bert. He was going along Barker avenue to see a sick woman, and Bert had stopped under a tree to pump up his bicycle.

'Well, Bert, what a splendid day for wheeling!'

'Yes; the roads are in first-rate condition.'

The rector was going to pass on, when Bert stopped him a moment.

'You are very busy, sir?'

'Yes. I have plenty to do. But would you like to have some of my time?'

'I hesitated to ask you, for I know you are pretty well occupied; but I would like to have a talk with you. I have only the evenings free, and you have something on for nearly every evening.'

'How would Tuesday do? Come and drink a cup of tea with me, and we can have the evening together if you like.'

'Very well, and thank you,' and in a moment Bert had mounted and was almost a block away, and the rector hastened on to the sick room.

Tuesday, at six o'clock, found Bert at the

rectory. At the tea table the rector introduced several topics for conversation, but Bert's interest did not seem to be in any of them. The rector began to see that his visitor had come with a purpose, and concluded that it would be advisable to let him accomplish it.

'Let us go to the library; we can have a good chat there.'

But in the library Bert was more constrained than ever, and the rector soon saw that he must take the initiative.

'Bert, you wanted to tell me something?'

'I want to ask you a question, sir. What would you suppose was wrong with one who on Sunday and in church, and especially during the sermon, felt his heart all aglow with love and religious feeling, but who during most of the week had a heart as cold as stone?'

'I am afraid I should have to know more of the circumstances before I could give an opinion.'

'Well, I suppose I might as well tell you that I am speaking of myself. I find it just as I have said. On Sunday and in church I feel as if I could do anything for the Saviour, but though I start out in the week with my good intention, I make such a failure of it all that I am sure I have not the love for Him that I ought to have. I don't know what to think about it, or how to account for it. I always thought I was all right, but lately I begin to wonder if I am a real Christian at all.'

'Bert, there is one word I wonder if you could alter.'

Bert looked up inquiringly and the rector went on.

'You said you had no such love for the Saviour as you felt you ought to have. Could you change it, and say my Saviour instead of the Saviour?'

There was silence for a few minutes; but many thoughts crowded through Bert's mind during those minutes.

Presently the rector said: 'Bert, I think the whole trouble is just at that point. You know all about the Saviour, but you have never come to Him. Things will never be all right with you till you do that. Believe me, there is a great difference.'

'Many people know about Jesus, but they do not know Him, and of course we are not His people until we know Him to be our own Saviour. Listen to what it says in St. John i., 12: "As many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God;" and again at the fifth chapter and fortieth verse, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." There are two "comes" referred to there. Jesus comes to us offering something to us, and we are to come to Him to accept what He offers. We receive Him when we come to Him, and when we receive Him we are made sons of God. Now, Bert, the matter is simply this, Will you exchange your knowledge about Jesus for a knowledge of Him? Will you call Him your Saviour instead of the Saviour?'

And as they knelt down there Bert's prayer was something like this:

'Lord Jesus, I want to come to Thee; take me.'—Parish and Home.

## Splendid Courage.

Pundita Ramabhai has a home for Indian widows in Poona. Her own story—her refusal to marry a man to whom she had been betrothed in infancy, the struggle in the law courts, the decision of English judges that she must marry this man, however loathsome his character, because that was Indian law; her escape from a living death by the man being bought off—all this is remem-

bered. She was not then a Christian; she is so now, though in her home there is no attempt to make Christians of the inmates. But her character, her love, her peace, have attracted the widows to her Lord, and twelve of them have just been baptized. Poona was greatly excited; and the native papers denounced her. She went into the city in the midst of the controversy to address the students. The hall was crowded, and the street in front of it packed with angry young men. But she made them listen to her, while in eloquent words she told them of Hindu moral and spiritual slavery, and of the oppression of women under Hinduism. Then she took out her Bible that (she said) she might show them how the misery of India arose from a departure from God. (She asked one of the students to bring her a lamp that she might see to read; she was at once obeyed!) She declared that she did not fear their opinion or their threats. The Lord who had freed her from bondage stood by her, she said, and delivered her from fear. The audience heard her to the end, and let her go unmolested. It was splendid courage, and it will tell.—Presbyterian.

## What the Persian Thought.

Some of our churches have had a visit from a young Persian, the son of a native Christian, who owed his knowledge of the Saviour to that noble woman, Miss Fidelia Fiske. The most interesting thing about this dark-eyed stranger was not our sight of him, and through him of his country; no, it was his view of us.

The instinctive courtesy of the Oriental was on his tongue, but in spite of that it was impossible not to see surprise and disappointment in his face. The only standard he had to judge us by was the New Testament.

'I asked one of your Christian ladies,' said the Oriental, in an impressive, musical voice, 'what sacrifice she made for Saviour?' She say, "Go to church three time on Sunday." Ah, friends, in my country Christian lay down his life for Saviour.—Forward.

## The Three Little Daisies.

A FABLE.

Three little daisies  
That grew in a row  
Were hanging their heads in dismay;  
They said to themselves,  
'We're so very small—  
Just wild flowers, the children say.'

They felt quite despised,  
And thought they were made  
For no use in the world at all;  
They looked all around,  
And saw other flowers  
So stately, so graceful, and tall.

But soon a dear child  
Came running along,  
Her hands full of roses so bright,  
But seeing the daisies,  
Just flung them away,  
So happy was she with the sight.

'Oh, the dear little flowers!  
I love them so well.  
She gathered them gently with care,  
And carried them home  
To be always near  
Her sweet little daisies so fair.

Whatever we are,  
Wherever we're placed,  
Has been done by God's loving hand;  
And though we are small  
Our deeds may be true,  
And contentment's His gracious command.  
—Sunday Reading.