

sought for, that was to turn everything to gold."

Surely we ought to learn the lesson of patience, if it will help us to find the bright side in everything that happens to us.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A kind Christian Lady, in one of her visits of charity, found a poor, destitute little orphan girl, and brought her to her own house. The little stranger at first would take no comfort, but sat down weeping in the hall. The children of the house endeavoured to make friends with her and draw her into the parlour, but they could not; and so they said to their mother, "She will not come and play with us. She will not leave the hall."

"There is a secret, said the lady, "by which you can bring her where you like. It is a secret in four letters. Try if you can find it out."

The eldest sister taking the lead, searched eagerly among all her prettiest playthings. "I know what it is," she cried, "it is *D-o-l-l*." So she brought her best doll, and offered to give it to the child, if she would come into the parlour. No, it was a failure.

The next in age said to herself, "*M-u-f-f* is spelt with four letters;" and brought her a fine muff—a Christmas present; but she would not touch the muff; nor even look at it.

Grace, the youngest, could think of nothing worth offering after this, but stood looking on in sorrow, until at length, following an instinct of her own, she sat down beside the little stranger and cried too. Then presently she took her by the hand, and encircling her neck with her tiny arm, she drew the weeping one softly nearer and nearer, and imprinted a gentle kiss upon her cheek. This decided the battle. There was nothing said, but Grace soon led the way into the parlour, holding her captive by the hand.

"Well, girls," said the mother, "Grace has found out the secret, and the four letters are *L-o-v-e*. Love is the strongest rope in the world."

Ah! yes, love is a great power. It draws all things to itself. It drew the Son of God down to earth to die for us, and led Him back to heaven to intercede for us, and is able to draw Him down again, any day and every day, to dwell with us in our hearts. It will draw down blessings on our labours. It will draw down answers to all our prayers.

A CHILD-LIKE FAITH.

One afternoon, through the absence of their mother, two little children, Willie and Edie, aged respectively seven and five years, were left alone. She was necessarily detained from her home until after dark, and the children vainly watched for her coming, until they could no longer distinguish one object from another in the fast gathering darkness. Their only light being a dim one, proceeding from the stove, it was no wonder that an undefined fear came creeping into their little hearts; but Willie, being the elder, put on a brave "outside" for a while, answering cheerfully to Edie's question, "Arn't you afraid?"

"No, what do you suppose can hurt me here?"

But when Edie crouched down in affright, declaring, between her sobs, that she heard something, he unconsciously realized the need of a higher power than his own. Taking hold of her hand, he said—

"Please don't cry, Edie; let us pray. God can take care of us, even if there was a lion right in the room."

"Why, How could He?"

"God can do anything, Edie. Don't you remember how mamma told us about Daniel—how he was put right in amongst lots of lions, and God came and