

He Loveth Best.

He loveth best within whose breast
The love of Christ is shed ;
His grateful heart doth love impart,
As one gives daily bread.
And for the gracious love distilled,
"An hungered One" his heart hath filled.

He loveth best whose soul hath pressed
The sweet from bitter cup,
In loved accord with his dear Lord,
Who stooped to drink it up.
Grown strong and brave, his heart of need
The Master's tender love doth feed.

He loveth best who with request
Doth wait upon his God,
So all alone, with tear and moan,
His pleading bends the rod.
For love he doth each burden bear
With radiant look as angels wear.

He loveth best with holy zest,
Whom much hath been forgiven ;
The wicked sin that entered in,
Jesus the bond hath riven.
Low kneeling at his sacred feet,
To do his will is joy replete.

Who loveth best doth patient rest,
Through suffering, on God's Word,
And e'er abide, close to his side,
With supplication stirred.
Pain's arrow keen doth lose its sting,
When love, through death, is crowned king.

He loveth best whose cherished Guest
Is Father, Spirit, Son,
God loveth all, both great and small,
His love hath victory won.
Now Hope, with Love's believing eyes,
Beholds the gleam of Paradise.

ALL YOUR NEED.

"MARY, cheer up," said John Lily to his wife ; "the Bible says, God will supply our need."

"I know it does, John, but my faith is very weak. I can't help wishing you hadn't thrown up your place."

John was silent for several minutes before he replied :

"Never say that again, wife ; it is better to be a hungry man than a dishonest one."

He had thrown up a good situation two months previously because he would be no party to fraud. His master was in the coal trade. John had to fill the sacks before he packed them into the cart for delivery, and it was his master who took from each sack two or three pounds of coal before he allowed them to be placed in the cart.

John Lily was strictly honest, and ventured to remonstrate with his master. He had notice to leave for this "impertinent interference," so he had to return home and tell his wife he was out of work. Since then he had sold fruit and vegetables in the street ; but trade was very bad, and on this particular Saturday when our story opens, he had one penny left after paying his rent. Moreover, the cupboard was empty, and there seemed no prospect of a dinner on the morrow.

"I'm off to the prayer-meeting, Mary," continued John. "Get your Bible and turn to Philipians iv. 16. You will read, 'My God shall supply all your need.' I don't know how our Heavenly Father will do it, but I do know we're his children, and he has

promised to take care of us. Put the little ones to bed, and have a quiet read while I go and pray."

John had been absent for half an hour, and weary Mary was about to turn to her Bible reading, when a sharp knock was given at the kitchen door. She opened it. Some one, she knew not who, put a little packet into her hand and went off quickly.

"From a friend," was written on the outside, and Mary found five shillings wrapped up in the paper.

"O God, thou hast supplied all our need," she cried. "Forgive my unbelief."

Her bonnet and shawl were soon put on, and she hastened to the shops to buy provisions.

"John will fetch a few more coals," she thought, as she turned her steps towards home with her well-filled basket.

Her husband was awaiting her coming.

"Been out, wife?" he said. "Don't take off your bonnet ; the Lord has supplied our need. Be off again and buy the Sunday's dinner ; a kind friend gave me this," and he showed her a two-shilling piece.

"God has more than supplied our need," she answered, telling him what had happened. "My basket is full, and I have money left for coals, which I want you to buy. Who can have given us the five shillings?"

"The Lord himself," replied John, reverently. "He has told one of his children to feed us. Mary, we must never doubt the truth written in his own Book—'My God shall supply all your need.'"

HATTIE'S HAT.

HATTIE came in with a bright colour, and eyes which flashed. "Aunt Marjorie," she exclaimed, "is there anything wrong about my dress? I met my Cousin Ed, and he said: 'Good morning, dear. May I ask, when did you arrive from Tonga?' And when I said, 'Please explain, Cousin Ed, I do not understand,' he answered, 'Pardon me ; I was looking at your head-dress, Mademoiselle.'"

On Hattie's hat, nestling daintily among the ribbons, was a tiny wren. On another of her hats, as I remembered, there was a gray wing, the wing of some sea-bird ; and still another was adorned with golden plumes.

"My darling child," I said, "in the Tonga Islands travellers tell us that the ladies wear whole forestsfull of birds on their bonnets, and trim their gowns with feathers. In some of these and in the Malay Islands the men wear garments composed of feathers, and have queer dances, in which they look very grotesque, for each has mounted on his own head the head of a murdered bird.

"It is, you see, a savage fashion, and if our girls thought about it they would hardly like to wear dead song-birds on their pretty heads just as

those fierce islanders do. The Audubon Society, of which your cousin is a member, is trying hard to protect the birds, and the legislature has been invoked to prevent ladies from killing all the little warblers. In the past few seasons the darling things have been swept off by thousands, because fashion has ordered that they should be worn on our bonnets and hats. That tiny wren on your hat, dear, no doubt was torn away from her nest and her fledglings."

"I see," said Hattie, "that I have been a horrid, thoughtless girl." And unpinning the bird from its place with energy : "I, for one, will never wear a dead bird again. It is a hateful fashion !"

Hattie has been as good as her word, and I have written this at her request.—*Harper's Young People.*

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a roaring cry, as though he were half killed, but a little, cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said :

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine ; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle. "I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he ; "My lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie ; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did ; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

TELL HIM FIRST.

FOUR feet trotting along under merry June sunshine, two heads peeping over a low garden paling, four eyes admiring and covetous.

"I say, look at the roses!" says Tom to Ethel.

"The gate is open," whispers Ethel, the tempter.

"No, come away. Mother said we weren't to go into Mr. Giles' garden at all." This from Tom, but with a yearning look at the garden gate.

"Mr. Giles is out ; I saw him go down the avenue. Just let us smell them ; it's no harm," pleads the tempter again.

Tom's resolutions vanish. The looking ends in smelling, and the smelling in picking. Presently the children are going homeward with hands full, but hearts a wee bit heavy.

"We've been awful naughty," says Tom.

"We needn't tell mother—at least, I mean not now," adds Ethel, hastily. "Supposing we were to be very, very good for a week, and then tell her, she mightn't mind so much."

"It doesn't seem right," Tom answers, slowly. "And besides, I don't think I could keep good unless I told her. Let's tell first, and be good afterwards."

Little readers, I want you to apply this in another direction. There may be among you one who would like to come to the Lord Jesus, but all the disobedience, the temper, the untruthfulness, perhaps, of the past rises before you, and you think it's better to try and be good first. But, dear children, you cannot keep on being good until you have told him about these sins, and rest upon his words that forgiveness for them is offered to you through "his name."

Then come to his feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.

After the Storm.

After the storm, a calm ;
After the bruise, a balm ;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,

And the sigh becomes the psalm.
After the drought, the dew ;
After the cloud, the blue ;

For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawn is the child of night ;
And the rolling change of the busy world
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemed oft to sleep,
Blessing so slow to reap,
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,
And the courage is hard to keep !

Nevertheless, I know
Out of the dark must grow
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

A NUMBER of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting-room at Normanton Station, on the Midland Railway, talking about total-abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. Macdonald, a minister of the Gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said :

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied, "Why, all I've got to say is, that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle [prison] in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either."—*Band of Hope Review.*