

Sympathy.

YOU may sometimes see in a garden two flowers side by side, one of which opens its petals as the sun goes down, and the other at the same time closes them, to open them again after sunrise. The one has sympathy with the shades of evening, the other with the brightness of noonday. So there are some friends to whom we more naturally turn for sympathy in joy, and others to whom we feel we can go in sorrow. But we must not say that the former are unfeeling and the others morbid. The flowers referred to were so created by God, and the different dispositions of men were also His gift. "There are diversities of operations, but the same Lord."—H. S. G.

A Mother's Wish.

MANY a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe," when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.—*Selected.*

An Intercessor.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

MANY years ago, in England, the penalty of the law for theft was death. While Dr. Dodridge lived at Northampton, a poor Irishman was sentenced to die for stealing a sheep. The good doctor thought there was not good proof of the man's guilt, and felt that the punishment was far too severe for the wrong. He traveled, toiled, and tried to get the man a reprieve, but unsuccessfully, he came back, and the man was hanged. As they were on their way to the place of execution, the criminal requested them to stop the cart just in front of the residence of the man of God who had tried to save him. Then, kneeling, he prayed. "God bless you, Dr. Dodridge; every vein in my heart loves you, every drop of my blood loves you, for you tried to save every drop of it." In this way that poor man showed his gratitude to his intercessor. Our intercessor gave His own blood, drop by drop, in bitter agony, to save you and me, and now pleads for us at His Father's throne. How can we show our gratitude? By a tender love which pleads with Him for the sorrow-stricken and the sinful. By a world-wide sympathy which asks

with Him that all His little ones shall be comforted. When the missionary, William Carey, went to India, he showed the longing of his soul for this remembrance at the throne of grace, when he said, "I will go down into the pit; but Brother Fuller and the rest of you must hold the rope." Remembering how this pioneer missionary coveted the prayers of the godly, let us spend a few moments each day, praying lovingly for all Christians in our own land and across the sea. Following the example of our Lord, we must not forget to intercede for the sick, the sorrowful, and the sinful.—*A. C. M.*

The Good-news Man.

THIS title was given to some missionaries by the natives, to whom they told of the love of Jesus.

Growth in Grace.

A DEVOTED clergyman being questioned as to his growth in grace, answered: "I trust I am somewhat poorer than I was."

THERE are many men that say, "Give us the morality of the New Testament; never mind about the theology." Ay, but you cannot get the morality without the theology, unless you like to have rootless flowers and lamps without oil. And if you want to live as Paul enjoins, you will have to live as Paul preaches. "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God," that ye do so and so.

WHEN the little bird flies low it often meets with obstacles which prevent its flight. The only way that it can live is by soaring above them. So it is with Christians. When we meet with sorrows, temptations, cares, and trials, all the way we can do is to ask our Heavenly Father for enough of His blessed Spirit to enable us to soar above them.

FORGETFULNESS is one of the broad ways of sin. A ship can be lost by carelessness as well as by design. The evils of life come mainly through inattention. If I *mind* not, I *find* not. Souls are lost at no cost. Every man has a weak side; but a wise man knows where it is, and will keep a double guard there.—*John Reid.*

THAT is just what hearts that are sick want—comfort; and they have it in Jesus Christ, and in the Fatherhood of God, and nowhere else in such measure and with such pertinency of application.

"THE blood of Christ, and the power of Christ go together; the one procures pardon for transgressions, the other subdues infirmities."

"SMALL troubles are frequently the greatest trials, because we endeavour to bear them alone."