

superstitious rounds of devout observances, may satisfy man with himself for a time; but they cannot stand the scrutiny of Divine justice, nor reach the deep sources of sin.'

'Then you allow nothing to ignorance, nothing to sincerity, You are content to believe that millions though they are ignorant of God, though they are sincere in error?'

'Alice, I read from the pen of the apostle of Jesus, that 'there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved;' that Jesus himself declared, 'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat;' and 'straight is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' There will be no excuse for you and me if we chose the broad rather than the narrow way; no excuse for us if we neglect to teach your children what God has said about both. And I am persuaded, that the secret motive which prompts the Satanic liberalism which would smooth away for heathen ignorance, and sincere idolatry, or unbelief, into the kingdom of God, is just hope that we might also get in without laying down our sins, our pride, our self-conceit, at God's appointed 'door.'—Nay, nay, Alice! the humbling truth must be told—the new spring must be had, or we cannot see the kingdom of God. Your arguments may sound kind and charitable in the flattered ear of self-love; but they offend the heart that trusts in God's Word, and has learned there his true character of holy love. To learn that glorious lesson we must look to the cross of Christ.—There we behold how he loved us; there we see the hatefulfulness of sin; there we feel the need of a new nature; there we begin the infant lispsings that penetrate a father's ear, 'Create in me a clean heart, Oh God; and renew a right heart within me;' there alone is self surrendered, and the rebel's flag cast down. Oh! try, dear sister, to teach your precious child these truths, and you aim at the root of the lie that distresses you, and the disobedience that causes the lie to be invented. Now, I will get your watch mended. Think whether you will

carry to the mercy seat of Him who made it, that other little piece of machinery, which, whether you will or not, must beat through eternal ages either in sin and sorrow, or in holiness and joy.'

### THE SILVER DOLLAR; OR, HOW GOD PROVIDES.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

It was a season of great scarcity on the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman who lived in a hut by the woods had no bread for her little family. She was sick, without either friends or money. There was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer. She prayed long—she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the young ravens, would feed her.

On rising from her knees one morning, her little bare footed girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps or waggon-wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from his hand; but *how* did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did he throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has ways and means for answering the prayer without sending *special* messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence, without in the least disturbing its regularity, and help comes. Something we do not *see exactly how*, as this poor woman did not; then it seems to come more directly from him; while in fact, *our all being taken care of* ever since we were born, comes just as directly from him, only he employs so many people to do it, fathers, mothers, servants, shopkeepers, that we are apt to lose sight of him, and fix our eye only on them.

But how *did* the silver dollar get on the door-sill? some boy may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the seaboard in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage-coach; so instead of going in the waggon which carried the