don't mean what you say," she cried in breathless haste.

"I do mean it, Janet. Why should I believe it?" he said, with so strangely dark an expression in his usually merry eyes that Janet shrank back alarmed. "But it's no Janet shrank back alarmed. "But it's no use saying so to you, is it? Never mind child; we won't talk of it. Where's Minua?

"But uncle Sidney, which part of it don't you balieve?" said Janet eagerly. "Have I made any mistake! See here, it is bad to drink too much, isn't it? It is naughty for

people, isn't it ?"
"I suppose it is," said her uncle lightly, "though what you have to do with it is more than I can say."

Janet did not heed this remark. She was looking at her paper.

"'People say they cannot stop'—that's true, isn't it?"

"Perfectly true."

"And this about God helping people, of course that is true," said Janet, looking at him with her earnest dark eyes. "I have known that ever since I knew anything. He always helps those who pray to Him."
"Does he?" was on Sidney's lips to say;

but he could not say it in presence of the child's simple trust. He sat silent, and little Janet was quick to read the meaning of that

"You don't mean that-I have not said

anything wrong there, have I?—you know that He helps people!"
"Nay, not I!" was Sidney's answer, given almost before he knew that he had spoken. He was sorry he had said it, and half afraid of the effect upon poor little Janet. She turned quite white with astonishment, and could not speak for some minutes. And then Minna came up, and claimed his aid in a game. So the opportunity of speaking was lost for that time at least.

But Janet slipped out of the room, and perhaps she had a little talk with her mother for by-and-by she came back in her hat and jacket as if she were going out for a walk, and Mrs. Aylmer followed and asked if uncle Sidney would be kind enough to take care of her. For Janet was going to carry a little present to a poor woman's house, and Mrs. Aylmer did not like her to go alone.

Sidney was somewhat puzzled as to the reason why he should be asked to go. But when he was in the street his niece told him

why.
"Uncle Sidney," she said, "I didn't tell mamma what we were talking about, because I wasn't quite sure whether I understood it rightly or not."
This was one of Janet's wise little speeches

which often made her sister laugh. Sidney did not laugh, however, he only took her hand in his, and held it fast.

"Good little woman," he said. "But tell mamma all about it if you like. She will understand."

"You don't like talking about temperance, do you, uncle Sidney."

"I don't care for it much, certainly."
"Then will you be angry," said Janet with
a vivid blush, "if I take you to a house where you are quite sure to hear something about it?"

"Certainly not. So you have been laying plots, have you, Miss Janet? You fancy you will make me a teetotaler like yourself

"Do you think it would be bad for you

to be one?" asked Janet simply.

Something in the phrase struck home. Sidney Aylmer's face changed, and a sigh issued from his lips as he answered—

"Perhaps not, little one, perhaps not. Too late now!" but the last words were addressed rather to himself than to her.

They stopped at the door of a poor little house in a back street. Sidney noticed as he passed in that everything about it was beautifully clean. They entered an inner room, where several persons were sitting or standing; and these persons were introduced by Janet to her uncle with anxious courtesy.
"This is Mrs. Dean, uncle Sidney, who

washes my frocks so nicely. (This is my uncle Sidney, Mrs. Dean.) And this is Mrs. Dean's husband having his tea, with little Jimmy on his lap. And this is Grauny, Mrs. Dean's husband's mother. And the children's names are Mary, Jane, and Amelia. Mamma has sent this black currant jelly, Mrs. Dean, for Amelia's throat, please,

and a cake for Jimmy."

The visitors were gladly welcomed, and uncle Sidney showed no objection to a seat in the midst of this friendly family. He did not. began to talk to "Mrs. Dean's husband,"

"You must believe it, uncle Sidney. You who was a fine, healthy-looking, brownbearded man, and got on with him capitally. Before long, James Dean's tongue was loosened, and he was discoursing gravely upon the prospects of trade and the coming win-ter. He seemed to be a very intelligent man, and Sidney listened to him with pleasure as well as curiosity. Meanwhile Janet sat silent, or spoke a word or two to little Jimmy. Suddenly the color came into her face. What was James Dean saying? She listened more eagerly than ever.
"Well, yes, sir, I'm doing pretty well now

but I thought it was near over with me some three years ago, didn't I, Mary?"

"How was that?" said Sidney.

you ill?"

"Well, no, sir-not to say ill. It was the drink, sir, that had got such a hold on me, that though 1 knew it was ruining me body

and soul, I couldn't give it up."

"Ah," said Sidney, rather dryly. "But you were never an habitual drinker, I suppose?"

"It had a tight grip of me, sir. It wasn't many nights in the month that I came home sober. We lived down Bilder's Alley then mayhap you know the sort of place.

Sidney nodded. The Deans' present abode was a perfect Paradise compared to the houses that he had seen in Bilder's Alley.

"And Mary there," continued James
Dean, "she hadn't scarce a gown to her
back, nor bread to give the children, for all
my wages went in drink. You can ask the neighbors, sir; they knew of me, though they hadn't much to say to me about here —they was a cut above me,—and they'll tell you that there wasn't a worse drunken brute

than me when the fit was on me in all London. It's the truth, sir, God forgive me!"
"But it's wonderful how he's mended since then," said Mrs. Dean, eagerly. "He don't touch nothing stronger than coffee, now, sir, and that's why we're so comfortable."

"Ay, but it was a hard fight," said James

Dean, shaking his head.

"And what made you give it up?" asked Sidney. "Some temperance meeting or

lecturer?"

"It might ha' done, sir, but I never went near them. No; it was this way. I came home one night soberer than usual, as I had just lost my place, and was thinking what a fool I'd been. And I see my wife on her knees by a chair. 'Come, Mary,' says', 'get up. What are you doing there?' 'Oh, James,' she says, 'I've been praying that God would make you see the bad ways you've fallen into, and give you grace to mend them.' She looked half frightened when she'd said it, but I was low-spirited. I didn't abuse her as usual, but I said quiet tike—'Too late, Mary. I couldn't give up the drink now if I wanted to. It's got too firm a hold on me.' 'God's stronger than it, James,' she said. 'If you asked Him to help you, He would.' 'You may ask Him for me.' says I. And then she would are for me, says I. And then she went down on her knees again, but all she did was to burst out crying; and before I hardly knew what I was after, I was down on my knees a-crying too."

"And what then?" said Sidney, for the man stopped short to brush away a tear which lad started at the remembrance of

that voiceless prayer.

"What then, sir? Why, it burst upon me like a flash of lightning, what a brutebeast I'd been making of myself. And the worst was, I felt I had no strength to resist the temptation, and that I should want the drink as much as ever next morning. So I prayed the Lord to give me His help sir; and He did."
"How?"

"I can't rightly say how," answered James Dean, reverently; "but I know that for His sake I was enabled to say 'No' when the temptation was the strongest, and but for Him I should never have got through with it. It's three years ago now, and I trust I shall hold on to Him to the end."

- Sidney Aylmer was silent for some little

"You are fortunate," he said at length, years old. She had come hithe to have found a motive strong enough to fore from her home in Dakot

influence your will."
"Bless you, sir," said James Dean, only half comprehending, "hadn't I motives enough, with wife and children and all depending on me? It wasn't motives as did it, sir—it was God's grace." "Perhapsso," murmured Sidney to him-

self. Janet heard him, though the Deans

"Well, little woman," said the uncle to By her side was a c

his niece, when they were walking home; it was "so you let me in for a lecture, did you?" her he

"I thought you wouldn't mind, Uncle Sidney," said the child. "And that man uses your argument, too, Janet—that Divine strength is given to those who ask for it,"

"Yes," said Janet.

"If it is true," said Sidney, musingly, one might be able to make a new start—" He broke off with something like a sigh. Janet did not venture to speak again, and they walked on quietly until they reached

Mr. Aylmer's house.
"You'll come in, Uncle Sidney," said

Janet, beseechingly.
"Not now, dear, I'll come another day." And as the front door was opened, he bent down and kissed Janet's forehead.

"I won't forget your tracts, little Janet," he said, with rather an incomprehensible

Janet wondered what he meant. And when she told her mother all the story, she found that Mrs. Aylmer was well content with it, but advised her not to puzzle her brains over everything Uncle Sidney said.
"But I don't mean to write another

tract," said Janet, gravely.
"No, dear. I would wait till you are

older." "I wish Uncle Sidney would come and see us again," Janet sighed, impatiently.

It was some time before he came, however. And when at last he did appear, it was not to Janet, but to his elder brother

that he paid a visit.

He had something of a confession to make. He had been led astray by evil companions, and had involved himself in money difficulties which were less grievous indeed than the bad habits he had also contracted, but which, nevertheless, gave him much anxiety and care. And until his talk with Janet, he had thought that the chain of evil custom was too strong ever to be broken. But her earnest belief in God's willingness to help, as well as James Dean's testimony to the power of prayer, carried hope to his heart. In the presence of the need he felt of some outward constraining motive for action, his avowed disbelief fell from him like a garment. And now he had resolved to lead a better life, and his first cry was for that guidance, that help, that Divine strength in which he had learnt his first lesson from the lips of little Janet.

Janet did not know how much she had done for him. Her parents begged Sidney to give her no hint of the use her work had been, and it was better so, for even in Janet's simple heart some seed of vanity and selfcomplacency might easily have been planted by her uncle's gratitude. It was only to Kathleen that Mrs. Aylmer pointed the

moral. "See," she said, "what Janet in her childish faith has done. And yet you tried to hinder her, Kathleen."

"She is such a child," said Kathleen, only half convinced.

"Yes, a child," said her mother, "but even a child is known by his doings, whether they be pure and whether they be right. She has done what we have tried to do for years in vain. The little seed of God's truth which she had been so anxious to cast forth has indeed sprung up and brought

forth a hundredfold." A hundredfold, indeed, as many would have said in after years had they known Sidney Aylmer's story. As a rule he was known less by his own words than by the many deeds of kindness and pity that grew to be associated with his name. But one hardly dares to think of what he might have been, had he never listened to Janet's simple words: "God always helps those who pray to Him .- Temperance Mirror.

## A PIECE OF MOTHER'S CAKE. BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D. D.

In visiting the city hospital of Minn few weeks ago, I found in one away. Suffering from soldisease, she sought in the hospite which she could not obtain e'

She seemed bright and cheer she was not a professing Chr her mother was, and the Christian mother said to home were, "Mary, do" every day."

eed early sown in oot. So I quoted omise .a her hearing, and saying I would see her soon again, I arose to depart.
"Is there anything you especially need or

desire?" I inquired.

"They are very kind to me here," she replied. "I have plenty of good food, but sometimes I wish I had a piece of mother's

So I went to one of our good church people living near the hospital-herself a mother, and very kind-hearted—and told her the story. She was deeply interested in the case, and said she would go to see her and take her a bit of mother's comfort if not of mother's cake.

Here is a special opportunity for gentle woman to exercise her gifts. Let her show her sympathy and love. A few kind words and a bunch of flowers will lift the burden for a little while from some sorely oppressed heart. But why stop here? Would it sed heart. But why stop here? Would it not be well with the orange or bit of cake to give the stranger a text of Scripture, or

say a word for our Master?
Let us never forget there is one better than mother-more loving, more willing and able to help. God is not only our Father, but our Mother. The characteristics of both parents centre in Him. This is also true of Jesus, our elder Brother. How tender and sympathetic was He! Did ever mother or sister show such love as He did while He sojourned here? See Him in Bethany in social life, or comforting the mourning sisters in their hour of bereavement. Witness His benovolence as well as His power, as in Capernaum and elsewhere He heals the sick and restores the dead to life.

Do we realise that Jesus is still able and willing to help the needy? If so, why not go to Him, or lead others to Him? He will not disdain the humblest one who seeks His sympathy and assistance. He stands in the hospital and in the home, by the bedside of every suffer, and near the heart of every weary wanderer. When you feel the want of something, whether a bit of mother's cake or something else you cannot get, go with your longing soul to Jesus. Christian Intelligent. ".

## Question Corner.—No. 3.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What evangelist had four daughters which did prophesy?

2. What was Paul's native city?

3. In connection with what act do we first hear of Paul.

4. By whom and to whom was it said "Thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad"?

The initials give a character spoken of by our Lord in a parable. I and J are the same in old English, and are so used here. 1. What plants are spoken of in Genesis

3:18;

2. In Luke 15: 16?
3. What jewel, the color of a plant or of the sea, in Rev. 4: 3?

4. What tree in John 12: 13? What flower in Isaiah 35:1?

What tree in Romans 11: 17?

7. What fruit in 2 Chronicles 31: 5? (Margin.)

8. What tree in 1 Kings 19: 4?
9. What plant in Jonah 4:6?
10. What nut in Ecclesiastes 12:5?

11. What flowers in Luke 12:27?

12. What perfume in John 12:3? 13. What vegetable in Numbers 11: 5?

14. What pest in Hosea 9.6? answers to bible questions in no 3,

1. The apostle Paul.
2 He started from Antioch in Syria, visited Selucia, Salamis and Paphos in Cyprus, Pergain Pamphylia, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, and then returned through the me cities to Attalia and salied for Antioch.

13 and 14.

16 Cour journeys, the last one being 16.

enigma.

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