

forty feet high, praying and weeping for his own sins and for the sins of the world.

In the third year of his testimony, as Basil was rapt in devotion, an angel, clad in the silver-blue robes of an eastern night, stood in front of him, and cried, 'Descend from thy pillar and get thee away far west.' Without delay or doubt Basil obeyed, and began to journey westward. After much travelling, he crossed the seas, and reached the city of the Golden Horn, Byzantium. There for four months he lived on a pillar over-looking the city and the narrow seas, and cried his cry of doom and torment.

But again the angel appeared, and bade him descend and go farther. So with patience and constancy of soul he departed and pursued his way for many months, till he had got to the ancient city of Treves. There he found a vast pillar of marble still erect, and with the leave and blessing of the bishop made it his home and lofty watch-tower, enduring the cold, weariness and manifold discomfort of such a dwelling place for the space of three summers and three winters. He had no shelter, no covering even, save a coat of sheepskin. About his neck hung a heavy chain of iron, and each Friday he wore an iron crown of thorns. Once a day he ate a little rye bread, and once he drank a little water.

When at length he had endured this stricken life for the space of three more years, he began to think he must have won a golden seat among the blessed. For who could have taken up the cross of the Lord Christ as he had done, or have given more than he? Was it possible for frail man to do or suffer more? 'Surely, Lord God, thou hast written my name in thy Book of Life! But if in anything I have failed, show me, Lord, I beseech thee, wherein I have come short.'

As Basil thus prayed, the angel came once more, and, taking him by the hand, led him down from the pillar, and said:—'Here in this land thou art to learn what is for thy good. Take for staff this piece of tree, and follow this road till thou reachest the third milestone; there in the early light thou shalt meet him that can instruct thee. He is one who is greatly pleasing in God's eyes.' Basil obeyed, and moving on till he came to the appointed place, he found there a great flock of geese, and among them a nut-brown maid of seven walking. Behind the multitude of geese came a churl, tall, young, and comely. Bowing low before him, the hermit said:—

'Tell, me, good brother, what works and austerities and prayers have made thee so acceptable to God?'

At first the gooseherd thought the holy man was mocking him; but finding his mistake, he made reply:—'This is indeed a matter beyond me. All my work has been the tending and rearing of geese and driving them to market, and all my payer has been that I might keep them safe and sell them speedily and at good price, and then get back to the fens again.'

Pressed by the hermit to tell more concerning his life, the gooseherd spoke of the little maid, his companion, and told how he had found her a helpless babe in the arms of a slain mother, had reared her himself, and faithfully tended her, till she had waxed strong of heart and limb, and had become all the world to him. As the churl told, all unconsciously, the story of his deep devotion to the little child, tears gathered in the hermit's eyes, and he replied:

'O son! now I know why thou art so pleasing to God. Early hast thou learned the love which gives all and asks nothing,

which suffereth long and is kind; and this I have not learned. A small thing, and too common, it seemed to me; but now I see that it is holier than austerities, and availeth more than fasting, and is the prayer of prayers.'

How tenderly this legend of Basil and the goose herd brings home to us the truth that God requires even of us just the same warm love of the heart 'which gives all and asks nothing, which suffereth long and is kind!' We are strangely slow to learn this lesson, though it is being pressed upon us in so many ways along the years of our life. We labor to obey each separate command of God, forgetting that love in the heart is the fulfilment of all the law. We find it difficult to respond to all the claims for self-forgetful regard and service that are made upon us hourly and daily in the home and away from home, when it would be easy and natural if only our hearts were enlarged and our love never-failing.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

What She Could.

'I do not see that I can do anything,' said little Mrs. Pattison, pausing in her work to take up the baby who had crept to her. 'I have hungered, as you may say, to be a part and parcel of the Master's workers; but my limitations are such—and a grieved look came to the sensitive face as she glanced at her small, scantily-furnished room. 'Mrs. Farley has had the Endeavor social twice, and Mrs. Butler told me she invites her Sunday-school class to lunch with her every month. I should love to do so, too, but there are eleven in my class, and I have really no room. Sometimes I have thought I'd better resign my class, as I cannot make it pleasant for them as other teachers do; but when I spoke of it one day the children seemed so grieved that I have not spoken of it since. It is not easy for me to attend Sunday-school, but Aunt Mellie offered to care for the baby, as she was not able to go, so it seemed as though the way opened for me to do just a little.'

'You poor dear!' said Mrs. Elmore, affectionately, 'the idea of blaming yourself for not doing more! You can never know what thrusts your words have made in my heart. I have wondered how you could do so much, with your family cares. God has given me a home with plenty of rooms, and no little ones to fill them with the music of words and laughter, and yet I have done nothing. As you were speaking, the words of Jesus to Mary came to me with such force, "She hath done what she could." Hereafter I will try and do something.'

'And I shall try to do something more. A little study will reveal to me what the Lord will have me to do!' and Mrs. Pattison rose to lay baby in her crib.

As Mrs. Pattison accompanied her caller to the door she glanced across the street to where a pale face looked wistfully through a window, and a sudden inspiration seized her. She knew now something that was required of her. Wishing Mrs. Elmore a pleasant time for her morning calls she returned to the little sitting-room and took up her sewing, while she studied it out.

'Why, I wonder I had never thought of doing it before,' said the little woman to herself. 'There is poor Mrs. Doane who lost all her family and property, too, some years ago, eking out a scanty existence alone. How lonely she must be! Then there is Mrs. Abby with those inflamed eyes, which render her so unpleasant that

she is never invited out. And Polly Mills, with her lame foot, and Annie Follett, who is styled an "old maid" and disagreeable. I will invite the four to spend a day with me. I dare say it would be a treat to them, although my rooms are small and plainly furnished.

Mrs. Abby and Annie Follett can walk. I can draw Mrs. Doane over in a chair; but I shall have to get some one to bring Polly Mills. I think I have it now. Mrs. Terry has said, "My John will do an errand for you any time you wish." I will tell her that I should like one done now.'

How cosy Mrs. Pattison's little sitting-room did look the next day as the October sun stole in through the windows, revealing the whiteness of the daintily laundried muslin curtains where the four old ladies sat talking.

As for Mrs. Pattison, there was a light in her hazel eyes, and a blush on her cheeks not often seen, as she laid her table with her new china. As a centre-piece was a large vase of autumn flowers of her own raising, and by each plate was laid a rose geranium leaf.

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Abby, 'doesn't this seem homelike! I couldn't tell the time when I've been invited out before.'

How the old ladies lingered over their tea and biscuits spread with golden honey! And after their hunger was appeased, how they did tell stories of those olden days when life had seemed fairer to them! And there was genuine appreciation in their faces when they said good-by, even if their words were few, appreciation that warmed Mrs. Pattison's heart for days to come.

'I did what I could,' she thought, 'even if it was only a little thing, and I am sure the Master accepted the little offering.'—S. R. Sill, in 'Advocate and Guardian.'

The Healing Kiss.

When I was a child and you were a child,

In the days of the long ago,
We owned a balm for every bruise

Our tender hearts could know;
And never a hurt was yours or mine
This charm could not dispel,
For the loving mother found the wound
And kissed it and made it well.

Oh, that mother's love! Could it dwell with
us

Through the long, long paths of life,
It would charm away so many tears,
And calm so much of strife;
For though the world is filled with grief,
The sorry deeds of men
Can bring few wounds that a kiss of love
Will not make well again.

—'Good Cheer.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN COLOSSIANS.

April 21, Sun.—Whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

April 22, Mon.—Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.

April 23, Tues.—Ye serve the Lord Christ.
April 24, Wed.—He that doeth wrong shall receive which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons.

April 25, Thur.—Give unto your servants that which is just and equal.

April 26, Fri.—Continue in prayer.

April 27, Sat.—Redeeming the time.