

starve because pride revolted from anything so like pauperism. To the Town Hall accordingly she went, with her basket on her arm, but she was unprepared for the rude, pushing crowd she would find there. Too modest and too gentle to elbow her way among them, she had the mortification of seeing all the corn given away before she was able to get near the distributors.

Bitterly disappointed, she returned to her cottage, but she exclaimed, as she showed her empty basket to her children, "My darlings, I have no bread to give you, but 'man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Sit down, and we will read a chapter in the Bible."

She opened the sacred volume, and the first passage on which her eye rested was a favourite verse, one which had, indeed, often and often been wet with her tears—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

"Yes," children," she said, without reading any further, "I thank God for letting me be disappointed with the rye. It is a just and right punishment for my unbelief and self-willed trust in my own efforts."

"But shouldn't we make efforts, mother," said the eldest daughter."

"Yes, my child, we should," replied the mother, "by working and by praying. We should pray as if work were no use, and work as if prayer were no use. But begging of any kind is wrong, and I knew I was acting against my conscience when I went to beg for that rye. If we only had a little flax, we should be able to do some spinning. As it is, our strength must be in quietness and in confidence."

Then the pious mother and her children knelt down for a brief time in prayer, after which, poor as was the strength which a little goat's milk could give them, they all went to their work.

Much would the eldest daughter have liked to have done some spinning, but she had no flax. It suddenly occurred to her that as *borrowing* is not begging, it would be no harm to ask Mrs. Keicherd, a kind and well-to-do neighbour, to lend them a little flax. To this the mother consented; the flax was procured, and so industriously did they set to work, that before evening enough was spun to enable them to buy a loaf. So the promise given at mid-day was fulfilled by God before night—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." On the following day the widow received a visit from a good step-daughter in service, who presented her, from her wages, with a sum large enough to pay Mrs. Keicherd, and to buy flax to last till better days came. Ever after Widow Wilms would say, "That was a blessed time in my trials God taught that in 'quietness and confidence should be my strength.'"

JANET.

EARNEST RELIGION.

HOW few people talk religion; they whine about it. What charm is there for a wide-awake, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man, amid the cold formalities of the Church of God? He sees through them; he sees they are a sham. Friday morning you go into a merchant's store and buy some hosiery. How his face lights up. How cheerful he is. How fascinating he is while he is selling those goods. You go away, saying: "That is one of the most agreeable men I ever met in my life." That very Friday evening you go into the prayer-meeting where that same Christian merchant worships, and you find him getting up and recommending the religion of Jesus Christ, with a funeral countenance and a doleful phraseology; enough to make an undertaker burst into tears. How few people there are who talk cheerfully about the religion of Jesus.—*Talmage*.

ATTENTION TO THE OLD.—A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces, of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs—now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with happy smiles?

LOVABLE CHRISTIANS.

By REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

A LOVABLE Christian is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity of conscience on the one hand, and stern, uncongenial moroseness on the other. He is sound, and yet ripe, sweet and mellow. He never incurs contempt by yielding to men's sinful prejudices, nor does he incur the antipathy of others by doing right in a hateful, surly, or bigoted way.

Did our blessed Saviour ever fall into either of these extremes for a moment? Was not His the sinless, incorruptible majesty that awed His followers, while His gentle benignity inspired their enthusiastic love? If Jesus were now on earth, we can imagine that the poorest people would not be afraid to approach Him. Were he to enter a modern mission-school, as He once entered a synagogue, how the ragged youngsters would draw to Him? If He visited our houses, how welcome He would make Himself at our firesides, and how our children would love to climb on His lap and kiss that sweet, pensive, benignant face! There is nothing derogatory to His Divine dignity in this. Christ Jesus drew to Him poor, suffering women, and outcast publicans, and sinners that had a sore heartache, and troops of little children who rejoiced to receive His benediction or to sing hosannas in His praise.

Now, what Christ was every Christian should strive to be. He is our model, not only in spotless holiness, but in winsomeness of character also. Let us learn of Him. Let us learn from Him how to combine the most rigid sense of justice, purity and integrity with the lovable attractions of a sunny face, a kind word, an unselfish courtesy, and a genuine sympathy for even the most hardened sinners. The worst men may scoff at Bible religion, but at heart honour the consistent Christian who wears the beauty of holiness in his character and conduct. A living, lovable Christian is the most powerful argument for the Gospel. No infidel ever yet refuted that.

Study Christ, then. Love Christ; get your heart saturated with Him. Follow Christ. His example and His grace can turn deformity and sulkiness and sin into the sweet comeliness of "whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report." He that winneth souls is wise. But if you would win sinners to the Saviour, you must make your religious winsome.—*Thoughts for Heart and Life*.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

Could we guide the course of one little bark
Adrift on life's rough sea,
The Master's voice would answer sweet,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Is there a heart that might be drawn
By one small word from thee?
Wilt thou miss that tender ecology,
"Ye have done it unto Me"?

Is there a tear that might be dried?
A captive soul set free?
Oh! how can you linger when this is His word,
"Ye have done it unto Me"?

Does He ask you to give? He first gave for you
A price on Calvary's tree.
The most thou canst give can never repay
That loving gift for thee.

A cup of cold water is in thine hand,
His little ones many be,
Go, call in the wanderer, receive His smile,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Oh! let His voice now melt thy heart,
Himself in His poor ones see,
Thou'lt then receive His welcome home,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

M. H. R.