

Ghost. How careful we must be to keep them pure, or else how can the Holy Spirit stay with us? We must keep our bodies in temperance, sobriety and chastity. To be temperate means that we must keep from too much of anything. We know that if a man drinks too much he becomes a drunkard, and ruins himself; if he eats too much he is a glutton and will make himself ill; if he is too fond of pleasure it will lead him to forget God. Chastity means that purity of which I have been telling you. We must keep away from everything that we feel may lead us to things that are not pure, such as idleness, bad company or bad books, and a love of fine clothes or pleasure. Jesus, in His sermon on the Mount, has given us a sweet promise to help us: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Eighth commandment. Stealing is taking anything that does not belong to us, it matters not whether it is great or small. To take the smallest thing that does not belong to us is stealing, as much as robbing a person of a large amount would be. We feel shocked when we hear of people being robbed of money or their goods, and perhaps at the same time we have some habit of dishonesty which in the sight of God is quite as sinful. There are many who do not think it wrong to take little things that belong to others, or if they find anything which another person has lost they do not see any harm in keeping it. But this is very wrong and such habits will not end there. We hear of men being sent to prison for stealing large amounts who have been led to it by the habit of taking small things that were not theirs, when they were young. So you see how careful we should be. In "my duty to my neighbor" the words are, "to keep my hands from picking and stealing." That seems to mean little things in particular, and if we are careful in small matters, we will not fall into greater sins.

(To be continued.)

THE LENTEN OFFERING.

Who has put anything into his Sunday-school Lenten Offering Box to-day? Who has quite forgotten it, since it was given him, at the beginning of Lent, and has left it, dusty and empty, on the shelf? How many of those who put a penny into the little box every Sunday, or (so much better!) every day, remember to ask God to bless the offering? Who pray to Him, every night and morning, asking Him to bless all our missions and all our missionaries, and make us glad to give of our much or our little, to help in His work?

If we could hear the answers to all these questions, I wonder what they would be? I am afraid there would be a great many "I forgot"; I hope there would be a great many cheerier answers: "I am trying to remember." Let those of us who have forgotten our offering and prayers for Missions resolve to forget no more. Let those of us

who have tried to remember, be more earnest in our effort, more hearty in our prayers, more self-denying in our gifts. Then our offering will be a truly helpful and acceptable one, blessing those who give and the work to which they give, alike.—*The Young Christian Soldier.*

THE DYING CHORISTER.



RAISE me a bit, my mother,
And let me look again
At the dear old abbey yonder—
Maybe I'll forget my pain.

And open the window, mother,
For in the twilight dim
I love to hear their voices
Singing the evening hymn.

I shall never again sing with them,
And all the fellows said
They'd say a word for me to-night
When the prayer for the sick was read.

Instead of the cloisters, mother,
I shall walk in the streets of gold;
I shall see the king in his beauty;
And the far-off land behold.

Instead of my soiled surplice,
Pure white my robe shall be,
Washed in the blood most precious
Of Him who died for me.

Instead of earthly anthems
(Unworthy though I am),
My voice shall join in singing
The "new song" of the Lamb.

A Chorister of Heaven
I shall forever be;
I must go first, sweet mother,
And you will come to me.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

"A well known farmer in Buckinghamshire," says the *Mission Field*, "gives us proof of how no amount of hard work need interfere with the duty of helping on the Missionary cause. Late in November last a Missionary meeting was held in a small out-of-the-way village where this farmer rented some land, his own dwelling-house being some sixteen miles away, and, as usual, he put in an appearance at the meeting; but in order to be present he had no easy task, for after early rising, according to his habit, and attending to his home farm, he drove to the market some four miles distant, and then back to dinner, and went round his farm again, after which, in spite of the weather being cold and miserable, he started on his drive of sixteen miles, and duly reached the meeting by the time it began. He put up that night in this village, but was off again by four o'clock next morning in order to be home by the time his men would come to work." This is quite a contrast to many people who will not attend a week night service unless the hour exactly suits their convenience. Truly, "Where there is a will there is a way."