

[For OUR MISSION.]

## Cullings.

By A DISTRICT VISITOR.

**T**RULY the Lord dwelleth with the poor and lowly. Our hearts have often been cheered by a visit to one dear old friend, who, though poor in this world's goods is rich for Heaven.

In the midst of poverty, old age, infirmity, suffering, and isolation, her face is radiant with Christ's love. The Bible to her is the only *understood book*—"every word so true and simple," as she says. In listening to its blessed truths read, the tears of joy will trickle down her dear old face so expectant and peaceful. Jesus is her constant companion, and, to use her own expression, she "talks more to Him than any one else"—having nothing and yet possessing all things.

Workers! thank God for the "shut in saints" whose prayers are an immeasurable power amongst us.

Another of "His Own," equally destitute in circumstances, sometimes without a crust for the morrow, but joyful in the Lord and thankful for His mercies, with tearful eyes exclaimed, "I have been wounded in the house of my friends." Her grief, which to her sensitive nature was as a mountain, was soon told and sympathized with. Seeing her in her room an hour later her face was all aglow and her tears dried. With joy she told of taking it all to Jesus and leaving it there. "And now," she said, "no bitterness remains, and all is calm again." Jesus knows it all!

Are not these obscure but grand witnesses for the Master, and will they not be *counted among His jewels*?

## Killed by Novel Reading.

**A**LITTLE while ago a young lady began to visit her pastor's study as a religious inquirer. It was during a revival, and on every hand her young friends were coming to Christ; but she remained unmoved. At last, after three months' hard labour and anxiety, her pastor said: "I can do nothing with Sophie L.; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the gospel." "What is the trouble? Can you not discover the obstacle in her way?" was asked. "I find she is an *inveterate sensational novel reader*, and I have come to the conclusion that this will keep her out of the kingdom." "Can she not be persuaded to give up her novels?" was the inquiry. "That is not the point entirely," replied the minister. "She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal objects so long—so continually reversed right and wrong, looking at vice in the garb of virtue, and of virtue in that of unworthiness and injustice, that it has destroyed her moral sense. She assents to the truth but seems to have no

power to grasp it; she knows what is right, but has no energy or will to do it. Her mind is diseased and enervated, and I fear hopelessly so."

When we look at the many people daily flocking to the public libraries for the latest novels, or see them lounging away their best hours over the fashionable story-papers and sensational magazines, when we hear of this one or that one who "does nothing but read novels the whole day through," we think of Sophie L., who is "perfectly unmanageable" on points of truth and duty, and wonder if they too must be given over to moral death.

## Reaching the Masses.

**T**HE people who expect to reach the world, and especially the "masses," by becoming worldly, will be greatly disappointed. That is not the way to do it. Any great success that has been achieved in this direction has been due to keeping apart from the world, and lifting up a standard higher than its own; higher that is, in the way of moral claim and fleshly condemnation. The advice given, and not given too often, to preach the Gospel, is good, and he is the wisest preacher who follows it.—*Ex.*

## Faith in Action.

**A** POOR little street girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to a hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and little "Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered, "I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times; 'spose I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I gets well, but I'll take the good time along—some of it anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus being born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know; sh-sh-sh! don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"O, just like most o' folks, kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd about Jesus being born."

Dear reader, do you know about Jesus being born?

## Good—Better—Best.

It is *Good* to have truth in the head.

It is *Better* to have truth in the heart.

It is *Best* to have it in both.