

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The Treasury of God was open, and
Behold ! with lofty step on glory bent,
The mighty and the noble of the land
Drew near with offerings magnificent.

And human eyes looked on and loudly praised
The lordly givers for their work of good,
Had they not their reward, in the amazed
And rapturous plaudits of the multitude ?

They turned away, and with contemptuous eye
Regarded one, of poor and humble mien,
A widow, to the Treasury drew nigh,
And cast her all, two little mites, therein.

Two mites ! and human eyes in smiling scorn
Looked on ; and with disdain men coldly said :
" A gift of no account, poor soul forlorn ;"
But Jesus saw the sacrifice she made.

And as she turned away she heard His word,
And saw His look of love upon her bent,
And all her soul with rapture deep was stirred,
That He knew all she gave, and was content.

For her a Heaven of riches had been given,
And love gave back all of her little hoard ;
Not for earth's glory had her spirit striven,
But think ye she had not a rich reward ?

—*Selected.*

Beloved ! God meets those who are in the way ; Satan meets those who are out of it.—*Harington Evans.*

A man's heart gets cold if he does not keep it warm by living in it, and a censorious man is one who ordinarily lives out of his own heart.—*F. W. Faber.*

As one who carries gunpowder would not wish to be where sparks are flying, lest he should be destroyed, so should we carefully avoid such places and such company as may lead us into sin.—*Thomas Boston.*