

CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

A false idea which it is time to explode is the notion that children cannot go to church and Sunday-school the same day. "Poor little dears," say some foolish parents, "it is altogether too much for them to attend a service an hour and a half long and then stay to Sunday-school for another hour, so we let them stay at home from church." And yet those same "Poor little dears" have to stay in the school-room three hours in the morning and two more in the afternoon, five days in the week, and no wise parent thinks of condoling with them or conniving at a truant half holiday. There is nothing in this world so easy to find as an excuse for the non-performance of a religious duty. If we will urge them for our-selves, let us not bring our children up on such poor excuses.—*Golden Rule.*

SHORT BUT POINTED.

"My pastor, I have somewhat against thee." "Ah! What is it?" "I was sick, and you did not visit me." "Did you desire me to visit you?" "Why, certainly. The presence, sympathy and prayers of the pastor are naturally expected by the sick of his people." "As a rule, I suppose they are; but your case, it seems, was exceptional." "What do you mean?" "I mean that you did not desire anything I might have done for you in your sickness; so far from it, you did not wish me to know that you were sick." "How can you say that?" "Well, let us see. Did a physician visit you?" "Yes." "How did he know you needed him?" "Why, I sent for him, of course." "Exactly; but you treated me differently. The physician would not know that you were sick unless you informed him, and you did inform him, because you desired his presence; but the pastor, by some sort of clairvoyance, peculiar to himself, was to know what the physician could not know, and so you took no pains to give him a needless message! Is that it, brother? Now be candid. Am I not to understand that, as you did not send for me, my presence was not desired? Pardon my plainness; I think, in comparative treatment of your physician and your pastor, your complaint is both unreasonable and unjust."—*Methodist Protestant.*

WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR YOU?

After an infidel had concluded a lecture in a village in England, he challenged those present to a discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, in antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said:—"Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Twenty years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus. That's what my religion has done for me. What has *your* religion done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort, but—" "O! that's not the question," said she, "keep to the point, sir. What has *your* way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the champion had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

THE GARMENTS OF PRAISE

Happy are those whose names suggest gladness and brightness, whose presence acts as sunshine wherever they may move. Even those who are not joyful by nature, may become thankful and bright by grace, and recommend religion by putting away murmurings, complaints and irritability. The Bible urges us *Forget not all His benefits.* If we think about our mercies, our preservation, our deliverances, and more about the hope that is set before us, depression will be cured, and the spirit of heaviness will be replaced in garments of praise.

Mr. Spurgeon has said that some Christians are too prone to look on life's dark side, and talk about what they have gone through, rather than what the Lord has done. A healthy Christian says "I will speak not about *myself*, but to the honor of my God. The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad.—*Short Arrows.*