

know how pleasant it is. You can keep your old bird and I don't ever want to speak to you again," and she buried her face in the pillow, refusing even to look at Lillian again.

"How selfish Susie is," thought the little girl as she walked slowly homeward. "I don't see how she could expect me to lend her my darling little birdie."

"How selfish Lillian is," a voice seemed to whisper to her after a few minutes. "She won't lend her bird to her poor little sick friend for even a few days. Is she doing as she would be done by?"

Then Lillian remembered her resolution to try to make somebody happy every day, this seemed to be her opportunity for to-day and how could she neglect it, and yet how could she spare her bird?

It was a pretty hard struggle between selfishness and a desire to do right that went on in the little girl's mind, and for a long time it seemed as if self would conquer.

After a quiet half hour spent in her room her mind was made up, and not trusting herself to look at her little pet again she ran quickly downstairs to her mother.

"Mamma, would you mind if I lent little Susie Ray my birdie for a few days? It would amuse her so much to watch him."

Mamma glanced up in surprise. She knew how Lillian loved her bird, and wondered at her proposal to part with him.

She saw traces of tears in the blue eyes and the trembling of the little girl's voice showed her that it was only by a great effort of self-denial that Lillian had been able to make up her mind to it.

She would not say anything that might discourage her little daughter in her kind purpose, and in a few moments Lillian was on her way to her little friend's house with the bird cage clasped tightly in her arms.

Susie gave a scream of delight as she saw Lillian enter the room with the bird, and sat up, holding out her thin hands for it, while a flush of pleasure glowed on her pale cheeks.

"I brought you the bird to stay with you till you get well," said Lillian, bravely keeping back the tears, as she gave her treasure into the outstretched hands.

"Oh, have you really?" exclaimed the little girl, in delight. "I am so sorry I was cross to you about it," and she held up her face for a kiss of reconciliation. "You are not going now, are you?" she asked, as Lillian turned to go away.

"Yes, I must run right home again," answered Lillian. "Good-bye. I hope birdie will be pleasant company."

She ran swiftly homewards, trying to remember only Susie's happiness, and she succeeded so well that by the time she reached home her sunny face was as bright, as usual.

That evening when she sat down to write in her little diary, she was very glad that she had a deed of kindness to record instead of a broken resolution.

Sunday afternoon, when the children came home from Sunday-school, May and Harry stood by the fire warming their cold hands, while Lillian went upstairs to put away her books.

"How are the diaries?" asked grandma. "Are they the records of resolutions broken or kept?"

"Mine have all been broken ones," answered May, sadly, while Harry said: "I have given mine up entirely, grandma. I broke every resolution I had made right away, and I really did try as hard as I could to keep them. It's no use trying, and I don't mean to any more."

"Don't say that, dear," said grandma, gently. "Don't give up trying, but see if you can't try in a better way. I think you and May both forgot whose help you need to strengthen you in your good resolves. Don't you think that if you had written, as Lillian did, 'By God's help,' before your resolutions, and then remembered to ask for that help every day, you would have succeeded better?"

"I forgot all about that, grandma," answered May.

"It isn't too late now, dear children," said grandma, lovingly. "Don't be discouraged by this week of failures. If it has taught you that you can do nothing good in your own strength, it has not been in vain. Begin again and, 'with God's help,' try to keep your good resolutions."

"We will," answered May and Harry together, and after that, though the little diaries recorded many a failure and defeat, they recorded as well many a resolution

faithfully kept "by God's help."—*The Churchman.*

THE SCEPTICAL SHOEMAKER.

"I have read," said the shoemaker, "a great deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings."

"Will you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?" said the Bible reader. "If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answers; by doing so we will save much time and arrive more quickly at the truth."

"Well," said he, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are few things but that I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is, suppose all men were really Christians according to the account given to us in the gospels concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?"

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say "Well, if all men were really Christians in practice as well as in theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answer. Will you do the same?"

"O yes," he readily replied; "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question, perhaps I shall get on better with that. You have a chalk this time against me."

"Well, my next question is this:—Suppose all men were infidels—what then would be the state of London and of the world?"

He seemed still more perplexed, and remained a long time silent, the reader doing the same. At length he said, "You have certainly beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society. I now see that where the Christian builds up the infidel is pulling down. I thank you; I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up all his infidel companions and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not stop here. When first the reader called he had to sit on an old, dirty chair, with a number of half-starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him neglected and uncared for; now they have removed to a better home in a cleaner street. Within all is cheerful and happy. The father, no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace.—*Ex.*

"IN MY TROUBLE."

Two girl friends, near neighbors in a country village, sat together one Saturday afternoon, busy over the "week's mending."

After a somewhat long silence, the younger of the two opened conversation by saying: "Do you know, Marian, that I think I begin to see one of the reasons for my long sickness last winter? At least, I see one of the good things growing out of it. It dawned upon me the other day, as I was thinking over my morning chapter. I had been reading in 1 Chronicles, where David is telling of his great desire to build a house for God's honor. He says, 'Now, behold, in my trouble I prepared for the house of the Lord.' Those three simple words, in my trouble, with the fact that he had, during his trouble, prepared for the building of God's house, shone with a new light for me. I thought 'Then David's trouble was not lost to him, or to the temple that was to be. Though debarred, as it proved, from undertaking the building himself, he was all the time, while in his trouble, doing something towards preparing the materials, laying by for his son Solomon, of gold, silver, brass, iron, timber and stone.' So I saw that trouble is meant to be a time of preparation for what is coming after. And then I rejoiced to know that my own recent trouble, from my being laid aside so many months was in some sense a period of preparation for active work, and I began to look about me to see what sort of material I had been preparing for future labor and appropriation."

"I am sure this single verse from your Bible reading was, we may say, a part of your material, provided by God's hand, for

your building. And David, it seems, had many different kinds laid by in store. So you may find, here a beam of goodly timber, there a bar of iron or brass, here a rough-hewn foundation stone, and there a choice piece of gold and silver, all ready for use in the building of God's house."

"Those houses are we," quietly responded Grace. "Yes, I believe that though I may have seemed quite useless or worse than useless, 'while in my trouble' I was really getting ready to tell out to others some of the mercies of the Lord to me, and to magnify his grace. I feel for one thing, that it is well worth a good long illness to be able now to enjoy afresh the mere sense of life and health which comes over me with such a gush of reality. Yet of course, that is only a lesser part of my material."

"Still Grace, if you do but turn it into praise and thanks to the Giver, and into renewed consecration to His service, you will find it to be one of the precious bits of silver and of gold for the adorning of His sanctuary."

"Thank you, dear Marian. I will try to make it truly so, and if ever I have a laid-by time again, I will think of it as a special means of new preparation for 'the building.'"

"You remind me of what St. Paul says in writing to the Church at Corinth. 'For we are laborers together with God, ye are God's own husbandry, ye are God's building. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be manifest, for the day shall declare it.' If we bring only wood, hay, stubble, to the building, instead of gold, silver, and precious stones, the fire of God will prove and try it of what sort it is, and thus 'declare' it."

And oh! this just reminds me of those sweet lines of Mrs. Herrick Johnson's on these very verses. Let me get them for you."

And Marian Kellog took a tiny leaflet from her table-drawer, and read from it as follows:

I was sitting alone towards the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed;  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily setting,  
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building."  
The work some day to be tried,  
And that only the gold and the silver  
And the precious stones should abide.

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bauble  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

For I thought, when the Master Builder  
Comes down His temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended,  
And what must be builded anew.

He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say, as I said for her,  
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,  
And love for me was the spur."

"And for the true love that is in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine;  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

—*Ex.*

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

The Rev. Richard Rock was a devoted evangelical clergyman of the church of England, who lived and labored with exemplary zeal and diligence in a lonely part of the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies. In the year 1838, he was seized with a violent attack of the fever incident to that unhealthy climate, and having no friend or minister of his own Church to console him in his illness, he sent for the Rev. George Ranyell, a Wesleyan missionary, living at a distance of about a mile, to pay him a visit. The call was promptly obeyed, and on reaching the chamber of his reverend friend, the missionary saw at once that he was dangerously ill. After a few expressions of friendly condolence and Christian encouragement Mr. Ranyell read the 103rd Psalm, and then bowed his knees in fervent prayer to God

for His blessing upon the lonely sufferer, to which he responded very earnestly. During the exercise, a gracious influence was experienced, and the missionary was led to pray, not only for those spiritual blessings which the patient required in the time of his affliction, but especially that he might be restored to his wonted health and strength, and permitted again to minister to his people. On taking his leave, the missionary observed with pleasure that his friend appeared to be cheerful and benefited by his visit. On calling again shortly afterwards, Mr. Ranyell was delighted to find the clergyman convalescent, and he was soon able to perform his ministerial duties as before. Many years afterwards Mr. Rock was heard to say that he regarded his rapid recovery from this severe attack of fever as a blessing from God in answer to the fervent prayer of his friend the Wesleyan missionary, and that he was forcibly reminded of the Apostle's declaration "The prayer of faith shall save the sick."—*Sabbath Reading.*

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer* writes:

"When Mrs. Dr. Augusta Smith, of Springfield, Missouri, was a little girl, she received a letter from her uncle, Millard Fillmore, of Buffalo.

"And what does your uncle say to you?" asked her mother.

"He says I must fear God, be good, and do all the good I can—that's what he writes me."

"And what will you say to him in reply?"

"I will tell him that I will do just as he says—that's right, mother, isn't it?"

"Yes, my child—but in what way will you do good?"

"Oh! in many ways—I will learn to be a doctor, and help the sick people."

"What an idea, my child; I would as soon believe that your uncle Fillmore would become President of the United States, as that you would become a physician!"

"In the course of time Millard Fillmore became President, and his little niece, after a thorough course of study has become a physician.

There is a moral in this anecdote. The mother was not correct in her prophecy, and the child, influenced by the words of the uncle, is doing great good.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What wicked man in the old Testament uttered true prophecies concerning Israel?
2. Which apostle was the son of a Pharisee, and was himself a Pharisee and a persecutor of the Christians, before he was converted?
3. Where is it said that great men are not always wise?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The portion of his goods which Zachæus gave to the poor.
2. The tree whose leaf brought hope to the world.
3. The country whose king was charged to rebuild the Lord's house.
4. The portion of a man's body cut off by Peter's sword.

The initials and finals give the two opposite feelings with which men look forward to the future.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No 21.

1. Micah 5. 2.
2. Gen. 3. 15.
3. Gen. 4. 10.
4. Num. 24. 17.
5. Isaiah 40. 3. Malachi 3. 1.
6. Isaiah 53.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

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|-----|-------------|------------------|
| 1.  | M           |                  |
| 2.  | BEN         | Gen. xxxv. 18.   |
| 3.  | CALEB       | Josh. xv. 14.    |
| 4.  | SHILOH      | 1 Chron. vi. 67. |
| 5.  | RABSHAKEH   | Is. xxxvi. 2.    |
| 6.  | MELCHIZEDEK | Gen. xiv. 18.    |
| 7.  | HEPHZIBAH   | Is. lxii. 21.    |
| 8.  | ELIZABETH   | Is. lxii. 4.     |
| 9.  | LYDIA       | Acts. xvi. 14.   |
| 10. | R           | Ex. xv. 22.      |
| 11. | K           |                  |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Agnes Hall, M. E. Moots, M. S. Gilmour, Andrew Kirk, H. E. Greene and Maggie Whitehead.