

There are sometimes in this world dumb souls who suffer, yet cannot tell their grief—they cannot make themselves understood, they shiver and bleed inwardly, but the world goes by, and nobody pities them. Yet the Comforter whom Christ sends can enter such souls, can understand without words—can take the things of Christ and show them unto them, and give them peace. It requires no worldly wisdom, no education, no earthly knowledge, to receive and understand this Comforter. The poor, ignorant slave, the pauper, the sick, whose brain is enfeebled by disease, can receive Him, can be consoled by Him. He is like sunshine, ever seeking to pierce the darkness, able and willing to enter in the lowest window and make all bright. It is His nature to console; it is His nature to seek and to save.

We have only to be willing to accept Him, to open the door of our hearts, that He may come in and be our Guide unto death.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

SALVATION.

It is the first message which mercy uttered to a ruined world. It is the end of every prophecy, the purport of every precept, the beauty of every promise, the truth of every sacrifice, the substance of every rite, the song of every inspired life, the longing desire of every renewed heart, the beacon which guides through the voyage of life, the haven to which the tides of grace convey, the end of faith, the full light of hope, the home of love. O, my soul! see to it that you are saved.—*Archdeacon Law.*

CLERGYMAN'S BEST HELPER.

"Which sort of man is most helpful to you?" asked one clergyman of another. "I mean to you, personally and individually."

His friend looked puzzled, and the questioner went on: "Is it the man who agrees with all your views and so helps you with his sympathy and comprehension, or the independent thinker who argues with you and stimulates you to write convincing, stirring sermons?"

"If you really want to know," said the older man, with symptoms of a smile at the corners of his mouth, "it isn't either of those men who helps me most. It's the man who may or may not agree with my views, but who cares enough about my sermons to come to church on stormy Sundays, when most people stay at home. He's my best helper!"—*From the New York Mail and Express.*

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's friend of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

—*From the New York Tribune.*

THOUGHTS ON GIVING.

When a believer has once consecrated himself to the Lord his every act should be an act of worship. His very obedience to the laws of God may be such; much more so his stewardship of the property with which God has entrusted him. "The taking up of the collection," when this view prevails, will be regarded as an act of devotion in which the believer delights to participate with his whole being. It will be a privilege to "come into his courts and bring an offering," having laid by in store as God has prospered him. It is not merely

dead coin which he offers, but the power for benevolent work into which money is capable of transmutation. Little or small in amount, if it is according to the giver's real ability, the Lord's blessing will accompany His ready acceptance of the gift.—*The Moravian.*

Two Scotch farmers are reported as having had a conversation concerning their methods of giving to the missionary cause. One said: "I get my money ready before the collector comes, so that if I am absent it can be handed to him." The other farmer said: "Yes, I do the same; but I also, when the money is laid down ready on the table, kneel down beside it and give God thanks that He has put it in my power to give this as a free-will offering unto Him, and I beseech Him to condescend to accept the offering, and use it to His glory. I never like to give it to the collector till I have given it to the Lord." This last is undoubtedly the more excellent way. The greatest need of the cause of missions to-day is more consecrated money.

What thou givest is the only wealth thou wilt never lose. Give while thou hast time; be thine own heir. No one will be able to take away from thee what thou hast given to God.

Forget not that your first and principal business as a disciple of Christ is to give the Gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a *Missionary* Christian will be a *Mis-sing* Christian when the Great Day comes for bestowing the rewards of service. Inquire diligently what blood mortgage there is on your property in the interests of Foreign Missions, because of what you owe to Christ in redeeming you with His precious blood. I warn you that it will go hard with you when the Lord comes to reckon with you, if He finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries, or hoarded up in needless accumulations, instead of being devoted to give the Gospel to the lost.—*A. J. Gordon.*