

"Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat."

His compassion and purpose of help are so far above theirs that they cannot understand the meaning of His reply: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat."

After a hasty summing up of resources one voice answers, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little;" and another voice adds, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"

Are the insignificant bits in a boy's hand worth mentioning? What happens when he is asked for them? We hear no selfish protest—"I am hungry, and have only just enough for myself"; no echo of mature calculation—"What are these among so many?" There is simply an unquestioning, unselfish giving into the Master's hand of what he had.

What follows? His deed is linked with divine ministry to human need, for he has dropped a seed into the hand of omnipotence, and a world sees a miracle of growth. Can you imagine the wonder in his face when the Master looked up to heaven and blessed those poor little barley loaves and few small fishes; or how the wonder deepened at the marvellous change as they grew into the abundance that more than satisfied the waiting thousands?

Kept for self, his barley loaves would have remained only unnoted bread of poverty to perish with the using; given into the Master's hand they gained a life and significance that shall outlive human need.

Can your resources be any less than those of the Galilean boy? The bread of the poorest may be in your hand, as in his: yet a like ministry is possible to you. Everywhere there is human hunger for tenderness and sympathy to which one may offer crumbs of comfort; and always you may first take and then share with others the "living bread which came down from heaven."

What need to know the name of this lad of Galilee, since his unselfish deed is immortal?

"So let my name be unhonored, unknown; Here or up yonder I must be remembered, Only remembered for what I have done."

Comfortable Ignorance.

Passing a group of girls one day not long since, I heard one of them say, referring to an absent companion: "She doesn't seem to know what an insult is." The bit of scorn, not to say contempt, in her voice showed how poor an opinion she held of the girl who "didn't seem to know what an insult was." But it occurred to me that there might be a difference of opinion on this point.

It is quite probable that the girl who spoke thus of another was one of those very sensitive people who feel the slightest pin-prick, and who find insults where none were intended. And it is equally probable, indeed from the way she spoke I was sure of it, that she was one who prided herself on this, and on her ability to "give as good as was sent." If it was a question of choosing between this sort of girl and the one who goes along in blissful unconsciousness that anybody meant

to insult or offend her, my vote would be cast for the latter every time.

In the first place, she is much happier than those who are always on the lookout for insults, for where we look for anything of the sort we are very apt to find it. And in the second place, she is a much more agreeable person to be with, for, as she is not thinking of being insulted, she is not always on the defensive, nor does she think it necessary to be always "getting even" by making cutting, sarcastic speeches that hurt her friends needlessly.

So much for the one who really does not know what an insult is, who is so fortunate as to be able to go through the world encased in a veritable coat-of-mail. Such people are few and far between, for most of us have our full share of sensitiveness. But if this state of comfortable ignorance does not come to us naturally, we can acquire it, just as we acquire knowledge of other branches. That is to say, we can bring ourselves to the point where we can hear an unkind remark, know that it was intended for us, and still not be made uncomfortable by it.

When a person deliberately goes to work to wound another, he always wants to see what effect he has produced. And there is nothing so disappointing, so tormenting to him, as to feel that he has failed, that his cruel or malicious words have fallen from the other, as water rolls off a duck's back. Hot, angry, stinging words he can meet with other words just as keen and biting, but against the dignity that will not stoop to answer his weapons are powerless.

There is another point. There are very few of us that are not sorry, after the first flush of anger has faded away, for any sharp or unkind words we may have said. But if we have let the other say them all, we have nothing to call back, nothing to be sorry for. Think of that; it is worth something. Let the one who offers the insult say all the unpleasant things that are to be said. You will feel better for it by and by.

Those who are unfortunate enough to have hasty tempers which take fire and explode, very much in the fashion of gunpowder, may think that it is no easy matter to work up to this state of "comfortable ignorance," and that it is a great deal more satisfactory to "have it out" on the spot. Perhaps it may be, for the moment, but in the end the other way is better, better for ourselves, since we have no bitter words to repent of, and better for those among whom our lot is cast.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

A little almond-eyed Chinese boy stood swinging the silken cradle of a beautiful baby. As it swung to and fro, so did the long queue of Ah Fung. But there was no music in his heart by which to time the steady and mono-

tonous swinging. It was a sad little face that looked wistfully ahead; and the child's thoughts were far away in Ningpo with his father, from whom he had been cruelly stolen and sold as a slave. Homesick tears were in his eyes, and his wide, loose jacket-sleeve was now and then drawn across his wet cheek; for boy nature is the same there as here.

"What is the matter with you, Ah Fung? Don't you see my beautiful baby? I was unhappy, too; but now—" and the sweet young mother, into whose face a new light had lately shone and banished the deep-seated unhappiness and discontent, bent over and caressed her treasure.

She was the unloved wife of a rich officer, and from the time her husband presented Ah Fung to her, she had made a pet and companion of him. On account of her own loneliness they had become sympathizing friends.

Ah Fung dried his tears and looked seriously at the baby and mother. "Shall I tell you about my Jesus?" he asked. "Oh, no, Ah Fung! Tell Ah Fung she does not need Jesus now, she has her baby," cooed the poor mother. "He shall tell her about his Jesus by and by. By and by, Ah Fung, by and by," she said.

But by and by the delicate blossom began to fade and droop. Paler and thinner the little face became, till the mother, in the extremity of her grief, saw the only thing she had to love pass into the dark, mysterious eternity.

Ah Fung was the child of a converted Chinese. His father had come over to Seoul, Korea, to trade, and brought the little boy with him, but in a crowd the child was separated from him, stolen and sold. He was old enough to commit his way to the Lord, and know that it was all right somehow.

And now he saw, as Naaman's little maid saw, that he had come there for a purpose; and he forgot his own great grief in his desire to minister true comfort to the mother.

He was awed and silenced by her sorrow; but one day she remembered how often he had tried to tell her of "Jesus and His love." "Ah Fung," she said, "tell me about your Jesus."

And Ah Fung, with the true tact of a child, began where he knew it would mean the most to her and told her of Jesus' love to children, and the beautiful home where he took them to keep and make happy until the parents should come.

Day after day he talked about it till the mother's yearning heart made her lips frame the question, "Did He love my baby? Are you sure she is with Him?"

"I am sure that He did love her, and that she is with Him," replied Ah Fung. "Our missionary said He has many, many little children there, and He makes them very happy. He will give her back to you if you go there."

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"But where is it? How can I go there?" eagerly asked the tearful mother.

"I don't quite know," said Ah Fung, "but if we love Him and trust it to Him He will take us somehow. He said so. Won't you let Jesus be your Saviour, too?" asked Ah Fung: "and then we'll both be there, and He will give our darling back to us."

"A little child shall lead them." Ah Fung's preaching was not in vain. This mother was the first convert to Christianity in Korea, which was so long shut up to foreign nations. It is now open to the gospel. Many efforts have been made to carry the truth into Korea, but Ah Fung, the little captive, has the honor of having sowed the first fruit-bearing seed.—*Word, Work and World.*

Evil Speaking.

Do you govern your tongue? Do you really make it a point of conscience to speak evil of no man? The Word of God commands this just as plainly as it says, "Thou shalt not steal." What would you think of a man's religion whom you caught stealing! To rob one of his good name is often a far greater injury than to steal his money. Be careful what you say about an absent person. Weigh your words before you put them in circulation.

James makes the proof of Christian perfection to consist in the government of the tongue. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to govern the whole body" (Jas. iii. 2).

Observe carefully, and you will find this statement true. Sinful tempers may be smothered by a determined effort. But let them, through the medium of the tongue, come out into daylight where they are fanned and fed, and they will rage with fury.

"You may as well say it as think it," is one of the most pernicious maxims that the devil ever set afloat.

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren." (Jas. iv. 11). "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault, between thee and him alone."

BEST FOR WASH DAY

USE

SURPRISE

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BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

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Hay...
Straw
Rye ..

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