

BEWARE OF WORLDLY COMPROMISE.

It is getting to be too much the fashion to compromise. A compromise may do in politics though, even there, it rarely works well long. But, as some one has well said, "on moral and religious questions a compromise is treason to the right." La Fayette once illuminated the compromise in this way: "Two men get into an altercation about arithmetic. 'Twice two are four,' says one, stoutly. 'No,' replies the other, 'twice two are six.' Both are unyielding, and the dispute waxed warm. A third person approaches, and lays a hand gently on each. 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'reason is not infallible. The wisest and best men have erred. We are all prone to rush to extremes. You, my friend, affirm that twice two are four. You, who are equally my friend, affirm that twice two are six. Compromise, my friends, compromise. Meet each other half way. Agree to say hereafter twice two are five.'"

It is thus that too many Christians are trying to compromise. God says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." The compromising Christian says, "I will love Him with half my heart, and with the other half I will love the world." Compromising Christians go farther. They go with the world and pursue their pleasures six and a half days of the week, and quiet their consciences by a half day's attendance at church, when the weather is fine and they feel in the right mood. Their piety

"Hath this extent, no more."

HOW THE GOSPEL SPREAD.

The Gospel spread far and wide after Jesus died and went to heaven. We read about this in the book called the Acts of the Apostles. The Apostles were those whom Jesus sent out to preach. He told them that they should have His blessing, and they believed what He said. It did not seem as if they were to have the blessing, however, when Stephen was stoned to death, and Saul was persecuting them.

The Gospel did spread, in spite of every difficulty. The disciples were scattered and put into prison and treated very cruelly; but all this did not keep them from preaching. Their labors were blessed, and this ought to teach us to trust God's Word in everything, and never to be discouraged. Can you do this? I am sure you can. Will you? If you trust God's promises, He will certainly bless you.

Children's Department.

DOTTY AND GRANDPA.

Grandpa, grandpa dear,
I've come to sit on your knee;
Dolly's broken her arm, and Kitty's
Too sleepy to play with me.

Rover's gone off with Charley;
It's tiresome trying to read—
Such slow work spelling out letters—
O, I'm very tired indeed!

Nobody's like you, grandpa,
And there's no place like your arm
For a little girl that's tired
To curl up snug and warm.

How soft your hair is, grandpa!
I'll stroke it and smooth it so;
And if you've the least little headache,
It will be sure to go.

Sister Nelly thinks her lover
So fine with his jet black hair;
But white is so very much nicer,
I should think she would really care.

And the dear little funny wrinkles
That seem to laugh round your eyes—
His face is so smooth and solemn—
And, then, you are much more wise.

You tell me such beautiful stories,
And sing me such nice songs, too,—
Why, really and truly, grandpa,
I b'lieve I'm in love with you.

There, now, I would like a story—
The Little Folks in the Wood—
And you never would know I was Dotty,
I'll be so quiet and good.

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose. Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day;" the other said, "I was worse yesterday." Two boys eating their dinner, one said, "I would rather have something better than this;" the other said, "This is better than nothing." Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked; the other visited the homes, and thought New York good. Two boys having a bee, one got honey and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee, the other a stinging-bee. "I am glad I live," says our man; "I am sorry I must die," says another. "I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse;" "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better. In drinking lemonade you may detect only the sweet or only the sour. One man is thankful for his blessings, another is morose for his misfortunes."

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

"She hath done what she could," said the Saviour, of one whose devotion to Him had led her to the tomb of her crucified Lord, to watch for His resurrection. Young Christian, can that be said of you? "She hath done what she could!" Oh! how full of encouragement is the simple story of Mary's love, to the humble disciple of the Saviour!

There lived in a poor hut a girl of sixteen. The only means of instruction ever enjoyed by her did not last for more than six months; but her mind was awakened by an ardent desire for knowledge. After she had learned by heart the few books within her reach, she took the Bible, and though she had seldom heard the Gospel preached, yet the Spirit of God inspired her with wonder as she read the story of a Saviour's love. Her wonder was changed to fear: she was humbled; she sought pardon; and with a sense of forgiveness came the inquiry, what she, a poor ignorant child, could do for her Saviour? She thought of her brothers; she read to them over and over again the lessons she had learned from the Bible. She had heard of Sunday school, and with a determination to establish one among the few neighbors in her vicinity, she persuaded her father to lend his kitchen for a schoolroom. When the Sunday came, twenty poor ignorant children filled her room. Soon her school increased; old men and middle-aged came, and the youthful teacher was happy; yet with a trembling heart she persevered.

Years passed; and in place of scores, hundreds gathered in that school each returning Sunday, and it is now in the midst of a flourishing village. A neat church stands by the side of the old kitchen, and the songs of Zion echo from its walls; and the voice of the Gospel minister is heard from its pulpit each Lord's Day. That teacher sleeps! She has gone to receive the blessed commendation—"She hath done what she could."

Yes, she has ceased from her labors; but mark the sequel. A brother, who listened to the first lessons of holiness that trembled on her lips, is preparing for the Christian ministry; others are devoted, useful Christians; and one of the scholars is already on missionary ground. Verily, "she hath done what she could."

To every young Christian, we would say, "Go thou and do likewise." Look around you. Are your brothers and sisters the better for your example? Are your companions looking to you for a

pattern of holiness; or a stumbling-block over which they will plunge into the abodes of the lost? Say, is your heart steeped in the love of Christ? Is it burning with a missionary spirit? You can be a missionary even where you are—in your own town, in your own neighborhood; for there are those all around you who seldom hear the sound of the Gospel. Seek them out; bring them to Christ. Thus you may bear fruit to the glory of God; and of you too it may be said, "She hath done what she could."

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

LITTLE EVELYN'S BOOK.

A little girl lay in a warm, pleasant room, everything around her bright and cheerful, but nothing so much so as her own sweet, little face, though it was so thin, and pale, and worn with suffering and sleeplessness. She lay on a soft lounge before the fire; but often turned eagerly to the door if a footstep sounded in the passage.

After some time of waiting and listening the door opened and her mother entered.

"Why, Evelyn dear, are you alone? Your aunt told me she was coming to take you to ride."

"So she did, mamma, but I would not go. It is no use—I am too tired. They are very kind," she added, quickly, "but I like best to be left alone, you know, mamma, with you."

Her mother sighed deeply, as she took a seat by the side of the lounge. "Shall I read to you, Evelyn?"

"Oh, that reminds me, mamma, of something I wanted to ask you about—my books, you know."

"Yes, did you find anything in that new catalogue that you wanted to order?"

"That is not what I mean, thank you, mamma. I have a good many, haven't I?" and she gazed fondly at the shelves well filled with pretty volumes, all her own.

"Yes, a great many, even for such a little bookworm as yourself," said her mother, playfully.

"I want you to tell me, mother, if there are any books there that wouldn't do for a Sunday school library. Yes, I know there are some, they were given to me, so I couldn't help; but I chose most of them this last year, and they are all right, I know."

"What do you mean, Evelyn?" said her mother in surprise. "What is this new fancy?"

"No fancy at all, dear mamma; but I will tell you. Do you remember one time last year when you were talking to Dr. Richards, how he said I might live two or three years, but I never would get well again? You didn't know I heard you, did you, mamma? That made me think how little I could do, and what a short life mine was, and how I could never grow up and do anybody good, and I thought and thought if there was something for a little girl to do. Then one day papa brought me a list of books, and told me to choose some new ones, and so it came to me, mamma, what I would do. I want all my books to be sent to some poor Sunday school where they will do good and teach the little children. My dear books; it makes me happy to think about it."

"Oh, Evelyn! they are like a part of yourself; don't ask me to send them away!"

"Why, mamma?" she said in a pained tone; "when that was just the reason I knew papa would give some money to buy books for poor children; but this seemed so like giving them myself."

Mrs. Lawrence did not answer, and Evelyn went on.

"There's 'Alice in Wonderland' that Auntie May gave me; that wouldn't do, of course; but I'd like to have that little lame girl you told me about have that. How it will make her laugh," and Evelyn laughed to herself at the thought. "There a few others that will have to come out, but not many. You can do what you like with those, mamma."

"Evelyn, dear, don't talk so!"

"Dear mamma, you knew it long ago, didn't you? that I was going, I mean; and you mustn't cry about it. Will you promise about the books?"

The promise was given, and Mrs. Lawrence was repaid for the effort it cost her, by seeing the happy look in her child's eyes, and then Evelyn tried with all the pretty, loving ways she knew, to "chase the tears away," as she said; but only succeeded because her mother could not think that anything so bright and lovely could really die, and was dying in spite of all her love and care, though in her heart she knew it well.

About two months after this conversation Mrs. Lawrence was again standing in Evelyn's room; but the lounge was empty, and she was alone. The room in some confusion, for two large packing-boxes took up a great deal of space on the floor, and wrapping-paper and hay were strewn about. Mrs. Lawrence worked rapidly, folding each volume in paper, and the more handsome bindings in cloth, though she often paused to wipe away a tear, or to hold some familiar volume for a moment as if she could not give it up. Some volumes of fairy tales and the much valued "Alice" were reserved. The first box was almost filled when a young lady came in, and started with surprise as she asked, "My dear Agnes, what can you be doing?"

"I don't wonder you ask, May!" said the lady, sadly; "you will be much more surprised when I tell you that I am sending away Evelyn's books—sending them to strangers."

Miss May gave her an inquiring glance, but said nothing more and waited.

"It was Evelyn's special wish—almost her last one," said Mrs. Lawrence, "that her books should go for a Sunday school library for some poor parish or mission. And, May, every book that she bought last year, she selected carefully, that it might be suitable for the purpose."

"Dear child!" said May.

"I asked our clergyman to find some parish where they would not only be acceptable and were needed, but where I might feel they would be used with some care and reverence. For, after all," she added, sadly, "it is very hard to give them up! Mr. Rowe told me of a cousin of his own, who was working very hard as a missionary. He said there was a very large Sunday school; but he had not been able to get any library whatever. The people, he said, were intelligent enough, but there was great need of books. So I thought I could not do better, and I wrote to the clergyman. Mr. Lawrence was so pleased with the reply, that he is going to help them on with their church, and especially to fit up the library-room with nice book-cases, and has had a large copy of Evelyn's picture taken to hang up there, at the missionary's request."

May said no more, but began to help with the packing, wondering all the time at the wisdom which Evelyn had shown in her selection, and whether the books would really be prized; if it would do any good.

She need not have feared. Evelyn's treasure could not have fallen into better hands, and after the clergyman had told the story of the legacy as he heard it from Mrs. Lawrence, there was little need to add a warning that the volumes should be carefully handled, nor was there a child among them all who did not love to gaze at the sweet face of the little giver who had "done what she could."