

## HOW TO HELP OTHERS.

WE can express our interest in other Christians by a simple nod of the head when we meet them on the street. You say, "There are Christians connected with our church I cannot speak to, because I have never been introduced." You dare not accost them because of the conventionalities of society. We must come upon a higher platform than that. We must remember that we are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. We must feel that as it would be a very strange thing for two brothers, born of the same parents and nurtured at the same fireside, to pass each other from time to time on the street without any personal recognition; so, and far more than so, it is outrageous when two men, children of the same Heavenly Father, having been seated at the same Communion table, and baptized by the same Holy Spirit, and on their way to the same home, do not recognise each other, whether according to the ordinary laws of society they have a right to express such recognition or not. If you are sure that you are a child of God, and you are sure of the fact that the man you meet in the street is a friend of God, you have a right to give him your brotherly sympathy by a nod of the head. God made the muscles of the neck so pliable, and the bones of the neck so easily adjusted to a bow, that He intended we should recognise those who are brothers in Christ Jesus. And when you go along the street, let there be a lighting up of the face, and a gleam in the eye, and a congeniality in your manner, for all those who love Christ. Let it not be an outward and hypocritical demonstration, but from a heart warmed up with love for God and love for his kingdom, bow to every Christian man you meet.

Another way in which we can culture Christian sympathy, and demonstrate it, and make it practical, is by a shake of the hand. We do not refer to an unmeaning touch of the hand, to an indefinite sprawling out of the fingers; but we mean one warm, decided, positive grip which seems to say, "Here is my regard—my help, if you want it—my sympathy, my brotherhood." If secret societies have their signals—and it is stated that when one of their number gets into any trouble in any distant city, he gives some mysterious signal, and help comes; and one brother in the same Order recognises another by some peculiar way of placing the fingers—shall not we have some grip by which a child of God who has with him the secret of the Lord, shall recognise those who are of the same brotherhood, of the same secret society? for the secret of the Lord belongs only to those who fear Him; and wherever you find a man in that brotherhood, give him the grip. —*Christian at Work.*

## A BLOW FOR A KISS.

"WILL you please tell me what is meant by *overcoming evil with good*?" said a little boy to his teacher.

The teacher began to explain it, when a scene took place which helped to show what it meant.

A boy, seven years of age, whose name was George, was sitting by the side of his sister, who was only five years old.

While the teacher was talking, George got angry with his sister for something, closed his fist, and struck her.

The little girl began to cry; but the teacher said, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry he looks."

Mary looked at her brother. He seemed sullen and wretched. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

George was not prepared for such a kind return for his blow. His feelings were touched, and he burst into tears.

Mary wiped away his tears with her apron, and sought to comfort him.

"Do not cry, George," said she; "you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more.

And why did George weep? Would he have wept if his sister had struck *him* as he had struck *her*? Not he?

But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more keenly than if she had beaten him black and blue, that he had done wrong.

Here was a *kiss* for a *blow*—love for anger; and all the school saw at once what was meant by "overcoming evil with good."—(See Rom. xii. 21.)

## MONEY.

IF money comes, let it come. He who sends it does not mean it to hurt us. We need not fear it with a feeble terror, though perhaps no sin has ruined so many souls as covetousness. We will not spring at it with a flutter of excited joy, for it is a grievous trial to the humblest and simplest.

And if money goes, let it go. Only let us see that it does not go through folly or sin of ours. Job lost his one way, and Lot lost his another. The end of Job was a crown of glory, but the candle of Lot went out in hideous night. Probably there are few of us who have lived to middle life, very few indeed who have passed it, to whose door could be laid no error of judgment in spending their money, no taint of conscience in passing it. In this greatest of great trusts, who has not sometimes failed? Conscience has said, "Give," and we have not given. We have steeled our hearts, and summoned our coldest judgment to justify us in refusals, which now we would gladly get back, but it is too late. Witnesses to our self-indulgence surround us in every room we enter; if we have done something for our Lord, our heart whispers we might have done so much more!

But there may be time yet; and He who gives us power to get wealth will also give us wisdom to use it, if we really ask Him. Let us be wise, simple, and kind; faithful over a few things, that He may make us rulers over many things at last.

## A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied the wife, "I know that sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the wind in his hand is my Father."

—*Selected.*

## A CORNISH COBBLER'S SERMON.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon."

NOW I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after *one soul*. Every soul in the world do belong to our Lord. He made 'em every one, and he bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our mother Eve in Paradise, he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, an' all he could do was to tempt her to steal her Master's apples. He haven't got anything at all of his own. . . . Andrew didn't say, "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing because he couldn't find any to do; but he says, "There's Simon; I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tyin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal o' good in the world, if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folks a singin', an meanin' it, too—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small."

An' because the realm o' nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all.—*Daniel Quorn.*

St. Bernard calls holy fear the book-keeper of the soul. As a nobleman's porter stands at the door to keep out vagrants, so the fear of God stands and keeps all sinful temptations from entering.