

of the gospel in John, like the twenty-third and ninety-first Psalm, are God's word to you, many of your difficulties in realizing God will be removed.

You can concentrate your mind upon them because there is something tangible before you, and the message which he gives you in these letters will enable you to realize that he is, and that he is the rewarder of those that diligently seek him.

I know of no better remedy for wandering thoughts than to fix them upon God's word to us. After a little we shall hear his voice speaking to us, even in a more direct and intimate relation still; and, while the printed word becomes no less precious, we shall listen to his immediate interpretation of it, and rejoice greatly in the realization of his nearness.

The Gibraltar Of Christianity

The Resurrection is the Gibraltar of Christianity. The waves of adverse criticism have beaten against it for ages, but the impact, not injuring the rock, has merely broken them into spray. We court both the kindly investigation of friendly scholarship and the bitterest research of determined foes. If our faith cannot bear the closest scrutiny it is not worth having. God gave us brains as well as hearts, and what the heart believes should be endorsed by the reason.

The Resurrection of Jesus is beyond the reach of doubt. As a matter of history it holds an impregnable position, and as the source of comfort, consolation, and resignation it is like the spring in the far-away range of mountains from which the lordly Amazon flows to the sea. If we think of heaven, and of the dear ones there, and of the time when we shall once more clasp them to our bosom with love unchanged by separation, we think first of Jesus on the road to Bethany, and of the 'cloud which received him out of their sight.' Where he went, there our loved ones have gone, for 'in my Father's house are many mansions,' and what we call death is simply God's highway, which leads from life to immortality.—'Sunday Companion.'

Watchful Kindness.

A little kindness may make a friend of a stranger. Whoever wants a friend may surely have one, for there is no boy or girl who cannot find some one who needs help.

Be on the watch for opportunities. Perhaps you come into your Sunday-school, and find some stranger there, waiting for a seat. Cannot you welcome him with a cordial smile, and ask him to sit with you? Or the stranger may be at day school, a new scholar who does not know you or your ways. Speak kindly to him; ask him to join your games; tell him how the lessons are arranged; and introduce him to others.

Then at home some shy visitors may come. Find out what they like—coax them to talk with you, and do not be discouraged if they are slow in responding. Shyness is not to be overcome all at once, but it will disappear by-and-by, and your bashful acquaintance will become your merry play-fellow, and very likely your warm friend.

How much good a little thought, a little kindness, may do you cannot tell. Remember that each of us touches other lives and influences them. Each town borders on other towns; each city is joined in fellowship with other cities. The world, in fact, is one great neighborhood, and all its inhabitants are neighbors, and more than neighbors—brethren.

A Good Man's Tenderness.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time, because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew what he was doing. Two or three days afterwards, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all his might again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room, and opened the window to see. The bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young—all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of its death.—'League Journal.'

Why?

'Please excuse my tardiness this afternoon,' said Helen Wells, approaching her teacher after school.

'I suppose you have a good excuse,' said Miss Page, smiling at the young girl.

'Yes, and you will think so, too. I met Mr. Pearson on the street, and he told me he had been appointed to lead the Christian Endeavor meeting this evening, but could not because of having been called out of town. He asked me to see Alice Bertram and ask her to take his place. And I thought she ought to have a little notice, you know.'

'Certainly, your excuse is ample.'

'I thought it would simply be to tell her and hurry on, but I found her not at all well, so we spent a few moments trying to decide whom next to call on. But I am afraid we are going to have to fall back on Mr. Merrill.'

'I know he doesn't like that, when he has other services this week.'

'Yes, and I am sorry, but I fear that our few reliables are for various reasons not to be had.'

'Why don't you do it yourself, Helen?'

'I? O—why, I couldn't, Miss Page.'

'Why not?'

'Because I have never done it.'

'But there has to be a beginning to everything. You can't begin earlier.'

'But, you see, I am not that sort.'

'What "sort" do you mean?'

'Why, the sort of girl that does that sort of thing,' went on Helen, with a half-laugh. 'Alice is. She leads Endeavor meetings and never neglects prayer-meetings, and whenever there is anything really good to be done she is always the one to do it.'

'But, my dear child,' said Miss Page, as she

pressed an arm tenderly around the young girl, 'why shouldn't you do these things as well as Alice?'

'Why, I'm trying to explain to you, Miss Page. I don't do them and Alice does. They are expected of her.'

'Still, dear, I cannot see why they should be expected more of her than of you.'

'She is so—well, so consecrated. Just so with Mr. Pearson. People look to him in just the same way. No one would think of expecting of Ned Hastings, for instance, what they do of him. There's just the same difference between Alice and me.'

'Well, I must keep on with my questioning. Now, Helen, why should Alice Bertram and Mr. Pearson be more consecrated than are you, or Ned Hastings, or a score of others of whom "such things" are not, as you truthfully say, expected. Why is there any more obligation upon them to be earnest in the Master's work than others?'

Helen soberly met her teacher's eyes.

'Miss Page, I don't know.'

'Is there any reason?'

'I only know that people look to them, because they are ready to do things, and seem to think it more their work than that of others.'

'Yes, and you forget to question why the Lord should require so much more from these consecrated ones than from others; and forget—ah, my dear, the rich reward which belongs with the full consecration. Why do you place such limitations on yourself? Why rob yourself of the rich blessing which follows perfect service?'

With a sober face Helen rose to leave her teacher.

'Miss Page, you have asked me more questions than I could answer in a day, or a month, or a year.'

And as she walked alone, they still pressed on her. Why? Why? Why? Can some others answer?—Sydney Dayre in New York 'Observer.'

Grandmother's Birthday.

A traveller among the Tyrolean peasants tells the following story; why not follow out the hint in your own home, if grandmother is still living?

The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

'Is there a bride in this house?' I asked of my landlord.

'Ach, nein!' he said. 'We do not make such a potter about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday.'

The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as her, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers.—'Wellspring.'