

This last clause proves to our minds that the word charity does not mean alone to relieve the bodily wants of the poor, or to give temporary relief to the needy, for this can be and is often done by those who have no true charity in their hearts, but only give of their plenty in order to gain notoriety or further some selfish aim. And while this kind of charity serves for the time to keep the wolf from the door of the one receiving the gift, it does the narrow mind of the giver no good; while on the other hand if our charity is of that nature that is "kind and long suffering, and covereth a multitude of sins," it not only relieves the needy, cheers the despondent and spurs to action the indolent, but also reacts upon the giver, causing him to feel that sweet peace which ever rewards a good act performed in the right spirit. True charity does not permit us to harshly judge a neighbor and condemn his actions, when we know not the motive that actuates or the influence that surrounds him, but rather causes us to look only for good in others, for charity is:

"Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
She makes excuses where she might condemn."

Such charity is very near akin to love, and where love abounds hate is not known.

Then, if we have entertained any unkind thoughts, let them be a thing of the past, and resolve in the future to let the cloak of charity fall gracefully around us and shed a benign influence on all our actions, and keep ever in mind these words of our beloved poet Whittier:

"But by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own."

H. M. R.

There is an organization of girls in Cromwell, Iowa, the members of which have pledged themselves never to marry a man who is not a total abstainer from liquor, tobacco, and profanity.

IN MAY.

Grief was my master yesternight,
To-morrow I may grieve again,
But now along the windy plain
The clouds have taken flight.

The sowers in the furrows go;
The lusty river brimmeth on;
The curtains from the hills are gone;
The leaves are out, and lo!

The silvery distance of the day,
The light horizons, and, between,
The glory of the perfect green,
The tumult of the May.

The bobolinks at noonday sing
More softly than the softest flute,
And lighter than the lightest lute
Their fairy tambours ring.

The roads far off are towered with dust;
The cherry blooms are swept and thinned;
In yonder swaying elms the wind
Is charging gust on gust.

But here there is no stir at all;
The ministers of sun and shadow
Hoard all the perfumes of the meadow
Behind the grassy wall.

An infant rivulet wind-free
Adown the hollow guarded sets,
Over whose brink the violets
Are nodding peacefully.

From pool to pool it prattles by;
The flashing swallows dip and pass
Above the turfied marsh grass;
And here at rest am I.

I care not for the old distress,
Or if to-morrow bid me moan;
To-day is mine, and I have known
An hour of blessedness.

—Archibald Lampman.

MEDITATION.

HELPING AND HURTING — "Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art, and thy righteousness may profit the son of man."—*Job xxxv., 8.*

No man liveth to himself alone, no man can pass through this life to the life beyond without exerting an influence wide and impressive and deep. We are parts or a great whole, and the elements of character that may be described as both negative and positive seem to meet in every life. We are receptive on the one hand, and we