

boldly. Oh, that I had done this at first! I should then never have fallen so low.

"What!" said my uncle, in amazement; "you did it? You burned the buildings?"

"Yes, uncle. I have been base and cowardly, and worse than a thief, to let the blame rest on an innocent head."

"May God forgive you, Harry! I must send for the poor lad at once."

"Let me go;" and I went.

"Can you forgive me, Joe?" I asked the lad I had so deeply injured.

"Forgive you, sir! Why, our Saviour tells us to forgive our enemies, and you're my friend, Master Harry, aren't you?"

"I am not worthy to be your friend, but I will try to be as generous and forgiving as you are."

"There is a *better one* to copy than poor me, sir," he said, and I know whom Joe meant.—"*Only Just Once.*"

MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

BY REV. M. K. CROSS.

I was at a certain period of my ministry greatly cast down at the thought of how little I was accomplishing as a minister of the Gospel. A word casually dropped by a good lady, who knew of my discouragement, greatly relieved me, and has often recurred to me since. "More than you know," she said, with an earnestness and a Christian sympathy which were as balm to the troubled spirit.

Many of our pastors have lately been mourning over the lack of converts and of progress in the churches, and the inference has been drawn, too hastily I think, that little or nothing is accomplished unless there are numerous additions to the churches, while great satisfaction is expressed when the number of members is increased.

Of course there is a side of truth here, and a very important one, to be considered. But it is only one side. There may be—often is—a great work going on, which cannot be counted and put into statistics. "More than you know," might be said of many a laborious minister who is dejected because few are added to the Church in a given period, while those already members may be growing in grace and strengthening with might by the Spirit, so laying foundations on which a large increase and substantial progress may be realized by-and-by.

I recall with great vividness the impression made upon my mind by a sermon preached in the college chapel when I was a freshman (more than forty years ago) by a neighbouring minister, who was doubtless in much trepidation at the thought of preaching to a

congregation of learned professors and critical students, and returned to his rural parish, praying that he might never again be called to such a useless sacrifice. Little did he suspect that, long after he should be in his grave, that trying Sabbath service at Amherst College (even to the hymn and tune sung at the close of the sermon) would be distinctly and helpfully remembered by one—perhaps more—who was a total stranger to him.

On a recent occasion, in a neighbouring city, this very question of the few additions to the churches was discussed and mourned over by an assembly of ministers and delegates. In the family where I was a guest for the night, a beautiful and impressive scene occurred, which served greatly to strengthen one's faith in the parable of the leaven "which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." The father of the family was a native of Holland, and spoke with national pride of the grand old stadtholder, William the Silent. He is now a citizen of the United States, and an active member of the Presbyterian Church. The mother is an American, and a graduate of Rockport Female Seminary. Before the breakfast, all the family, including the cook, was gathered into the parlour with the guests for morning worship. Each one was furnished with a Bible or Testament, not omitting the three little girls from two and a half to five years of age, who, though they could not read, were as earnest as those who could to have their own open book in hand. In perfect order and silence they sat and listened, and then *knelt in prayer while one of the guests led the service.*

Another interesting incident occurred on the same occasion. The good Hollander had ordered a dozen copies of the little volume from the pen of Rev. T. T. Munger—"On the Threshold"—for private distribution among the young men of his acquaintance. These were brought in and spread upon the table with much animation by his son, a young man of perhaps eighteen or twenty years. I sought in vain to purchase one of them for my own use; they were already pledged to the young men.

More than these pastors knew, doubtless, was the leavening power of the Gospel at work among the families and the churches committed to their care.

"The leaven of malice and wickedness" is also working and spreading mightily, through many channels, and must be withstood by all wise and effective means. But the one grand, all-pervading leaven of righteousness and Christian nurture of the young, which lies at the root of all other methods and measures, fructifying and energizing all, without which all must prove inadequate to the work to be accomplished, is of Divine appointment and ceaseless operation, and should be the chief ground of hope in all labours of love and works of faith.