

ing, Doctor Gordon found an earnest appeal from a poor student, detailing the straits into which he had been brought by debts for board and books. He was reluctant to ask aid, but he did ask Doctor Gordon to pray for his deliverance from burdens that discouraged him. It was only a little sum that he needed—fifty dollars—but it was a great sum for a poor student.

Having read the letter with hearty sympathy, Doctor Gordon continued opening his mail. The next letter whose seal he broke was from a wealthy gentleman, expressing thankfulness for a service the clergyman had rendered him a few days before, and inclosing a check for fifty dollars as a token of gratitude.

"Instantly," writes Doctor Gordon, "I perceived that the second letter contained the answer to the first; and endorsing the check, I sent it to the young man, with my congratulations for his speedy deliverance."

The noon mail of the same day brought a letter from a young colored man, whose piety and scholarship had prompted Doctor Gordon to help him pursue his studies. He told a pathetic story of his struggles, of how sparingly he had lived,—an inclosed list of his expenditures demonstrated that—and that he had not a cent to pay his debts.

Doctor Gordon went to the telegraph office, and wrote a despatch to the poor student to say that he would be responsible for one-half the amount needed, provided he could raise the other half from Mr. W. But as he could not remember the student's street number, nor the amount of money needed, he went back to his house to find the letter.

On his way he called at a certain place to pay a bill—thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He handed his check for the sum to the bookkeeper, who, on turning to the account, said:

"This bill is paid, sir; you do not owe us anything."

"Who paid it?" asked Doctor Gordon.

"I cannot say; only I know that it was settled several weeks

ago," and the bookkeeper handed back the check.

Doctor Gordon, surprised to find himself so much better off than he expected, returned home, opened the student's letter, and found that his list of debts came to just thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He sent a check for the amount to the poor student.

The points at which these several events coincided should be noted. Doctor Gordon knew nothing of the necessities of the two poor students; the money by which he relieved them was not his money; in each instance the exact funds were provided. Does this external falling together of the events suggest an internal propelling cause? Doctor Gordon believed that it did.—*Youth's Companion*.

SAVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

So said one of our Sydney, N. S.W. divers to a city missionary. In his house, in one of our suburbs, might be seen lately what would probably strike the visitor as a strange chimney ornament—the shell of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. Devoutly do I wish that every chimney ornament could tell such a tale of usefulness. The possessor of this ornament might well value it. He was diving amongst wreck on the coast, when he observed, at the bottom of the sea, this oyster on a rock with this piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head dress. It was a gospel tract, and coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his heart that he said "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became under water a sin-forgiven man—saved at the bottom of the sea.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs;
He most lives who thinks the most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

"HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT."

The farmer chides the tardy spring,
The sun withholds his wonted ray,
The days are dull and cold and gray,
No shadow doth the maple fling.

From snow-clad peaks and icy main
The north wind cometh wet and chill,
And evermore the clouds distil
The hoarded treasure of the rain.

But still, oh miracle of good!
The crocus springs, the violets peep,
The straggling vines begin to creep,
The dandelion gilds the sod.

The rain may fall in constant showers,
The south wind tarry on its way;
But through the night and through the day
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north wind force him back,
The song-bird hurries from the South,
With summer's music in his mouth,
And studs with songs his airy track.

What then, my soul, if thou must know
Thy days of darkness, gloom, and cold,
If joy its ruddy beams withhold,
And grief compels my tears to flow?

And what if, when with bended form
I praise the gods for sorrows past,
There ever comes a fiercer blast,
And darker ruin of the storm?

As tarry not the flowers of June
For all the ill the heavens can do,
And, to their inmost natures true,
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune!

So, Father, shall it be with me;
And whether winds blow foul or fair,
Through want and woe, and toil and care,
Still will I struggle up to Thee;

That, though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come,
My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song.

—John W. Chadwick.

If we are like Christ, there will be about us the savor of His name. We are to be chosen witnesses to His resurrection. Men can believe that there is a God up in Heaven if they can see a God dwelling in our hearts. The greatest evidence of the spiritual religion is a holy life. A man that will be pure in the midst of impurity, that will be loving in the midst of the bitter sarcasms of a cruel world, that will reproduce the lowly character of the dear Saviour in a polluted, sinful world, is the most clear and irrefragable argument that God is true, and that His Word is true.

BISHOP OF HURON.