

of her jewels, and so built the house for divine worship. She gave more than £100,000 sterling to the cause of God during her life time. Her spirit is beautifully displayed in this quotation from a letter she wrote to Dr. Doddridge: "How do I lament the weakness of my hands, the feebleness of my knees, the coolness of my heart. I want it on fire always, not for self-delight, but to spread the Gospel from pole to pole. Pray for me, my excellent friend, and cause others to do so. I dread slack hands in the vineyard." She was a true and faithful daughter of the King. She so ordered her affairs, and so arranged her life that it was spent in His service and to-day she lives in the memory of the Church clothed with garments of light.

The consecration of the Rev. W. H. Hewitson, of Dirlerton, Scotland, is seen in a strong light in this incident. The gold medal he took at college, and of which he was very proud, as what hard-working, conscientious student would not be? This he felt was an idol of his heart and a hindrance to his entire surrender of soul to God. So he sent it to William Dickson, a dear friend of his in England, to be sold, and the proceeds put in the Lord's treasury. His friend deeming the idol harmless, laid a plan for sparing it. He sent a cheque for its full money value, and craved leave to retain the medal itself as an "in memoriam." "My mind is made up," was Mr. Hewitson's characteristic reply, "as to devoting it to the object which I mentioned. This may weigh with you in counterbalance, to the feelings which have influenced your—shall I call it—condemnation of the act. It was only natural that, at first, my reluctance to parting with an object which I once regarded as a trophy of praiseworthy ambition, and around which many once pleasing associations were gathered, should be almost unconquerable; but by the grace of God I have got the victory over my natural feelings of reluctance, and most grievous would it be to find them again rising to the ascendant. If the gaining of the prize was a trophy of nature, the parting with it will be, in some measure, a trophy of grace. Your own feelings in the matter will enable you to appreciate the force of what I say." So do all advancing Christians feel. Nothing can be allowed to come between them and Jesus.

The way of blessing must not be shut up by any object, however dear. It was this thought that led Mr. Cecil to break the strings of his once loved violin, and cast away his brush and palette. He felt, we are told, "that not only must the heart be dis severed from the idol, but the idol itself must be put out of sight." It is the Lord's own way. "I will take away the names of Baalim out of her mouth, and they shall no more be remembered by name." There is no way to the crown but by the cross. "Take up thy cross, and follow Me." If we have Christ's spirit our cross will be like Christ's, a cross of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. Nothing less than this certainly.

The Duchess of Gordon once desired to build a church and school house as the most effectual way of opposing the increase of popery, in the region of Gordon Castle. And to do so, she took up to London a gold vase to sell it. It was worth £1,200, but she could not get £600 for it. She however left it to be disposed of. The Duchess of Beaufort hearing of this act, thought of her own diamond ear-rings, which she got the Duchess of Gordon to dispose of for a chapel in Wales; and these made the Duchess think of her jewels, and as the Duke of Gordon was as desirous to see the church go on as she was, she agreed "that stones were much prettier in a church wall than round one's neck," and allowed her to sell £600 worth, or rather what brought that, for they cost more than double.

"The Church is going on nicely, the Duchess wrote, and I have still enough jewels left to help to endow it, if no other way should open. I do think I may with confidence hope for a blessing on this." The building cost more than was anticipated, and the Duke following his wife's example, offered of his own accord to sell some of his horses to make up the deficiency. Is not that grand?

We at the first glance may not see how much sacrificing there is there. But what are jewels, diamond rings, and gold vases to a Duchess, and what are fine horses to a Duke? These are their pride and their glory. To give up these, and they are given up, because ready money is not at hand, not available—is to be willing to be shorn of earthly glory. And is not this, after all the true use of property? Does God not give men money to employ it this way if they will be moved by His voice. Hoarded money does what? Listen! "They that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." What then? "Having food and raiment let us be therewith content."

Beware of the deceitfulness of riches! They steal away the heart from God and fill it with foolish pride.

When man uses his money as God wills, the grace of God is revealed in him. But while a man grips his gold and glories in it, and keeps it to himself, no grace is seen in him. Money grab and grace are clean contraries. The love of money and worldly goods are the greatest stones in the way of godly men. They need to be picked up that their way may be clear before them.

There are other impediments in the way of blessing. Idols of which each one knows himself. They may be books, dress, houses and land, learning, friends, ambitions; anything or everything that render men untrue to God, wanting in general heartfelt loyalty to him and his authority. Whatever they are they must be subordinated to His will; put in their proper place and made to serve their proper end. In the right use of them they become to us ministers of God, in the wrong use of them they are ministers of evil, and that sometimes both temporal and eternal.

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny worn, and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy for just one day,
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

So far away from the fount of life,
Living yet dead in their dark despair,
Waiting to hear of the tidings of joy,
Go, little penny, and lisping prayer.

The penny flew off on the prayer's swift wings,
It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Whenever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the Christian day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child, when Christ looked down,
Nor how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Early in life," relates a gentleman who has now spent many decades in the service of God and his fellow-man, "I learned from a very simple incident a wholesale lesson, and one which has since been of incalculable benefit to me.

"When I was between twelve and fourteen years old my father broke up a new field on his farm, and planted it with potatoes, and when the plants were two or three inches high, he sent me to hoe it. The ground of that piece was hard to till, it was matted with grass roots and sprinkled with stones. I hoed the first row, and then stopped to take a general look at the task before me. Grass as high as the potatoes was everywhere, and looking at the whole from any point, it appeared to be a solid mass. I had the work to do all alone, and as I stood staring at the broad reach of weedy soil, I felt a good mind not to try to do anything further then with it.

"Just that minute I happened to look down at the hill nearest my feet. The grass didn't seem just quite as thick there, and I said to myself, 'I can hoe this one well enough.'

"When it was done, another thought came to help me: I shan't have to hoe but one hill at a time, at any rate.

"And so I went to the next, and next. But there I stopped again and looked over the the field. That gave me another thought, too. I could hoe every hill as I came to it; it was only looking away off to all the hills that made the whole seem impossible.

"I won't look at it!" I said; and I pulled my hat over my eyes so I could see nothing but the spot where my hoe had to dig.

"In course of time, I had gone over the whole field, looking only at the hill in hand, and my work was done.

"I learned a lesson tugging away at those grass roots which I never forgot. It was to look right down at the one thing to be done now, and not hinder or discourage myself by looking off at the things I haven't come to. I've been working ever since that summer at the hill nearest my feet, and I have always found it the easiest way to get a hard task accomplished, as it is the true way to prepare a field for the harvest."

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy, Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Polly wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought, Why, isn't it a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rare y.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.

THE POWER OF SIMPLE CONFIDENCE.

A young man, distressed about his soul, had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of "sincere prayers" and "heart-felt desires" after salvation but continually lamented that he did not "feel any different in spite of it all."

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry.

"W., did you ever learn to float?"

"Yes, I did," was the surprised reply.

"And did you find it easy to learn?"

"Not at first," he answered.

"What was the difficulty," his friend pursued.

"Well, the fact was, I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle, and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that: I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink."

"And is not God's word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; He commands you just to rest in Him, to believe His word, and accept His gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and His word to you now is, 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" Rom. vi. 23.

SPEAKING TO PEOPLE.

"Who in the world is that you're speaking to?" said one young lady to her companion of the same sex and age as they walked down one of the avenues the other day.

"That man? He is the man that mends my shoes when they need it," was the reply.

"Well," said the first speaker, "I wouldn't speak to him; don't think it's nice."

"And why not?" queried the other. "He is a kind, faithful, honest, hard-working man. I never pass his window but I see him on his bench working away, and when I bow to him and give him 'Good-morning,' he looks as pleased as can be. Why shouldn't I speak to him?"

"I never speak to that class of people," said the other; "they're not my kind."

"I do," was the rejoinder. "I speak to everybody I know—from Dr. Brown, our minister, to the coloured man who blacks our stoves and shakes our carpets—and I notice that the humbler the one in the social scale to whom I proffer kindly words, the more grateful is the recognition I receive in return. Christ died for them as much as He did for me, and perhaps if some of them had had the opportunities my birth and rearing have given me they would be a great deal better than I. That cobbler is really quite an intelligent man. I've lent him books to read, and he likes quite a high style of reading, too."

The two girls were cousins, and they finally agreed to leave the question as to recognizing day labourers, mechanics, and tradesmen to a young lawyer of whom they had a high opinion. So the first time the three were together one of the girls asked him:

"If you met Myers, the grocer, on Broadway, would you speak to him?"

"Why, yes, certainly; why do you ask?"

"And would you speak to the man who cobbles your shoes?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"And the janitor of the building where you have your office?"

"Of course."

"And the boy that runs the elevator?"

"Certainly."

"Is there anybody you know that you don't speak to?"

"Well, yes; I don't speak to Jones, who cheated a poor widow out of her house; or to Brown, who grinds down his employees and gives them starvation wages; or to Smith, whom I know to be in private anything but the saint he seems to be in public. I speak to every honest man I know whom I chance to meet. Why do you ask?"

"Because we simply want to know," replied the young lady who had taken her friend to task for speaking to a cobbler. In fact, she was ashamed to tell him that he was referee in the discussion on this point held a day or two before.

It is the privilege of nobility to be gentle and courteous to all. Kindly words hurt no one, least of all him or her who speaks them.