

time in company, attending balls, parties and theatres; and there seemed to be great danger that the good gifts which God had graciously granted her would be lavished on empty worldly pursuits.

But in time of sorrow her loving Lord drew her to Himself. Her grief at the death of a lady to whom she was much attached made her ill, and for the sake of her health she was taken by her father to the Continent. Whilst staying with some kind friends in France, she longed for rest and peace, and made up her mind to become religious. Morning and evening she read in the Bible, and even in the winter would sometimes rise at three o'clock and go into the garden to offer prayer, with the strange idea that God would the more value prayers said at such a cost, and that they would be sure to open the door of heaven to her.

After her return home she went one evening to hear a minister, who spoke of "the proud Pharisees who trusted in their own works and righteousness." As she listened her sadness increased, and the tears rolled down her face, for she saw how much her own conduct had been like that of the Pharisees. Her sorrow during the week which followed was extreme; and when a fortnight later she went to the same place of worship she said to the servant who was with her, "Unless I get some comfort to-night, I do not think I dare go again."

One of her friends had previously said to her that if she wept so much in church, those who saw her would think she was a great sinner; to which she had answered, "They will not think me a greater sinner than I think myself." And when that evening the minister gave out the following text, about our Saviour, "This man receiveth sinners," her heart bounded with joy; for as the words of cheer reached her outward ear, the Spirit of God caused the glad tidings to enter her truly penitent and sincerely-seeking soul. She felt that her Saviour was waiting with open arms to receive her, and with quiet peaceful trust she gave up her heart to Him.

Only a few days later, as she was walking down a miserable street, having prayerfully desired that the Lord would direct her steps, a wretched-looking woman accosted her with the question, "Be you a district visitor?"

"I'm anything you like to call me," was her reply, and then, at the woman's request, she followed her up a dark staircase to a room in which lay a man hopelessly ill, and in great distress of mind. When Geraldine Hooper asked him what he wanted, he answered, "Mercy," and she responded by repeating to him the text, "This man receiveth sinners."

"Where is that?" he asked

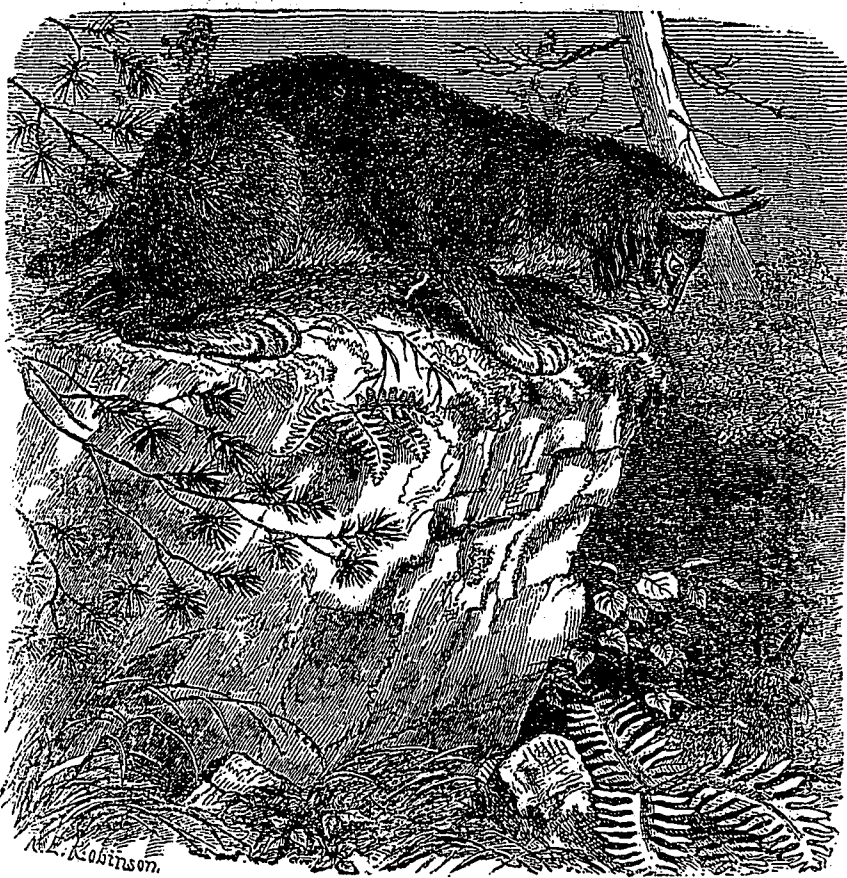
with eagerness; and then she told him of the blessing which that text had been the means of imparting to herself.

"Say it again, read me all about it," he entreated. For many weeks she saw him every day, and his end was a very peaceful one.

After a time Geraldine Hooper felt it right to give up the gay society with which she had been wont to mingle, and to throw her energies into efforts for the good of others; wishing above all else to direct the sinful and sorrowful to a Saviour's forgiving love. At first in a small kitchen in a court, then in the Temperance Hall, and afterwards in a large room under the meeting-house of the Society of Friends, she gave religious addresses in her own city. From small beginnings she was led on to testify for Christ by holding meetings in many parts of England; thousands flocked to hear

One of her addresses to children was about the Good Shepherd, and she told her young hearers that Christ's sheep had enemies, just as the sheep of David had. There was the *wolf* coming so quietly and stealthily to pounce on some poor lamb. "The wicked world," she said, "is just such an enemy to Christ's sheep. It creeps up, oh so stealthily! That little amusement, this trifling vanity. * * * The next great enemy is the *bear*. Now how do you think the bear attacks his prey? He hugs it to death! The bear is self. Don't you often feel self-will and selfishness? And when mother tells you to do something you don't like, or to leave off doing something you *do* like, you feel the strength of the bear of self."

Of her whole life it may be truly said that she labored much in the Lord.—*London Friend's Tract.*



THE CANADA LYNX.

her, and a manifest blessing rested on her ministry. "What an awful responsibility," she wrote, "it is to possess such a power! God has committed to me this talent, not that I may bury it, or use it, for my own ends, but that I may turn it to account for His glory and for the good of souls." When sometimes deeply feeling her own powerlessness, though she truly rejoiced in the service of the Lord, she was comforted by such texts as, "Say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak."

In a letter to a school girl she writes: "Be not content, dearest M—, with having found Christ, or being found of Him. Walk with Jesus, live for Jesus, testify for Jesus; deny yourself."

THE BLACK MARTEN.

The Martens differ from the Weasels by being shorter and more compact, and by residing chiefly in trees, where their long claws give them a secure hold. There are several kinds of Martens, namely, the Common, the Beech, the Pine, and the Black. The fur of all of them is valuable, though that of the Common Marten is the least so. It is of two sorts: An inner fur, short and soft, and long outer hair from which the whole fur derives its color. All but the Black Marten are of a dark tawny color, the Common Marten having a white throat, and the Pine Marten a yellow throat. The most valuable skins, however, are those of the Black Marten. This animal

is found, though rarely, in our Northern States, but it is abundant in British America as far north as the Great Slave Lake. It is very plentiful in the rocky and mountainous, but woody, district of the Nipigon on the north side of Lake Superior. It is called differently in different regions—Pennants Marten, Black Fox, Fisher Weasel, and Black Cat, being some of the names applied to it by the settlers.

THE CANADIAN LYNX.

The Canada Lynx lives in the forests of the northern part of the United States as well as in Canada. It catches hares, squirrels, and partridges, pursuing the birds even among the tree tops. The long fur of the Lynx has been made into muffs and capes for many years, and been worn by American ladies.

Some people tell others when they are in danger they must be "lynx-eyed." They mean that they must be watchful like this creature, who is always on the look-out, and nothing can come near him without his knowing it. The Wild Cat is very much like the Lynx, but is much smaller.

AMONG THE PIOUS resolutions entered in the common-place book of the learned and witty Sir Thomas Browne was this: "To pray in all places where privacy inviteth; in any house, highway, or street; and to know no street or passage in the city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it." A prayer upon the street may be as effectual as one in the church or the closet. The Bible forbids us to make an unseemly public display of our devotions; but the "Pray without ceasing" of St. Paul bids us to carry a devotional spirit into our daily work. A quickened spiritual thought, an unspoken tribute of praise, or a brief petition that does not come to the lips, may be a great help in temptation or in toil. You may not be able to carry out to the full the beautiful resolution of Sir Thomas Browne; but it will be well to enquire how many of the streets and ways you frequent have been consecrated by some petition or aspiration, or thanksgiving.—*S. S. Times.*

No MAN can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—*Memphis.*