

"I do not say that, Monsieur," I replied, "but oh, there is a barrier between us."

"Not now, perhaps," he answered solemnly.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, half sobbing, "I am not thinking of rank or station, you are too generous for me to remember that. But oh, Monsieur, my Christian faith, it is dearer to me than I can express, whereas you—"

"What if I were to say I have learnt to prize it dearly also?" he replied, "Look here!" and he drew from his pocket the English Testament which I had lost. "The old woodman picked it up," he said, "along with your vinaigrette. I knew enough of English to read it, and read it, first of all, in his hovel. I have read it many times since, especially the Gospels, which you recommended. They have changed me. I see in them a beauty and a power which testifies to their truth. True! they must be true! they are too soul-satisfying to be otherwise. They seem to me like Heaven's own helping hand stretched out to save us poor sinful men."

"Oh, Monsieur, do you think so? Thank God! then, thank God!" and I was so glad that I burst into tears. "I never thought," I said, "of your being a Christian."

"Help me to become one in deed and in truth," he whispered; "help me, my beloved one," and he drew me towards him, and made me weep upon his shoulder.

I help him? Nay, it is he who has helped me, rather, through our long and happy married life. But what need have I to add more? My tale is told, and even as I write three little ones are crowding round my knee, begging I will repeat to them again their favourite story of how dear grandfather was once supposed to be "only a lacquey."

"MISTER HORN" ON GIVING.

IF Mr. Pearse had never written another book than "Mister Horn and His Friends," he had laid Methodism, aye, and the whole world of right-thinking Christians, under a tribute of lifelong gratitude. So terse, so plain, and yet so loving an injunction to give "as the Lord hath prospered us," we have never before seen, and we earnestly trust our readers will carefully peruse the following extract, which will, we hope, lead them to buy the book, recently issued by the Wesleyan Conference in a new and very attractive form.

The following is the close of a sermon by Mister Horn to his neighbours:—

"To give with the right spirit is the third thing.—Not to let a poor relation starve because you want to look fine at the top of a subscription list. Thy money perish with thee if thou canst play the Pharisee like that!—thou and thy giving art like to go to perdition. And not to give either because somebody else is giving and it won't do for you to be behind them—people would notice it. Yes, and there is One who notices such giving as that, and He won't take it as done unto Him. Remember what the book says, *not grudgingly or of necessity*.

"Grudgingly! Why there are some folks, I'd as soon kick a beehive over as ask them for sixpence for the Master. You'll set 'em a-going at once, buzzin' and stingin', and then stop them if you can. They'll give you all the sorrows and misfortunes of their lives, from their teethin' upwards, till you'd think that nobody ever was so unfortunate. Poor creatures, twenty years ago didn't some man do half-a-sovereign in their debt, and he hasn't paid 'em since, and he professed to be a religious man too! And there was old Mr. So-and-so, they did think that he would have remembered them in his will—but there what could you expect with such a set about the old man? You'll hear all their grumblings and growlings against everybody in the church and out of it, all the faults and failin's of the whole parish. And after that, very likely they will ask you to call again for the sixpence because they must think about it. And when you do call again they'll have found out some new reason for not giving anything; or else they'll bring you a three-penny-bit, with a great sigh as if they were parting with their first born. *The Lord loveth a cheerful giver*. And no wonder either, for 'tis one o' the prettiest sights, and in these parts one o' the rarest too.

"Now, my friends, I've about done, for I can't either preach or listen to long sermons. If once in your lifetime you've been stirred up to think about this matter of giving I am thankful. And the Lord help us to see our duty and

help us to do it. There's plenty of work for thee to do with thy money, hast thou much or little.

"Eh, my friends! when I think of this poor, poor world, think of the hungry little children, think of the homes stripped bare by want, and of them inside that are ready to perish with hunger, ay and of them that are hungry and are homeless too—when I think of the sufferers that are dyin' for want of money to buy the skill and medicine that could save them—and think of the dark souls whose lamps are gone out, and know that money would buy oil for their lamps, the Bibles it would buy and the missionaries it would send—then money seems to me like an angel of God troublin' the waters to heal poor sick folk, comin' to forlorn mothers in the wilderness and caring for the children, and seemin' to say, 'Fear not, Haggar, for the Lord hath heard the voice of the child.' An angel that lifts the poor Lazarus up out of his misery into such blessing and tender service that it is like heaven to him; that meets the penitent outcasts, and putting them in the way of an honest living, saith, 'Go in peace and sin no more'; ay, like Him whom the angels worship, it *can go about doing good*. Then I think of how men scrape and hoard it till I have wept at the picture that has risen before me, as if the angel were chained and fettered, like Peter in prison, and hosts in the perishing city are crying to God that it may be loosed and come to them before they die. Ay, I've wept as I've thought how often it is a fallen angel—the white robes flung off, and I've seen it come forth with a harlot's gauds and paint, spending herself in noisy riot, corrupting and cursing, she that could have been a white handed angel of God.

"Yes, money, if we use it right, may be a strong right arm in God's great world, to help, to defend, to uplift and to save. But use it wrongly, and it is a strong arm still, so injure, to curse, and to destroy—whose evil deeds shall return and gather with a tenfold greater hurt upon the owner thereof."

NOTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD.

THERE is nothing too hard for God. When we look at the human side of the question, difficulties and obstacles rise on every hand, and hedge our way and hinder our progress; and if our view is only a human view, we sink discouraged and dismayed. But if, on the other hand, we will take a look at the Divine side of the question, how soon our fears vanish, and our difficulties disperse! With God all things are possible, and the faith that takes hold upon His arm partakes of His omnipotence.

There are many things which men have done that seemed impossible at the first. The power of mechanical or chemical forces, directed by scientific intelligence, exceeds by far the bounds of ordinary belief; but when we pass from this sphere into that upper realm where the Almighty rules and presides, surely nothing is beyond the reach of His almighty hand!

Hence, in estimating possibilities or probabilities of success in any course, it is for us to inquire first of all, What is the will of God concerning the matter? Does He undertake the cause? Is He upon the side of its success? Are we doing His will rather than our own? If the work we undertake is His work, and if He has appointed us to do it, we may move on in all the calmness of a living faith, without one doubt or fear, knowing that He "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" can give us victory. The thing which God wishes to be done *can* be done, and, if we will be workers with Him, *shall* be done, for neither men nor devils can restrain the arm of our wonder-working God. Let us, then, have courage, and banish fear. Let us work the works of God, confident that our labour will not be fruitless, and that our victory is assured by Him before the fight begins.

Neglect of private duties is the great reason why the hearts of many are so dead and dull, so formal and carnal, so barren and unfruitful under public ordinances. Oh, that Christians would lay this seriously to heart! Certainly that man's heart is best in public duties who is most frequent in private exercises.

When Calvin was banished from ungrateful Geneva, he said, "Most assuredly, if I had merely served man, this would have been a poor recompense; but it is my happiness that I have served Him who never fails to reward His servants to the full extent of His promise."