till I was

ldn't have

ut I know

a-trying,

it, so I've

a day or

of a candle

'em; but

Crawford,

I did not

t it, there-

consider-

Sawyers,

lered over

you your-

utting his

fair play, ice."

t wish to

starting

d staring

not wish

anything

ry coldly

e meant,

dleys, we

queer lot.

y on that

r none of

y at that

must be

lled poor

t lane to

ight, Mr.

was not

etreating

it a good

Jrawford

arrived

he could

) had ar-

im. He

ength at

pleasant

e went.

that he

of your

had par-

Ridley's

twelve

ant you going to

me, can-

ell, our

All I

would bring the money on Christmas Eve, so she n suddenly 've comed. was to get it by Boxing Day." at reward; "And he did not bring it?" aint likely

"No, sir; but he tried to, and nearly lost his

"And what became of Matty?"

"Everything was sold up, and she was coming home, but some one found her a situation to take care of a house where the family had gone abroad for a time, and she was only too thankful to get it.'

George Ridley walked part of the way back with Basil Crawford, and when they had again come to the high road, Basil said, "I am sorry to hear, George, that you are still hard up; that farm of yours is not what it might be.

"No, sir, and never will be. Some day, please God, Mr. Claude will be well again, and perhaps he will give us a better bit of ground; but I shall stick to this in the meantime. I don't mind work; there's many a bit of experience I pick up in the old place here, and many a useful lesson I learn so it's only preparing me for a better farm when I

"Well, I sincerely hope that will be soon George, for I know you would do credit to a better place than you now have. Now go back, man, I know you have a great deal to do, and I know my way perfectly now; so good-night."

And having shaken hands with the young farmer, he walked on alone towards the town, wondering what his hosts would think of his prolonged and uncermonious absence. Then again his thoughts returned to Jem Sawyers, finally to George Ridley.

Which of the two was the most trustworthy?

(To be continued.)

Could there be a doubt?

THE "OROSS" OF GIVING.

We are not strangers, any of us, to a ready practice of trying to make the cross of giving light and agreeable to those who have no faith in devices for getting money, half traffic and half frolic, which return an equivalent of amusement God, up to their knowledge, and labour fast (i. e. have gathered up the total sum and spent it on the phets, and Jesus Christ by His Gospel; and saints Jesus, how differently we should look upon them field? No doubt the mere fact of giving is a declare it well by authority and reason." field? No doubt the mere fact of giving is a declare it well by authority and reason." means of grace. No doubt some dark soul in the a glimpse of the great Light by means of the and breathing form of that holy benevolence, profits made at a parish entertainment which which is here portrayed with so much admirable begins with something like a theatre, and has simplicity and beauty. something like a gambling table in a corner, ends with a supper and a dance.

But suppose you Christianize a heathen abroad by half heathenizing several Christians at home! After all, ought anything to be put instead of the "grace," the principle, the faith? What if we succeed in persuading men to give because they can give without feeling it, or contrive some other form of benevolence made easy: is that a Gospel for them? Are we not rather preaching Christ when we teach them to give when they feel it most, to give out of poverty, to shorten rest or lengthen labor or abandon pleasure—to carry a cross which leaves on the body or estate "marks of the Lord Jesus?" I ministered once in a church where many a pew stood for a million dollars. There were generous men and saintly women among them, not a few. But it only happened once in the nine years that, after I had announced an offering for the following Sunday, a person stopped after the service to say, "I must be absent next Sunday and wish you to take my gift now." She was not a "Samaritan," but she was a cook, and she was to be absent to cook a rich man's dinner; and I had some reason to suspect that her gift was larger than his. The real "glory to God in the Church by Christ," the great anthem, the sound of many waters, will come when the life of the Son of God in the body of his people mounts so high and runs so free that the evangelizing of the world becomes their natu ral and perpetual joy, their spiritual meat and drink, and its perils and heroisms, and costs are "counted" but a chosen "loss for Christ. Bishop Huntington.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION.

The well-known Bernard Gilpin was accustomed to remark, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good.' When he was summoned by the Popish party to London, to be tried for heresy, just before the close of Queen Mary's reign, he met with an accident on the road. He was tauntingly asked, "Whether his broken leg was also for his good?" "I make no question but it is," was his reply Ere he was able to resume his journey the Queen died, and the life of the good man was thus preserved by his halting limb.

LAST HOURS OF JOHN WICKLIF, D. D.

DIED 1384. AGED 60.

This noble champion of Divine truth was Professor of Theology in Oxford, and Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire; but is most generally known as "The Morning Star of the Reformation." The account of his unwearied labours and severe trials in combating ignorance, prejudice, and false doctrines, and in spreading abroad in England and Germany, a more correct knowledge of the principles of the Gospel of Salvation by Jesus Christ, belongs rather to the province of ecclesiastical history: we therefore proceed to consider the last period of his life, which he spent at Lutterworth. A portion of each morning, it is said, he regularly devoted to the relief of the necessitous, to the consolation of the afflicted, and to the discharge of every pious office, by the bed of sickness and death. Every thing which is actually known respecting Wicklif combines to render this account entirely credible.

The duties of the Christian ministry form the subject of a considerable portion of his writings. To the faithfulness and assiduity with which he discharged one very essential portion of those duties, the extant manuscripts of his parochial discourses bear ample and honorable testimony. "Good priests," he himself tells us, "who live well, being crucified with Christ, by a variety of secular in purity of thought, and speech, and deed, and in good example to the people, who teach the law of for what is paid, substituting this for offerings to much.) day and night, to learn it better, and teach God; or it is proposed to relieve the liberal givers it openly and constantly, these are very prophets by persuading everybody to give a little. But of God, and holy angels of God, and the spiritual have we gone to the root of the matter, when we lights of the world. Thus saith God by His pro-

It is surely delightful to believe that the people region of the shadow of death at Cavalla may get of Lutterworth had before their eyes the living

We now proceed to describe the concluding scenes of his life. The man who for more than twenty years had made the kingdom echo with his testimony against the corruptions of the Church of Rome, was, nevertheless, preserved to close his immortal labours by a peaceful death. After his settlement at Lutterworth, his infirmities compelled him to ease the burden of his parochial duties by the assistance of a curate. To the last, however, he did not wholly discontinue his per sonal administrations, and it was his happiness to finish his course in the public execution of his holy office. On the 29th of December, 1884, he

holy office. On the 29th of Decamber, 1884, he was mortally seized with paralysis in his church. The attack was so severe as to deprive him of speech, and to render him utterly helpless. In this condition he lingered two days, and was finally taken to his rest on the last day of the year.

In 1415 an order was issued, according to which the remains of Wicklif were afterwards disintered and burned, and the ashes cast into the adjoining brook called the Swift. "But though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his sahes, yet the word of God, and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn, which yet to this day, for the most part of his articles, do remain." "The brook," says Fuller, "did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the sahes of Wicklif are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

In his work named "The Poor Caitiff," Dr. John Wicklif thus writes on the resurrection: burned with fire, and the powder thereof thrown the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day. Should the general brightness and joy of the day.

into the four seas that go about the world, yet the soul and it shall come together again, and rise from death to life at the dreadful doom, and from that day forward never after depart. And they that have evil lived, and ended in deadly sin, shall go in body and soul to pain for evermore; and they that have lived well, and kept the commands of God, and fulfilled the deeds of mercy after their power, and ended in charity to God and man, shall go, body and soul together, to bliss for ever-

CHRISTMAS WORDS TO MOTHERS.

There is a thought, my dear sisters in Christ, which is strong in my mind, as I look forward to the birthday of the Saviour. What a glory to have been His mother!—and then I remember that He has said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My mother." (St. Mark iii. 35.)

None but a mother can know what the peculiarity of motherly love is. It is different from any other affection. In its purity it is beyond description. How our thoughts go out continually after our darling children, wherever they may be, and at all times; how ready we are to sacrifice ourselves in every way for their good; how pleasant the sacrifice is to us; how we lose all thought

Who of us would not have felt, indeed, that we were "blessed" to have been the mother of the Divine Child? and yet it seems that we have the privilege—with all reverence I say it—still to be to Him a mother. And how? We can pray to Him; we can in our poor way love Him; we can praise Him—but what is motherly in all that?

Ah, have you forgotten that He said something about "the least of these my brethren"—something about being "hungry, and thirsty, and sick, and in prison?" There is our opportunity!

Like to St. Christopher of old, the Christ child calls to us for help. Oh, that we may have Christmas grace to take up the blessed burden! The orphan, the poor and suffering, the little ones who have no earthly helpers, appeal to us from every side by their great needs, and if we could see the Lord in each one, and feel that, in motherly offices of love to them, we were in His sight-O wondrous condescension !—as His own mother to Him; if our eyes could be opened, and in "the hearted our services!

The "Gentle Mary, mother mild," still remains blessed above all women, but yet to us it is given to be to Him as His mother, if we do His will and lovingly minister to those who are His representatives to us by His own appointment.

As the Christmas-tide is such a sweet oppor-tunity, while the thought of the Christ child is living green in our hearts, to assume with reverence a motherhood to Him, in the person of His little ones, then, in humility, we can look for-ward to the blessed hour when we shall hear His voice accept the poor offering in the gracious words, "Ye did it unto Me."

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

The Church makes no war on the kindly spirit

London. the unhad one after its ebt and usiness, lly, and i as the was in a it here pounds r. Egerr—just ught to a shame itty had

e a land iend, he