

use them. Their kindness should have encouraged me, not to encroach when there was no need of help, but when there was, to ask for it, believing in the doctor's promise."

Sarah Schofield's day of trouble is gone by. Her children are now in health, her husband in full work; the little home looks bright again, and the mother thinks with a thankful heart of the good friends who sent the help just when it was so badly wanted.

In a very few words we may remind those who read Sarah's story of One, our Lord and Master, our Saviour and Friend, who has made sweet and precious promises, and given loving invitations to all who are willing to trust and accept them. He has said, "Come," yet we hang back. He has said, "Ask," "Call upon Me," yet our lips and tongues are silent.

He has promised that wants shall be supplied, prayers answered, comfort given, strength imparted, sin pardoned, defilements cleansed. What has He not promised which can make man happy and give peace and joy here, and the certain hope of glory to come?

And yet we hang back. Not because we have no wants, and sins, and weaknesses, not because we have no tumults within and temptations without, but often because we feel that He has already done so much for us—been so good, whilst we have deserved nothing at His hands.

Let us learn a lesson from Sarah's hesitation and after-regrets, and accept the invitations and claim the fulfilment of the promises made by our Heavenly Friend. We may be quite sure that Jesus never said a word that He did not mean, and that He is always more ready to hear and to give than we are to pray and to ask.

Ruth Lamb.

THOUGHTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

—It is good to make the Lord's day the market day of the soul.

Bunyan.

—If we do not go by the door of grace we shall not find the door of the kingdom of glory.

—The Christian is like the ripening corn: the riper he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.

Guthrie.

—If thou art not born again, all thy outward reformation is nought; thou hast shut the door, but the thief is still in the house.

Boston.

—Of all the means placed by Providence within our reach whereby we may lead souls to Him, there is one more blessed than all others—intercessory prayer.

—Whatever thou art, and wherever thou art, remember God is just *what* thou wantest, and just *where* thou wantest, and that He can do *all* thou wantest.

C. H. Spurgeon.

—It is good that we sometimes have trouble and crosses, for they make a man enter into himself and consider that he ought not to put his trust in any earthly thing.

—The history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard to a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

SOME years ago it devolved on me to form a tract district in the neglected and unfrequented outskirts of a large city.

One cottage I visited was inhabited by an aged daughter and her still more aged mother. With the former I had often exchanged a few words respecting the message of mercy set forth in the tracts; but the mother wore so stern and forbidding an aspect that I hardly dared to address her. But now her step seemed feebler, and the pallor of natural decay overspread her countenance so obviously, that I longed to ask what were her prospects for eternity.

One morning she betrayed unusual agitation, and on returning my salutation added, "Please to sit down awhile, ma'am, if you can spare a little time."

I gladly acquiesced, and to relieve any embarrassment said, "You seem to be getting very feeble, my friend."

"Yes, ma'am, yes; I feel indeed that I am not long for this world."

"Your life has been lengthened far beyond that of most persons. Have you any fear of the last solemn change?"

"That is what I want to talk to you about, ma'am. I am not sure whether all is right, for I have been such a great sinner."

"If you have learned that, I hope you have felt comforted to hear that Jesus Christ came into our world to save great sinners."

"True, ma'am, I know all this in my head; but that is not enough, I want to feel it in my heart. I have been well taught, ma'am, but I have neglected all, and for thirty years never entered the house of God, nor opened my Bible, nor bent the knee in prayer."

"However, God will hear you now, and if you seek Him with your whole heart, He will be found of you."

"I believe this, ma'am, and I believe that God is now making the seed spring up which was sown seventy years ago."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"When I was a child, ma'am, some young ladies had a Sunday-school in my native village, before Sunday-schools were so common as they are nowadays, and they took great pains to teach us; but, thoughtless-like, we silly children felt it rather a hardship to learn hymns and texts instead of gathering flowers, or making snowballs on the Sunday. Still the ladies were so kind we could not help going, and sometimes wished we could feel as happy as they seemed over the Bible. But my mother died, and I came away and married, and lived first in one place and then in another; and as my children came on I left off going to worship on Sunday, because I was so busy.

"When my husband died I was poor, and did not like to go in my shabby clothes; and then I cared nothing at all about it, but lived like a heathen. Even my conscience seemed asleep or seared, as my teacher told me it would be if I neglected its warnings. When you first came here, ma'am, with all those rude