The Unchangeable Gospel.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

You may be aware, dear friends, that I am an especially harsh and ungenial individual, accustomed to great fury in speech, and, therefore, that I may confine myself within due limits and say nothing that should be too strong this morning, I intend to read you a passage of Scripture, promising you that I will not go beyond it in any of the strong utterances that I may use. It is Galatians i. 6—9—"I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel," &c. Paul is an amiable and charitable mood, as I trust I am. He first of all declares solemnly that it there be another and a different gospel and any preach it, though the preacher should be himself—and I understand by his "me" though the preacher should belong to the apostolic college yet he pronounces the solemn sentence of the curse of God upon any who dares to do so. We are not to take for gospel anything that is spoken by a man because he has spoken well at other times. It matters not, though it should be our spiritual father, and though we should look up to him as a great teacher in the church in past days, yet if he preach another gospel we cannot pronounce him blessed. The apostle ventures further and says, though an angel from heaven should do it, we are still to reckon his gospel to be accursed unto us. There is the text then for me, but I am to keep to my subject, the unchangeability of the Gospel. There was a faith once for all delivered to the saints, delivered to their trust as a sacred deposit; they were to maintain it, they were themselves to live upon it, they were to hold it forth and to scatter it throughout all nations, that it might be a means of life to the rest of mankind. Jesus Christ distinctly preached something and His Apostles as distinctly preached that something. It was not left like a piece of brown paper to be cut out with scissors afterwards. There was a Divine statement given and entrusted to the Church of God. You heard our excellent and instructive friend just now lay stress upon "It is written." Now, when you write down in black and white it is because it is to abide; *verba scripta*, these things remain, they continue. If God had intended progressive theology, He would never have given us a book; or, if He had, He would have made an arrangement for successive editions. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it", that settles it. They may speak about it being stereotyped if they will. So it is; but when you have reached perfection you cannot go beyond it. Moreover, the Book which contains this Gospel was sealed, sealed in the most solemn manner by this closing sentence, if any shall add unto this Book God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this Book, and if any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his name from the Book of Life, and from the holy city, and from the things which are written in this Book. I regard, therefore, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to have come to us an absolutely perfect thing, and to abide like the God who gave it, without variableness or shadow of a turning till Christ Himself shall come. I cannot perceive, as I search through Scripture, any hint given us that there would be further discoveries, and that we should improve upon the knowledge of the Apostles; but there is an intimation that there shall come in the last days mockers, walking after our lusts. I see plenty of intimations of a departure from the faith. There is not a hint of fresh doctrine having to spring up. I do not know, and I do not care, what may be the facts about evolution in creation. The theory may be very plausible, but the facts are few enough. As to evolution in theology I cannot perceive anything in Scripture that looks that way. I perceive that which tells me God has spoken that which I am most humbly to receive, but not that He has still in reserve something else under the Gospel dispensation which shall suddenly break forth to supplant that which has gone before it. On the contrary, I see much denunciation of anything like another Gospel. I see a command that we are not to have dealings with such as pervert the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The theory of a progressive Gospel and an improvement of the Gospel seems to land us into the glorification of human intellect. Now, surely we are about to see a transition from the time when it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe to the days when your faith shall stand in the wisdom of men and not in the power of God. These eminently learned men, these scientists, these wonderfully instructive theologians, who have lifted the veil of evidence, say that we have been mistaken in the old faith that saved our fathers. It seems to me that if we follow them we shall have the strongest temptation to trust in man. We learn every now and then that this part of the Book and the other part of the Book is not inspired till one hardly knows what is inspired. It has been suggested, and I beg to suggest it too, to the learned men of the period that the inspired parts henceforth be printed in black, and the rest printed in white or red; for some poor soul might get hanging his faith upon a promise that turns out to be a very suspicious one. I wonder whether "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" is inspired? A great many have found their way to Heaven by it. Has that been a mistake? Well, but one says, when a word is spoken say by the devil or by one of Job's friends, you do not take that as inspired? I take the record of it as inspired; but when such a wonderfully striking remark as that is made I see at once that I am supposed to be an idiot by the gentleman who made it; and it is one of the characteristics of modern culture that it does regard everybody that differs from it as being an idiot and treats him as such; yet I trust we are not all quite reduced to that level. Still we do say this, that we take the Book as inspired throughout, and as being what God would have it be. Be not mistaken, the Holy Scripture has been tried in ten thousand ways and has come out of the furnace like silver seven times refined. Our own experience—I speak to those who have long known the Lord—must have tested some passages which you never tried before, and you have found it true, and your faith

Can on that promise live.
Can on that promise die.

I take it that the Gospel cannot be variable or shifting, because it is certain that man has not changed. Just what man is to-day man was in the time of Christ. Only a few years ago—so lately that the pain of it remains on our memory—we were all startled by an awful revelation of the vice of London, and we found that Sodom and Gomorrah were not things of the past. Then we hear still of a missionary going to India and reading to one of the natives the first chapter of the Romans—that dreadful chapter—and the native said, "I suppose you have written that since you have been in India?" Man is just the same as he ever was; the human heart is still estranged from God, and loves sin and the wages of iniquity. And the law of God has not changed; that which was simple then is simple now. Now if an atoning sacrifice was wanted nineteen hundred years ago, an atoning sacrifice is wanted still. It it was true then that, without shedding of blood, there is no remission of man's sins, it is still the same. Still is it true that human nature is impotent to that which is good. The Saviour said, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." Flesh has not so improved since then that that which is born of the flesh may now be spirit. Still is it certain that "ye must be born again"; still is the Holy Spirit wanted to pour from on high that quickening power and bring the man who is carnal into the spiritual realms. We can bear witness that death is still the same. My brethren and sisters, frequenting as I do the sick beds of the people, I often come down from the chamber of dying saints, and dying sinners too, thanking God that I have just such a Gospel to preach. If I had to stand up by the bed of the sinner and tell him that he must do his duty or he could not be saved, how could I do it when his life in this world is almost at an end? Justification by faith I want for the dying sinner; and when I come down from dying saints, I never in my life heard any child of God in death doing other than resting upon the old Gospel. One may express himself in one way, and another in another way, but it all comes to this—

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling—

or he may say, "My rest is in the all-sufficient atonement made by the blood of Christ." But it is still the same faith that was "in the beginning, and is now, and ever shall be." Dear friends, you and I believe that heaven and hell have not changed—that they are what they were, and, after all the remedial measures that have been proposed by modern sympathy, they still remain as terrible as sin, as terrible as God is just. And we know this also, to our intense joy, that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and the great Father is still the same God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom I may worship as the patriarchs did. I know even that the blessed Spirit is still the same in all His Divine and sacred offices. I do not know, therefore, whether there is any room for change. Well, then, that is my first point—that man, and all the things about man, are still the same. It is also a certain fact, as urged by Canon Girdlestone—and can anybody have the hardihood to deny it—that truth, in the very essence of it, must always be the same. A fact true ten thousand years ago is as true to-day. If two witnesses really see a thing, it is as good, to my mind, as if two thousand saw it. Of course, there were a lot of persons who did not see, for you remember the Irishman's method of disproving his guilt when he said, "There are two persons who saw me commit this theft, but I can bring your honor fifty who didn't see me do it." But the negative does not disprove the positive. Truth must always be the same. But there has been a great advance made, says one. How? In the principles of things? Take mathematical science; great advances have been made in it, but, upon the principle that two and two make four, and three and three make six. No, those things that are fundamental stand the same, and so must the fundamental truths of the Gospel. It was and is sufficient for all the purposes for which God sent it. In the past times that old old story of Jesus and His love was taken among barbarians, but there was no need to invest any pretty tales to make them believe in Him. Yes, I know it was a long while ago, but the Gospel did just the same for the natives of the Fiji and South Sea Islands. But we are told that we have a more enlightened population to deal with, and that you must go to them with a philosophical Gospel. Must you? Now, taking all in all, I think that the Greek sages were equal, man for man, to the gentlemen of the present period, notwithstanding school boards. Yet the Gospel was a match for them, although it was bothered for a while with Agnosticism. To-day the Gospel commands some of the most splendid intellects on the face of the earth. I do not, as an old-fashioned believer, feel a bit ashamed of my company. I know the great names that you can quote. Quote them till you have done quoting, they will never be quoted in the next generation, except with execration. But those with whom I stand—standing up for God and for the eternal truth—shall have names that shall live while time shall last. Do not keep the heavenly light hidden away in your own bosom. We want to give the people more of the Gospel. I remember well Cæsar Malan, and shall never forget his grave and reverent face. A story is told of him, how, in travelling from Boulogne to Paris, he would persist in reading the Bible, and was the means of the conversion of a French atheist, who became afterwards one of Mr. Cæsar Malan's best friends. It is the Word of God that does it, not our talking about God's Word. Use plenty of Scripture, for it is the Divine Word that saves souls. When I get converts, I usually find, when I get a little of their story, it was not what I said, but a text I quoted, that sealed the work. When I think of what the Gospel has done I admire it. Read the stories of the martyrdom of Diocletian and see the way in which the saints of God dared death for Christ's sake. Read the story of Bishop Hannington and the converts in the centre of Africa. Are they not just like the Apostolic martyr? The Gospel can still elevate character to the very highest degree. It is equal to the immoralities even of the great city, if we will but trust it, and instead of using the wooden swords of modern invention, use the good old Jerusalem blade of Christ's Gospel. The Gospel has the same power to create enthusiasm. I begin to detect that already I am not preaching the Gospel to you now, but only speaking of it; yet your hearts burn within you. Now the alterations that have been made do not appear to us to be improvements. It is reported to me that preachers of the improved Gospel seldom display any joy, any delight, any enthusiasm, any fire of soul. One writing to me—standing at the Antipodes of my faith—says to me, "You ask me, 'Does it make you happy?' There is nothing in what I preach that could make anybody happy," and there is not. I contrast this with the fulness of the old preachers I used to hear. How they warmed up, how they seemed to enjoy it themselves, eating themselves while feeding us. The dolorousness of modern prophets reminds me of Tom Hood and the clergyman. It was very wicked of Tom Hood, but after the clergyman had been talking to him very seriously and solemnly, he said, "Excuse me, sir, but I do not think your religion agrees with you." There seems nothing requiring that the Gospel should now be amended. A good many people thought when we had the Revised Version of the Bible we should all be done with. Well, do you know we are very well pleased with the new version after all? We find ourselves as to doctrine, quite content. We have not lost anything, and here and there we have gained. Some think that an improvement in the Gospel is needed because of modern science, but I do not know what science has found out or discovered that is contrary to the Gospel. It is a common thing in the air or the wind to say that science has somehow or another disproved something in the Bible. Now, friends, mark this—the God that wrote the Bible knew all the sciences that ever will be known, and he did not make any mistake. There is nothing in heaven or earth or under the earth that can come into conflict with what God has written. Alterations are being made by different persons which are very dangerous. The very attempt to improve upon the Gospel seems to have left the door open for every error to come in. It seems curious that one of the oldest errors, which we thought long ago had been buried—viz., purgatory—is being revived. You would not think that a system which had sprung up entirely from superstition should now be brought up by rationalism; for if there be in the world to come the hope of a man's repentance and being saved, the next step is the inevitable step that we ought to pray for the dead. It must be so, if they are within the reach of prayer it will be an absolutely Christian act to pray for them. That being so, it will not take many years to institute payments to those who are dedicated to praying for the dead, and we may have indulgences again if somebody does not stand out and say it shall not be. These things must be assailed with all the eloquence of Christian men. There is a story of Waterloo—I know not whether it is true, for no story of Waterloo seems to be authentic—of how a certain regiment was being cut to pieces by the French, unless they had help, but the Duke said, "Stand firm." Again the officers asked for help, but the reply was, "Stand firm." The regiment was lost, but England was rid of the despot. Oh, sirs, the order now, to-day, is, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Mrs. Lorimer's Lent.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I think it is a perfect shame for Bessy Lorimer not to keep Lent better!"

Mrs. Pinney was a widow; a gay, handsome, young woman, fond of society, always ready for a dinner, a reception, a ball, a coaching party—anything, in short that was gayety. With all this she was a very devoted Churchwoman—in Lent. Her forty days' piety did duty for the whole year. There was a sort of commercial fashion about her religion and her worldliness that made one think of the old distiches that were once in vogue concerning the just division of the twenty four hours: so much to study, so much to sleep, so much to the world, and so much to godliness. It was Mrs. Pinney's way, and no other seemed so good in her sight, and she objected to any other way with the vigor that characterized her speech always.

Miss Lorimer was a quiet maiden lady who lived by herself in the house where her father and her grandfather both had lived. She had money enough to be thoroughly comfortable as well as charitable, and she too was a devout Churchwoman, though she did not say as much about it as Mrs. Pinney.

The latter lady's wrath just now was excited by the fact that she had heard of Miss Lorimer's going to a reception one Thursday soon after Lent began; she had seen the butcher twice carry in a steak to her on a Wednesday morning, for the window of Mrs. Pinney's parlor in the boarding-house where she spent her days overlooked Miss Lorimer's kitchen door; and she had seen Miss Lorimer's maid going about with a little basket of notes, not leaving one for her! Could it be that Bessy Lorimer would do such a thing as to entertain in Lent? Indeed she did! It was only the very next day that by the wide shining of the full moon on the snow-shrouded town of Dartford, Mrs. Pinney watched at least forty men and women crowding into Miss Lorimer's front door.

Now Bessy Lorimer was a little peculiar, no doubt; but it was that blessed sort of peculiarity that is inherent in people who are not entirely enslaved by forms and conventions but try to follow the guidance of Scripture in their daily lives, sir ply and honestly. She had set herself to consider the matter of Lent this year as never before; partly because she was always in earnest to do whatever seemed her duty, thoroughly and patiently, and also because for many years past she had either been travelling at this season with a restless invalid father, who exacted such attendance and care, and was so discontented with any place where they spent more than a week, that any systematic devotional observance was just as impossible to her as to a bird on the wing. She could not even go to church often, so impatient and imperious were her father's demands on her time. And when he died she herself was a broken-down invalid from over-work and care; every Lent for five years had found her somewhere in a warm climate, with a nurse to care for her, and her former inabilities to observe the time doubled. But now, though still delicate, she was comparatively well.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "I like fish better to eat than anything else except eggs, and vegetables are next best. Dr. Shedd says I must eat meat or lose all the strength I have gained; it will be at once a self-denial and a duty. I must keep my Lent as regards food by eating meat every day, and giving up the Friday's fish dinner, which has really been the feast of the week to me. I don't like beans. I will use them as my vegetable, and rice which I dislike, too. But what shall I do about Mrs. Sayre's reception? I don't like gay society, I don't like to go out in Lent; but she is almost a stranger here, she does not go to our church, and she entertains now the people who have been kind and hospitable to Mr. Sayre for the two years he has lived here without her. I was her intimate school friend and I am the only person she knows very well in Dartford; she has begged me to receive with her. In her place I should want the help of a friend myself, but I hate the idea! And in Lent, too!" Suddenly across her meditation came the words: "Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure!" She went for her Concordance, found the chapter in Isaiah, read it over, and decided to go to Mrs. Sayre's and do her best to help her. This then was the Scripture idea of a fast even among the ritualistic Israelites, the first Church of God! Not outward affliction, but inward self-denial; not starvation of the flesh, but humility and service of spirit. And other words came to her mind with greater force.

"But thou when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret."

Here was her warrant; it was true that people would talk about her going to such a party in Lent; but this must be a part of her self denial, her discipline; here was the Master's order "that thou appear not to men to fast."

So in simple faith and obedience Bessy Lorimer went to her friend's reception. It was hard for her, very hard, shy and quiet as nature and her life had made her, to stand there by Mrs. Sayre and introduce to her full half of her guests. Of her dress Bessy did not think: her gray silk, modest as a nun's robe, with a little old lace at the throat and wrists, and one pink rose among its folds at her neck, looked beside Mrs. Sayre's gorgeous French dress and glittering diamonds like a bit of mignonette against a cluster of tulips; but this did not trouble either wearer. Mrs. Sayre's mind was no more on her dress than her friend's, she was only filled with gratitude for the kindness that put her so at ease among strangers, and she looked with real affection at the sweet face that was tinted with embarrassment not in any other way demonstrated. Bessy's manners were of that best sort that shows

"A heart at leisure with itself."

And though the situation pained and tired her, she went through with it manfully till a certain coarse woman, whose place in Dartford society had been won step after step by her husband's increasing money, came up to be presented.

"Why Lizabeth Lorimer!" she exclaimed, when she had shaken hands with Mrs. Sayre, "you don't say it's you? I thought you 'Piscopal folks never went to this kind of a thing in Lent. I can't believe my eyes!"

Bessy colored hotly; but said smilingly: "I think you can trust your eyes Mrs. Sands; it is really I."

Something in the quiet ignoring of her question prevented Mrs. Sands from further remark; or, it may be, that another arrival warned her to give place to the next comer; but Mrs. Sayer had heard her; at the next pause she turned to her friend.

Oh, Bess! how thoughtless I was to ask you! but I never remembered it was Lent; you know we don't observe it. Why didn't you tell me, you dear, sweet soul?"

Bessy laughed gently. I don't think it is wicked to help a friend in fast-time, Laura."

"But I know it was a piece of real goodness and unselfishness in you to do it; and if that isn't keeping Lent I don't know what is. I shall believe in it after this."

Bessy's eyes filled with tears; here was the prompt, if secret reward of the Father for the secret service he only saw; she had not anointed her head and washed her face in vain. Laura Sayre was not a religious woman, bright, kind and generous as she was; but she believed in Bessy Lorimer's religion then and thereafter; and perhaps this was her first heavenward step. Mrs. Pinney that same day had eaten only dry bread for her breakfast, and a bit of salt fish for dinner; she had twice been to prayers, and had worn a black wool suit all day; that was her way, but her maid said at the kitchen tea-table:

"Well I shall be thankful when Lent's over! Mrs. Pinney's like a bear, always, till it's done; I've had three regular scoldin's since she got up to early church, and that's about what I shall get till she goes to eatin' and visitin' again."

"That's the way some folks dose take their religion. I've see it frequent," chorused the black waiter.

Every day Miss Lorimer sat down to her small steak or chop, and dutifully ate what she could; she really did it as a duty; her tastes were decided, if delicate, and she had never liked meat; the shops were full of golden Florida oranges, and fragrant grape-fruit; the early lettuce and hot-bed radishes appeared in market, cool, tender and crisp. Mrs. Pinney had all these luxuries as soon as they arrived; but Bessy Lorimer did not send for them; it was her way to fast, but nobody was aware of it.

She had a natural dislike to going about among the poor, a sense of intruding herself on their wants and sorrows; and hitherto her own health had prevented her visiting even those on whom she showered her charities; she heard of all their woes and wants through other people, and did her best to relieve them, but the deep shyness that was one of her natural traits, kept her from giving those best gifts of all, the sympathy of look and speech, the kind word and gentle touch that enhance and spiritualize gifts of money. It is so much easier to take what is given if a tender look, a gentle voice, a fraternal grasp go with the gift. Bessy Lorimer had just begun to learn this; it was one of her Lenten self-denials to put it in practice. She began to go about among sick people first; to carry little dainties, a few flowers, a gay picture or a pleasant book; and she found herself so welcome that it was easier to go on and carry the comfort of her presence to those who were only in poverty. It is true that she encountered many unpleasant things; that she was by no means always willingly received; that her presence was sometimes resented, and this hurt her, but it was something to bear; it was lifting one end of her Master's cross, who "was despised and rejected of men," and tears of devout thankfulness rose to her eyes as the memory of those words returned to her.

It was one of her great pleasures to go to church, she had been so long shut out from its beloved services; but now she often gave up the daily evening prayer to sit beside some sick friend who could not get out; or with some poor woman who listened gladly to the collects and lessons which she could never hear in church, because she could not leave her crowd of children.

As she grew more familiar with the families she helped and visited, Miss Lorimer would often send the weary mother to her own seat in the church, and stay in her place; a real and deep self denial, for she was utterly unaccustomed to children, and there was none of infancy's charming fascinations among these wan and squalid babies, who cried and wrangled, were unmouth and dirty; but Bessy Lorimer knew that she might not call anything common or unclean to whom she might be of help or comfort.

Mrs. Pinney went to every Lenten service; in the most proper of somber costumes she bent the knee and called herself a miserable sinner; always looking about her to note with accurate displeasure the empty seats; especially Miss Lorimer's.

Now our heroine, although she was a good woman, was by no means perfect; and when Mrs. Pinney remarked to her with an air of sanctimony and superiority that had very little religion about it, as they met one day after prayers: "I believe, Miss Lorimer, you do not approve of Lent. I rarely see you at church."

Miss Lorimer's temper was roused; her face flushed and her eyes glowed with indignant light; she opened her lips to speak but remembered the time; they closed again firmly, and with a silent bow she passed out of the church porch and went home, her anger giving way to shame that she had so yielded to it and allowed herself to despise even such a woman as Mrs. Pinney, for whom, too, the Lord had died.

Miss Lorimer was a woman with a woman's tastes; she was not fond of showy or elaborate dress, but she did like certain things very much; lace better than jewels, and the dream she had long cherished was to possess a real India shawl. Her past health and her continual travelling about with her father had made such a thing useless to her; but now that she had settled down among her own people and in her native place she had laid aside out of her income for the last few years a thousand dollars to invest in this bit of elegant attire. A cheap India shawl, gay and coarse, was not to her liking; she wanted one fine, soft and delicate in its mingled tints, with a white centre, and she meant to go down to New York after Easter and buy it.

In the course of her charitable visits, however, Miss Lorimer became interested in a young girl, who had lost both her parents, and was left with the care of three younger children; she had learned the dress-making trade before she was so left, and had supported herself by working with an older woman, long in the business; but now she could neither leave home nor bring home work; the tenement where she lived was on a narrow dirty street, and in the third story; she had her hands full to keep the children from real starvation on work fetched from a clothing shop, and underpaid at that. Sometimes poor Sarah's heart failed her; and it was at one of these times toward the end of Lent that Miss Lorimer came in and found her sitting by the stove where a handful of coal pretended to be a fire, the three children were covered up in a bed to keep them warm; and Sally crouched over the stove with her head in her hands. As she raised her face in welcome, it was covered with tears.

"My dear Sally, what is it?" tenderly asked her visitor.

"Oh, Miss Lorimer!—I've about given up. I can't keep these chicks on slop-work; they have to go cold and hungry, and ragged, too; their clothes are past patching."

"You have a good trade, too?"

"Yes: but I can't leave Ben and Alma; Jenny must go to school. I promised mother; and who would fetch dresses into this whole, or how could I sew them here if they did?"

"Haven't you any relations, Sally?"

"Nobody but an old aunt over in Flitten, a good deal older than Ma was; she must be fifty; but she's poor, too; she goes out tailorin' and doing odd jobs; she can't help us."

Well, dear I came to let you go to church. I wore this cloak, which is rather short for me, on purpose for you. You need not stop to dress; just tie on your bonnet, and while you are gone I'll think for you. Please leave this note at my house as you pass."

Miss Lorimer scribbled a little note on the blank page of a letter she had in her bag, directed it to her cook, and then put her warm long cloth cloak on over Sally's dress, which was thin and worn as a dress could be; yet not ragged; and the girl went off with a lighter heart, for an hour's rest in the warm church; and the comfort of its earnest prayers meant a great deal to Sally Snow. While Miss Lorimer was waiting for the reply to her note her kind heart ached for the want about her. The three children were asleep. The warmth of the bed had made them forget their hunger for a while; they were at rest. But all the room, which was small, showed how poor they were. Even in the closet there was but half a small loaf of bread and a little piece of hard cheese for their supper. Miss Lorimer, sitting shivering by the half-warm stove, began to ponder on the situation. If she could only move these children to some decent place where Sally could get work, all would go well. There was the aunt from the country; no doubt she would be glad to come and help for her board; she got little more than that now, and once here she could take in odd bits of repairing, and plain sewing. Miss Lorimer herself often had needed such a person.

Her reveries were interrupted by the entrance of a man with two barrels of coal, which he fetched up all those stairs in installments, heaping half the first basketful into the stove, where it crackled and blazed cheerfully. After this Miss Lorimer gave him some directions; he went, and returned, and then went away. When Sally came back, rested and refreshed, she found a warm room and a trio of rosy, clamoring children gathered about a plate of rolls, well-buttered, and a milk-pan full of doughnuts. Miss Lorimer had made a raid on her own kitchen, evidently, for a pan of baked beans, a basket of eggs, a pitcher of milk and a big loaf of home-made bread filled the closet-shelf. Miss Lorimer would have to fast to-morrow morning, perhaps, but she did not care.

She left Sally Snow happy and went home to think. The Paisley shawl that had been her mother's lay across the foot of her bed; it had done good service in travelling and invalidism; it was worn and faded; but it had its errand yet.

Bessy Lorimer sat down and looked at it. To her honest soul the question came home: "Have I a right to spend a thousand dollars for a mere luxury or elegance when I can save all these children alive?"

Both she could not do; she had her regular charities, and her pleasant old house was a real refuge to many a needy relative who came to spend weeks and months under its hospitable roof; she had been obliged to economize, and that little by little, before she would allow herself to buy the India shawl; the thousand dollars lay waiting in the bank. Dare she use it so?"

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out of thy house?" Where did these words come from? She took up her Bible and again hunted them out; the fifty-eighth chapter of Isa'ah is a long directory for Lent. When Miss Lorimer had read it her mind was made up.

The next day she went out house-hunting; and after much going to and fro she found a little house just off the main street of the town with a bit of yard and garden about it, and three rooms on a floor; the front one would just do for Sally's work; it was quite large and light, and three bedrooms up-stairs were a luxury for the children, even if one must be kept for Aunt Nabby.

That thousand dollars repaired the house; furnished it, very simply it is true, and paid a year's rent; then Miss Lorimer took a train for Flitten, interviewed Miss Nabby Scranton, and after much persuasion made her promise to come next day and establish herself and her belongings in the new home. The week before Easter saw Sally and the children transferred to the little house; on the front door a modest sign declared that "S. A. Snow, Dressmaker," dwelt therein, and as her former employer was about to leave town and live with her daughter in Colorado, Sally fell heir to many of her customers at Miss Lorimer's recommendation. She was put in a place now where she could help herself—greatest of all charities.

Miss Lorimer went to the Easter services in her last year's wrap; but it is not on record that she thought much about it, for in the gallery opposite her pew sat Aunt Nabby, respectable as only a woman of her type and race can be in old-fashioned but whole and neat apparel; Sally looking as happy as a swallow that "hath found her a nest," and the three children, all neat and clean.

After service a cousin of Miss Lorimer's, who boarded at the same house with Mrs. Pinney, looking at that dame's new and costly finery, her Easter bonnet, her trailing shawl, and shimmering silk dress, turned to Miss Lorimer and said, as people's cousins will say when they "feel it a duty to speak":

"Bessy, why won't you dress a little more? I thought you were going to have an India shawl this spring, and a white centred one?"

I have got my shawl, Lydia, and it has a white centre, too," calmly answered Miss Lorimer, thinking of the little white house, and adding with a smile, "but I never shall wear it!"

"What a queer creature you are!"

Perhaps she was, but they did not think so who were benefited for their whole lives by Miss Lorimer's Lent.

Wasted Lives

are seen all around. This should not be so. All can get on well if they will but look out for the good chances that are offered. Those who take hold of our new line of business can make $1 per hour and upwards, easily and pleasantly. You can do the work and live at home. Both sexes, all ages. We start you free, and put you on the road to fortune. No special ability or training required. Any one can do the work. Write at once and learn all; then should you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Brown Brothers & Co.,
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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1y29

Consumption Cured.—An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block* Rochester, *N. Y.* eow

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