

"Still, I believe you did not bring much money with you?" and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he thankfully accepted as the answer to his prayers for aid.

Some time after this, the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck off from the list of students. The money must be paid by six o'clock Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and the poor fellow had no money, and knew not where to get it. He spent the whole day in his closet in prayer. Five o'clock came, and no money. His faith began to fail. He walked the room in a perspiration, and with weeping. Some one knocked. "Come in." It was the gentleman of whom he rented the room, almost an entire stranger.

"I called to see how you liked your room?"

"Thank you sir; I like it very much."

"I thought I would ask you one other question. Have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling says he felt like the prophet when the angel took him by the hair of the head, and carried him to Babylon! He thought it a sin.

"No sir, I have no money."

The gentleman looked at him with surprise; and at length said,

"I see how it is; God has sent me to help you."

He left the room, and returned at once with forty dollars in gold. Stilling says he then felt like Daniel in the lion's den, when the angel came to help him.

To the end of his long and most useful life, he always drew on the Bank of Faith, and it never failed him!

—*E. S. Times.*

TOUCHED IN THE RIGHT SPOT.

I once had occasion to present a certain character as a prosperous mechanic. He seemed not much inclined to help it; but after listening to my representations a while, he at length suddenly gave way, and made a handsome subscription. In due time he paid it cheerfully, and said, "Do you know what carried the point with me that day when you made the application?" "No," I replied. "Well, I'll tell you: I was not much moved by anything you said, till you came to mention that much about the Israelites: (He that gathered much had nothing over; and he that gathered little had no lack.) Thinks I, that's just my own history. Once I was a poor, hard-working man. Now I've got a good deal of money. But as for real comfort and use, I've got more out of it now than I did then.—When I gather much, I've nothing over; and when I gathered little, I had no more than I need." "That's just the case," I said. "I've got more than I need, and I don't know it, 'touched him in

the right spot." And that point will touch many a man in the right spot. What thoughtful man who has passed through various conditions, has had his ups and downs, as the saying is, does not know that abundance can yield a man no more than simple competency; that compensating weights are somehow put in both sides of the scales which pretty nearly equalize our different conditions. Why, the heathen knew it long ago. Hesiod and Horace have expressed it with a simple force and beauty not to be surpassed. And the wisest and wisest observer of human life has told us, that, "when goods increase they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?"

John Jacob Astor was once complimented on the enormous wealth he had accumulated.—"Would you be willing," said he to the person who made the remark, "to take care of all this property just for a maintenance?" "No," said the other; "I should think myself entitled to better commissions than that." "Well," said Mr. Astor, "that's all that I get out of it."

That's all that any man can get out of the largest heaps of worldly accumulations; except as he "shakes the superfluous" to holy and charitable objects, and so turns the mere unused surplus of his wealth into its most solid and enduring part, treasuring it up in "bags which wax not old," and converting it into "a treasure in the heavens, which faileth not."—*Tract Journal.*

QUARTER OF AN HOUR WITH A BAD BOOK.

About twenty-five years ago, I formed a most intimate acquaintance with a young man of fine education and commanding talents, and we soon became bosom friends. One morning after school, at a street corner, he handed me a book which he said he could lend to me for only one quarter of an hour. We stood at the corner a few moments, while I looked at the obscene pictures, and read a few pages in that polluting volume. I handed it back to him and never saw it again; but the poison took effect, "the sin left its mark." I cannot erase the effects of the impure thoughts which in that quarter of an hour that vile book lodged in my heart, and which, may God forgive me, I harboured there. I can and do pray against the sin, and for God's grace yet to conquer it; but it is a thorn in my flesh, and still causes me great bitterness and anguish.

Young men, as a lover of your souls, I tell you in all sincerity that there is nothing