

on the bright side of things, and so encouraging others, rather than complaining and grumbling and making themselves and everybody else about them miserable! *C. H. L.*

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"WHAT I give is nothing to any body," said a man once when he thought the subject of giving was getting to be too much of a personal matter, in the company where he was. While few of us would care to express ourselves in such language as the above, yet the question as to our giving to God's cause and God's work is a very personal one. We live in a time when our opportunities are many, and God's calls are loud and numerous. In nearly every parish there are various works that need our help. "The poor ye have always with you"—God's poor, often those to whom Christ referred when He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We have splendid opportunities for pushing Christ's work in Algoma and the great Northwest of our own Canada. The writer had the privilege one summer of driving some four or five hundred miles through Manitoba, and the calls to help in that part are many. As the settlers go back and take up new homes, they cannot at once without help support the ministrations of our Church in their midst, much less supply the needs of the Indian missions. Then there are the needs of the other dioceses, the work among the Indians and Esquimaux of our far northern regions. What a splendid work to help make the light of the Gospel shine in every part of our own land, so that at least not a Canadian shall be able to say he had no opportunity of learning the way of life! *C. H. L.*

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LOOKING beyond our own borders, in nearly every land there are now "open doors," and not only are the people crying, "Come over and help us," but God is commanding His followers to go in and take possession in the name of the Lord and proclaim His love to every creature. Yet in the light of all this need, the very vastness of which one would think would call God's soldiers to heroic self-denial and effort, the

work is hindered by the lack of means, and at the same time many who call themselves Christians, yea, many who love the Lord Jesus Christ, make no systematic effort to supply this need. System is needed in giving as in other things, and, if the Jews gave at least a tenth for the support of God's cause and worship in their midst, surely Christians, with their higher privileges and greater responsibilities, should give at least that proportion for God's work at home, and the carrying of His Gospel to those who have it not. May all the readers of these lines "lay by as God blesses them," and then many of them will be surprised to find how much pleasure they take in distributing the money in answer to the calls made upon them, and how with their gifts will go out their desires and prayers for the extension of their Redeemer's kingdom. So true is it "that where your treasure is there will your heart be also." *C. H. L.*

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BE sure, writes Mr. Gladstone that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say that nothing succeeds like success. Effort, honest, manifold, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and exercise your strength. Work onwards, and work upwards; and may the blessings of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

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A PRIVATE letter to a Cincinnati friend by a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of the Tyrol says: "The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and, hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreaths

on a high chair, which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people, whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree.

"They were very simple, for the donors were poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread, but upon all some little message of love was pinned. 'Is there a bride in this house?' I asked of my landlord. 'Ach, nein!' he said, 'we do not make such a pothar about our young people. It is our grandmother's birthday.' The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this, and I thought we could learn much from these poor and simple mountaineers.

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A FRENCHMAN who had won a high rank among men of science, and who yet denied the existence of God, the author of all science, was crossing the desert of Sahara in company with an Arab guide. This so-called philosopher noticed with a sneer that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and the Arab never neglected his devotions. At last one evening, as he rose from his knees, the Frenchman asked him, with a sneer:

"How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer in wonder, and then said solemnly:

"How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot on the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint was not that of a man."