

"My religion," was his reply, does not cost me a quarter as much as my old master, the devil, got out of me. Look here, lads, I'm taking home to my wife my whole week's wages. There'll be plenty for church to-morrow, as well as for a good Sunday dinner, and what we want all next week.

How many of ye have a full week's wages, I wonder?" he asked, looking round on his companions. "I wish I could persuade you to take service under my Master. It would be money in your pockets and happiness in your hearts—ay, and it would make a deal of difference to some of your homes."

I could not help admiring the way in which that man witnessed for the Lord. It was clear, too, that his words were not without effect.

SOWING AND MOWING.

BE careful what you sow, my boy,
 For seed that's sown will grow,
 And what you scatter day by day
 Will bring you joy or woe.
 For sowing and growing,
 Then reaping and mowing,
 Are the surest things that are known
 And sighing and crying,
 And sorrow undying,
 Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
 Be careful of your acts,
 For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
 And wounds are stubborn facts.
 Whether sleeping or weeping,
 Or weary watch keeping,
 The seed that is sown still will grow
 The rose brings new roses,
 The thorn tree discloses
 Its thorns as an index of woe.

Be careful of your friends, my boy,
 Nor walk and mate with vice;
 "The boy if father to the man,"
 Then fly when sins entice!
 The seed one is sowing
 Through time will be growing,
 And each one must gather his own;
 In joy or in sorrow,
 To-day or to-morrow,
 You'll reap what your right hand has sown!

Mary M. Anderson, in Union Signal.

THE GLORIOUS BODY.

ARTHUR LLOYD always wondered what was meant in the Creed by "The Resurrection of the Body." One day his father took him to the field where men were sowing wheat. He put in the palm of Arthur's hand some grains of wheat to look at. Then he took them and sowed them in the ground, and put a stick to mark the place. Arthur forgot all about this, but after many months his father took him one Sunday evening to the field again, and showed him some tall

stocks of wheat which were full of ripe grain. They were as tall as Arthur. And his father said, "Do you remember the little grains we sowed in the ground?"

"Oh yes," said Arthur; "where are they?"

"These are the plants we sowed," said his father. "The seeds melted away in the ground but these fine tall-stocks grew up from the tiny grains, and here we have a crop of new wheat ready to reap."

"I think these plants are much more beautiful than those hard little grains," said Arthur.

"My boy, God watched over every seed, and brought this rich harvest out of them. And now I will tell you what we mean by 'The Resurrection of the Body,' which puzzled you last winter.

"When a Christian dies, his body is laid in the grave, and it turns to dust. But God watches over it, and when Jesus Christ comes again, He will raise up new and beautiful bodies, instead of the poor dead bodies that were buried. And it will be much better for us then than it is now. We shall be better and happier.

"The Resurrection will be like harvest. The field in harvest is much more beautiful than in sowing time, when the seeds are all covered up in the silent earth."

"I think," said Arthur, "I shall not be so much afraid to think about dying any more now. But, papa, what will our bodies be like, then?"

"Like the body of the Lord Jesus when He rose," said the father. "It was a glorious body, bright and strong, and free from pain or hunger."

We deck our graves with flowers, and put flowers on the coffins where Christians lie dead to show that we do not hate death. We know the churchyard is like a seed-bed, where some day God's fair flowers will rise up and bloom in joy and gladness.

And the Bible tells us that when God's people die, they only fall asleep. No one is afraid to sleep. No loving Christian child need fear to die.

Lord Jesus, take away from me the fear of dying.

THOSE who wound the feelings of their neighbours by many unkind speeches attempt to justify themselves by declaring that they always say what they think. This is their idea of an honest man. One should never say what he does not think, but it does not follow that he should always say what he happens to think. A wise man thinks all that he says; a fool says all that he thinks.

MAKE life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—*Robert Browning.*