

A Liberal Spirit.

RICHARD BAXTER has given this striking personal testimony to the blessing of a liberal spirit:

I never prospered more in my small estate than when I gave most and needed least. My own rule hath been—First, to contrive to need myself as little as may be, and lay out none on need-nots, but to live frugally on a little. Second, to serve God in my place upon the competency which he allowed me to myself; that what I had myself might be as good work for common good as that which I gave to others; and third, to do all the good I could with all the rest preferring the most public and the nearest. And the more I have practised this the more I have had to do it with; and when I gave almost all, more came in (without any's gift), I scarce knew how, at least unexpected; but when by improvidence I have cast myself into necessities of using more upon myself, or upon things in themselves of less importance, I have prospered much less than when I did otherwise. And when I had contented myself to devote that stock which I had gotten to charitable uses after my death, instead of laying out at present that so I might secure somewhat for myself while I lived, in all probability all that is like to be lost; whereas when I took that present opportunity, and trusted God for the time to come, I wanted nothing, and lost nothing.—*Selected.*

A Word at the Door.

THE minister was the last person to go out of the church. As he stood in the porch a young man passed, walking slowly down the street. He looked sick, his face was pale and his whole appearance desponding. The minister spoke a few kind words of greeting, then went his way, hardly stopping to notice the bright and grateful expression that lit up the stranger's face.

A few weeks after, the minister was called to visit a sick chamber outside his parish.

"I dare say you do not know me," said the sick man, stretching out his hand to

the minister, as the latter entered the room. "But I remember you. You once spoke a few kind words to me at your church door."

The minister hardly remembered it, but he sat down beside the sick man with a heart full of sympathy.

"You see, sir, a dying man; at least I feel this is my last sickness," said the young man; "but I cannot die so."

Life was almost over—a short, fast life, abruptly closing without any preparation for life's great end; no present comfort, no future hope—the light of earth fading into blackness. Oh, for some friend to help him in these dark hours! Who? He had no pastor, no Christian friend, no helper in his sore need. His boon companions could do little for him now; their laughter and gayety were a loathing to his poor, weary heart. But the kind words of the minister had been remembered, and he sent for him to point him the way to heaven.

One may preach by the wayside as well as from the pulpit, and more souls might be won to Christ were kind words oftener spoken at the door.—*Youth's Companion.*

How to Become Happy.

MANY young persons are ever thinking over new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of the wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt then have peace and happiness."—*Selected.*