

Again, men trust in friends, and covet human sympathy, and receive honor one of another until the Lord knocks away the props they rest on, permits friends to become foes, and teaches them that his sympathy and love are worth far more than all that men can give or do.

Then when earthly hopes are blasted and earthly joys withered away, the Lord appears to us as an unchanging friend, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. His peace no man taketh away. His love is an everlasting love. His compassions fail not. His mercies are from everlasting. His word endureth for ever.

What, then, though every prop be gone, and only God sustains our fainting souls? It is enough. Storm and sunshine, war and peace, sorrow and joy, darkness and light, all are alike to us while "he abideth faithful," and is with us always, even to the end of the world.

"Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains."

—*The Christian.*

LITTLE SANDIE.

In Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel, one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came up and said,—

"Please, sir, buy some matches?"

"No, I don't want any," the gentleman said.

"But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded.

"Yes but you see we do not want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will gi'e ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

"And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.

"O! do buy them the nicht, if ye please," the boy pleaded again. 'I will rin and git ye the change for I am verra hungry.'

"So I gave him the shilling and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think ill of him. Well, late in the evening, a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment diving in his rags, as if he were seeking something, and then said,—

"Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?"

"Well, then, here's fourpence out of your shillin'. Sandie canna come; he's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your sevenpence; and both his legs are broken; and he's no well at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's all he can gi'e ye noo,' putting the fourpence down on the table, and then the poor child broke down into great sobs.

"So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I