

every person who entered his store he had a word of advice, exhortation, warning, or comfort. So near to Christ did he live that it seemed as if it were the Master's voice speaking; never did he allow an opportunity to pass, never did he lose his temper; no matter how rudely his words were received. Every act of his daily life was performed as if the Master were standing by his side.

So perfect was his trust that, when the only son who had given the rest of the family any uneasiness was converted, his father received the news so quietly that a friend asked him if he were not surprised, as every one else was.

'No, no; not in the least. I believed the Lord would answer my prayers in his own good time; how could I have been surprised.'

It was not until Mr. Smith was an old man that the billows of affliction began to roll over him. Two sons, the darlings of his heart, the Joseph and Benjamin of his old age, were suddenly taken from him almost without warning. Still his faith did not waver. With tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks but a tender smile quivering round his lips he stood up in a prayer-meeting and described the last hours of the young Christians who had been so suddenly torn from his loving arms. Those two young men had fulfilled every desire of his heart by walking in his footsteps. They had gathered the outcast children of the east end of the town into a mission-school which they taught from Sabbath to Sabbath; they were active in the church Sunday-school and in the prayer-meetings, where their father would listen to their voices raised in prayer and song with tears of joy in his eyes. Model sons and Christians, but at the Lord's call, without one murmur, the loving father let them go.

The lesson of Mr. Smith's life should be remembered by all business men. It is possible to serve the Lord in your business day by day; not only by being upright and strictly honorable in all your transactions, but by seizing every occasion offered to speak a word for the Master. Not in a canting 'I am-better-than-you-are' manner. No, no; speak as he did, with a bright smile, a cheerful simplicity that could not give offence. Many could trace their first awakening to the need of a Saviour to him. Children to whom he gave pretty pictures and almanacs always heard a few words about Jesus, emphasized with a gentle smile, a kindly glance over the gold spectacles.

He was the happiest Christian we knew: his religion was a continual feast to him, a feast he delighted to share with all the world.—*American Messenger.*

### A Nursery in a Church.

(Babies attended to during divine service.)

There are many mothers who cannot go to a place of worship on Sunday unless they take their babies with them. Under these circumstances they do not go for fear their children should cry, and not only disturb the minister, but the whole congregation. The Rev. F. B. Meyer has recently tried to remedy this by providing a nursery in which the children can be attended to during the hours of worship, and now at every service quite a number of mothers attend, handing their babies to the care of a nurse.

The nursery at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, where Mr. Meyer officiates, is a bright little room. Chairs and tiny beds are placed all over the room for the use of the little ones. Toys even are provided to while away the hours of the service, and



THE NURSERY ATTACHED TO CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

those who can walk and amuse themselves have a very pleasant time.

Adjoining the creche is another room, which is generally cleared for the use of the more active children. In this they run up and down, and are allowed to do exactly as they like, for any noise they make is not audible in the church. A nurse is employed especially for the work, and her performance of this duty enables some twenty mothers at each Sunday service to worship God in the sanctuary who would not otherwise be able to do so.

Every Monday afternoon Mr. Meyer holds what he calls a 'Mothers' at home,' and the meeting is attended regularly by between one hundred and fifty and two hundred women. The mothers are also asked to bring their babies to the meeting if they cannot come without them, and the nursery often contains on that day some fifty or sixty children.

Several of these creches have been established of late. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has instituted a week-day creche for the benefit of working women in connection with his West London Mission at Craven Chapel.—*'Sunday Companion.'*

### A Personal Testimony.

In the early days of my life I was led to see my own sinfulness in the sight of God, and after a time of anxious thought and prayer the Lord gave me an answer of peace through his written word:—'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' I was enabled to trust in the atoning merits of Jesus Christ, and to believe that I was accepted in him. After this I became a member of a Christian Church, and a teacher in the Sunday-school.

At a later period in my Christian experience I was led to see my own weakness, and to realize my need of the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit. God graciously answered my prayer, and I became conscious of his indwelling power, quickening spiritual life, giving victory over the power of the enemy, and guidance in the hour of perplexity.

The quickening power of the Spirit created in me a desire to be entirely engaged in working for God, but the way was not made plain at that time. The Lord knew the desire of my heart, and enabled me to commit my way unto him. 'No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'

About five years passed away in silent

waiting, and then a great change in my circumstances took place. God tested my faith by closing a door of occupation which had been my means of support for many years, and in this season of darkness I was led into very close communion with my father in heaven, waiting for a revelation of his perfect way for me. 'The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.' 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.'

'Though dark be my way  
The Lord is my guide;  
'Tis mine to obey,  
And his to provide.  
Though cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he hath spoken  
Shall surely prevail.'

As I obeyed the word, I proved the love and faithfulness of God in providing for my temporal needs. The barrel of oil wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail. The testing process was permitted to strengthen faith, and to prepare me for future service.

During the waiting season much time had been spent in prayer, asking that the way might be made very plain. I desired to hear the voice of my Divine Master, and to know that he was leading me forth. In God's own appointed time the message came. 'Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you.' A door of service was soon opened for me in Gospel mission work, where numbers gathered together to hear the Word of God, and I have had the joy of telling the old, old story of Jesus and his love.—*'Faithful Words.'*

### At Rest.

I used to pray, 'Lord, let this thing be done;'

Or, 'Let my eyes to-morrow see the sun;'  
'Lord, send me this!' or, 'Turn my feet  
away

From paths too rough for walking,' I would say.

But now each day in passing brings to me  
New visions of my father, and I see  
His figure near me when the way is dim,  
And so, my own face turning up to him,  
I say no more these prayers in restless tone.  
No roughened pathway or no sharpened  
stone

Has power to hurt me, for the heavens shine  
Since I have asked his will to cover mine.

—Bertha Davis.