

LENDING TO THE LORD.



"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."—Prov. xix. 17.

THIS text speaks about pity. Now let us see what pity is, before we go any further. Pity is the feeling of sorrow we find in our hearts when we see a person in trouble or distress. For instance, it is a very cold day, and the ground is covered with snow; and as you go along the street with your nice warm clothes around you, you see a poor little girl with no shoes or stockings on. Her dress is thin and ragged. She looks half-starved. Hungry and cold, she trembles as she goes, and her teeth chatter as the wind sweeps by her. When you look at that poor child your heart swells, your eyes fill with tears, and you feel as if you would like to take her home and set her down by the fire to warm herself, and give her something good to eat, and get her some better clothes to put on. And this feeling is what we call *pity*.

There are two kinds of pity: there is a wrong kind, and a right kind. The wrong kind of pity makes people *feel*, without making them do or give anything. The right kind makes people do, or give, as well as feel. For instance, there was a poor man who got his living by hauling wood from the wharf. One day, as he was driving his cart along the street, his horse fell down and died. This was a great loss to him. That horse had been his only dependence. He had no money to buy another with. And when he thought of his family being left without bread in the middle of winter, he couldn't help crying. A crowd of people soon gathered round the poor man and his dead horse; and when they saw how much distressed he was—"Poor fellow," said one, "I'm very sorry for him." "So am I," said another. "I pity him very much," said a third. But still none of them gave him anything. This was the wrong kind of pity. It was *feeling* without *giving*. Presently, however, a gentleman stepped up to these persons, and said, "Here, my friends, I pity the poor man one pound; how much do you pity him?" That was the right kind of pity. It not only led the man to *feel*, but to *give*.

And this is the kind of pity that Solomon speaks of in our text. He says, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." This means that, if we have the right kind of pity for the poor, we shall want to do, or give, something to help them; and that what we do or give to them, God regards as done or given to Himself.

[The above article, with its illustration, is reprinted from "The Best Things," published by Messrs. Partridge and Co. The book is replete with instruction, and abounding in illustrations with pen and pencil, and would form a very appropriate Sunday-school prize.]

BE CHEERFUL.

FRETFULNESS will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying, "Come! let us seize upon this armoury!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one. You fear to accost him with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. If you should find his memorandum book, you would discover in it recipes, in elderly female handwriting, for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a man, down to the bots in a horse. His bedroom shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of headwash to diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial, full of the best preparations for the removing of corns from the feet.

Away! away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hail of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam and dance and song, making old night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings at the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the wren, the sparrow, and the chawink starting up from among the huckleberry bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Listen to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountain, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all that, and then be happy.—*Talnage*.

There is a fable of a tree, which, as it fell groaning to earth, discovered that out of its own timber the woodman had hatched the axe which entered its heart and felled it to the ground; and there is another of an eagle that, pierced by an arrow as it soared in the skies, discerned, while it lay dying on the ground, that its own wing had furnished a feather the shaft that drank up its blood. Well, sceptics, abandoning the weapons with which Hume, Gibbon, Tom Paine, and Voltaire vainly attempted to overthrow our faith, have they to find in the Bible itself that which would feather their arrow or haft their axe. Because the Bible, in addressing itself to our self-love, appeals to the lowest principles of our nature cannot, they say, be Divine. An objection this that proves the darkness of their understandings, or the malignity of their hearts! Restrained within proper bounds, self-love is a right feeling; one that, divinely implanted, is not a virtue but a virtue which—winning the drunkard, for example, to practise sobriety and respect himself—would gladden many a wretched home.

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects are destroyed by KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING POWDER, which is quite harmless to domestic animals. Sold in tins 1s. and 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, and Chemists (free by post 14 and 33 stamps).

Special attention is called to the Advertisement of "FOR EXTRACT" in this issue. As an alleviator of pain, hemorrhage—a healer of wounds—or as a subduer of any inflammation, this Extract has gained a reputation and in America so extraordinary, that it warrants the assumption that it is an article of great virtue. It is endorsed by Men, who more readily lend their praise on account of being merely a distilled extract of the Hamamelis or Hazel Shrub, which is favourably mentioned in the works of all schools.—*Adv.*