

Why, some of the folks are worth as much as ten or a hundred dollars, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty.

"I did wish that I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning—how she had given her two mits, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did all choke up. But pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out.

"Has any little girl lost her gloves?"

"Nobody said anything, and he asked again:

"Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?"

"It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me; so I had to say something.

"It wasn't a mistake," I told him. "I wanted to help and hadn't any money; but I knew how the poor woman in the Bible gave her two mits, and so—"

"Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

"I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if m-i-t-t-s don't spell mits, what does it spell? Course I cried, but my teacher put her arms right around me and whispered, 'Never mind, little Nellie,' and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling, 'Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure. Have we older ones done as much?"

"Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the minister looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give.

"But, oh, how full the basket was. And when that gentleman counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said, softly, though I didn't know what he meant, 'And a little child shall lead them.'"—*Presbyterian*.

If Ananias, who kept back part of the price of his land, "lied unto the Holy Spirit," what shall be thought of the sin of him who, having devoted himself and all he has to God, takes it back in part or in whole, that he may, as James says, "spend it in his pleasures?"—*F. M. Ellis, D.D.*

THE COURTEOUS CHRISTIAN.

Some good men are blunt in their feelings and rough in their manners, and they apologize for their coar:eness, plainness of speech. They quote in self-defence the sharp words and shaggy mien of Elijah and John the Baptist, and, as affectation, they sneer at the soft address and mild manners of gentler men. Now, it is very true that there is a certain strength of character, an impetuosity of feeling, and a sturdy vehemence of principle to which it is more difficult to prescribe the rules of Christian courtesy than to more meek and pliant natures. It is very possible that Latimer, in his bluntness, and Knox, in his erect and iron severity, and Luther, in the magnificent explosions of his far-resounding indignation, may have been nobler natures and fuller of the grace of God than the supple courtiers whose sensibilities they so rudely shattered, but it does not follow that men who have not got their warfare to wage are entitled to use their weapons. Nor does it even follow that their warfare would have been less successful had they wielded no such weapons.

The question, however, is not between two rival graces—between integrity, on one side, and affability, on the other—but the question is: Are these two graces compatible? Can they co-exist? Is it possible for a man to be explicit, and open, and honest, and, withal, courteous and considerate of the feelings of others? Is it possible to add to fervor and fidelity, suavity and urbanity and brotherly kindness? This question has already been answered, for the actual union of these things has already been exhibited.

Without referring to Nathan's interview with David, where truth and tenderness triumph together, or Paul's remonstrances to his brethren, in which a melting heart is the vehicle of each needful reproof, we need only to revert to the Great Example Himself. In the epistles to the Asiatic churches, each begins with commendation, wherever there was anything that could be commended. With the magnanimity which remembers past services in the midst of the present injury, and which would rather notice good than complain of evil, each message, so far as there was material for it, is ushered in by a word of eulogy, and weight is added to the subsequent admonition by this preface of kindness. And it was the same while the Lord Jesus was on earth. His tender tone was the keen edge of His reproofs, and His unquestionable love infused solemnity into every warning. There never was one more