

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed anything that would lie on the white counterpane and give color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to any living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrapbook. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it. And, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire potteryful of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind; and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded bank to dry, so that he should come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner out of sight there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession and following to the grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had ever seen.

The *Bombay Guardian* commenting on the methods of the Salvation Army in India, says a careful examination of the facts as to deaths, sicknesses and failures in the past, justify the belief that in two years there will not be one of the fifty Salvationists recently arrived, left in the Indian missionary field.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—[C. Lier.

A WIFE'S SOFT ANSWER.

We were married thirty seven years," said Mr. Gardiner Andrews. "And in all that time my wife never gave me a cross word. But I shall never forget the first time I chided her. It was on a Sunday morning, when we had been married about two years I found a button off my shirt, and I drew it across the room.

"Saw a button on," I said in a brutal voice. She was a good Christian woman and she got a button and sewed it on.

"And what did she say?" asked a little, bristling woman, with snapping eyes.

"She said, 'Forgive me, husband, I had a great deal to do yesterday and I forgot it, but it shall never happen again.'

"Oh," said the man fixing his eyes on the picture of his dear wife, "her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. She made a different man of me, and the world has been a different place since she died."

There was a silence as he finished speaking, interrupted by a general clearing of throats, and a confused snuffling as if we all had bad colds, and the little woman's snapping eyes looked suspiciously dim.

A RELIGION FOR DAILY USE.

There are a good many people whose religion is too "sacred" a thing to be put to any practical use. Like the man in the parable they have wrapped it carefully up in a napkin and laid it safely away, only taking it out twice a week to look at it and see that it is all safe and ready for use in case of a pinch. We wish such people joy of their religion and of all the good they can get out of it, but we want none of it ourselves. It is not the sort of religion that we find recommended in the Bible. Jesus did not practice that kind of religion, nor did his disciples. The command is, "Whether therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Every act of the disciple of Christ is to be a religious act, and all his life is to be governed by the teaching of Christ. If the politics of this country are so immoral that they cannot stand any infusion of religious principles, then the country must be in a bad way. And if the people's religion is so impractical that it does not influence their politics, then religion must be at a very low ebb in this year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety. How can a man hope to say, "For me to live is Christ," "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God," if he does not carry his religion wherever he goes—into his business, into his amusements and into his politics?—*N. Y. Witness.*