

because of the fear of God." And so, too, will this powerful motive, the fear of God, purify into a bright, honest, cheerful single-mindedness and considerate kindness, the reciprocal duties of employer and employed. The servant will not reason, "My Lord delayeth His coming; I may do this trifling piece of commission, and no human eye will detect me." The landlord will not hardly press his tenant, though long accepted precedents still flourishing around him may invite his imitation. The workman will not "scamp" his work, or waste the time of his employer. Why? "Because of the fear of God."—*Sunday at Home.*

POLISHED CORNER STONES.

A WORD TO LADY WORKERS.

Now, calling to remembrance, as I am sure we do, dear friends, more than one such "corner stone," let us search what Christian graces and mental qualities make up and establish such one. I believe reasonableness for one, continual exercise of Christian courtesy for another, and refraining from a "drive" and hurry of work—even of direct spiritual work—for a third. For the first, I am sure that the young girl just emerging from childhood, who when she loses or breaks some little treasure, will sit down and quietly consider "when she saw it last," or whether it can be mended before she gives it up in despair, makes a tiny but certain step towards the "government," which will help her, a single or married head of a household, from bursting in upon her friends with angry complaints of some domestic wrong in the one case, or of entreating her husband with the same when he comes in tired, in the other. And if she can learn early to give a kind, pleasant answer to sister or servant, or come forth and receive visitors cheerfully who interrupt her search or her mending, she is in the way to acquire the grand courtesy which made the martyr prophet "mind his manners, even at a time like that of delivery from the den of lions, by not forgetting the usual salutation of 'O King, live for ever.'" I think we may safely infer that this recollectedness was no more lost upon Darius than was the prophet's fearless meeting of "the lion's gory mane."

Lastly, I would have my dear readers who "covet earnestly" this blessed gift, to "print vehemently on their minds" that a feverish rush of work, either secular or spiritual, and a "ruled spirit" cannot co-exist. I observe a kind and graceful suggestion from one of you that I should write on the "coldness and indifference of manner," which makes many a dear worker repulsive; and I venture to assert that, in nine cases out of ten, the cause is no pride or "stand-offishness," but mere over-doing. How can we practice "government" if we are so hurried that we grudge a ten minutes' stroll with a young girl, longing for a word; or if we rush at the last minute to our Bible-class or Mothers' Meeting, almost scowling at those who "salute us by the way?"—*Worren's Work.*

THREE LOST YEARS.

Lieutenant Wood, belonging to a Maine regiment in the army of the Potomac, who was on his way to the Grand Review, at the close of the American Civil War in 1864, had gone through the war without a wound, and even without hospital experience. At the last camp halt that his division made before reaching Washington, as he stood in his tent-door, he was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun. He was brought into Campbell Hospital, and was apparently peaceful in the immediate prospect of death. When he enlisted in the army, three years previously, he was a Christian; but while he had

kept an unassailed reputation for uprightness and integrity, he had not been distinctly known in the regiment as a Christian, and this was now his bitter grief. He wanted to flee to see his family again, but more, far more, he said, to recover lost opportunities. He sent for his fellow-officers, told them his mistake, and asked their forgiveness, while he trusted in the Saviour for his own forgiveness.

"I die as a Christian," he said, "and I die contented; but, oh! if I could have died as a Christian worker! I am peaceful and assured in view of death," he said again, "but I am not joyful and glad,—those three lost years keep coming back upon me. Then lying a moment quiet with closed eyes, he added, "Chaplain, do you suppose we shall be able to forget anything in heaven? I would like to forget those three years."

—It is worth while now and then to have that is called the truth told to you about yourself. There are times when such truth-telling is great and immediate service. But I have noticed that persons who plume themselves upon speaking the truth to their neighbors are persons who really have no especial devotion to truth, but who have, on the other hand, a passion for making people uncomfortable. They do not love their neighbors; they hate them, or are indifferent to them. With them so-called truth-telling is merely a form of self-indulgence. How would it do, the next time the village truth-teller comes around, for you to tell the truth to him? "Kind friend, I thank thee for telling me that my daughter's manners are rude, and that my uncle, the parson, should be spoken to about his method of public prayer, and that my Sunday-best-go-to-meeting stove-pipe hat is two seasons behind the times; but let me reciprocate thy kindness by informing thee that thou art a selfish old gossip, without enough brains to perceive the whole truth about any situation, but only a silly half-truth, or a miserable distorted-truth, which from the best of motives, I advise thee to keep to thyself."—*Scribner's.*

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I live with them. I would rather have a lame coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

A GLASGOW worthy who had got into a scrape was sent for a period to jail, and was asked after his release as to how he had "got on." "Weel," quoth he, "ye see a body canna hae everything in this life; and I'm no gann to miss' the place on me. For 'a' the time I was there,—just two months nate by-the-by—I was weel protected frae the wiles o' a wicked war' outside; while my bread was aye g'en me, an' my water sure."

We are glad to note that the Rev. J. D. King, the talented Baptist pastor of Yorkville, Toronto, has become one of the Editors of the CHRISTIAN HELPER, a Baptist Monthly journal published in Toronto. He will no doubt add much to the status of that excellent magazine.—*Thorold Post.*

For the Young.

BOTTLING A SERMON.

THEY were sat, Ora and Otto, curled up on the hassocks in one of the front pews—one of the very first pews in the middle block—a position not in general favour; consequently they were beyond the range of any gaze which, if not actually fended by their untidiness, would at least have scrutinized them curiously and critically. Nobody saw them but the minister, who could only look and wonder at his odd little hearers, then wait until the sermon was over for the purpose of speaking with them. It would not be difficult to guess how they got there. The honey bee, the brown wasp, and bluebottle come to church in summer weather, when doors and windows stand wide open; just so these waifs from the street strayed in. There they sat, bareheaded, in lapped, with dirty little hands folded in their laps, hair like brushhairs, and eyes more like coalbins than anything else under sun or earth.

The pastor soon discovered that, spite of the intense heat, the passing flash of lightning's wings, the thunder pulses throbbing in the distance, he had two hearers whose attention never wavered in the least.

Once the lights flared, then almost died out. Next, some one with speaking boots left the place. Again, a hymn-book fell with a loud crash, yet those bundles of rags, with black sparks for eyes, neither lifted nor stirred. He was really sorry, this good, kind man, when the service being over, he looked and they were gone—had vanished like a little bats that belonged to the darkness and loved it. He had not gone far, however, on his homeward journey, when a shadow within a shadow stirred, a thin, dirty little hand reached out and touched him.

"Oh, sir, please give me some for my sick mother."

"Give you what, child?"

"Wine and milk," replied the eager young voice. "We've nothing to buy them with, and the doctor wants her to have them. You said, 'Come, without money, you know, and I'm here, Otto's brought a kettle, and I've got a bottle.'"

"That was my text this evening," remarked the minister to a friend who had joined him. "Come buy wine and milk, without money and without price." These children were my most attentive hearers. The girl, you perceive, has applied it to the one great need she is conscious of. What can I do?"

"We'll go to their home, and see what is required of us," replied the gentleman. "If this story is strictly true, neither kettle nor bottle shall remain empty."

Up a narrow court in the church's rear, they found a woman far advanced in consumption, who had evidently seen better days. Worse ones, too, because of wealth and pleasure had led her down to the horrible pit, and into the miry clay the Bible tells us about. Her husband was in his grave; wealth and station had vanished like a dream; and now as the waters of the dark valley crept chillily about her feet, she looked and longed for an upward ray to pierce her spirit's gloom. The Rev. Mr. K—, while ministering to her bodily needs, lost no time in pointing her to the Sun of Righteousness; and as he talked, fear and agony faded out of the woman's face, and the light of a great hope dawned in her beautiful eyes. Those two little bundles of rags, Ora and Otto, sat curled up in one corner listening, just as they had listened from the pew, with hands folded in their laps, lips apart, and a deep, dead shining in the eyes that never for an instant left the speaker's face. Ora met him on the stairs as he was going out.

"I know what it means now," she whispered. "Maybe I wouldn't if you'd brought the words without the wine and milk."