

royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming :

"The coin is genuine, for it also came from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."—*Sabbath Visitor*.

WORK FOR CHEERFULNESS.

To keep the face cheerful, the voice cheerful, to do good like medicine, we must keep the heart cheerful. This is not an easy matter. One does not simply have to say, "I will be cheerful," and then have it so. He has to work for cheerfulness, just as he works to be honest, or kind, or brave, or learned. He must be looking out for bright things to see and do. He must deliberately, yet quickly, choose which things he will think about, and how. He has to shut his teeth, as it were, sometimes, and turn away from the gloomy things, and do something to bring back the cheerful spirit again. If we are cheerful for others, we are doing for ourselves. Good given means good sent back. Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habit sometimes helps us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said :

"How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give, nor can poverty take it away.—*Miss Muloch*.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A GREAT deal of unhappiness in home-life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident, or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it might strike another. In consequence we misinterpret moods or attribute to our kindred motives which

have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritation when it is simply weariness, or the impulsive speech is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin in embarrassment, or indiscretion. At all events, life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavour to understand his or her neighbour in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best, and not at the worst valuation.—*The Young Churchman*.

THY WORK.

LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.

Oh, send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

—*Young Men's Era*.

A CHARITY SERMON.

ABOUT 150 years ago, Saurin, an eminent French Protestant pulpit orator, preached a sermon on charity. It exercised so powerful an effect upon the hearers, that, at its conclusion, the men who were present placed all the money they had with them in the collection plates, and the women took off their jewelry and gold and devoted them to the use of the poor. How had the preacher roused his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm? He had simply treated of the poor laws of the Bible; of the tender care enjoined therein for the needy, the stranger, the widow, and the fatherless. He had spoken of the rules concerning tithes, the forgotten sheaf, and the gleanings of the field, and eulogised the spirit of benevolence which these several enactments had engendered in the Jewish character.

"WHEN YOU ARE OLDER."

WHEN I was a little girl I had a sovereign given to me. If it had been a shilling I might have put it in my own little purse, and spent it at once; but, being a sovereign, my dear father took care of it for me, and I expect I forgot all about it. But one day when I was quite grown up, he called me into his study and gave me the sovereign, re-

minding me how it had been given me when I was about as high as the back of a chair. And I was very glad to have it then for I understood how much it was worth, and I knew very well what to do with it. Now, when you come to some saying of the Lord Jesus that you do not understand, or see how to make any use of it yourself, do not think it of no consequence whether you read it or not. *When you are older* you will find that it is just like my sovereign, coming back to you when you want it and are able to make use of it.—*F. R. Havergal*.

"UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVER-LASTING ARMS."

"THANK you very much; that was such a help to me," said a sick woman as she dropped exhausted on the pillow, after her bed had been made for her.

The friend to whom she spoke looked up in surprise. She had not touched the invalid, for she had feared to give pain even by laying a hand upon her. She knew that the worn body was so racked with many pains, and had become so tender and sensitive, that the sick woman could not bear to be lifted or supported in any way. All that her friends could do was to stand quietly by her.

"I did nothing to help you, dear. I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind without touching you at all; I was so afraid of hurting you."

"That was just it," said the invalid, with a bright smile; "I knew you were there, and that if I slipped, I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear, nor feel you. I knew I was safe, all the same, because you were ready to receive me into your arms, if needful."

The sufferer paused a moment, and then, with a still brighter light on her face, she added—

"What a sweet thought this has brought to my mind! It is the same with my Heavenly Friend. 'Fear not for I will be with thee,' is the promise, and, thanks be to God, I know He is faithful that promised. I can neither see, hear nor touch Him with my mortal sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are 'the Everlasting Arms.'"—*Episcopal Recorder*.