

A benevolent and rich man had a very poor neighbor, to whom he sent this message: "I wish to make you the gift of a farm."

The poor man was pleased with the idea of having a farm, but was too proud to receive it once as a gift. So he thought of the matter much and anxiously. His desire to have a home of his own was daily growing stronger, but his pride was great. At length he determined to visit him who made the offer. But a strange delusion about this time seized him, for he imagined that he had a bag of gold. So he came with his bag, and said to the rich man, "I have received your message and have come to see you. I wish to own the farm, but I wish to pay for it. I will give you a bag of gold for it."

"Let us see your gold," said the owner of the farm.

The poor man opened his bag and looked, and his countenance was changed, and he said, "Sir, I thought it was gold, but I am sorry to say it is but silver; I will give you my bag of silver for your farm."

"Look again; I do not think it is even silver," was the solemn but kind reply.

The poor man, looked, and as he beheld, his eyes were further opened, and he said, "How I have been deceived. It is not silver, but only copper. Will you sell me your farm for my bag of copper? You may have it all."

"Look again," was the only reply.

The poor man looked, tears stood in his eyes, his delusion seemed to be gone, and he said, "Alas, I am undone. It is not even copper. It is but ashes. How poor I am! I wish to own that farm, but I have nothing to pay. Will you give me the farm?"

The rich man replied, "Yes, that was my first and only offer. Will you accept it on such terms?"

With humility, but with eagerness, the poor man said, "Yes, and a thousand blessings on you for your kindness."

The fable is easily applied. Ma-

ther has well expressed the difference between grace and merit in few words; "God was a God to Adam before he fell, but to be a God to sinners, this is grace. He was a God to Adam in innocency by virtue of the covenant of words; but he is not a God to any sinner but in the way of free grace."—*Dr. Plumer.*

Little Emma's Dream.

My little contribution,
With ready heart and hand,
I gave, to send the word of God
To distant heathen land;
And ere I went to rest that night
I knelt to God in prayer,
That He would change my gift to light
For souls in darkness there.

When I was lost in slumber,
There seem'd just o'er my bed
An angel child, with beaming brow,
And shining wings outspread.
And stainless seem'd the robe to flow
About that lovely one,
As lies a glowing sheet of snow
Beneath the morning sun.

A touch of golden glory
Was on her wavy hair;
Her face, with rose-tint on the cheek,
Was like the lily fair.
And O, she sang a holy song,
Which angels only know,
To sound in their adoring throng,
And never learnt below!

She told a hasty story
About her life on earth,
When here a little dark Hindoo,
Of distant Indian birth;
That once her parents were of those
Who God in Ganges deem.
Where oft her babe the mother throws.
An offering, on the stream:

But when the missions taught them
To read the Word, and pray
To God in heaven, through Jesus' name,
Their gods were cast away:—
That ere she died, she loved to sing
How Christ for her could die;
And then He gave her spirit wing
To soar to him on high.

I drew my breath, to ask her
About the joys above;
When silently she disappear'd
With parting smile of love!
Awaking then, I pray'd for more,
That I might send away
To shed upon some Heathen shore
The beams of Gospel day.

H. F. GOULD.