

who wanted to do some good in the world.

She thought over it a long time, and asked on her knees that the Lord might guide her to be useful where her help was most wanted. Then there came to her mind the picture of many poor, sick, little children, who had nobody to care for them. This should be her work, to bless and comfort the little ones.

So she gathered into her beautiful house many poor, afflicted boys and girls — just those she chose who were suffering much pain, and needed loving care. But, although she got on very well with most of them, and they grew very fond of their kind friend, there was one little boy, only four years old, from whom she shrank more and more every day. Though so young, he was deformed, and his face was very ugly, and there did not seem a bit of love or beauty about him to attract her.

One evening she sat in the garden with this boy on her knee, and was feeling sad and discouraged in her efforts to love him, when she fell asleep. As she slept she dreamed that the Lord Himself was there, and that she, far more disfigured and ugly than this boy, was resting against His knee. Then the Saviour tenderly rebuked her. "What!" said He, "have I borne with you and loved you through so much unworthiness, and can you not love this boy patiently for My sake?"

She awoke, and opening her eyes, saw the poor little boy still on her lap, but looking up at her with such a sweet and yearning expression, that she stooped and kissed him fervently. From that moment her work with that little fellow was happy of all in her charge.

Much of our Christian work is very hard, so hard that we could not do it or keep at it for long if we were just working to please ourselves. But those three little words "for Jesus' sake," what a power they have to make us brave to do or bear! — From "North Leith Parish Magazine."

Chritt can be trusted to make the best use of the life that is consecrated to Him.

HYMN FOR FISHERMEN.

Lord of the tempest, when Thy lost ones,
needing
All help and comfort, cry to Thee alone,
Hear Thou in Heaven, and answer to their
pleading,
Be nigh to save thine own.

Didst Thou not choose, throughout Thine
earthly story,
Poor fisher-folk for Thy disciples here?
And still to Thee, enthroned, above all
glory,
The nets and boats are dear.

Thou, who hast slept upon the fisher's
pillow
And waked to chide the tempest's mid-
night roar,
Art mindful still of anguish on the billow
And heart-break on the shore.

Clasped in Thy hand life's utmost wave is
sleeping,
And never boat can drift beyond Thy
ken,
But in Thy heart of hearts, in closer keep-
ing,
Thou hast the souls of men!

When the long hours of strain prove un-
availing
And daybreak shows no increase for
their toil,
Speak to Thy brethren, when their hearts
are failing,
And guide them to the spoil.

When the great voices of the storm are
calling,
And death lies ambushed in each reeling
wave,
When from the breakers, in their wrath
appalling,
No mortal aid can save.

Then, as of old, brave Thou the awful
weather,
And make its wrath a highway for Thy
will,
Till stormy wind and fainting heart to-
gether,
Shall hear Thy "Peace, be still!"

And when, death past, and tempests all
departed,
The boats come in, no more to cleave
the foam,
Upon the shore, O Saviour, loving-heart-
ed,
Speak Thou their welcome home!
— Mary Rowles Jarvis, in the Quiver.

A TRUE STORY.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work, and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver, of Halifax. They were industrious. They saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they

were to enter that home, the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if I thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it."

Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them and they became prosperous. One, a member of Parliament, in a public place, declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were wealthy—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling-houses for labourers at cheap rents, and when they were invalided and could not pay, they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to America, admired the parks, went back, bought land, and opened a public park, and has made it a present to the city of Halifax, England.

They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two alms-houses. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys.

Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. — *Exchange.*

THE BEST LESSON ABOUT CHARITY.

Archbishop Magee would often tell the following story, and say it was the best lesson about charity he ever had in his life:

"It was when my father was vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda, Ireland. One day I met a ragged, miserable Roman Catholic child who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness, I made my way to my father's study, and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers, he said: 'Indeed, I cannot. I have all our own school children and poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad.'

"However, as I turned crest-fallen to the door, he called after me, 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go and ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in.'