

put by a part for doing good ; and this he did with a willing mind.

As we have said, Mrs. Beacher was greatly impressed with the importance of "heartening up her minister"; she was far too wheezy to do much in the district; her good man was at his professional duties all day; and Jack was at school; still this worthy family did strengthen the minister's hands; for he knew he could always calculate upon them to help in doing good. Believe me, it is a great thing for a minister to have dependable people in his congregation; folk that he can always expect to see in their places, just as surely as he sees the church pillars which keep up the roof; they're worth a good deal in themselves, over and above anything that they may put into the plate; and their cheerful faces help him just as much as their ready hands. I have had as many wry faces made at me as if I had been a black draught; but the Beacher people, and such as they always had a smile for me; and I think the figure by my side must have made much of their offerings, for I saw a sweet smile beam for a moment on that placid face, as these—the first liberal folk I met with on that day—dropped in their offerings, and passed out.

After recounting very humourously many other characteristics of collection-giving, the plate finishes its story thus:—

My after-life was more or less a repetition of this day. I have had sunshine and gloom; smiles and frowns. I shall go on at my work until the day comes for all accounts to be made up; then I believe I shall have a voice to speak, and witness concerning all I saw, for good or evil, weal or woe; and I shall see some who made to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; and some who shall experience throughout eternity those fearful words which I heard the minister read that day: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." Thus shall it be said to many a rich man; and to many a poor one with but one talent (*but that one unused*) shall come these awful words: "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

[Our next number will contain a complete Original Story, by Miss M. A. PAULL.]

HAPPY NANCY.

BY DR. NEWTON.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, and earned a very plain, simple living by knitting and spinning. She was known all round the country by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relations—she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. To look at her you would think there was nothing about her for anybody to love; and yet in that deformed and ugly-looking body was a soul greatly beloved by that God whom the angels worship.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" said a gentleman who stopped at her door one day.

"La! yes, I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think," she said, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact; I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you would tell me your secret, Nancy; you live here alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant about you—what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families, and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they are always afraid of mighty troubles ahead. I hain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think—Well, if He can keep this great world in order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night—if He can make

the garden things come up the same, season after season, He can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants are out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing and supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, now, you're at it again," said Nancy—"always looking out for black clouds. Why, if I was you, I'd keep Satan at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate deal of mischief."—*From "The Best Things."* London: Partridge.

WHAT ABOUT TO-MORROW?

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

I HAVE no fears about to-morrow, if you embrace Christ to-day.

If you are to have no to-morrow on earth, but to be away in the presence of your Lord, then blessed will to-morrow be to you indeed. If the happy dead can talk of days, you will then talk of to-day as yesterday, and say, "Thank God, I took Jesus at His word yesterday, so am I with Him to-day."

And should you be here—here for many to-morrows, I have no fear for those many to-morrows from your being saved to-day.

For salvation, full and free, will make you holy. Having named the name of Christ you will depart from iniquity; having become dead to sin you will not live any longer therein. You will become holy, because God and Christ are holy, and because the Holy Spirit will be living and moving within you. The very necessity of the case will secure your becoming holy; for he that saith he abideth in Christ will himself also walk even as He walked. A man cannot become Christ's, without becoming holy. Therefore I look forward to a life of holiness in all your to-morrows if you embrace Christ to-day—a life it may be of warfare, but of final victory, for more will they be that are with you than they that are against you; and you were saved for this very purpose that you might be like God—and be with Him at last, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—*From "Suppose It Happened Yesterday?"* London: Hamilton. 1d.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT.—Whoever has entered into the venerable rank of the men of sixty years of age, and looks back on the two generations over which his life has extended, may well regard himself as having now reached the last stage of his journey. He will hardly commence any new enterprise, or enter on any fresh undertaking. Living only on that it has already gained, the soul will scarcely reckon on any farther real increase of its spiritual capital. It will rather live in the memories of the past, than dream away the brief time now remaining in hopes for which at least here, on this side, there is no longer any anchor-ground. Well is it for him who is able, with the peace of old Simeon—a peace altogether different from that which the world knows, and which it seeks to build on the deceitful foundation of a consciousness of personal merit—to look forward into the future, as well as back into the past! Perhaps this retrospect will not fill his soul only with songs of joy, but will also hold him fast at many places which he will be constrained anew to water with the hot tears of repentance. But he will always raise himself up, and take courage again, and feel his just sorrow give place to equally well-founded joy over the everlasting truth, that "if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."—*Krummacher (in his Autobiography).*

When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.