

and who herself stood in need of help, was praised, for the riches of her liberality, by the heart-searching Master of assemblies when he saw her casting her last farthing into the treasury. Her mite was an important contribution to the funds of the treasury; it came from a willing mind and a heart prompted by the purest of motives. She gave more than all the rest put together; because what she gave came from the bottom of her purse as well as from the bottom of her heart. We have every reason to believe that the virtuous poor, and the working classes who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, have in all ages given much more for charitable and religious purposes, in proportion to their means, than the middle and upper classes of society.

The suffering poor, the needy and the fatherless have a strong claim upon our sympathy and our succour. We know that the statement which our Lord made before his crucifixion is still true. "Ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always." Their continuance in the world seems to be designed by God to draw forth our sympathy, and is doubtless one of the many means which he employs for the development of our moral character.

"Blessed," says the psalmist, "is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." "Defend the poor and fatherless; do justice to the afflicted and needy."

Solomon says, "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself but shall not be heard." "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor."

"He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack: but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse." Among the ornaments which decorate and adorn the person of a virtuous woman, the following are mentioned among the number, "she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

"No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results unfolded dwell  
Within it silently.

Work and despair not: give thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all who serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free."