

Sunlight Hearts and Sunlight Homes.

(By the Rev. George Everard, M.A., Rector of Teston, Kent.)

It was a bright, pleasant afternoon in the early summer, when three or four of us made an inspection of a little village that has lately arisen in the North of England.

It is always a cause for thankfulness when care and pains are taken to add to the comfort of those who are engaged, day after day, in constant toil. It was so in this case. The houses of the workmen were far better than such as they can usually obtain. Then the little gardens or allotments near at hand, the recreation-ground, the hall, where frequent lectures on interesting subjects are given, the village shop with its abundant stores, the absence of any public house, which so often spreads misery and

hearts and sunlight homes,' and very thankful will I be if this article, coming as a messenger of peace at the beginning of another year, may assist any who read it in gaining both.

Well do I remember an old friend who had the former in no common degree. He was a man of fair means, who had risen from the ranks. Genuine godliness had been his safeguard from early youth, and through this he had risen from the position of a workingman to that of being a large employer of labor. But for fifteen years he had been totally blind. One day he was speaking to a number of young people whom he had gathered into a night-school. 'You can see the sun shining by day, and the moon and stars by night, but I cannot. Yet a brighter light,' he added, striking his breast, 'is shining here—God's love in Jesus Christ.' His calm, placid face shone with holy joy, as

tion. In his misery he sought the Lord, and found Christ as his Saviour and Friend. Thus old things passed away, and all things became new. Then he told another story. He had come out of the dark cave and felt the warm beams of the sun shining upon him. He was now so happy in the Lord that he would not change places with the Queen upon her throne.

Not many weeks ago, in fact, the day that I visited Port Sunlight, I was on a steamer on the Mersey, returning to Liverpool. I gave away a few booklets to the passengers, and one man very warmly thanked me. Then he began to tell me his story. He said that eleven years before he had been one of the roughest men in Liverpool. He could not control his temper, and when he was angry he would utter the most awful oaths. But one night a thought came to him. He saw that he was all wrong, and on the way to hell. So he cast himself on his knees and sought pardon for the past. He found the old promise true—'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Now,' he said, 'the Lord has done such great things for me, that I often stop on the road and thank him. I do not think there is a man in the world for whom he has done so much as he has done for me.'

Not long ago a lady who had been the centre of a worldly circle, to whom the world had been everything, heard a message which turned her whole course. She became as zealous for the kingdom of Christ as she had been for the gaieties and amusements of the world.

A lady who did not sympathize with her made the remark—'She actually finds her happiness in religion!'

'And where else should she find it?' was the sensible answer given to her.

If men find no true happiness in Christ, they certainly will find it nowhere else. — 'British Messenger.'



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sorrow among those around, the various clubs, tending to promote thrift and self-improvement in various ways, a helpful magazine published from month to month—all these things were in the right direction, and I trust may assist in justifying the name of 'Port Sunlight,' which had been given to the place.

Only let it never be forgotten that one thing alone can give, either to village or town or country, a firm, abiding prosperity. 'Godliness with contentment is great gain,' 'Godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

But the sight of the name of this 'Sunlight' village led my thoughts still farther. I thought of the blessedness of 'sunlight

thus, from his own experience, he pleaded with the young people, whom he so dearly loved.

The great secret of sunlight in the Christian's heart is a true view of him from whom they derive all the comfort and hope they enjoy. For he is a Glorious Sun, pouring forth the warmth of his enlivening rays always and everywhere. Think of one or two passages: 'The Lord God is a Sun and Shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'

A few years ago there was a man near Birmingham who had ruined himself by drink and gambling. He made a remark to a friend that he was so wretched that there was not a man in the world with whom he would not willingly change places. But grace turned his footsteps in a new direc-

The Last Lesson in the Old Schoolhouse.

(By Mary E. Bamford in the 'Wellspring'.)

Mrs. McGovern went from one clothes line to another in her yard, feeling to discover if her washing was dry. Few of the clothes had dried as yet.

'It isn't much of a drying day,' she commented. 'There isn't enough wind.'

Mrs. McGovern stood a moment peering through the trees toward an old wooden schoolhouse on the lower part of the hilly ground that composed the block across the road.

'I don't believe there are many people at the auction,' Mrs. McGovern told herself. 'The schoolhouse is an old building, and whoever buys it must move it away; and moving is costly.'

Around the schoolhouse block were a few waggons. A little knot of men and boys were with the auctioneer upon the hillside. The old schoolhouse had been moved to a corner of the school yard, and a large and costly school building of stone and brick had been built on the old schoolhouse's former perch on top of the hill.

'It's a sightly place for the fine new schoolhouse,' said Mrs. McGovern; 'but it will seem strange not to see the old schoolhouse any more.'

Mrs. McGovern had gone to school in the old building when she was a girl, and her children had gone there in recent years. She carried such dry clothes as she had found into her house now and folded them for