

then there will be accessions to the Church from every family. "One shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob." Where the commands of our Lord are not heeded, where there is no piety at home, family baptism is a solemn mockery. It is like a man marking sheep as his, and then leaving them to go their way, it may be to be destroyed by wolves. Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, then will He make good His rich promise. "They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

MONEY AN AID TO DEVOTION.

BY JAMES.

HARD times had come. I had read of the crash in the higher financial circles, and wondered what the end might be among the "common people." We had not long to wait ere a sad wail was heard from the labouring and poorer classes on every hand. I prayed some for the disappointed and bankrupt capitalists and speculators, but more for the suffering toilers, whose daily bread had failed, not by their own fault. In my sympathy for these, I had almost forgotten myself and "own household," but ere long a painful dispensation of Providence had disabled me for the service of former days, and the small earnings of more prosperous days were "used up." Need came to be an actual realization. The meal-barrel was not unlike that of the Zarephath widow—only a "handful" there; the soles of the boots had become so far tattered that more than one pair of feet had no water-tight covering. Half-worn garments had been re-dyed in order to render them fit for a Sunday outfit. The butcher's meat bill unpaid; the quarter's postage nearing its last day; sundry small mechanics' bills uncanceled, and finally I was ashamed to be at Church and oblige the good deacon to pass the collection-box unreplenished by my usual share. So with an empty pocket and a sad heart, I found but too little cheer and life in the sermons and services of the Lord's house.

And then I reasoned, if others are in a like case, whence are to come our needed Missionary Funds? How is the vast work in our home field; the carrying of the Gospel to the heathen—to the millions of idolaters, and into nominally Christian countries to be accomplished? Such a lack of funds; such a crippling of instrumentalities—I had almost despaired of the promised millenium. Then I remembered that, nevertheless, Jesus had taught us the prayer "Thy Kingdom come," and a little further on "give us this day our daily bread," and He knew that money would buy bread, and so, whether it was wicked or not, I prayed for money. I had in years gone by been enabled to aid a friend to a small sum, but the man had soon disappeared, and during those years I had no knowledge of his "whereabouts," and certainly not of his "success." The debt was comparatively trifling in amount, but larger than any man else on earth owed me. At an early hour of the morning of one of these gloomy days, two men gave me a call. One was my neighbour, who introduced the other, "Mr. D.—have you forgotten him?" Looking the well-dressed stranger in the face, I recognized the almost forgotten man to whom I had once shown the favour in the form of a loan. His words were prompt and manly,—"I have a little money for you, principal and interest." He paid it; and not only was I glad to get it, but in that transaction I was led more fully to realize that God is a prayer answering God.

My little bills were soon paid. My creditors dismissed their frowns, and tendered more hearty salutations and hand-shakes. The burden was taken off from my own soul. I went to the house of God with joy, and paid my vows unto Him in the presence of His people. The sermon was rich in truth, the prayers no false monotony, and the Service of Song was so heaven-like that I could but say, "I have been there, and still would go, 'Tis like a little heaven below," and *that money,*