

He saw grace in Mark, when, having deserted them in their first mission, Paul refused to have anything more to do with him, Barnabas was more patient and charitable; and seeing the grace that was in Mark, he took him with him on a mission, and so encouraged and nurtured him, that in his last letter Paul was glad to summon Mark to his aid, as one that was profitable to him in the ministry.

To see grace we must be familiar with it. Hypocrites see hypocrisy; worldlings see worldliness; sinners see sin; good men, like Barnabas, who are full of faith and the Holy Ghost, see grace, and rejoice in it, and labour to extend its reign.

Can we see the grace of God? There are places where there seems much formality, much sin; and yet if we had the eyes of Barnabas we might amid it all see the grace of God, and rejoice. There are some names, even in Sardis. There was one just Lot in Sodom; there was a Joseph in Egypt; there was a Daniel in Babylon; and so God has His lights shining amid the darkness. Happy are they who, from their knowledge of the Lord and His will, can rejoice in the manifestations of Divine grace.

### THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

JESUS, Thy name is ever dear,  
And ever welcome unto me;  
Happy I feel when Thou art near,  
Though in the workhouse still I be.

My lot on earth is poor and mean,  
My circumstances sad indeed;  
But Jesus cheers the dreary scene:  
He meets me in my greatest need.

He smiles on me though some may frown,  
He pities failings none can see;  
He welcomes me whoe'er may spurn:  
How kind my Jesus is to me?

He comforts and He succours me;  
He teaches me to look above,  
Beyond this life and its rough sea,  
To yonder land of rest and love.

He hushes all my passions still,  
He makes the storm become a calm,  
Brings sweet submission to His will,  
And holds me with His mighty arm.

He makes the curse a blessing prove;  
He turns my sorrows into joy,  
He teaches this hard heart to love,  
And make His praises my employ.

He turns my darkness into light,  
He makes this earth become a heaven,  
Gives inward peace 'midst outward fright;  
All glory to His name be given!

Grace Dickinson.

### THE FIVE-POUND NOTE.



It was a good many years ago a merchant missed from his cash-drawer a five-pound note. No one had been to the drawer, it was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there to get change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the note had disappeared.

Naturally, Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes, he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a five-pound note.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

"It is needless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him!" he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston, "and I can't produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money, or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told any one about the gift, for she did not wish me to do so. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I have not lost it, in which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, you bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was the only means of proving his innocence. Unless he could produce it his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed, were sadly against him. He