

is trying to support herself and her little children by keeping a little shop, which needs more attention than she can give it, run in for an hour occasionally, and offer to mind the children which she devotes her undivided attention to the claims of business. There are others for whom you may do a little needle-work, fetch an errand, write a letter, nurse a child, read to the aged, attend the sick, teach the ignorant, speak "a word in season" to those who are "out of the way" help the hungry to get bread, the unemployed to obtain work, the destitute to find succour; be a friend to the friendless, a brother to those in adversity; remembering, for your encouragement, the gracious declaration of our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A Refreshing Incident.

A man whose locks were slightly tinged with gray, was waiting at the junction of two railways for the train that was to take him to the place he desired to visit. As he sat in the waiting-room, he noticed that a gentlemanly man came more than once to the door of the room and eyed him with attention. As it was not a countenance that he recognized as that of an acquaintance he thought no more of the matter. Wearied with waiting, he rose and determined to take a short walk, as the train would not be due short of an hour. He had proceeded but a few steps when the gentleman above noticed overtook him and said "I beg your pardon—is not this Mr. C——, formerly Mr. W——?"

"That is my name," said Mr. C.

"You do not remember me, but I shall remember you forever. You used to see me many years ago when I was a boy in Mr. M——'s grocery."

"I presume I saw you there, but I do not remember it."

"You remember holding some prayer-meetings there fourteen years ago."

"I do."

"So do I; for that were the occasion, as

I trust, of my conversion to God. I was a thoughtless wicked boy then. I went out of curiosity to one of your meetings, and your remarks interested me, and I went again. I wanted to tell my feeling at the time, but I lacked courage. Soon after the last meeting, I indulged a hope of pardon, which hope I have held on to ever since. I have tried to do some good. I have always wished to tell you what obligations I have felt myself under to you."

Mr. C—— made some inquiries respecting his place of residence, and subsequently learned that he was a man of wealth and standing in the community, and was regarded as the most decided and most efficient Christian layman in the place.

The prayer-meetings Mr. C—— had always regarded as a failure. They were not well attended, and never before had he any evidence that any good was done. He now saw that he had not labored in vain. And so it may be with many labourers in the Lord's Vineyard—with many faithful Sunday School teachers. Among the children they have taught, there may be here and there efficient Christian men and women who were converted through their instrumentality, though not till after the relation of teacher and pupil may have ceased between them and who have never been able to express to them their sense of obligation. In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper.—*Sunday School Times.*

ALWAYS AT HAND.

You need not write to Jesus; He can hear you speaking—aye, thinking. A little boy in Germany once wrote a prayer and put it into the post-office, addressed to Lord Jesus Christ. He thought, in his simplicity, that was the way to get it sent to heaven. Dear child, his prayer was there before he folded his letter. Christ saw him write, and knew his very wishes. He knows yours, and tells you to speak them out to his ear. You do so when you pray. You send up a pleading look to heaven. This you can do when there is no light to see by. There are cloudy days when you cannot see the sun, and dark, stormy nights when no star appears; but you can always by prayer send up a look to Jesus. *The Children's Church at Home*, by Rev. Edmond.