

I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm clear of all expenses, \$1,200. Three dollars is one fourhundredth part of \$1,200.

"The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I: 'I am not quite ready for the one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works.' I got a big envelope, and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could I put the \$60 into it. Said I, 'Here goes for the Lord.' It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done, how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions, all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the Lord the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one-tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's fund up to \$75; and if it don't I will make it up from something else."

[Let our readers try Uncle John's plan.—EDS: C. W.]

"God bless the Church of England,
True branch of CHRIST, the Vine;
Her Bishops, Priests, and Deacons
Of Apostolic line!"

"ETERNAL DEATH," says Dr. Pusey, "was part of the Faith written by God's hand upon the soul, the last hold which God has upon the soul, that it may not finally part with Him; a faith of

which such minds as Diderot and Voltaire could not rid themselves."

AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE.

THE *Parish Visitor*, under the head of "An Inspiring Example," says:—"The habit of determined cheerfulness against sore and hopeless trouble" has rarely been more beautifully illustrated than by this outline sketch of two lives.

Mr. R. J. Burdette, the humorist of the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye*, in a letter from Nantucket, declining an invitation to attend a college society reunion, says:

"Mrs. Burdette's health—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a sarcastic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to this seagirt island to see if old ocean and its breezes may do what the doctors and mountains and prairies have failed to do. And here we are waiting. 'Her little serene highness in utter helplessness, unable to stand alone (for years she has been unable to walk), her helpless hands folded in her lap; she must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby, suffering from countless pains and aches, day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days.

THE Church, it has been beautifully said, has its long list of saints; it has never inserted *one* name in the catalogue of the damned.

KEEP company with the good, and thou wilt be one of them.

HE that soweth in iniquity shall reap vanity.