

'Even in the Least.'

(Mrs. A. H. Bronson, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Mary Lee was sewing very busily, when a touch of the bell caused her to drop her work, as she stepped to the door to admit the caller. Her face brightened as she saw who it was, and a warm welcome took the place of the rather cool one she might have given to some one else.

'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Lewis,' she exclaimed, keeping hold of the hand which she clasped, until they had reached the easiest rocking chair, in the sunniest spot in the room, and her guest was comfortably seated in it. 'Now let me take your bonnet and cloak. Yes, I can take no denial, you must stop and have dinner with us,' and it was settled and then Mary returned to her work. 'You will excuse me keeping right on, won't you?' she said. 'I have such a lot of mending to do and so little time to do it in, and it is all needed right off. Let you help me? No indeed, it is a rest to look at some one who does not have to toil all day, and half the night, too,' she added, fretfully.

'Well, if you insist, oh, I see that you have your thimble on; there is a pair of stockings of John's; you might darn them, he'll need them, I dare say, as soon as he comes in, it is such a damp, foggy day. Oh, dear, this everlasting patching and making over is dull work, I tell you, auntie, but it is my lot, and I must not envy my more fortunate sisters, I suppose. Now tell me all the news from Clifton.'

'First, Mary,' said her old friend, 'I want to tell you of something you have made me think of. It was of a sermon which I heard last summer, when I was visiting my daughter in Illinois.'

'Why, Auntie Lewis, what can you mean; how could—' and then, she stopped in utter bewilderment.

'Well, you see, my dear, the sermon was on the life of Christ, the human side especially. The preacher spoke of his early life of toil, helping Joseph in the shop, and in all the work which falls to a carpenter to do, and then of a later time, when it would seem that Joseph, so much older than Mary, as is supposed, had either died, or outlived the period of active work, which must then have devolved chiefly upon Jesus the support of his mother, and as he was going on, something came into my own mind in a different way from which I had ever thought of it before. It was this: 'No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse.' I could seem to see Jesus, a young man of perhaps twenty-five, sitting in the plain little living room where the family was assembled in the evening perhaps, the mother and sisters busily repairing the old clothes for the next day's wear, and one of the sisters exclaiming, 'What! this coat to be mended again so soon! Why it was only yesterday that I put a new piece into the rent you made, brother Jesus!' Jesus would glance up, with an absorbed look, from the scriptures he was studying, but before he could speak his mother interposed. 'Why, my child, no wonder it did not hold then, with all the reaching and stretching he had, why, see the new piece has just torn away from the old and the rent is made worse.' Then though he returned to his study and his thoughts, Jesus was mindful (it seemed to me) how his mother took the garment with her own hands and carefully inserted a patch, somewhat worn, but still firm enough to hold for some time. And so the incident though so trivial, made a deep impression on his mind, and served as an apt illustration, when he was preaching and working miracles, and 'about his Father's business.'

'It seemed to me, Mary, to add dignity and sweetness to this common round of work which so many of his fellowmen from that time to this have had to do, that he should have been interested in it and cared enough about it to make use of it as he did, and shows that he is not indifferent to this, or any kind of work, however humble, if done in the right spirit and in His name.'

Mary did not speak at once; she was thinking, and a few bright drops fell on the lit-

tle jacket she was patching. At last she looked up.

'Thank you, auntie,' she said, 'I am a grumbler, to be sure, and should be ashamed of it, when I have so many good things, just because I have sometimes to make over, instead of making up new garments. But this will help me, I know it will; you always do help me, Auntie Lewis, and you shall see. I am going to try to show that I am following Jesus' teachings, even in mending and patching. See! What a nice job I have made of Johnny's jacket, and now comes little Lizzie's dress. Perhaps I can make it look almost as good as new.'

Do Not Forget.

A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come;
A little bit of live
Makes a happy home;
A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay;
A little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.

—Waif.

Do Your Best.

A minister tells how, when a boy, he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day, not long since, says an exchange, he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: 'Is that the best you can whistle?'

'No,' said the minister, 'can you beat it?' The boy said he could, and the minister said: 'Well, let's hear you.'

The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, and as he started away the little fellow said: 'Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?'

The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would.—'Ram's Horn.'

Cold Weather Boarders.

There is a suet bone attached to the trunk of an elm tree within full view of my window, that is the centre of interest these cold days of early spring. The bone was procured at the market, and was selected because of the amount of good, firm suet contained.

A stout cord was tied tightly around the bone, and through the knot thus made a nail was thrust, and the bone nailed to the trunk of the tree. This tree was selected because of the number of birds that every winter tap at its bark for food, especially in cold, snowy weather.

It is surprising to see how soon such a storehouse is discovered by the feathered tribe. It is also interesting to notice the regularity with which different birds visit it, when once located.

At seven o'clock, every morning since its discovery, a pair of downy woodpeckers come and drum at the bone until they have secured enough suet to stow away in the trunk of a nearby tree; for very little of their food is eaten on the spot, most of it being carried away for future use, just as we procure our food at the market, and take it home with us.

The pair never visit the bone together, but one patiently waits upon the limb above, until the other is satisfied. Usually it is the male with his brilliant red neck piece that gets the first delicious morsel, his mate all the while watching him with loving interest.

Later in the day, usually about nine or ten, a pair of white-breasted nuthatches goes through the same performance. These interesting little creatures often work diligently, storing away tiny pieces of suet all along the rail of a fence in the yard, hammering it in so loudly that the strokes of their bills are often heard through closed windows. They work in company, varying the monotony of their occupation by loud quacks, that, however unmusical they may sound amid a chorus of spring choristers, are decidedly agreeable when sweeter bird notes are hushed.

Walking along the street one cold, snowy afternoon, the merry, contented 'chick, chick,

chick-a-dee-dee, dee!' of a little chickadee rang out its jubilant acclaim. The sound seemed to come from the direction of the tree containing the suet dainties. As I hastened into the yard, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a little black cap bobbing restlessly about the bone, pausing every now and then to deliver an ecstatic outburst at the fortunate discovery.

Blue jays come and in a lordly manner proclaim their presence, but even their ill-nature fails to intimidate the little flock that daily hovers around that enchanted suet bone.

Large pieces of suet nailed to trunks of trees are alluring, but they are not so satisfactory as bones, for often a few taps from eager bills will dislodge part of the suet, and the rest soon falls, leaving only the nail for the next disappointed little investigator. The birds grow quite fearless after several visits, and will allow a familiarity that can be gained in no other way.

To a bird-lover there is no better way of insuring bird company during this inclement season than by having several of these alluring appendages attached to trees about the house.—'Presbyterian.'

Ye Also Helping.

Once a little stream was heard complaining. 'What is the use,' it said, 'of my flowing this short distance year in and year out? I'm not needed to water this little valley, for the rain falls in abundance and blesses the grass and the flowers. The trees sink their roots deep and lift their branches high, and the birds come and sing to them and nest in them and man rejoices in their shade. As for me, the thick growing underbrush and the low hanging branches of trees shut out my view. I flow over the rough stones and they hurt me. I'm tired and helpless and ready to die.' Just then a woodman came along. He cleared out the undergrowth and cut down the low hanging branches, and the little stream saw the mighty river flowing by, bearing proud vessels on its bosom. And ere it could recover from its amazement, the river cried: 'Ah, little stream, how happy you should be. For you are one of my many little friends that make it possible for me to carry commerce from port to port and bless the life of man.' Then the little stream returned to its task humbled and rejoiced—its life tributary to that greater life of which it formed a part.—H. K. Denlinger.

How to Become a Great Man

Let a man once get thoroughly wrought into and through his whole being the fact that this world is to be converted to Jesus Christ and that his own business here is to work in line with God's enterprise in this thing, and he cannot help realizing in his own person the Christian theory of living. He will meditate on it, he will study it, he will inform himself about it, he will talk of it, he will work for it, he will dream of it, he will give his money to it, if need be he will suffer for it and die for it. Such a life of active, thoughtful sympathy with Christ will make a man of anybody. No matter who or what he is, no matter how poor, how ignorant, how small in the world's esteem, such a life will make him a great man. Angels will respect him. God will own him.—Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D.

The Helpfulness of Public Worship.

(The Rev. W. J. Dawson, in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

I have had manifold opportunities of studying the life of young men, especially in great cities; and of all the conclusions graven most deeply on my mind I think the deepest is this: The beginning of ruin is the loss of devoutness.

I am not now speaking of reverence of tongue or thought only. I am speaking of something far more spiritual—the departure from the heart of that gracious habit of spiritual thought which we call devoutness; and my experience goes to prove that devoutness of temper cannot be maintained without those means of grace which the church provides. I know in my own heart how soon the spirit of devoutness fades when from any