

fidence that all will turn out well, children are left to grow up with but little effort to develop in them deep conviction of truth, and positive piety towards God.

It need not be said that this is directly opposed to God's methods of grace. He expresses the strongest desire for early piety. He has made provision for the careful nurture of children in His fear. He gives His blessing upon those who from their childhood call upon His name and walk in His ways. He works for immediate results, and while the life is a growth, first the blades, then the stalks, then the full corn, yet He desires the ripe grain just as soon as it can grow. The grace of God is not given that in older years we may begin to serve Him, but that planted in His courts we may bear fruit from childhood to old age.—*Our Church Paper.*

CHRISTIANITY AND BUSINESS.

Diligence in business may be a means of grace. Earnestness is a lawful calling—good men sometimes call it worldliness. It is not that, if the man's Christianity is making him earnest. If that go with him into his toil, inspiring him with exalted motive, he cannot fail to be earnest. And instead of his business being a hindrance to his piety, he will find it a help, and as good as prayer. For to work in one's appointed sphere, and with right motive, is to be religious; to do a religious thing, is as religious as to pray.

Genius is a good thing, but industry is a better thing. The plodders in the end are the men of achievement. The church is not a sponge. Christians are not pensioners. Piety is not sentiment. Life is a battle. Religion is business; and a first-rate Christian need not be a fifth-rate man of business.

Get rich if you will. In so doing, you take great risks. But Christianity does not say to any man, you must be worth only so much; extend your business only so far. It says, use your riches for the glory of God; let them be set loosely outside of you, while the Christ is inside regnant and worshipped. If they once usurp his place woe to you! And you can tell whether they have your Lord's place or not. Any man can easily decide whether his business is being done in the name of the Lord Jesus. If it unfits him for devotion, keeps him out of his closet, leaves him no time for prayer, thrusts itself into his hours of worship; if it secularize him so that his religion becomes intrusive, whenever it peers into his store, the office, the shop, the counting room, on a week day, and he show the door to it with a "Begone! away with you! You belong to Sunday;" if it burden him with cares and anxieties; if it makes him hard, grasping, close fistled, reluctant at outgoes and eager for incomes, quick for further investment in stocks and estates, but slow and doubtful about investments where the Lord is security—then Christianity has little to do with the business and little to do with him. If he enlarge his business by corrupting his religion, and swell his income by starving his soul, the balance sheet will be woefully against him in the final reckoning.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

The enthusiasm of genius has been like the rainbow, made out of mingled tears and sunshine, and the true order of nobility among men has been composed of those unselfish natures whose love laid life as a daily sacrifice on the altar. If we examine the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and from that down through all the peerage of noble souls who have adorned humanity, and "of whom the world was not worthy," we shall find that each one had received the fiery baptism of self-sacrifice as preliminary to their exaltation.

It may be a mystery to us, that the most princely lives must be immolated for the sake of others, but that it is the "more excellent way," and that it tends to ennoble mankind, is assured by the fact that Christianity itself, the inspiration and the hope of the world, is a religion of self-negation. Its symbol is a cross, and its testimony is that only they who yield up their lives for others shall "find them."—*G. H. Everst.*

THE FRUITS OF FAITH.

The story of the "nobleman whose son was sick at Capernaum," which St. John alone of the Evangelists relates, awakens our human sympathies while it stirs within us a feeling of awe and thankfulness at the thought of our Saviour's Divine Power exercised in answer to a suppliant's prayer. It should move us, too, to a holy emulation of that faith which, in the absence of any visible token, put a perfect reliance in the promise of the Lord.

This man, in his dire need, had come to Jesus, believing that He possessed the power to save his son's life, but it was some visible tangible action on the part of this wondrous Being that he anticipated. Jesus saw and tested his faith. When the nobleman first besought His aid He answered: "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." Then came the passionate pleading: "Sir come down ere my child die." Then said Jesus, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." And the suppliant's faith, which seems to have been wondrously strengthened and enlightened, was then fully shown. "The man believed the word which Jesus had spoken to him and went his way." His errand had seemingly been a fruitless one; he had implored the Master to go down to his house to heal his child, and instead of a practical proof of His power He gives him only words—words which, to an unbeliever, would seem but an idle mockery of the truth. For had not this father's beloved one lain even at the point of death? and now he is told, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." Do we realize how strong that faith must have been which believed and obeyed? He had come full of intense and most painful longing; he went in the calm assurance of relief. The homeward journey must to him have been brightened by the glad anticipation of seeing his child restored to him, and the light of faith within his soul must have filled him with a new and deeper joy. He is one of the many that God's Word tells us of from whom we may learn in deep humility.

Did we possess such faith in the mercy and power of God, how would our trials be lightened and though our prayers might not be answered as we would, we should hold with glad certainty to the thought that God in His own good time would grant their best fulfilment.

A VERY significant utterance was that made by James Tracy, who was executed for murder at Chicago just before he was hung. He had all along protested his innocence, and in a communication which he wrote out for a reporter he said: "I feel satisfied that if my past record had been spotless I could never have been convicted. I do not believe any man who has known the life of virtue can ever be contented with a life of vice. The farmer who has spent his life on his farm, never seeing more of the world than the road to market or more of society than the village congregation, is happier than the 'sport' who gets his money easily but questionably and sees society in its wildest dissipation. The laborer never feels his work as does the man who makes his living by 'the simple turn of the wrist.' I sincerely hope that my fate and these words may prove a warning to young men who are cheating themselves with the idea that there can be any peace, happiness or prosperity in a crooked life."

HABITS.

Boys, did you ever think much about habits—good habits, bad habits, and every other kind of habits? If not, now is the time to commence. Habit grows just as it is cultivated, let it be good or bad, with the exception that evil habits are more easily matured, from the fact that the disposition is more inclined to evil than to good. This root of habit is found making its way through the disposition of the true and noble boy and girl, little at a time, seemingly in fear of losing its footing—inch by inch it feels its way, while the innocent boy or girl is suspecting no harm—finally it secures a strong footing, and then through the taste or appetite whispers, I have you; you are mine; extract yourself if you can. Thus the lives of many true and noble men and women have been destroyed.

A TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.

Every boy and every girl understands this. We never expect to find apples growing on hickory trees, or pears and peaches hanging from the boughs of the birch or maple trees. So it is with every fruit, every flower, and even every leaf. They are to be found on the trees, or the shrubs, or the bushes, or the vines to which they belong. Who ever saw a beautiful rose growing out of a field cabbage, or a big pumpkin coming from a cherry tree blossom?

All children, and grown people too, understand these things, and there is not much need of making any mistakes. Now, we wish that every boy and every girl would understand that he or she is just like these trees, or shrubs, or plants, or bushes, or vines. No boy or girl can be all of these, but each can be and is some one of them. What! exclaims one boy, am I a gnarly sour apple tree? Yes, you are, if you bring forth gnarly sour apples. And that other boy over there is a miserable persimmon tree just so long as he brings forth nothing but wretched, puckery persimmons. And that girl over yonder is a regular thorn bush, pretty enough to look at from a distance, but full of thorns and pricklers when you come too near.

But, fortunately, there are a great many boys and girls who bring forth delicious fruit, as well as beautiful flowers. We love to look at them, and we love to have them about. They make every home and every place charming. Only don't let any boy or girl think it is enough just to bring forth leaves. Think of the fig tree that had nothing but leaves on it. We would almost rather have you bring forth pig nuts or crab apples, than no fruit at all. But remember you will all be known by the fruit you bear.—*Parish Visitor.*

CHARLIE'S GOLD DOLLAR.

It was Charlie's birthday. His father gave him a gold dollar for his own.

"What will you do with it?" asked Bert.

"I don't know," said Charlie.

"Buy candy," said Bert; "I would if it were mine."

In the afternoon Charlie went to town with papa.

"I want to spend my dollar," said he, "but I don't know what to buy."

Just then they passed a florist's, and Charlie called out, "Let's stop, papa. I want some violets and a rosebud."

Papa stopped, and got them. Then he bought some oranges, a couple of lemons, some candy, and half a dozen little seed-cakes.

"Now let us get a doll, a pretty one with blue eyes, papa, and a picture-book," said Charlie.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked his father.

"You'll see," said Charlie.

By-and-by they came to a little old house. Charlie stopped and wanted to go in. A little girl lived here who was very sick. She was one of Charlie's school-mates. He gave her the flowers and an orange. How happy they made her!

"Now I shall have something to look at all day long," said said.

At the next house was a poor little lame boy. Charlie gave him the pretty picture-book, and he clapped his hands for joy. Then Charlie gave him a lemon, for some lemonade, a big orange, and some candy. Little Jamie was very happy.

A little girl who had never had one got the pretty blue-eyed doll. Charlie gave the cakes and the rest of the candy to two little ragged boys in the street. Then he went home.

"What did you buy?" asked Bert.

"Oh, nothing for myself, but I am so happy! I never had such a good time in my life," said Charlie.

"That was because you made a good time for others, my boy," added his papa.—*Eliza M. Sherman.*

THE flowers of Christian graces grow only under the shadow of the cross, and the root of them all is humility.