

or a cup of water to the thirsty, doesn't he get the benefit just the same?"

Ah, you may give him water and he will thirst again, food and he will hunger again. His clean shirt will soon be spoiled, and he will need it all once more, but if you show him that you do this in the name of Jesus, at whose name every knee at last must bow, in whose name alone salvation is to be found, the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, then he will be led to look up from the giver to the true source of the gift. Your name will die and be forgotten, but the name of Jesus lives forever, his only hope of salvation.—*R. A. Torrey.*

Hugged Her Burdens.

LOADED to the chin with packages and parcels, tensely erect in a straight-back chair, sat the weary shopper in the station waiting-room at the close of a bargain day.

The place was nearly deserted; there were any number of empty rocking-chairs and an inviting couch beckoned from a secluded corner. But the tired, rigid little soul would none of these creature comforts, and when I went to my train I left her still sitting in the same position with that strained, set look on her face, while she convulsively clutched her lapful of bundles.

Type overlasting of those who hug their burdens of care when they might just as well let them drop down to their feet: who choose the stiffest, most cramped position in life, while an easy, relaxed attitude is to be had for the taking; who seem almost willfully to select the hardest seats of duty, ignoring the big-armed, comfortable rocker of rest made just to soothe racked nerve and weary brain.

Why should we go out of our way to hunt for hard times? As we go along, enough of that sort of thing will be provided for our highest development. There is no reason why we should go about as roaring lions to seek what of trial or of tribulation we may devour. There is large virtue in that necessity which bows to the inevitable, but there is none in needless self-inflictions. Inglorious ease is one thing, asceticism is another. Seeking trouble is about as bad as fleeing from it, and bearing trial needlessly is no better than shirking it. "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you" has in it more of philosophy than of poetry. Whenever possible, rest the hands, rest the head, rest the heart." Never take up a burden that is just as well off where it is.—*Julia Thayer.*

True Wealth.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store,
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my choice defiance;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence;
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.

Sir Edward Dyer, 1540-1607.

Clever Ants.

DR. FLAGG tells an interesting story of some ants he had observed: "A pie was placed on a shelf in a cupboard, with a wide ring of molasses encircling the plate. The ants discovered it, and, wanting pie for breakfast, they set out to get it. They first marched about the ring, leaving an ant here and there at places which were seen to be less wide than the rest of the ring. Then they carefully selected the narrowest place; and, going to an old nail-hole in the wall, they formed an endless stream of porters, each bringing a grain of plaster. They built a causeway through the molasses of these bits of lime, and in three hours from the time of discovery, they were eating the pie."

"God Is Dear."

A LITTLE boy, not yet six, to whom the hours of the Sunday afternoon seemed rather long, was told by his father that he could sit at his desk and print Bible verses. "God is love," dictated the father, spelling the words slowly as the lad's fingers carefully printed them on the paper. Not long after the father found that the little fellow had added a "Revised Version" of his own, and had been printing several times over on different slips of paper and in different colors, the short sentence, "God is dear."

The lad's instinct was right. "God is dear" is the other side of the truth that "God is love." God is dear to us because he makes us dear to him. The Bible recognizes this fact when it says that we love him because he first loved us. The great fountain of love in the divine nature is the source of all the little rills and springs of love in human hearts.

Yes, God is dear. Childhood feels this truth instinctively, and adult manhood as life advances experiences increasing proofs of the fact. God is the dearest of the dear. Jesus Christ his Son, who reveals the great Creator to men, is the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. As life goes on, and perhaps as sorrows come, God grows dearer, grace has a sweeter sound, and heaven lights up with a more splendid radiance. "God is dear." No matter what doubts the devil may put into your mind regarding God's dealings with you, no matter how cares may multiply or depressions assail, hold fast to that tender thought! God loves to be loved. Let him be to you the dearest of the dear.—*Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight, in New York Observer.*

All Through a Little Card.

A BEAUTIFUL story has just been related to Rev. R. A. Torrey, superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, recently engaged in evangelistic meetings abroad, showing the happy chain of conversions which hung on a card of invitation to his recent mission in Edinburgh. A nurse had lately settled in a home in Edinburgh, and placed a card about the mission in the frame of a picture in her room. After it had remained there for two or three days, the landlady asked the nurse what it referred to. She replied that it was an invitation to the Torrey-Alexander services, but that, as she could not attend them herself, she had placed it where others could see it who might be able to go. She asked the landlady if she intended going to the Synod Hall.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I cannot even get to a church because of the children." The nurse said she would look after the little ones if the mother would go to the mission.

The landlady went, and was converted that night. The change wrought in her induced her husband to go on another evening, and he came home a converted man. Later on a son and a daughter attended the meetings, and were led into the light of God. Now, all these four persons were brought to the Lord through the simple inquiry caused by a little card.

A Real Sermon.

MR. Samuel Colgate, at Orange, used to tell a story of a minister that came there once to preach, simply as a supply, for a single Sunday. The sermon seemed to make rather an unfavorable impression, and Mr. Colgate himself spoke of it in a rather deprecatory way. A little while afterward a candidate for membership in the Church, while relating her experience, described this very sermon as being the persuasive message which God had sent to her, and which proved to be the turning-point in her life.—*Edward Judson, D.D.*

In his address in the Amphitheatre, at the New York Chautauqua Assembly, on "Grace for Grace," Rev. Dr. Naphthali Luccock, of St. Louis, said: "Better than to hitch your wagon to a star, is to have your line in touch with Him who kindled all the stars. In John's Gospel, which best helps to do this, the phrase 'grace for grace' shines like radium. At first glance the phrase is puzzling. Looking at it steadily reveals the symmetry of life. Such grace carries the seed and potency of something else in character, qualities that sustain and supplement each other. In another light the phrase teaches the unfolding of one grace into another, as the bud opens into flower and the flower ripens into golden fruit."