

THE CLOSED DOOR.

A poor man who was looked upon as being very simple, applied for admission as a member to a church whose membership was of what is called a wealthy class. He came before the appointed officers for examination.

As it was an aristocratic church, they did not like to accept him into membership, but, of course, they adopted the tactics of their class, and asked the poor, simple applicant if he was sure the Lord wanted him to become a member of the church. He replied that he was sure, as he had prayed over it for six months.

"Well," they said, "better pray over it three months longer, and see what the Lord wants you to do."

He assented, and at the end of three months he applied again.

The officers asked him if he were still of the same mind. He said "Yes." They asked him also if he had asked the Lord about it. He said he had. Then they asked him what the Lord said to him.

The poor, simple applicant replied, "He told me not to be offended at you, brethren, for he himself had been trying for the past twelve years, since the church was built, to get in, but he had not succeeded yet."—*Weekly Review.*

LEAVE RESULTS TO GOD.

How often we are worried and perplexed over problems in life's book! How we burden ourselves regarding consequences!

How much relief we gain when we can decide to act to the best of our knowledge and wisdom, leaving consequences wholly to God.

Said our friend: "If I give to that poor family in our vicinity, they will waste my gift probably, and, what is worse, they will keep on begging of me till I'm worried with them."

"Do you think best to give to them in this instance?" we ask.

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"Do they especially need just now?"

"I think, yes, I know they do."

"Then give, leaving consequences to the Lord, who knows how to care for them."

"If I invite Mrs. B. to my little gathering, she will henceforth take it for granted that she is one of our set, and feel slighted if not invited. And yet in this instance we owe it to her to include her in the invitations. What shall I do?"

"Do? Do right as far as you know what right is, and let God care for Mrs. B. and the future."

"If I utter that little apology for that hasty word to N., she will take advantage of it in a way that will make me feel greatly humiliated."

"Ought you to apologize?"

"Well, yes, I believe I had."

"Then, we say do it. God will take care of what is to come after."

"If I speak to G. upon the all-important matter, he will likely be angry. I cannot afford to offend him."

"Ought you to speak to G. upon the great subject?"

"My conscience says, yes."

"Then speak, and leave the consequences. Put them in the Lord's hands—he will take care of them."

At one time we sat beside a man and wife in a great religious meeting. They were intimate friends of our own. The wife was a devoted Christian, the husband a non-professor. Mrs. B., the wife, was from time to time urging her companion to give a sign in response to the evangelist's invitation—to vir-

tually say, "I am ready to seek Christ." The man evidently felt deeply, but he held back.

"Oh, do, Mr. B.!" we whispered. Then, frightened at our temerity, we lifted up our hearts to God and begged him to turn our folly into wisdom, if the word had been folly.

Mr. B. rose and uttered a little word of confession, and was very soon after this a member of Christ's fold, and showed his sincerity by his conduct.

We had spoken from deep feeling even if impulsively, and God took care of the consequences. And so in all matters we may leave him to care for consequences if we act from right principles, asking from him wisdom and knowledge.

Oh the worry, the fretting, the suffering it would save us if we would put consequences all in the hands of Infinite Wisdom!—*Anna D. Walker, in Christian Intelligencer.*

THE GIRL WHO SHARED.

"Dear me! Stopping again! What can be the matter?"

Helen Lee glanced around to see if her fellow passengers were as hot and tired as she. It certainly was a very slow train, stopping at every way-station, and even every blacksmith's shop and corn-crib, Helen thought, and how hot and dusty it was, to be sure. But there were pleasant things to remember. That was comfort. Helen was returning from an Endeavor Convention which she had enjoyed with all her might. She generally did things with her might.

And now it was past noon, and the tardy train was delaying dinner and furnishing no opportunity for refreshment, unless one cared for the train-boy's chewing gum and figs.

"I'm growing famished," thought the young traveller, who had expected to reach home before noon. Then she remembered a packet of wafers in her bag, left-overs which she had happened not to take out. Then she thought that some one else might be as hungry as she. There was the girl in front of her, leaning wearily upon her hand. Helen had seen her in the convention, and had nodded to her as they entered the car. Now she leaned over and said, "Won't you share my wafers?" We shall not have a chance for lunch for ever so long. Come and sit here with me, won't you?

The tired girl gratefully accepted the hearty invitation.

The two ate up the wafers, every crumb, and had a pleasant talk, and in due time parted for change of cars.

The next year Helen again attended the State Convention. In the cloak-room she came face to face with a familiar countenance which she could not match with a name.

The recognition seemed mutual, and Helen said, "I think I have met you somewhere. Wasn't it last year?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I'm the girl you shared your wafers with. Oh, how hungry I was."

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about that," said Helen, wrinkling up her forehead in the effort to recall the sharing. She could not do it, but the girl repeated, "Yes, you shared your wafers with me. I haven't forgotten."

What a simple little thing it was, to be sure, a positive trifle. Helen would have been ashamed to remember it, but a bit of thoughtfulness along the way was a treasured memory in the heart of the one who shared it.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

bodily wants often leave a happy thought behind them. Never let a selfish shyness, or false pride keep you from offering courtesies when opportunity offers. Share things. One memory-book is enough for the record. Part of one's influence is made of such passing trifles, but they all contribute to the growth of character. Kindness becomes spontaneous. It is better to feed a starving soul, a hungry heart, than a famished body. And remember, you may not know just how hungry your next neighbor is before you ask her to "share." Afterward she may tell you.—*Julia H. Johnston.*

PROFANITY.

It is related of Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, with his son he heard a man using profane language.

"See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he has never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now."

The man colored, seemed to be ashamed of himself, and blurted out an apology.

"Do not forget that God heard you," said the missionary. "You need his forgiveness more than mine."

DON'TS.

Don't sow a tare in any heart, plant a forget-me-not instead.

Don't borrow too often in your youth, or you may beg in your old age.

Don't go, when "to go or not to go," becomes the question.

Don't countenance idleness, it is the gate-keeper to mischief.

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