

If we Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses, Crowding round our neighbor's way, If we knew the little losses

If we knew the clouds above us Held but gentle blessings there, Would we turn away all trembling

If we knew the silent story, Quivering through the heart of pain, Would our manhood dare to doom them

Let us reach into our bosoms For the key to other lives, And with love toward erring nature

A Working-Man's Tin Box.

One of the most touching incidents in ministry occurred the other day.

I was visiting a poor man who was also sick. He has a wife and several children: and owing to the state of his health his wages, during the last year or two, have been most irregular.

The man told me how, more than a year ago, he felt a strong desire, which became a kind of inward demand upon him, to do something for Christ.

Then he read the Old Testament three times, with the light as he himself expressed it, cast on it by Jesus Christ; and the third time he was arrested at Malachi iii. 8.

Here he felt the call of duty clear at last. Poor man though he was he had kept back what was due to God, and therefore he could not claim the blessing.

With tears in his eyes he took out the box—which, of course, had never been opened—and begged me to take it, and apply its contents to Christ's cause in any way I chose.

That was what a poor man had been able to give out of his poverty to the Lord! I should mention that he asked me to make any use I like to the incident provided I would never mention his name; for he said very truly, "It would take the bloom off the whole thing."

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also said he felt it was the most practical way in which a working-man, or any man could test his love to Christ, and that his love had always made the sacrifice of a portion of his earnings a delight.

Will working-men hear this appeal from one of themselves? It may well come home to all of us. When we see what a poor man can do for Christ out of his poverty, we may well take shame to ourselves when we think how small have been our sacrifices for the Master.

Man Overboard.

There is plenty hypocrisy in the Church, but there is a good deal more outside of it; and many an infidel when denouncing the hypocrisy of his neighbors, is himself the biggest hypocrite of the whole.

One evening, after the writer had spoken to some sailors about this matter, Captain Nickerson arose and told a little of his experience, as follows:

"About the year 1861, I was a sailor on board the Heroine, of Darien, Georgia, bound for Montevideo, south America. We were east of the Bermudas, running under single-reefed topsails. It was the dog watch, in the evening, and a sailor named George and myself were on the watch on the foretopgallant forecastle, in the forward part of the ship.

"Eight bells rang, the watch was changed, and the men called away to pump ship. George took a bucket to get some water to fetch to the pump. As he flung it over the side of the vessel it caught in the water, and as we were going quite fast, George was drawn overboard. Instantly the cry was heard, 'Man overboard!'

"We immediately launched a boat, but it was stove in in launching, and began to fill with water. The steward came to our assistance with some blankets, which we stuffed into the hole to stop the water, and we hastened to the rescue. The night was dark and the sea was rough. We pulled out into the darkness and followed the sound as well as we could, until we came to the place where poor George was struggling with the waves.

"The next morning I said to George, 'Did you think the ship was going to leave you and that you were lost?'

"Yes, I did," said he. "Now, George, be honest; what did you do then?"

"I prayed to God." "But I thought you did not believe there was a God," said I.

"George, replied, 'When a man is overboard, in a dark night, and the ship going away from him, and he expects to die, a man thinks different and feels different and talks different from what he does when he is on the topgallant forecastle spinning yarns in safety.'

"We heard no more infidelity or blasphemy from George, but he did not recover from his terrible experience in the water. We left him at the hospital in Montevideo, where he afterwards died."

Multitudes of infidels have found their unbelief has failed them in the trying hour. "Hold on," said some infidels who had gathered around the sick-bed of one of their comrades. "But will you tell me what to hold on to?" was the question which they could not answer.—H. L. Hastings.

That Pale Woman.

At one of the villages on our coast there are a good many rough fishermen. There are a good number of churches and ministers there, and they have tried to do something for these men in their way; but finding they could not, they have given it up.

There is no command for the people to go and get the Gospel; the command is to carry the Gospel to the people—"Go ye into all the world;" that means everywhere.

Miss Phelps was given up to die, but her physician said: "If you go to such a village on our coast, perhaps the air may prolong your life; but it is an awfully wicked place." That pale woman arrived there, and took a room. She slept but little the first night, and toward morning was sleeping quietly, with her windows open for sea air, when she was awakened by the rough swearing of men under her window.

"O men, I am a poor, sick dying woman. I have come from the hills to prolong my life but you are going to drive me away."

"Who is going to drive you away, you pale woman?" "You are; you have been swearing about my Saviour."

The man trembled, and said: "I will knock down the man that swears. Nobody shall swear while you are here."

A man came along swearing, and he said: "You stop that; there is an angel here."

In a few days she took a little cabinet organ, hired a hall, opened the doors and windows, and the rough men gathered around. She touched the keys and began to sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." Before she had finished, tears were in eyes unaccustomed to weep. In a little while she had a church, and had need for a minister, and they are doing great things there that would never have been done but for that pale woman.—Dr Bates, in Service for Jesus.

Prayerless Prayers.

Though this may be a contradiction in terms, it is not so in fact. There are millions of what may properly be characterized as "prayerless prayers." Such are all those prayers that are mere form. All genuine prayers proceed from the heart. These is a real desire to obtain what is asked for. There is a need of blessing sought. There is something of the earnestness of Jacob when he said, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me."

Where writing implements are used but seldom, the pens are apt to be rusty. To prevent this keep them in parline, the compound used for laundry purposes. Take a small dish, fill it with the powder, stick the pens down into it, and when you want one you will find it nice and bright.

It does not follow that sick persons are asleep because their eyes are shut; they may be acutely conscious of all that is passing in the room, though unable or unwilling to make any sign; and nothing can be more nerve-provoking than hushing and whispering around and creaking about on the tips of their toes.

Upholstered furniture must be brushed and carefully looked over to see that moths have not found a home in it. If traces of these are found, go all over it with a sponge wet in pure benzine. When this is done do not have a fire or lamp in the room, nor for some days afterward. Leave the windows open that the scent may evaporate.

amusement of too many. Children need straightforward dealing. Sometimes they take in all seriousness a remark made only in jest, and it leads them into serious errors of conduct; or, worse yet, the idea remains in the mind unsuspected, to work unhappiness and, perhaps, sad mischief long after the adult has forgotten the unwise words. Speak the truth in love.—Sunday School World.

Honest Work.

We are all workers in one way and another; but how many of us are possessed of an earnest desire that the work which we put from our hands shall be a thorough, honest, faithful performance that shall fulfil its purposes and withstand the ravages of time? The great difference in labour is not in what has been done—not in the kind of work we perform—but in the spirit which we put into it. From the cleansing of a room to the purification of a forest to the chiselling of a statue, from the humblest work of the heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like the cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye, but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven to no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

Useful Hints.

A sponge is excellent for washing windows; and newspapers will polish them without leaving dust and streaks. Use a soft pine stick to cleanse the accumulations of dust from the corners of the sash. Ammonia will give the glass a clearer look than soap.

A teaspoonful or more of powdered borax thrown into the bath-tub while bathing will communicate a velvety softness to the water, and at the same time invigorate and rest the bather. Persons troubled with nervousness or wakeful nights will find this kind of a bath of great benefit.

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RANDOM READINGS.

Call death dissolution, if you will; but destruction, never.

Predestination is but the fact that God is wiser and more powerful than we are, and therefore does with us according to his will.—Goethe.

God keeps his word, even in the smallest particulars. Trust him and try his faithfulness. He delights to have us thus test him in faith.

It never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite or adverse.

The Lord Jesus Christ and his Christianity can well bear to be contemplated again and again with fresh eyes; indeed they demand it, especially of every new age.—Richard Rothe.

It is important to be strong, like the rock that nothing moves, but also to be gentle, humble and lowly, like the vine that grows out of its crevice and trails about its surfaces. Nature is full of tapestries.

As well might we expect vegetation to spring from the earth with, out the sunshine or the dew, as the Christian to unfold his graces and advance in his course without patient, persevering, ardent prayer.—Abbott.

There is a difference between natural things and supernatural things. Natural things are first understood and then believed; supernatural mysteries must first be believed, and then they will be better understood.—Burkitt.

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