

any man whose name was Benedict," which signified "Blessed." And had a right to bear such a name; God had blessed him richly with good things, and all who knew him, knew, too, how he always tried to make others happy, as eager as well as the neighbors, particularly the poor and needy.

He did it in this way: "When he passed a joyous day, with his ends, he would go into his room and think, 'There are many who have had a sorrowful day, and how would it have been, if I had lived as many poor guests?' Then he would lay, as much of his money as he could, in a chest which he called God's coffer.

"If he had heard that such a fire was coming, he would give liberally for the relief of the unhappy sufferers; and then he would look into his own chamber, and think, 'All here is safe and unharmed,' and immediately he would lay some up in God's coffer.

"When he heard of any destruction by fire from his neighbor, or any loss of property, he would lay out of his money, or of his gold or silver, as much as he could.

"If he had occasion to buy costly goods or furniture, he would purchase it moderately, only enough to enable him the better to entertain his friends; and then he would straightway go into his chamber and say, 'So much more mightest thou have brought forth, enriched thy store,' and place it in God's coffer.

"As he lay on his dying bed, and talked with angels, the poor, the blind, the lame, and the orphan, he would repeat, and said: 'Who will keep pity on you, when Benedict is taken from us? As long as he lived he wanted for nothing, but what will now become of us?' But he said: 'A good householder takes care that when he is away his children should not want. Take God's coffer, with all that is in it. It belongs to the poor, the needy, the blind, the lame, the orphan, and the widow; divide it, and use it well and wisely.

"And so God's coffer has remained for hundreds of years, to the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.—*From the German.*

From the Baptist Weekly.

Talking and Doing.

George Macdonald in a recent sermon says of our Lord: "I don't read his life widely, but I see that his thought effort is to turn a man's thought back to himself and make him do a thing and not talk about it. There is much of truth in this statement. Our Lord said: 'Ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' Relationship to himself he promised to those who 'do' the will of the Father, and he promised nothing to do so is really a lie. Grace wherever it exists will manifest itself. The life may be hid with Christ, but ultimately it will make its possessor shine so that he shall be as a city set on a hill. But while this is true, too many Christians are doing nothing to purport their own spiritual life. They provide against the way to which the physical life is exposed, and take measures to protect and maintain it, but they do not follow any systematic plan by which the spiritual life may be sustained, and for its growth and advancement they, apparently, have not a thought of resorting to.

Christians need to remember that there can be no real self-proximity without care and cultivation. We are not to wait with indifference for influences which shall elevate and ennoble us, but we must try to do the will of God. There are influences which may help us sometimes as a well as what does a plan, but we cannot, too soon, forget the fact that we are our own workers and responsibilities. The will of God is the sanctification of his people and their sanctification is best promoted as they learn and do his will, as it is presented in his own Book. There is nothing much easier than to form the habit of betraying our frailties and infirmities, expressing desires for more of spirituality and making no effort to attain it. There are hosts of Christian professors who in consequence of this habit, are the victims of all accusations, but they make no endeavor to lay to the better care which, their profess is as detrimental. How well would it be if each people would do instead of talk.

Fighting About Trifles.

What a world of trouble time, and nerve intensity would be saved, if boys and men, too, would learn to never mind trifling annoyances! Only the other day, says the contemporary, I was overheard to hear a young fellow what a third boy he told about him, and urging him to "lick him." "Oh," said the second boy, "I ain't worth minding. He knows it ain't so, and I won't stop to his level by taking any notice of it." We inwardly thought, "That a very wise head on young shoulders." It reminded us of two men, one of whom started on a foot journey of 200 miles, or so, the second man, following the other, man followed on the same road, and on the fourth day overtook the first one. The latter remarked, "This is the worst and slowest road I ever traveled. There is the greatest loss of spurring, barking little dogs I've seen, and it has taken half my time to get over these 200 miles." The second man, "I didn't pay any attention to them, but came right along as if they weren't there." Half the time of many boys and men is wasted fighting trifles. A certain circuit preacher was always sure of meeting some talking or sneering remarks from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in his rounds. This was a dinner, where a certain gentleman present said, "Judge, I don't you specially that fellow." The judge, dropping his knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands, and his elbows on the table, remarked, "Up in our town a widow woman has a dog that, whenever the man is shirked, goes out upon the steps and barks, and barks away at it all night." Stopping and resting, the judge remarked, "After a long time, I've asked him, 'What's the matter with you, and the moon?' 'Oh, the moon keeps on shining,' he said."

