

## II. TALKING WITH JESUS.

A Gentleman in visiting the poor in a city in Scotland came to a high house, and was told that in the garret lived an old woman whom the neighbours knew little about. On reaching it he found there was a small light, a very little fire, a table, a chair, a bed, and an old woman with a large New Testament on her lap. Upon asking her if she ever felt lonely she replied, "Na, na." He inquired, "What do you do here all these long winter nights?" Oh, I just sit here wi' my light, and wi' my fire, and wi' my New Testament on my knee, cracking wi' Jesus." "Cracking," with Scotch people, means having a familiar talk. She was having this with Jesus. How thankful we should be for that Book which brings Jesus near to us, whether we dwell in a palace or a garret, and makes us to talk with him!

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The following extract has been sent to me:—

"CARRYING A LADDER.—Did you ever see a person carry a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or it may be, puts his head between the rounds, and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and having it nicely balanced walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object in a crowded street. He looks at the end before him, but the end behind him he cannot see. If he moves the front to the right side to get out of the way of a person, away goes the rear end just as far in the opposite direction, and the slightest turn of his body, only a few inches, will give the ends a sweep of several feet, and those in the way may look out for bruised hats and bumped heads, while the window glass along the street is in constant danger from the unseen rear end of the ladder. When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to always remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten that, though many, many years have gone. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of that ladder, the one pointed towards pleasure, and that he does not know that the other end is wounding his parents' hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery; she only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing modesty and friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

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✂ I am obliged to those of my readers who have written me already, and I hope before 15th June to have letters, selections, and answers to the questions on next page from many more. My address is

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