

PLEASE SIR, GIVE ME A LIFT?

A few evenings ago, I was coming from my home to the rooms. It was near 7 o'clock, and already it was quite dark. As I passed along, I saw a little boy trying to lift a hand cart on to the side walk, but the load was too heavy for him. As I drew near, he accosted me with the words, "Please mister, give me a lift?" I stopped, and taking the back of his little cart, lifted it on to the path, and at once he started off without uttering even a word of thanks. But what cared I for that? Had I not given him a lift? Had I not helped him on his way rejoicing? I turned to pursue my journey, when there flashed across my mind this thought: Is this not designed to teach me a lesson? Are there not in Toronto hundreds of young men who are in a position similar to that occupied by the lad. They are waiting for a lift. They can make no headway where they are. They want a lift on to a smoother road. How easy it was for me to stoop and lift that little cart; but the lad could never have accomplished it alone. And how easy it would be for you, my brethren—for you my sister, to give a helping hand towards lifting some poor, helpless, burdened soul on to the homeward path. It is true you may not receive any thanks. Remember, if you work for thanks, your pay will likely be small; but if you work for Jesus' sake, the reward will be large.

Day after day in our Association rooms we hear this cry from young men, "Please give us a lift." By God's grace we are trying to help; but oh, how few are the helping hands, and how many and urgent are the appeals. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.

Will you not come and help us?

Help us by becoming a member of the Association.

Help us by your presence at our meetings.

Help us by giving of your means.

Help us by your prayers.

By heeding this you will not only give us a lift, but we in turn will look for and give a lift to the needy young men of our city.

THE GREAT LIFTER UP.

I waited patiently for the LORD;
and HE inclined unto me, and heard
my cry.

HE brought me up also out of an
horrible pit, out of the miry clay,
and set my feet upon a rock, and es-
tablished my goings.

And HE hath put a new song in
my mouth, even praise unto our God;
many shall see it, and fear, and
shall trust in the Lord.—Ps. xl. 1-3.

A good thing is told by Dr. Thompson, of a father hearing the voice of his child behind him, as he was picking his way carefully along the mountain side, "Take a safe path papa, I'm coming after you." Ah! If fathers while climbing the rugged hill of life, would only notice that as they walk so their children coming on after them will walk, how much more careful would they be concerning the path taken!—*Little Falls, N. Y. Railway Monthly Bulletin.*

There are multitudes in the Church who complain that they have no talents. They can talk on every other subject, but they are so *peculiarly constituted* that they cannot talk of Jesus and His love; in truth they seem to have ten talents for the world, not one talent for Christ's work. At a social gathering they are the gayest of the gay; but in a religious meeting they are as dumb as the dead. They pride themselves on their conversational powers; all the circle in which they move is enlivened by their wit and humor as they talk of the common things of life; but if the subject of religion is mentioned in their presence, they are as silent as though they had no love for heavenly things.—*Christian Women.*

Those who have real merit are the last ones to see it in themselves, and the first ones to see it in others.

SOUND ADVICE.

To keep the lip
From many a slip,
Five things observè with care,
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.