

"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over our heads when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think is very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings." — *The Midland.*

THE LORD'S POCKET-BOOK.

"Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?" said a friend to a business man, as he drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket.

"Why, *my own*, of course. Whose else could it be?" was the prompt reply.

"To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If *you* belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also."

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light on this subject. It never impressed me before as it does just now, that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, '*my pocket-book*,' as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess I honestly never have looked at it in the light in which you place it." — *The Christian Giver.*

TALKING TO A MULE.

A Southern paper tells this story: "Early one afternoon there was practically a business blockade on Main street, caused by a mule drawing a coal cart slipping on the icy pavement. It takes little to draw a crowd, and in a few minutes there was a mob around the fallen animal, each man ready with a suggestion by means of which the mule could be brought to his feet. All plans failed, and the mule, seemingly reconciled to his fate, lay quietly on his side with his ears waving and his eyes rolling at the crowd around him. The Irish driver had exhausted his stock of blows and oaths and was in despair, when a white-haired negro hobbled up and said:

" 'I kin make dat ar mule git up.' "

" 'Thry yer hand on 'im and good luck t'yer,' answered the driver.

"The old negro stepped to the mule's head and began tapping the long ears gently with his cane. As the light strokes fell first on one ear, then on the other, the old man talked away in a low, crooning voice:

" 'You old ornery mule. Think you'ze smaht, don't you, jes lay'n' thar coz' you'ze lazy. Kin git up whenever you'ze tired uv yoh ugliness. But you think you'ze smaht. You old ornery mule.' " And all the while the taps on the ears continued.

All at once the mule that oaths and blows could not move, seemed stirred to new life. There was a plunge of the forelegs, a scramble, and the old mule struggled to his feet. He stood trembling, with his ears flapping, but before the driver jumped to his seat and gathered up the lines, the old negro with a happy grin patted the mule on the neck and seemed to whisper to him a moment.

People as well as mules need to be talked to kindly and calmly when they are stubborn and sulky. A cold hammer bends a hot iron, and a "soft answer turneth away wrath." — *The Safeguard.*

Last year, for the first time on record, the car of Juggernaut, at Serampore, has failed to find devotees enough to drag it over the usual route. The persuasions and threats of the Brahmin priests were all in vain.