

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything like it! "Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: While the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday, an all day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully, and wrote out in their very best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring, and give every one of its children to missions. Signed by James Holt and Stephen Holt."

Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing. They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives. —*The Pansy.*

NEVER HUNCH WHEN OTHERS CROWD.

One very warm afternoon in July I visited a school in Boston. There were about sixty children, from four to eight years old. The schoolroom was small, and the children looked much oppressed by the heat, especially the youngest. I stood up before them and asked, "Children, can you tell me what peace-children will do?" One said, "Love your enemies;" another, "Forgive your enemies;" another, "When others strike one cheek, turn the other;" another, "Overcome evil with good."

All these were good answers. At length a little girl whom I had observed on the middle of a seat directly before me, looking very uncomfortable, being so crowded that she could not move her elbows, looked up, and in a most piteous and plaintive tone said, "Peace children don't hunch when others crowd." That was the very thing! The little crowded suffering child gave the best definition of peace I ever heard. She gave a sure and certain antidote to all anger and fighting: "Never hunch when others crowd." And she drew it directly from her own personal experience; she said what she felt. That makes it all the better.

WHICH SHALL I CHOOSE?

BY THE LATE REV. G. H. SWINNY.

I KNOW not which to choose—whether to live
A little longer here or to depart.
That would be sweet—to be at rest; to toil
No more; no more feel pain, to have no griefs,
No anxious fears, nor for myself nor others.
That would be sweet, and sweeter still to have
No more to sin, affection or desire.
But to be near, and feel that nearness—near
Unto my Lord—to have a thrilling sense
Of Blessedness, the certainty of joy
At hand yet greater; safe for ever safe—
A moment since by cruel foes pursued;
Now nestling 'neath the Everlasting Wings.
Conscious and glad of their most tender shade—
So to be resting would be sweet. And yet
To live for Christ—to live to do His pleasure.
In His strength to run the race or wrestle;
To fight the fight, clad in His panoply,
Knowing that He looks on the while and smiles,
By love unfathomable ever moved;
To go and tell to others of His grace,
The riches of His Wisdom and His Truth,
The bliss unutterable of the Life
That is in Him. To win them as they lie
Wallowing in sin or dead in trespasses;
To wake and rouse, to see His glorious Light,
And come to Him and bathe themselves anew
In the all-healing Fountain of His Blood.
And to be clean and whiter than the snow,
And clothed with Him, the Righteousness of Saints.
Surely a life so spent in Blessedness,
And all too little to repay His Love—
The Love of His most costly sacrifice.

Which shall I choose? Living to live to Christ,
Or dying, die to Him. Which shall I choose?
Whichever of the twain shall to Thy glory be,
That Lord, I pray Thou wilt appoint for me.

PROBLEMS FOR ATHEISTS.

If you meet with an atheist, do not let him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises you must learn to make the rabbi's answer, "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions:

First.—Ask him where did matter come from. Can a dead thing create itself?

Second.—Ask him where did motion come from.

Third.—Ask him where did life come from—save from the finger tip of omnipotence.

Fourth.—Ask him whence came the exquisite order and design in nature. If one told you that millions of printer's types should fortuitously shape themselves into the divine comedy of Dante or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?

Fifth.—Ask him from whence came consciousness.

Sixth.—Ask him who gave you free-will.

Seventh and last.—Ask him whence came conscience.

He who says there is no God in the face of these questions talks simply stupendous nonsense.—*Canon Farrar.*