

*THOSE THREE CENTS.*

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is a true story from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman who was telling the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the three coins we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them, and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when conscience would not keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie Bell had given up thinking about his cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then 'those three cents' would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to Him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now perhaps, you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then 'those three cents' would come up into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were 'those three cents' right in the way.

"At last, I saw that God had all along been trying to make me see that I must tell Charlie Bell that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this He could not bless me. So then and there I sat down and wrote to Charlie, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me."

Boys and girls, a very little thing may come between you and God. What are your 'three cents'? God will show you if he has not already. Don't ever let any sin, however small, come between you and Him. Confess it right away, and He will make

you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you can be blessed.

*LOOK UP, MY BOY.*

There is hope in the world for you and me;  
There is joy in the thousand things that be;  
There is fruit to gather from every tree—  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life;  
With temper and sorrow the world is rife;  
But no strength cometh without the strife;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill;  
There is work to do with an iron will;  
The river comes from the tiny rill—  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,  
But a purpose in life will make you strong;  
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right;  
And have the courage, as in God's sight,  
To do what your hands find with your might;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

*BE KIND TO-DAY.*

A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up the hands that hang down, to comfort those who mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he may write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgement? If you know a weary neglected one, would it not be Christ-like work to seek an opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart still. Do it now. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published (D. V.) on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for *one dollar* per annum. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly local items of church news, or communications of general interest. To ensure insertion send early, the news column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

All communications, editorial, business, or otherwise, will be addressed simply "CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Box 2648, Toronto."