

until our missionary host shall not only be kept from danger, "spotless from the world," but be made a valiant and conquering host all along the more spiritual lines followed by our fathers in the home lands.

Guanajuato, Mexico, October 18th, 1899.

Talks in the Tool Shop.

"YES," said the carpenter, looking at a diagram in his hand, "that will be a very pretty cabinet, and I'll begin it at once."

So saying, he drew open a drawer, wherein lay a row of shining new tools. No sooner was the drawer opened, than a conversation began :

"There !" said the plane, "I am afraid I shall be wanted to smooth that wood, and I know I cannot do it. It is a thing I have never done, and I shrink so from beginning. Oh, will you not do it for me ?" it said, addressing an old, worn-out plane, that lay on the bench.

"Ah ! *my* working days are over," said the old plane, "or I would gladly be used. But you need not attach so much importance to yourself, my young friend, you will find, when it comes to the point, you have only to leave the work to the carpenter ; you have, in reality, nothing to do, but be willing he should use you."

Hardly were the words spoken, when the carpenter stretched out his hands, and seizing the trembling plane, began vigorously to remove all the roughness from a splendid piece of pine wood.

This finished, the plane was put down beside its old friend, and immediately, to the astonishment of the latter, burst into a fit of weeping.

"Why ! what *is* wrong ?" said the old plane.

"Oh ! I can never lift up my head again," sobbed the plane. "I have made a fearful mess of that piece of wood ; I cannot do this kind of work at all."

"Well ! you do astonish me," said the old plane. "I cannot see what *you* had to do with it. You are not responsible for the work ; and I cannot believe the carpenter