

He obeyed them reverently, though He was so great and holy. And again we read "Jesus grew in wisdom and in stature (or height), and in favour with God and men." Every one who saw Him loved this happy boy who loved every one.

If you love others you are sure to be loved too. If you pray to God to make you useful, He will answer you by first making you good. That takes a long time, but if you are patient God will give you something to do for Him when He sees fit.—*Selected.*

THE STORY OF A YOUNG JAPANESE TEACHER.

MISS E. L. LINNARD, in the *Church at Home and Abroad*, tells the following: In her lesson one day a young Japanese came to the word "Creator," but did not know its meaning. Turning to the dictionary, she read: "Creator, one who creates;" and was still in the dark. She turned up a large dictionary, and read: "Creator, one who creates; a name given to God, who made all things."

A startling thought came to her, for she had never heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said: "That God must have made all these stars." The sun, and even the trees, suggested the thought, "God made them." She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, and said to herself: "It was not Buddha, for I never heard that he made anything."

When she went to Tokyo, an old woman in the same house said to her: "Tasshee, I am going to a meeting; come with me."

"What meeting?"

"A meeting to hear about God."

"Oh, no," said Tasshee; "I do not want any of your gods. I have a God of my own, if I only knew where He is."

Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, "this is the God I am looking for;" and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, so eager was she to put the question "Where is He?"

When the meeting was over she rushed to the missionary and said: "Tell me, where is this God that made the heavens and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction. She came to the next meeting and heard: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate, of revenge, of anger. This God gave His Son. All the

gods she had ever heard of never gave anything, the people had to give them offerings.

This thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher dispensing the water of life to others telling them of a God who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all.—*N.Y. Observer.*

TEN DIMES, A DOLLAR.

HAVE you dined it, Susie?" asked Harriet Southgate of her playmate, Susie Merryweather. "Why, what do you mean?" was the reply. "I mean did you dime it?" "Dime what?" "Why, the dollar you got this morning." "I really don't know what you mean yet." "Don't you 'dime' things? At our house we girls dime every dollar we get." "Well, I must live and learn; I never yet heard of dimeing things; do you have to?" "No dear; we like to, we love to." "But what is it?" Well, to cut the matter short, it is putting aside a dime out of every dollar for religious uses; some call it tithing, that means tenting, and so at our house we girls have all got to calling it dimeing." "And what, pray, are 'religious uses'?" "Well, anything in the Church way, missions, mite boxes, and so on." "Dear me, you 'Piscopalians' are the strangest sort of people; I believe you believe in system for everything; why is it?" "Well, I suppose, because anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that the best way to do a thing well is to do it by some rule or system." "And they can give a reason to 'everyone that asketh' for the way they have for things too; I never did see such people for giving, too." "Yes, we don't 'have' to, as I said, we love to; now if only everyone dined every dollar, what would follow?" "Why, the churches would all be too rich and put on airs and all that." "Never fear, but all the 'missions' would be cared for, and not have to beg." "Ten cents out of every dollar seems a good deal, Hattie." "Their whole lives seem a good deal too, for the missionaries to give, does it not?" "Certainly, only I never heard of all this dimeing before." "Never too late to mend, never too late to begin, never too late to 'dime.'" "I will think it over; who else ever dined?" "Why, ever the Jew." "Then we Christians ought to dime, surely, for we have much more than they had to be thankful for." And the two girls, after more talk, agreed to "dime," and dime they did; every dollar paid its tribute, and neither ever either felt or regretted it.—*The Young Churchman.*

"A HELPING word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and prosperity."