

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here,"—writing something on a slip of paper—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you \$6 a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs and—that's all," and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and the superintendent to-day is the young man who began by piling kindlingwood for 25 cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet by any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer, or in some other business house.

#### ONLY A TRAP.

Over the newly-fallen snow walked Master Reynard the fox in the early light of a New Year's morning. He had been visiting some of the farmyards—he had his reasons for calling before the people were up—in the hope of securing a fowl for his New Year's dinner. But poultry was very high just then—quite beyond his limited resources, in fact—and, though he had no doubt that it would be lower later in the day, he could not afford to wait. So it was a very hungry pair of eyes that suddenly espied a treasure near the root of an old tree—a plump rabbit nicely frozen and apparently all ready to be carried home for a dinner.

"How lucky!" exclaimed Reynard. "Next to a tender chicken, a bit of rabbit is the very thing I should have chosen. Some hunter must have dropped him without knowing it. I never knew anything so fortunate as—stop a bit."

Reynard stepped back, and sharply eyed the tempting treasure trove.

"My mind misgives me that this is a little too fortunate. This isn't the sort of world, so far as my experience goes, where things that are worth having are lying around free-and-easy-like to be picked up without working for them; I have never found it so. It looks all right, but I am

suspicious of free lunches; they generally hide a trap;" and, with a parting sniff and a long backward look, the fox walked hungrily on.

A little later, that same New Year's morning, Martin Geary walked into the town. He had a little money to spend for his family, and he was resolved to do it wisely and well without wasting a penny of it. But as he was passing a saloon he paused on seeing it invitingly open, decorated with evergreens, and its windows placarded with "New Year's Compliments" and cordial invitations to "Step in for a Free Lunch."

"A free spread! Well, there's no harm in that, and I'll have that much good, seeing that it won't cost me anything," said Martin.

So he entered, and the free eating was followed by drinking that was not free until he no longer cared for the cost of anything, and was hilariously willing to treat all acquaintances while his money lasted. It was scant fare that reached the Geary family that day, and even that little was made more miserable by the condition of the man who brought it.

It was only the fox who had sense enough to keep out of a trap.

#### MY HAND IN HIS.

A little boy who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know He will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us all to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try to walk alone! But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred:

I'd rather walk with Him in the dark  
Than walk alone in the light.

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold His hand!

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