

The First Fruits.

A beautiful and significant instance of translating the Bible into present application and action was the case of a little girl who had read the old Jewish law about giving first fruits to God. She had a strawberry bed in her garden, and when the first berries were ripe her sister said, "O, that's so nice! Now you will have those sweet red berries to eat!"

But the other answered, "O no! I don't eat the first fruits; I shall give them to God."

Her sister asked, "How can you give them to God?"

And she answered, "There is poor old Mrs. Gray, who is so sick and poor and never has any thing nice, I shall carry them to her, for Jesus has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' That is the way I shall give the first fruits to God."

On the Wrong Track.

Tommy is only twelve years old, and I tremble when I look at him, not because I think he will hurt me—O no! but because I know he is hurting himself. An engine got loose one day and ran off on the wrong track. It ran into a train of cars that was coming, and did a great deal of harm. Tommy is on the wrong track, and he is going to run into other trains that are out on their life-track, and harm them, and very likely get smashed up himself. He is out on the street all day, and sometimes until late at night. He has learned to smoke, and knows how beer tastes. He says he is too big to go to Sunday school, and so he plays in the streets and fields on Sunday. He does not like to go to school, and never wants to read any thing. What can be done for him? Boys, look out *you* do not get on the same track.—S. S. Advocate.

Some Poor Children.

We owe more to poor children than we think. Columbus was a poor boy, often needing more food than he could get. Luther sang ballads in the street to get the funds for an education. Franklin used to buy a roll for a penny and eat it

alone. Lincoln and Garfield were poorly clothed and worked very hard. Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work. Emily C. Judson used to rise at two in the morning and do the washing for the family. Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic. Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland was poor and a school-teacher. Captain Eads was barefoot and penniless at nine years old. None of these people have been idle, or whiled away their time on street corners, or in games of cards or billiards. They were too busy.—*Youth's Companion*.

Rob's Plan.

Rob never has any trouble with the boys. Every one likes him; so it is not very strange that he gets along well.

"Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him one day.

"All the other boys do."

"O, it's my plan not to talk back. When a boy says hard things to me I just keep still."

Not a bad plan, is it? If all the boys would try it, what good times there would be in the school-room, or the playground—everywhere. Who will try Rob's plan?

A HINDO CHRISTIAN, who used to be always grumbling at the smallness of his salary, made up his mind to give one-tenth to God. So next pay-day, when the Missionary handed him, as usual, ten rupees, he pushed back one of them, saying, "This is for God's work, sir."

The Missionary took it, but wondered much how the man, who was really poor and had a large family, would get on without it. Meeting him two or three weeks after in the bazaar, he asked how they were doing. Instead of grumbling as usual, the man answered cheerfully, "Well, thank you, sir."

"Then tell me how it is that you who used to be always grumbling when you were spending ten rupees a month on yourself, now do so nicely with only nine?"

"Because, sir, nine-tenths with God's blessing is better than ten-tenths without it."