

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.



GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.--*Sailor's Magazine*.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."



ELLIE had a bed of strawberries. Very anxious was she that they should ripen, and be fit to eat. The time came. "Now for a feast!" said her brother to her one morning, as he picked some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"I cannot eat these," said she, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greater treat."

"Yes; but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told us that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries, too."

"Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, He would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out a way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me,' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor."

Away went the children to give them to the dying child, and when they saw her put out her thin arms to take the ripe, round fruit in her little, shriveled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten and her little lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves; and something within told them that God had accepted their little offering.

So may you try to do something for Jesus each day. How many will try to do so?—*Reformed Church Messenger*.

NOT PATENTED.



HITHER away, Flo?"

"The same to you, Bessie."

"Oh, I am just going over to the city on a shopping expedition. I thought I would take advantage of this beautiful morning."

"And I am bound for Mrs. Arnold's. Little May is laid up again with her lame foot, and she gets so tired lying all day long with nothing to do that I thought I would try to brighten her up some by reading to her awhile. She seems always to enjoy it so much."

Bessie's brown eyes looked searchingly into Flo's blue ones, and then Bessie inquired:

"Tell me this, did you have it patented?"

"What?" Flo asked, wonderingly.

"Why, this way you have of finding out what people need and of supplying that need."

"Oh, no," Flo returned, with a laugh; "lots of people make use of the same idea, and you can too, just as well as not."

The girls had started down the street together, for both were going in the same direction.

"I wonder how it would feel," Bessie said, musingly.

"Don't you know?"

Flo had only recently become acquainted with pretty Bessie Bartlett, and she knew little about her habits or inclinations.

"Indeed, I don't know," Bessie answered, hesitatingly, as if she was rather ashamed of the confession. "I don't suppose that I ever did anything for anybody in all my life."

"Oh, Bessie!" and Flo looked as if she doubted the truth of the statement.

"Well, I really haven't. I'm the only girl, you know, and I've been a pet on that account. My four brothers have always waited on me, and I've taken their attentions as a matter of course. Before we moved here we lived at Binghamton. There I had two intimate friends, and the three of us just devoted our leisure to having a good time. We never thought of