

THE NICKEL THAT BURNED IN JOE'S POCKET.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish market.

"Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel buried in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." "You have my forgiveness, Joe; now go home and confess to the Lord, and remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—New York Mail.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, salesman, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen. This boy of fourteen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless, he did his duty. Every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant, but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and selected him for advancement, for shortly afterwards he was promoted to a position of trust, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks, to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.—Exchange.

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