

Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins —Matt. i. 21.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

DRIVE the nail aright boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast.
Try, and try again boys,—
You'll succeed at last.

THE EXACT TRUTH.



TWO young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very well;

but I am not lying, and have no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they left work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in our character; it grows more and more, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.

LITTLE SINS.

IN a Carolina forest of a thousand acres you can scarcely find a tree that is not dead and crumbling to decay. No fire has swept over it, no lightning scathed those naked, bleaching pines. This ruin was wrought by a little insect's larvæ, no larger than a grain of rice. What a hundred axemen could not accomplish by years of hard labour, this seemingly insignificant insect sent its feeble offspring to perform. One alone could have little power, it is true, but millions were marshalled, and all the skill of man could not stay their course.

Similar to this is the power of little sins.

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.—Rom. xiv. 23.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

1 Timothy i. 15.