

ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him :

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face ; and the little girl held her arms out to him, and said :

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half-way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs, she said : "Now, you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far Western home he has a Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life ; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.—*The Methodist*.

TO THE POINT.

At a Woman's Missionary Meeting, while the question was discussed, "How to Interest the Daughters," an old lady, after listening to what the others had to say, finally related the story about the farmer hitching up the colt with its mother. When asked why he did so, he replied, "Oh, it's the way I take to break him into the work. Trotting by the side of his mother, he soon learns to do just as she does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone, I have no trouble with him." This certainly was to the point, and we believe that if all the mothers in our Church would get into the harness, and let the daughters get in, too, that when the time comes for the daughters to take up the work, they, too, would go right along, and the Church would have no trouble with them. "Well," says one, "what of the boys?" We would recommend the same rule, and say, "Fathers, get into the work, and hitch the boys up by your side, and let them do some lively trotting, while you are yet with them, and when the time comes for the boys to carry on the work, why, they will be so accustomed to it, that the Church will have no trouble with them. As a rule, the children will follow their parents.

A REGIMENT of soldiers once received orders to plant some heavy guns on the top of a steep hill. The soldiers dragged them to the base of the hill, but were unable to get them further ; but the officer in charge cried, "Men, it must be done. I have the orders in my pocket." So the Church has orders to disciple the world.

HOW TO DO IT

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few ;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest ?

Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others ;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest ?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in His strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

A LITTLE red Indian boy had a whole shilling given him for attending a gentleman's horse. He immediately changed it into cents and said, "This will do now for 24 Sundays for the missionary box."

The Indians of the North-west, as a rule, have no money to give for their offerings. A subscription list there often runs thus : Susan Mamenskonao, two deer skins ; Betsey Kijekesinck, two fine marten skins, etc. One good Indian at York Factory brought a prime silver fox—the most valuable skin there is. The missionary hardly liked to take it, but the Indian said, "I enjoy the services here : I want others to hear of Jesus, too. I have already given it in my heart to God, and I can not take it back." This is the true spirit of Christian giving.

AN old Moravian woman was told that her son, who was a missionary, was killed. Her reply was, "Has God called my Thomas ? I would then that He would also call John." John did become a missionary and was killed. When the mother heard of it, she again said, "Would that God would call William," and when William went, she said, "Oh ! that I had a thousand sons to give to the Lord." Oh ! for a thousand mothers like her ! Then would the ranks be full.

At a village school not many miles from Canterbury a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said, "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asks the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"