

COUNTING THE STARS.

I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting, "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count Thy benefits."

Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness; and I say to myself, "I had no idea that there were so many."—Mark Guy Pearse.

AN ORDERLY LIBRARY.

THE other day a clergyman took his son to call on a distinguished scholar and writer, whose clear and powerful speeches and essays are no less noted than the vast amount of work for which he finds time.

His library, containing several thousand books opened out of the study where the call was made. In the course of the conversation, the gentleman wished to consult a certain volume, and asked the boy to bring it from the library.

"Third bookcase, top shelf, fourth volume from the right," said the scholar.

The subject under discussion called for several more volumes, and they were named with equal readiness. The boy expressed his astonishment

"When I began to study," said the gentleman "I thought that a helter-skelter room was rather good form; but a teacher who called upon me gave me a lesson. He tried to make me figure out the time I wasted in finding my clothes and books he declared that my failures of memory and want of logical arrangement in school compositions were due to this disorderly habit.

I turned a square corner, and from that day have saved an immense amount of time and have made system and order of personal habits help to system and order in thinking and speaking. I will give you my old teacher's advice:

"My boy, if you want facts and ideas arranged in your head so as to find them, put your hat and shoes and books in some sort of order round you. Orderly habits cultivate orderly brains."

—Sol.

WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE PLANS.

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day, saw a stonecutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him.

"Still chiseling?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work.

"In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," replied the stonecutter. "I haven't seen the plans." And then he went on chiseling, chiseling, chiseling.

And that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect above, but each of us has His work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.—Rev. S. H. Haines, in Christian Work.

HE WAS RICH.

ATAX collector one day came to a poor minister in order to assess the value of his property and determine the amount of taxes. The minister asked the man to be seated. Then the latter took out his book and asked:

"How much property do you possess?"

"I am a rich man," answered the minister.

The official quickly sharpened his pencil and asked, intently:

"Well, what do you own?"

The pastor replied: "I am the possessor of a Saviour who earned for me life everlasting, and who has prepared a place for us in the eternal city."

"What else?"

"Health and obedient children."

"What else?"

"A merry heart, which enables me to pass through life joyfully."

"What else?"

"That is all," replied the minister.

The official closed his book, arose, took his hat, and said: "You are indeed a rich man, sir, but your property is not subject to taxation."—*Sol.*

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