

'So have I,' said the boy.

Then their comrade said: 'Yes, it is easier than this, but it leads you farther from home all the while without your knowing it.' So as they talked they kept climbing until at last they all reached their homes in safety.

Do you know, boys and girls, that we are all travelling toward our home just as the boys and girl in the story. To reach our home in heaven we have to climb and the path is sometimes steep and hard. Jesus tells us: 'Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.' But 'Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'

It is not as easy to climb as to go along a pleasant broad road with flowers and birds to look at and enjoy. But if we go along the broad, easy way we may be going away from our home. Each one must choose which way he will go.

All who climb the narrow, steep path will find some hard things to do. We must study our lessons when we would rather play; we have to obey our parents and teachers when it is easier to do as we want to; we must not tell lies or take what does not belong to us; we must not smoke or swear or touch any strong drink, even if we are laughed at for not doing so. If we are to climb, it will be a steep path sometimes, but where will it lead us? And who will be in heaven? Christ Jesus came to earth and went that same steep, hard road to show us the way.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

What It Led To.

Percy smoked because he fancied it made him look manly. You know boys have sometimes very funny notions of manliness; one thinks it a manly thing to go into a public house and call for beer; another fancies it manly to use foul language; and there are hundreds of boys, I am afraid, who think, like Percy, that it is manly to smoke.

But it led to some very unmanly consequences. It led Percy to deceive his father and mother, who disapproved of the practice, and when questioned on the matter, it

led to his telling a direct untruth. And later, upon one of his companions 'splitting' on him, it led to severe punishment and deep disgrace.—'Temperance Record.'

Some Thinking.

Near the end of the season our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet.

'Why, how do you know?' was the general question.

'Measured it.'

'How?'

'Foot-rule and yard-stick.'

'You didn't climb that tall tree?' his mother asked, anxiously.

'No'm; I just found the length of the shadow and measured that.'

'But the length of the shadow changes.'

'Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree and that's thirty-three feet.'—'Morning Star.'

The Hidden Stump.

(Translated from the German.)

A contractor in a large city had taken a contract to build a street. On a certain spot there stood the stump of a tree, which he should have removed, but instead of doing this he only cut the stump level with the street and covered it with sand. The street was completed, and the contractor received the amount of money the contract called for. Some considerable time elapsed, when the stump again made its appearance above the surface. One day the contractor came along this same road on horse-back. Passing the stump the horse stumbled and the rider was thrown off and broke his neck.

This, indeed, is a very serious lesson to us. If we are not scrupulous in our duties and actions, our sins will surely find us out.—'Morning Star.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is March, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Gray Day That Turned Bright.

(By E. P. A., in 'Mayflower'.)

What was the matter with Mabel? Was not the golden sunshine filling all the world with brightness? Were not the catbirds singing like Jenny Linds in the lilac bushes? Were not the little girl's pansies and day lilies blooming themselves away in her flower beds?

Yet Mabel stood by the window, looking as sad as Cinderella when the clock had struck twelve and turned her fine clothes into rags. She was not listening to the catbirds; a little voice inside of her was saying, 'You will not be happy until you have told your mother that you did it—tell her—tell her—tell her.'

You know who this was speaking? It was that little messenger from God that men call Conscience. I think Mabel knew it was God's messenger, for she jumped up suddenly, ran to find mother, put her little head down on the kind shoulder, and confessed that she had told a story.

Mother had asked at breakfast, 'Did you put out your light last night, Mabel, when I knocked on the wall?' and Mabel had answered, 'Yes, mother.' But it was not true; she had burned her light a good while longer to read a story-book. And from the minute the story passed her lips Mabel had been unhappy; nothing pleased, nothing interested her; she felt far away from God and mother, in a desert or wilderness.

Mother was very gentle with the little wrongdoer, and told her God was much readier to forgive than she had been to confess; and then they kneeled down together, and Mabel repeated after her mother the prayer for forgiveness.

When she went back to the window everything looked different; now the sunshine fairly laughed around her; the birds seemed to be making all that music just for her little ears, and she skipped up and down the walk for pure delight.

Isn't it strange that everybody doesn't confess and get their sins forgiven when it makes people so happy?