



STUDYING THE S. S. LESSON.

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The pictures on this page show the great contrast between girls in Christian and in heathen lands. See what an intelligent, modest, thoughtful face the Christian girl has, and how nicely she is dressed, and how well she is employed in studying the Word of God. On the other hand, what a dull, heavy look the heathen girl has; what coarse, sullen features, what a large, uncomely mouth, and what a matted head of hair. Of course she is not to blame for this. It is the effect of generations of heathenism. Her dress is only a cloak of coarse grass, rudely woven, to keep out the rain—yet her barbaric taste is shown in the great ear pendants she wears. These ought, I think, to be left to pagans—yet I have seen Christian children wearing just such things. Of course this girl can't read, and never heard of Sunday School, or of the blessed Saviour, in her life. How glad we ought to be for the Christian advantages we enjoy, and how willing to send the Gospel to those who have it not, that they may share in our blessings.

"GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of Nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served the man who

tells this story. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"'Do you want a boy?' I asked of the clerk.

"'Back office,' he said, exceedingly short.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and, pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was leaning over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a

trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately, and wondered why it had not been remedied.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk, in a gruff voice.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"O," said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. 'Sit down,' he added. 'I'm busy.'

"I looked at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh?" he said, quickly. 'All right; go ahead!'

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all

right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned around, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

"Mother went with me to see the man at the appointed time, and I was engaged to work.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each.
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below.
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.



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