

Lesson in Giving.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

'What is that for, dear?' he asked.

'So that I can get the Lord's part out of it.' And when she got it into smaller coins, she laid out one of them. 'There,' she said, 'I will keep that until Sunday.' And when Sunday came, she went to the box of offerings in the church vestibule, and dropped in two dimes.

'Why,' said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, 'I thought you gave one-tenth to the Lord?'

'I said one-tenth belongs to Him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine.'—Selected.

The Ladder or the Elevator.

'The elevator isn't running this morning,' said the man in charge of the storeroom courteously. 'Something is wrong with the machinery, and it will be several hours before it is repaired. The only way to get upstairs is to climb that ladder,' and he pointed to the dusty rounds of the unused ladder in the corner.

'I'll wait for the elevator,' said James Burton, dropping down on a convenient store box. 'I've seen apples before, anyway.'

'So have I,' said Dick Young. 'If the rest of you fellows want to climb the ladder; all right; but we'll wait for you here.'

The other three boys made a dive for the ladder, and were soon exclaiming over the wonderful apples stored in the boxes and bins upstairs. The storeroom was not a good place for the fruit, but the abundant crop had compelled the owner to place them wherever he could protect them from freezing while waiting for shipment. James Burton had brought out four of his school friends to visit his aunt in the village this pleasant Saturday, and a neighbor had asked them to come to his storeroom and see the apples.

Mr. Leonard received them courteously, and asked where the other boys were, when they reached the upper floor. He showed them all around the big, airy room, explaining about the different varieties, and they thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the time. Some of the fruit was ripe for market, while other varieties would not be in perfection until late in the spring. The boys ate all they could, and their host wanted them to carry down some of the apples to their friends, but they laughingly said if they wanted any they must climb the ladder to get the apples for themselves.

'I wish we could slip out some other way and play a joke on the lazy fellows,' said Herbert Adams. 'I'd just like to have them sit there a few hours waiting for us.'

'We can easily do that,' said Mr. Leonard, entering into the fun like a boy. 'I am going for a drive in the country to buy some late apples, and will be glad to have you go along. We can slip into the storeroom connected with this by a covered passageway, and go down the ladder there.'

He hastily locked the storeroom, and they went into the next room. Very soon they were driving swiftly over hard roads into a pleasant farming country, while the two boys still waited for them to appear.

'Loafing, boys?' asked a pleasant old gentleman, strolling up to where James and Dick were lounging on the store box. 'If my son is upstairs, you can get some good apples. Just take the elevator and go on up.'

'Thank you, we do not care for any,' said James, politely. 'We are waiting for some of our friends who are up there with Mr. Leonard now. The elevator is out of order and we said we would rather stay down here.'

'It seems strange to hear a lad say that,' said the old gentleman musingly. 'When I was a boy, apples were so scarce that we would have been glad to make ladders to get them, if they were upstairs in a building, and we had permission to try. Of course they are common now, but I never get over the feeling of surprise to see folks indifferent to them.'

'Oh, we like apples,' said one of the boys, 'but we did not care to go up, seeing the elevator was not running.'

'And isn't an elevator a wonderful thing?' said the old gentleman, seating himself by the boys. 'Sometimes I think it is too wonderful, for it takes away much of the hearty exercise of climbing. The old saying about climbing the ladder to what we wish to gain is hardly appropriate in these days when everybody wants to go in the elevator. Of course, the old ladder is there, just as the one is still in this building, but few people use it. Our elevator gets out of fix often, but the ladder in the corner is as trustworthy as the day it was put up. The oddest thing about it all, to me, is that often while we are waiting for some elevator to take us easily to opportunity, the opportunity vanishes, or it is taken by the person who climbs the old reliable ladder.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, but that seems hardly right to me,' said James, thinking the old gentleman was getting a little bit personal. 'Take those apples upstairs, for example. Dick and I will have just as good a chance to fill our pockets when the elevator begins running as the boys who climbed the dusty ladder. I hear it running now, so we'll go up and join the boys.'

'You can save yourselves the trouble,' said the old gentleman with a twinkle in his eye. 'I saw your friends driving down the valley a short time ago with my son. I'm rather of the opinion they have played a little trick on you. The elevator is running, but the storeroom is closed.'

The two boys looked chagrined.

'Well,' said the old gentleman, laughing, 'don't let it be that way in the climbing of more important ladders. In this case, it is only the loss of apples and a drive. But there may be a time when more important things are at stake. Keep your eyes open.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the boys as they laughed with the friendly old gentleman who was waving his hand to them. 'We'll not forget. Guess it served us right this time.'—Presbyterian Witness.

Appearances are Deceptive.

Appearances are proverbially deceptive. A clergyman, being annoyed by people talking and giggling during a service, paused in the middle of his sermon, looked at the disturbers, and said:

'Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused, and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, a gentleman said to me:

'"Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot."

'Since then, I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot.'

During the rest of the service there was good order.—Morning Star.

The Hard Place in the Hill.

'There's always a hard place in every hill,' said the teamster, patting the panting horses. 'Some will settle back and balk at the very first tug and pull it gives them; and there's others that you'll see grow bright-eyed and resolute, with a set of the shoulders that means going to the top unless the harness breaks. There's men and women that way, too, when you come to think of it.'

All young people of to-day know Louisa M. Alcott's beautiful books, but there are not so many who know the beautiful life that made the books possible. In one of her early periods of hardship, there came a time, her biographer tells us, when the thought of suicide seemed for a brief moment welcome. Her sister had just died, and Louisa had gone to Boston in search of work. 'As she walked over the mill-dam, the running stream brought the thought of the River of Death which would end all troubles.' She had come to her hard place in the hill. The next entry in her journal shows how she met it.

'My fit of despair was soon over,' she writes bravely. 'It seemed so cowardly to run away before the battle was over that I couldn't do it. So I said firmly, "There is work for me, and I'll have it," and went home

resolved to take Fate by the throat, and shake a living out of her.

This is the spirit that conquers, and it is the only spirit that will do it. The way you meet your hard place shows your mettle. The finest thing anybody can do is to 'grow bright-eyed and resolute,' like the teamster's plucky horses, at the sight of obstacles.—Selected.

Arrows From Gypsy Smith.

If you want to beat the devil you must fight him with the cradle.

There is a tremendous difference between thronging Jesus and touching Jesus.

I noticed when I was a boy that good gleaners had to be good stoopers. If you are going to help anybody you will have to stand a little higher than they are, or you won't lift them far.

Your life within is to be a slaughter house for all that God hates.

Wrath is anger with the lid off. Malice is wrath cooled down into hatred—murder.

There are duties which, when done faithfully, are prayers.

Hot saints are sure to make lukewarm folk mad.

If you and I only had the vision of Calvary, we should never weary, we should never tire, we should never lose life.

The devil is like God in this, he is no respecter of persons.

It is a good thing to kneel. It is not a weak thing or mean thing to kneel. It may be childish, but it is not childish.

If you don't mind, Jesus will have to say, 'I did all a God could do to save you, but you would not let me.'

The weak spot on the Church of God is its prayer-meetings.

You saw the sinner, Jesus saw the man. He saw the sinner, too, and he knew what the sinner would be when grace had had a chance.

I am afraid that in our zeal to get people into the kingdom or the church we have lowered the standard.

Prevention is better than cure. A fence at the top of a precipice is better than a hospital at the bottom.—From 'As Jesus Passed By and Other Addresses,' by Gypsy Smith.

A Flower Mission.

'Don't you want to throw away that wilted rose and put on this fresh one?'

The scene was on the platform of a street car where a sweet-faced lady in a tailor-made dress, offered the weary car conductor a rose from the cluster of hothouse blossoms she carried in her hand.

The man's tired face lighted up as he said: 'Thank you, ma'am, but I don't want to spoil your bouquet.'

The lady smiled as she answered brightly: 'O, it won't do that! I am going shopping, and to each girl who waits upon me I give a rose.'

How rested the man looked as he accepted the flower! On the opposite side of the car sat a group of school-girls who listened with intense interest to the conversation. The lady left the car, but her kind act had dropped a seed-thought in the hearts of these girls.

'What a lovely idea!' exclaimed one of them as the car moved on. 'Why haven't we thought of something like it before?'

'We have just loads of pansies,' said another. 'We picked a thousand blossoms to decorate the tables for the Shakespeare luncheon a week ago. The plants are full of flowers again. I'm going to pick a basket of

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