

let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English History that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister "Goldsmith's History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him, and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log, conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.

HOW CAN I TELL.

"Papa, do you love me? I love you," said little Emma, climbing upon papa's knees, and putting her arms around his neck.

"Do you?" said papa, "and what makes you think you love me, my dear little girl?"

"Why, papa, what a queer question! Don't I know when I love folks? Why, I feel it all over me inside."

"Well, but how can I tell? I can't see inside."

"Why, papa, you can tell 'cause I love to have you come home, and I love to get up in your lap, and to see you and hear you talk."

"Suppose I was away?"

"Then I'd read your letters."

"Suppose, darling, I was very busy, or very sick?"

"Then I'd keep so still, papa, and I'd run errands and do all I could to help and make you well."

"And suppose I wanted you to do something you didn't want to do, what then?"

"Oh, papa, I wouldn't mind that didn't like; I'd do it as if I did, 'cause 'twas for you."

Papa kissed her.

"Emma, do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, papa."

"How can you tell?"

Emma thought a minute; then she said:

"Just the same way, I guess."

"That is so," said papa.—*Selected.*

WHAT PUSH CAN ACCOMPLISH.

The first experience of a millionaire merchant of Philadelphia, on his arrival in this country, aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied, 'Work, young man. Have you any motto?' No," I said. "What do you mean?"

He said, 'Every man must have a motto. Now think of one. Go out and hunt for work.'

"I started, thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the words 'Push.' I said, 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at the door, and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence."

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last:—'I want a boy of "Push," and as you have adopted that for your motto, I will try you.'

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

The word is old, short, and crisp, but it expresses everything, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

THE SOLID ROCK.

A gentleman once wished to examine a deep coal mine. Coming to the mouth of the shaft, he noticed a rope by which he supposed the miners descended. Taking hold slowly he let himself down. When at last he came to the end of the rope he found to his horror that he had not reached the bottom of the mine; he realized that he had made a fatal mistake. He could not reascend, and to let go his hold was to fall, perhaps hundreds of feet, to the rocks below. All around was darkness. He called wildly for help, but there came no response; at last giving up to his fate, he let go the rope and fell. He dropped about six inches, and stood safe and sound upon the rock bottom of the mine! That rope was long enough for the tall miners, and the shortest of them had learned to have faith to let go without fear. They knew the firm rock would receive and hold them. Just so may we know that Christ will hold us, if we let go everything else and trust in Him.

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