

Wise Answers.

A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales with difficult questions he had prepared, put the following, to which Thales answered without hesitation:—

What is the oldest of things?—God, for He existed always.

What is the most beautiful?—The world, for it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?—Space, for it contains all things.

What is the most constant?—Hope, for it remains when all else is fled.

What is the best of all things?—Virtue, for without it there is nothing.

What is the quickest?—Thought, in a minute it can reach the end of the universe.

What is the strongest?—Necessity, it makes men face all dangers.

What is the easiest?—To give advice.

What is the most difficult?—To take advice.
—'Am. Paper.'

How to Become a Christian.

The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock relates an incident in the 'Evangelist' which shows how simple the way to God is:

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble on account of his sins. He lay awake, after going to bed one night, in fear and dread. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move uneasily.

'Papa, papa!' she called.

'What is it, my darling?' he asked.

'Oh, papa, it's so dark! Take Nellie's hand.'

He reached out and took her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own.

A sigh of relief came from her throbbing heart. At once she was quiet and comforted. Almost instantly the father became conscious that his little child had taught him a lesson, and the Holy Spirit made it full of meaning to him.

'Oh, my Father, my Savior,' he cried, 'it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand, take my hand,' and he turned to Jesus and found joy and peace in believing. So will it be with every one who sincerely turns and trusts.

The Precious Stones.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a large collection of precious stones of immense value. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from all parts of the world, which had been gathered at great labor and expense. 'And yet,' said the nobleman, 'although they are worth so much money, they yield me no income.' The friend replied that he had two stones which cost him only a few pounds. Yet they yielded him a very considerable annual income. The nobleman was surprised, and desired to see these wonderful stones. So his friend led him down to a mill, and, pointing to two toiling grey mill-stones, said, 'These are the stones I told you about.' They were grinding the grains of wheat into snowy white flour. These two dull homely stones were doing more good than all the nobleman's precious jewels.—Ada Siford.

A Covenantant's Courage.

If we had lived when Graham of Claverhouse was scouring Scotland in search of the brave Covenanters, that he might drag them to prison or death for reading the Bible or meeting for prayer or praise, one day we might have seen, walking leisurely along, a young Scotch laddie. He has a book in his hand, and he is absorbed in its contents.

But hark! what is that sound of clattering hoofs and clash of armor? It is a band of that dreaded soldiery in search for the rebels, so called. Soon they are up with the boy.

'What is that you have in your hand?' demands the leader of the troop.

'It's the Bible,' comes from the firm young lips.

'Throw it in the ditch!' savagely shouts the fierce captain.

'I wunna.'

'Throw it in the ditch, I say!'

'I wunna,' says the pale-faced yet firm young soldier of Christ, clasping his precious treasure yet close to his bosom.

The brutal captain, fierce with rage at being

thus defied by a 'wee braw laddie,' hisses out, 'If ye dinna thrash it in yon ditch, I'll shoot ye!'

But Jesus Christ is with the boy, and though death is staring him in the face, he simply replies, 'I canna, wunna!'

'Fire, men!' shouts the infuriated leader; and the soft heather receives the warm life-blood of the youthful martyr.

No Claverhouse rides over the land now but there are plenty of schoolfellows to sneer at those who 'set themselves up to be better than other people,' and it sometimes takes more courage to stand a taunt or a curl of the lip than it does to bear a blow. Let no one force you to give up your Bible-reading, or, what is better still, your Bible-living.

About a Ladder.

Men dispute most concerning things of which they know least. Some one tells us that a ladder was cast upon an island in the Pacific Ocean. The Islanders labored hard to understand its purpose, and finally settled in two great parties; one asserted that the rungs were made to keep the sides apart, the other claiming that the object of the rungs was to keep the sides together. Some thought it was a fence, some a skeleton raft, but all took sides in the dispute as to the object of the rungs. Finally a shipwrecked sailor was driven ashore and he settled the ladder question by putting it against a tree and climbing it, showing that the rungs were the main things, and the sides were there to hold them in place.

'Jesus Touched Him.'

One of the electric bells in my house lately refused to ring. I could not discover the cause. A bell-hanger, after some time spent over it, found that right up under the bell, so small as to be almost imperceptible, was a place where the point of contact was lost. That was the trouble.

And so it is often in the church of Christ. Your batteries are all right in the cellar, your wires and machinery all right. But the point of contact is often defective. That, in my judgment, is where the great work of the kingdom of God is to come in—the point of contact. Follow the footsteps of Christ and you will see that it was through the point of contact that He did His work. It was through the marvellous touch of the Son of God. We must go back to first principles and we find the difficulty just there. There was never better working force, never better principles in the church of Christ than there are to-day. I believe we shall see a brighter day yet for the church.—The Rev. Cortland Meyers, D.D.

Value of Silence.

In one of Dr. Burton's lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: 'When trouble is brewing, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still; till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look over it without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength to its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.'

'Marching Orders.'

The Duke of Wellington was a man of few words; but when he spoke, he spoke to the point. On one occasion some remarks were made in his presence by those who ought to have known better, reflecting on Missionary work. After listening to what was said, the Duke turned suddenly round and, with reproving emphasis, asked the objectors the startling question: 'What are your marchings orders? Are they not these—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?"'

OUR MAIL BAG.

Hill Head, Mt., Lachute, Que. March 22.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find renewal for the 'Witness.' We have had it in our home for many years and find it impossible to do without it. Wishing you every success, and many more prosperous years, I am, yours truly.

L. M. STALKER.

The Manse, Baddeck, C.B., March 19.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find my subscription for another year for the 'Daily Witness.' The 'Witness' is my favorite newspaper. I have taken it for many years. As a general thing, I enjoy its editorials, on the great questions of the day, because they are clear and straightforward, fair and of great ability. If not too late, I extend hearty congratulations on attaining your Diamond Jubilee.

THE REV. D. McDOUGALL.

Prescott, Ont., March 19.

Dear Sirs,—While congratulating you upon the long and eminently useful life of the Montreal 'Witness,' I wish to say that my father was one of your first subscribers. I was then in my thirteenth year, and I well remember how eagerly we looked for the coming of the 'Weekly Witness.' My parents were wise for themselves and their children when they began, and continued taking your valuable family paper. It furnished their large family with interesting reading, and greatly aided in stimulating a taste for literature of a high moral tone. Your honored father and yourselves deserve the gratitude of the many families in Canada and elsewhere whom you have helped to see that Christian principles embodied in business life lead to success of the highest, truest type. Yours is the privilege to cultivate an ever widening field. Gratefully yours.

(MRS.) MARY E. HAMMOND.

Missoula, Montana, March 13.

Dear Sirs,—Let me congratulate you on having reached your Diamond Jubilee without a stain on your journalistic career. I have read the 'Witness' since 1854. Hoping you may long be spared to hold up to the world your publications for truth and righteousness. I am your friend and well-wisher.

WILLIAM JAMIESON.

Westmount, Que., March 8.

Dear Sir,—I thought I would like to add my testimony to the value of the 'Witness.' I cannot remember when the 'Witness' was not in our home, and when I was able to read well enough, used to read it every night to my father. No other daily paper can replace the 'Witness' in our home. I read it every night, and as I am a member of the W. C. T. U. can appreciate and admire its stand on the temperance question. Long may it stand for all that is good and great. I remain, yours congratulatory.

JULIA A. WINGHAM.

(Mrs. John Wingham.)

Prescott, Ont., March 22.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my subscription to the 'Daily Witness' I wish to join with your many friends and readers in sincere congratulations on the attainment of your very excellent paper to its jubilee year. May its usefulness continue to spread, and its influence, which has always been for righteousness and Christian citizenship, continue to be a mighty power for good in the many homes of the land where it is read.

Yours truly.

W. A. LOGAN.

Millfield, Que., March 14.

Dear Sir,—The 'Witness' has come regularly to this homestead for over half a century, and we wish to express unfeigned admiration for its elevated moral tone. Yours for truth,

M. A. McKILLOP.

Ottawa, March 19.

Dear Sir,—Kindly find enclosed my subscription for 'Daily Witness.' May I add an expression of congratulation upon your Diamond Jubilee? Since graduating from college ten years ago the 'Witness' has come into my study every morning with its splendid utterances in behalf of the best things for some and native land. I trust when my diamond jubilee year comes to still find myself a subscriber and well-wisher of the 'Witness.' Faithfully yours,

(REV.) HAROLD J. HORSEY.