

in one's own eye is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

A family while at the breakfast-table one morning, pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the 'consequences.'

As a first-fruit of the resolve we asked the one who suggested it—

'What made you so late at breakfast this morning?'

She hesitated, began with 'Because I couldn't'—and then, true to her compact, said 'The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago.'

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding 'I never was so cold in my life.'

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify her statement instantly with 'O I don't think it was so cold after all.'

A third remark to the effect that 'Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city,' was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was, the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new law. —*Evangelist.*

One Step at a Time.

George Manning had almost decided to become a Christian. One doubt held him back.

'How can I know,' he said to himself, 'that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?'

He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision and unhappiness, he one evening sought the house of his favorite professor— for he was a college student at the time— and they talked for several hours upon the all-absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of decision.

When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and handing it to his young friend, said

'George, this little light will not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step, and you will reach your home in safety.'

It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path, brightened by the little lantern, the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

'Why can I not trust my Heavenly Father,' he said to himself, 'even if I can't see my way clear to the end, if He gives me light to take one step? I will trust Him; I do trust Him.'

He could hardly wait till he reached his room, to fall on his knees and thank God for the peace and joy that filled his soul.

Early next morning the professor was summoned to the door. There he found George Manning. With beaming face he looked up to his teacher, and as he handed him the lantern, said significantly:

'Doctor, your little lamp lighted me all the way homelast night.' —*Evangelist.*

Zalim Singh's Argument.

One day when Zalim Singh, a Christian convert, was crossing the Ganges in the same boat with two Brahmins, they began to reproach him for having become a Christian.

'What do you know, you ignorant fellow, of your own religion or of Christianity?'

Zalim replied, 'What you have said, Pundits, about my ignorance, is all true, but whether I have acted foolishly in ceasing to worship my thakur (household idol) is another thing. I had a capital god at my house: he was beautifully made, and cost me some money, for the man who made him was a skilful workman, and I paid him handsomely. But, look here, Pundits, suppose I had my thakur here in this boat, and in my right hand I took my thakur, and in my left hand this little dog, and cast them both into the Ganges, what would become of them?'

The Pundits were silent, but the people said, 'Why, the god, being of stone, would sink, and the dog would swim ashore.'

'If so,' the Christian replied, 'then the dog must be greater than the god, for he can save himself, which the god cannot do. Do not expect me, Pundits, to worship a god which is inferior to a dog. No! I will no longer worship a