

THE ARITHMETIC OF DUTY.—It is the *short* finger that tells the hours, the *long* one only tells the minutes, and yet *neither* of them could tell the time without the other. Can we not all agree to tell the time so? If short and long, little and big, high and low, would only tell *their* tale, each having a separate one to tell, as if it was the only tale to be told, and yet as if it could only be told by everybody else telling theirs, we should get along far better than we do. *Our* is but the sum of *your*, and the sum can never be reckoned if the figures are not all down, and down correctly.

How very easy it is to say "A million," but—to *count* it! And so it is with no few sayings and doings. We had far better say only ten, and count twenty, than say a thousand, and count only ten.

I ONCE heard a minister say: "Suppose, some cold morning, you should go into a neighbour's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and ask him what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another,'—would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle a fire, and the frost will soon come off?' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits, one after another, without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away.

RELIGION is not a mere debt we owe to God—it is a spirit of fellowship and sympathy with him; it is the highest proof that God has made us for Himself; and redeemed us to Himself, and called us to be renewed in His image once more, and to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect.

I WOULD have young men, as they start in life, regard character as a capital, much surer to yield full returns than any other capital, unaffected by panics and failures, fruitful when all other investments lie dormant, having as certain promise in the present life as in that which is to come.—*Dr. Peabody.*

EVERY true hero grows by patience. People who have always been prosperous are seldom the most worthy, and never in moral excellence the most strong. He who has not been compelled to suffer, has probably not begun to learn how to be magnanimous; as it is only by patience and fortitude that we can know what it is to overcome evils, or feel the pleasure of forgiving them.

"I'll Na Trust Ye."

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same thing as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligation, with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by, as remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted, and Mr. S. counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yoursel', I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold!" And gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and my sons might refuse it ye. But this bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor?" cried the Scot,