

goal. Take this in relation to the Missionary Department. If the Juniors are intelligently informed in the purpose of the Gospel, if they are made to see the vital place the Forward Movement announced by our Lord in His "Go ye," occupies in the church, they will give "their own selves," and the gifts will follow naturally and spontaneously. Do not let the "two-cents a week" be your chief desire. . . . And so on through the whole organization. If you are seeking to do the work of a League, and to do it in loyalty to the four-fold principles and standards given in the constitution, if you will be thorough, painstaking, and will pray for and in your work, success will follow.

### "It Wasn't What It Looked"

"Phew! phew!" said May, as she came running into the kitchen one morning. "I want a drink." "What's the matter?" asked mother. "Phew! phew! I thought it was sugar and it's salt," cried May, as she spat her mouth empty and seized the dipper for the pepper-salt. "What a wry face she made," as she said, "It wasn't what it looked." Many have found out just as May did that there are lots of things in life that look sweet but are not. Appearances are not always a safe guide. Salt never tastes like sugar, although it may look like it. Sin may look tempting in its sweetness, but it really is not sweet. A bad habit, a bad book, a bad companion, will never become good by being dressed up to look attractive. Have you salt in your mouth when you thought you were getting sugar? If so, like little May, wash it out and don't take any more. Many can say, to the sorrow, about thoughts and things what May said of the salt, "It wasn't what it looked."

### "Wild Behind"

Charlie had been visiting in the country. Being a town boy, he much enjoyed the scenes on the farm. There were many interesting sights for him. But nothing so pleased him as a beautiful little colt that was running with its mother in the orchard. Charlie "made friends" with the colt and it got to be quite tame. He could get up quite close to the pretty little fellow, and sometimes the colt would take a lump of sugar out of Charlie's hand. One day Charlie tried to stroke the colt on the neck, and all went well till the boy's hand got to the colt's shoulder. Then the little animal turned and kicked and nearly bit Charlie. "My! he nearly cracked me," said Charlie. Well, when he was writing a letter home to father and mother, Charlie told about the farm and what he saw there; but the colt was his chief joy. He wrote about him: "He's a dandy colt. He's nice and tame in front; but he's awful wild behind." Do any of you Juniors know anything like Charlie's colt. Things that seem quite tame, but after all have a "kick" in them? Slang, tobacco, cigarettes, Sabbath-breaking, yes, lots of things that you had better keep clear of altogether, or like the colt, they will kick and prove after a while that they are "awful wild behind."

### Has She Lost It

Marjory had been given some hard candies. After holding one in her mouth for a few moments, she ran to her mother and cried: "O mother, I swallowed that candy!" "Never mind," said her mother, "it will not hurt you, dear." "Yes, I know that," said Marjory, "but I lost the use of it."

### "Wrong at the Start"

Tommy was learning well at school and his parents and friends were quite proud of him. One day he was given a sum in division. He was to divide 4863 by 3. His answer was 2621. That of course was wrong, so you can see if you work it out. When shown his error he said, "I was right all except the start." "Yes," the teacher replied, "but see Tommy, your answer was wrong at the start, your answer was all wrong." "Wasn't all right only the first figure, teacher?" Tommy asked. "Yes," she said, "it looks like that, doesn't it? But the answer was all wrong after all. Just see how for you were from being right." "1000," Tommy said, "The right is a long way wrong, isn't it? And all because you went wrong at the start." The teacher taught better than she knew. A right start in morals is as necessary as in mathematics. Tommy could not correct his answer without going right back to the beginning. Boys and girls: Start right and keep going right, and then the sum either in life or in school will be all right. Too many go wrong at the start and are wrong ever after. Don't you be one of them. Parents: Do not let your children go "wrong at the start."

### Jamie's Prize

James Norris was a little Scotch lad, who came all the way from his far-away home—beyond the great ocean—to his uncle's home in America, alone. He was only eight years old, when a low fever carried off both father and mother in a single week. After they were buried neighbors wrote to Jamie's uncle, and asked what was to be done with the orphaned boy. "Tag him for Baxter, I'll, U.S.A., and ship him by express to me," was the reply. So after a fortnight's journey he reached the station to which he had been shipped, and was taken in charge by his uncle, who was waiting for his arrival.

Jamie was homesick and tired after his long trip, but he was a brave little fellow and winked back his tears when his aunt kissed him and welcomed him to the prairie home. There were three children in the Norris home—Bruce, aged eleven; Frank, ten; and little Jean, just Jamie's age.

It was on Saturday that he completed his long journey, and on Monday he went with his cousins to the village school. The boys laughed at his Scotch plaid, and mimicked his Highland brogue, but he walked off knowing very well that he was too small to defend himself from rudeness, and that it was better to endure the taunts quietly than be worsted in fight.

In the evening when roll was called Jamie observed that most of the scholars answered "merit"; a few said "demerit" when their names were called, but not understanding when it came to "Jamie Norris," he simply replied, "Here," as he had been accustomed to in the school after the big waters.

"Are you 'merit' or 'demerit'?" asked the teacher, glancing up from her "book"; and when Jamie said he did not know, that was meant by these answers, she explained: "If you haven't whispered one word during study hours, answer 'merit,' but if you have, 'demerit.'"

"Then I'm 'demerit,'" replied Jamie, "for I whispered several times."

"But often?" questioned the teacher.

"I don't know," Jamie returned quietly.

"As many as two?" urged the teacher.

"More than that," said Jamie.

"Three, four, or five times," asked Miss Ray.

"More than that," was the answer.

"Six, eight or ten times, I suspect?"

"I didn't know the rule, and so I didn't keep count."

"Then I'll have to give you zero," said the teacher, sternly. "You ought to know not to whisper in school, even if you were not told."

"You're a gilly to tell," said Bruce, on the way home in the evening.

"But I did talk, ever so much," insisted Jamie. "What else could I do but tell?"

"Why not answer 'merit' like the rest of us, of course? The teacher didn't see you, and it'll spoil your report dreadfully. Just think of it—zero the first day. Father will think it is awful. He always wishes us to get 'merit.'"

"Not if you do not deserve it," Jamie returned. "And I can't see what difference it makes whether the teacher saw me or not. I saw myself, and that's the same."

"No, it isn't," contradicted Bruce. "That sort of whispering doesn't count. Why, we all do that kind of talking. Making signs and writing notes aren't talking."

"But they are breaking the rule, and that's the same," persisted Jamie. "I'll try to keep from breaking the rules, but if I forget, I'll not answer 'merit.'"

And he held to his Scotch resolution despite the twitting and big "demerits." If he whispered or did things against the rules, he did not call them by some other names, or try to sneak out of them, and yet despite his poorest report, the teacher said he was one of the quietest, most obedient pupils in the school. His lessons were always well prepared, though it was a matter of regret that no honors went his way.

A series of prizes for high standing in classes and best reports in conduct were to be distributed on the closing day of the term, and, as usual, much interest was felt in the outcome of the contest.

In the award, Jamie's name was not mentioned at all, but after the result of the winter's contest had been announced, and the prizes distributed, the president of the Board, who had been spokesman on the occasion, said: "I have another prize to bestow to-night; one not mentioned in the list of honors. It is a gold medal, and goes to Jamie Norris, the boy who always prefers 'demerits' to untruths, and in consequence carries away a report below the average, though, according to the teacher's estimation, in both work and conduct, he stands higher than any other pupil in school."—Farming World.

### "Bare Spots"

We saw a sturdy lad recently pulling a hand-sleigh on a hillside where the scanty coating of snow and the thaw had left many bare spots. Fred went along with his load steadily enough till one of these bare places was approached. As he neared it we noticed that he leaned forward, hurried into a trot, and went over the boards with a rush that landed the load safely on the other side. When asked why he ran, he simply said, "If I didn't run I'd get stuck. Was not he a wise boy? He set himself to get across and not once was he 'stuck.' There are 'bare spots' for us all where the load drags heavily; but if we do not lean forward and hasten forward we may safely accomplish what would otherwise be impossible. Are your studies hard? Do your duties drag? Is it unpleasant sometimes to do chores? Do not 'get stuck.' Brace up! Get a move on! Take the bare spots on the run if necessary, but don't say, 'I can't.' That is the surest way to 'get stuck.' We hope our Juniors may show the same pluck and 'go,' that Fred did when he rushed the bare spots."