

more worth living.—'Union Signal.'

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster, who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes, on 'How to Overcome Habit.'

At the expiration of five minutes the composition was read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

'Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.'

Grandma's Picket-Guard.

Grandma Wilkins was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Winfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow; but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook:

'We must keep the door-bell from ringing if possible.'

'I can do something for grandma,' thought the little boy.

So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

'Grandma is very sick,' said Winfred. 'Nobody must ring the bell.'

The lady smiled, but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

'Grandma is sick, and mamma doesn't want anything at all,' said the boy.

All day long people came. It seemed to Winfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard and the bell was silent. Kate came to call him to lunch, but Winfred would not leave his post.

'Just bring me a sandwich or something and I'll eat it here,' he said.

At last the doctor came again.

When he came back he smiled down upon Winfred and said:

'Well, little picket-guard, your grandma is going to get well and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier.'

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

'I am quite proud of my brave, unselfish little son,' she said. 'Now come and have some dinner and then you may go and see grandma for a moment. She has been asking for you.'

When Winfred went in on tiptoe his grandma thanked him with a kiss and he was a very happy little boy that night.—Julia D. Peck.

Who Was Rich?

'If I were only as rich as he is!' muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly-dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' said the boy with the fresh loaves as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a pony-cart.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' grumbled the lad in the pony-cart as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' this lucky fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he espied one day a young prince attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

'If I were as free as that boy is!' impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

'If I could drive out alone with a pony, and nobody to take care of me but myself!' thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

'If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!' longed the driver of the pony.

'How happy that boy with the basket looks!' said the boy on the bike.

'If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!' said the baker's boy. 'I'm sick and tired of bread.'

Which one was rich?—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Rules for Young Christians.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer, and when you pray remember that God is present and that he hears your prayer.—Heb. xi. 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read remember that God is speaking to you and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules.—John v. 39.

3. Never profess to ask God for anything which you do not want. Tell him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you, and then ask him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you what you are and make you what you ought to be.—John iv. 24.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing's being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it.—Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong.—Rom. xiv. 23.

5. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, 'Can what I feel be true if God's word be true?' and if both cannot be true, believe God and make your own heart the liar.—Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Frown's Companion.

(By Clara J. Denton.)

Said the Frown to the Smile,
'Come walk with me to-day.'

'Very well,' said the Smile, 'since you're going my way.'

They journeyed on slowly for perhaps half a mile,

And each person they met said,
'Good morning, dear Smile.'

Till at last cried the Frown, 'Now, this will never do;

There's no greeting for me, though I'm bigger than you.'

'That's true,' was the answer; 'but remember, the while,
Even you as, companion, selected the Smile.'

—'S.S. Times.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.