

WE are told that a poor little boy stood, some time ago, at the corner of one of the busy streets in Glasgow, selling matches. As he stood there a gentleman approached him, and asked the way to a certain street. The way to that particular street was very tortuous, but the little fellow directed him very minutely. When he had finished his directions, the gentleman said, "Now, if you tell me the way to heaven as correctly, I'll give you a sixpence." The boy considered for a moment, then, suddenly remembering a text he had learned at the Sunday-school, he replied: "Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, Sir." The gentleman at once handed him the promised sixpence, and left him, visibly affected. The child thought this an easy way to make money, and, going along the street, he met an old companion of his father's, whom he stopped, and to whom he said: "If you give me sixpence I'll tell you the way to heaven." The man was surprised, but, from curiosity, he handed the boy sixpence, and was told, "Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "Ah!" said the man, "I have not been going that way, but I believe you are right. It was my mother's way." Proceeding in this way, the boy told the same message to others. In after years, it was his privilege to tell it to the heathen; for the little fellow saved a child from being run over one day, and, from gratitude, he was educated by the child's father, and to-day he is a foreign missionary showing to others the way to heaven.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

I WON'T be fooled once to-day," said Robin, with a positive shake of the head. "I don't mean to be," said Laurie. He was Robin's cousin who had come over to spend the day. "But may be we can't help it."

"Yes, we can," said Robin, "if we look out sharp." Aunt May looked up from her book and laughed a little at that.

But they did look out sharp, Robin and Laurie. Not one of Aunt May's little jokes succeeded, though she tried a good many. It was nearly noon when she came in with a small square package.

"Here's something a little boy left at the door for you, Robin," she said.

"Did a boy?" asked Robin, slyly, lifting his eyebrows in a funny way. (You see he felt quite sure Jimmy Dent left the package). "Well, I don't want it, Aunt May. I'll give it to Laurie."

But Laurie said, "No, thank you," very politely; and they looked at each other and laughed.

"Let's fool Teddy O'Brien with it," cried Robin. "His mother is washing for mamma and he's down in the kitchen."

So they both raced to the kitchen where little

Ted sat by the window. He was lame. That was the reason he kept so still.

"We've got something for you, Teddy," cried they.

Teddy's cheeks reddened as he took the box shyly. He worked patiently at the knotted string for a time. But he got it untied at last, and took off the wrappings. Then he lifted up the box cover and gave a shrill cry of joy.

For the box was full of candies of every shape and sort, caramels and lozenges and kisses and chocolate creams.

Robin knew then that Cousin Jack, who worked in a candy store, had kept his promise, and sent him some of every kind.

"O-oh!" said Robin.

"O-oh, dear!" cried Laurie.

Teddy understood. "I s'pose you didn't mean to give 'em to me," said he. "You can have 'em back."

"No, we won't," said Robin, manfully, though he did choke a little.

"We said we'd fool you, because it's the first day of April. But I'm real glad it's candy, and you're going to keep every—single—bit. Come, Laurie."

Aunt May, who had been standing in the door, though Robin and Laurie didn't see her, heard it all.

She sent a note right away to Jack at the candy store. And an hour afterward, when that very same boy left another square package at the door, Robin and Laurie opened it in a hurry.

"We'll eat this ourselves," said they. "But we did get fooled."

"You did it yourselves," said Aunt May, laughing.—*Youth's Companion*.

AMONG the stories told at a New England dinner in New York recently is the following: "There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever read this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

WHEN you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. . . The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.