

cannot even make up my mind to recite a verse in the Christian Endeavor meetings. As to leading a meeting, I could as soon think of flying in the air. I can't be more than ordinary, if that," she said to herself disconsolately, and sighed a little enviously when she saw Effie Gray rise gracefully, and read an elaborately prepared paper at the missionary meeting, or make an impromptu speech as if to the manor born.

Fortunately, Dora had too much sense to make herself wretched about her deficiencies, and, fortunately also, she was blessed with a real pastor, to whom she could go and tell all her difficulties, sure of sympathy and real, practical advice. So she contrived to tell him one day how very useless she felt. They had just been speaking of "Miss Alcott's Life and Letters," and Dora said:

"How delightful it must be to be a *real* heroine as she was! I never do any thing remarkable, and find it hard to even 'keep up with the procession,' Mary writes so beautifully, and Laura is such a social success, and so much sought after, and such a help in the church and societies."

"Well, Miss Dora," said her old friend, "you know I never flatter, and seldom say complimentary things, but sometimes it is just as well to say things if true."

"Oh, do say something nice; a compliment would really set me up; yet, there is nothing nice to say on this score, I am very sure."

"Yes, my dear, let me tell you it is a great comfort to me to see you always in your place in church and Sunday school; I know that *nothing* will tempt you away from prayer-meeting."

"Excuse me," said Dora, interrupting, "but that is no more than I ought to do; I am an unprofitable servant, after all."

"I only wish there were a few more! And let me tell you that I, too, feel discouraged after I have tried my very best and yet cannot begin to do what others accomplish with no trouble at all, and have often found comfort in these lines:

"If God required from thee an angel's deeds,
He would have given thee an angel's powers."

If we keep on in the even tenor of our ways, doing the best we can 'with loving spirit,' it is all that is required. Brilliant gifts and talents are not to be despised, but the grace of continuance we can all have and cultivate."

THE type of conversions is largely determined by the type of preaching. Preach a hazy, indefinite, vague gospel, and you will have nebulous and uncertain conversions; that is, if you have any. Preach a clear-cut, doctrinal gospel, convincing of sin, magnifying Christ and the offices of the Holy Spirit in the work of salvation, and conversions will be bright and clear.—*D. Steele, D.D.*

HOW WHITTIER HELPED A LITTLE GIRL.

A correspondent tells this anecdote of the poet Whittier's success in aiding a little girl at a school examination. "You know Whittier's love for children. The aged poet one winter renewed his youth in a handsome overcoat of the purest ulster pattern, clad with which he attended a school examination up among the hills so dear to him. He was standing beside the teacher, who was catechising a dimpled little dot, in geography.

"What are the provinces of Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"Potatoes, whiskey, aldermen, patriotism," began the child.

"No, no," interrupted the teacher; "I didn't mean products; I said 'provinces.'"

"Oh," said the girl, "Connaught, Leinster, Munster and—and—"

Here she stuck, put her chubby finger into her rosebud mouth, and sought inspiration successively in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling and the poet. All children love the old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically. The *entente cordiale* had been established between them. He patted his ulster significantly; she looked at him inquiringly. He nodded and she burst out with:

"Oh, Miss Simmons I know now! They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster and Overcoat!"—*Sel.*

ONE VERSE READ AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

A missionary in Japan tells of a young man living in Yokohama, who had heard of Christianity but had never given it any special attention. Learning that his father had been defeated in a lawsuit, and believing that injustice had been done, he became greatly enraged and determined to take revenge by assassinating the governor whom he believed to be responsible for the result. While arranging to go home that he might carry out this evil intention he called to say good-bye to a Christian friend, who, not knowing the object of his journey, bade him God-speed and gave him a Bible. He started on the journey, reading the Bible on the way. He happened to turn to the first verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew, and when he read it his conscience was so touched that he gave up his purpose and returned to Yokohama. He continued to read and became a true convert, and then, not satisfied with a mere profession, he gave himself to the study of God's word and is now a faithful worker for the Master in the city of Tokio.—*Bible Society Record, N. Y.*