

A CONVERTED PURSE

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for twenty-five dollars.

A look of pleased surprise passed over the solicitor's face, succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had precisely the same salary as he, and twenty-five dollars was a generous fraction of his month's income.

"Oh! that's more than we expect, Frank, and than you can afford, too, I fear," he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

"Oh, no! Let me tell you how it is, Jack. You know I turned right-about face when I became a Christian last winter; and I resolved at the start not to enter into a junior partnership with the world, and a senior partnership with the church.

"You know my habits. I am not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses a hundred dollars a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy, indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week, to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face and given its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made seventy-five dollars a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time.

"One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven, with at least ten scarf-pins. That made me run through my accounts next lay, -they were not very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could, to see what was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed from a Christian, and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and, I am ashamed to say, I found I had a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of dry goods on hand, that was the price, not of good taste, but of mere caprice.

"Now, I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church that I've

promised before God and man to support and increase.

"There, you have 't all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can afford easily that twenty-five dollars, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it, make it thirty! The other five is a thank-offering.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE LORD'S POCKET-BOOK.

"Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?" said a friend to a business man, as he drew a wellfilled wallet from his pocket.

"Why *my own*, of course. Whose else could it be?" was the prompt reply.

"To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If *you* belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also."

"Well, said the man thoughtfully, "I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light on this subject. It never impressed me before as it does just now, that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, '*my pocket book*;' as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess honestly I never have looked at it in the light in which you place it."—*The Christian Giver.*

THE TWO PLANKS.

Suppose it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are thrown. One is perfectly new, and the other is completely rotten. How will you go? If you walk upon the rotten one you are sure to fall into the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank and the other on the new plank, it will be the same; you will certainly fall through and perish. So there is only one method left. *Put both feet on the new plank.* Friend, the rotten plank is your own unclean self-righteousness. He who trusts in it must perish without remedy. The new plank is the eternal saving work of Christ, which came from heaven, and is given to every one that believeth in Him (Acts xiii. 38, 39).—*Messenger for the Children.*