

pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when Conscience wouldn't keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and, above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie B— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

'Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now, perhaps, you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then those three cents would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were those three cents right in the way. At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me do, that I must tell Charlie B—that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, he could not bless me. So then and there, I sat down and wrote to Charlie, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace and God has blessed me.'—S. S. Banner.

What We Can Never Catch.

Boys and girls, what is it that you never can catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word!

Jesus said: 'Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'—Selected.

The Boy Who Started Early.

(By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., in the 'Christian World'.)

Boys and girls, most of you at one time or another have visited a picture gallery, and you have noticed there that there are some canvases so huge that whenever you pass through the door your eye is struck by them and you cannot help seeing them. But in the same gallery there may also be some very small pictures—miniatures, we call them—and some of these very small pictures are just as good, it may be even better, than these huge canvases, and keep our close attention even more.

And so in the picture gallery of the Old and New Testaments we have big and small canvases. We have huge pictures that immediately arrest our attention, and we have also miniatures, just little sketches—a few sentences—and yet if we study these miniatures closely we may see a good deal of meaning and worth in them.

Now, I want to read to you two verses which bring before us such a miniature. 'Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem; and his mother's name was Jedidah, the daughter of Adaiah of Bozkath. And he did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left.' (II. Kings xxii., 1, 2.) Two verses, and yet that is a miniature of the good King Josiah, in which six things are told us about him.

The first of them is this, that he made an early start. He was eight years old when he began to reign. These duties were laid upon him when he was quite a young boy, and the first thing we learn from him is to

Jean's Policy Hard Things First.

Jean unstrapped her books and took pad and pencils from the closet.

'I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall,' she said laughing across at her father's old friend who was spending two days with him, 'but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done.'

'What makes you like it so much?' Mr. Marshall asked smiling. 'Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra.'

'Like it!' Jean repeated vehemently. 'I de-

at each other with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother of course, but how? Corinne's music? Barbara's art? They had been studied only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them. Then the letter came from Mr. Marshall with the wonderful offer of a thousand-dollar position for Jean.

'Jean,' Corinne cried, 'why she's the youngest.'

'And never studied typewriting in her life!'



JEAN.

spise it—abominate it—loathe it! That's why I do it first; if I gave myself the tiniest margin of excuse I'd never get it done. And I may be stupid—I am terribly stupid in it—but it shan't conquer my morals anyhow.'

'I see,' the guest replied, rising. 'Well, good luck to it—and you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while.'

'Never,' Jean returned emphatically.

A month later the three girls were looking

Barbara chimed in.

'For Miss Jean,' Mrs. Randall read. 'A young lady who always tackles her hard things first in the determination that they shall not 'conquer her morals' is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year.'

'Who would have thought that a little thing like that!'—Barbara said brokenly.—The 'New Guide.'

make an early start. We are not called to be kings over a wide realm, but we are all called to rule over our spirit. There is a Kingdom of God within us, within our own mind and heart, and we are all called to be rulers over this kingdom, and in so ruling let us follow Josiah and make an early start.

The second thing to notice is, he had a very long race; he reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem. You boys know about some of your companions who make a very good start when they are running a race. They are good at the first, but they cannot keep it up. There are a good many people who are good at a sprint in their religious life, but do not keep it up. How many boys and

girls in our Sunday Schools give promise of being good men and women, but they leave the Sunday School and do not pass into the church. It is not enough to make an early start; we want to run a long race, keeping it up from the beginning to the very end.

The third thing we read about is—he kept a straight course; he turned not aside to the right hand or to the left. He not only kept on, but he kept on straight. He did not allow any of the pleasures or evils of the world to draw him aside. God had called him to be king, and he was a good king from the very beginning to the very end, allowing nothing to turn him aside.

The other three things told us about him