

'Sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you one question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back, and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word.'

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said, 'I will try.'

'Well, then,' said the man, 'here goes. Is the word "girl" in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question?'

'Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the Prophet Joel, in the third verse of the third chapter. The words are, "And sold a girl for wine that they might drink."'

'Well,' replied the man, 'I'm dead beat; I durst to have bet five pounds you could not have told.'

'And I could not have told yesterday,' said the visitor. 'For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good.'

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident resulted in the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.—'British Workwoman.'

Deceitful Pleasures.

A certain king is said to have parted with his kingdom for a draught of water. When he had drunk it he exclaimed—'For how short a pleasure have I sold a kingdom!' Well, the Bible says of all the pleasures of sin, they are 'but for a season.' Ah, very short seasons often—mere passing gratifications, like that of Jonathan, 'I did but taste a little honey, and, lo, I must die.' Yes, many of its pleasures are promising enough, but deceitful. Like those apples of Sodom that are fair enough to look at, beautiful and ripe in appearance, and soft to the touch, and are nothing but a mass of disappointment. Young friends, we are living in a time when the snares of sin are decked out in such an enticing way that the greatest care is needed not to be deceived by them. Always try to bear in mind 'the deceitfulness of sin.'—Selected.

Go Straight and Keep Steady.

While walking in the country with several relatives, a little girl came to a deep ditch which could only be crossed by a narrow plank. Though for a time she feared to cross, she suddenly looked round and exclaimed:—'Grandpa, you go first; you are the heaviest, and I want to see how you do it.'

After watching her grandparent safely over the plank, the child said:—'Oh, I can do that; you have only to go straight and keep steady.'

May we not learn that if we would go the way that God has opened, we have but to follow His word, go straight, and keep our faith steady? Our difficulties may be overcome if we but allow God to clear the way, instead of attempting to do so in our own strength.—'League Journal.'

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clifton place the other day and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to a spot desired and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow with a fierce look in his eyes and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.

'I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row,' remarked one.

'I'm satisfied that I could do him up with

A chipmunk sat on a cedar tree,
First on two feet, then on three,
As he combed his beautiful tail.
He watched the river down below
As it hurried by with rapid flow,
Till he longed for a bit of a sail.

He hunted about for a minute or two,
Till he found a chip which he thought would do,

Then launched it on the tide.
He leaped aboard his frail canoe,
Which shot ahead, then faster flew,
Though to stop it he vainly tried.

But soon he grew to like the speed,
And laughed for joy, with little heed
To the distance he had come.

But now the night is settling down,
He sees the lights of many towns,
And hears its distant hum.

Still through the dark he rushes by,
The fields and houses faster fly,
Till he gains the open sea,
And now he is rocked and tossed about,
And very soon begins to find out
How sick a chipmunk can be.

After days and days of this wearisome life,
He is thrown from his boat in the terrible strife

Which the ocean has with the shore.
And so he is dashed on the firm white sand,
Where he lies at rest, till a friendly hand
Lifts him to life once more.



the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way, added a second.

'I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him,' put in a young man with a long neck, 'but about the time I got him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both.'

The driver was beating the horse and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years of age approached and said, 'Please, mister.'

'Well, what yer want?'

'If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of coal

to the manhole and let you rest while we're going.'

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with pleasant looks, he began to give in and after a moment he smiled and said: 'Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip and perhaps a lift on the wheel will help him.'

The crowd swarmed about the cart and a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart off the spot with one effort.—Baltimore 'Christian Advocate.'