

sent will pass before the brightness of the days to come.

Bury the troubles that are past ; bear the troubles of the present ; do not worry about the troubles of the future. Meet each trial as it comes, and in a majority of cases the best course will be to pass it by, and leave it with God's providence to settle and regulate many things which we cannot regulate ourselves. We cannot quarrel with a handful of dust ! and that is all there is left of many who have done us wrong in days gone by ; and it is all that may ere long be left of others who may assail us now. If we do the will of God we shall abide for ever, and why need we fret ourselves because of evil-doers who soon shall pass away like the dreams of night?—*The Christian*.

THE SOLDIERS' CHOICE.

During the Franco-Prussian war two colporteurs, or distributors of Bibles and tracts, were posted at the railway station of Giessen, to greet the soldiers when the trains stopped for meals, and to supply them with good reading.

One day, Mr. Craig, their chief, received news that both men had been refused permission to continue their work. He was two hundred miles away, but he hastened to the spot. On meeting the station master—as he himself tells the story—he expressed regret that his men should have behaved so badly as to be dismissed.

"Oh, they have nothing wrong, only they annoy the soldiers."

"Did the soldiers say they were annoyed?" Mr. Craig asked.

"I did not ask them. Men, of course, don't like pious books thrust into their hands when they are hungry. I know I shouldn't. So I put my foot down."

"I should like," said Mr. Craig, quietly, "to know what the soldiers themselves say. Will you allow me to make a test? Here is a train coming in with soldiers. You have your tables spread with wine and refreshments. Favor me by loaning the use of two tables, at which I will place my two men with our books at each. Then if you will put two of your men at your tables, you and I can stand behind without saying a

word, and let the soldiers decide whether they want the books."

The stationmaster assented quite willingly, and the train came in. The men, stamping, singing, swearing, jumped out on the platform, stretching their legs and eager for food or drink. Some one saw the books, and cried :

"Here are the books again ! We have not seen any for a week."

There was an instant rush by large numbers of the men. The lieutenant, on a hint from Mr. Craig, ordered them not to jam, but to form in line and file past. Each soldier held out his hand in silence, and with bared head received a book. In an incredibly short time most of the men in the company had marched past, and had taken a copy of the Word of God.

In the meantime it is said that but few of the soldiers had touched a cake or a bunch of grapes, or even a glass of wine.

"We can go no further," said Mr. Craig to the stationmaster, "our books are gone. I think you have still something on your tables."

The stationmaster, who was an honest man, gave a loud laugh, and, grasping Mr. Craig's hand, said, "I am beat—dead beat. I didn't think the men cared for these things. Your men may return to their work."

This story is taken from *The Youth's Companion*, and the one who relates it adds :

The two tables are symbolic. The decisions they involved confront men constantly. There is no escape from their challenge. One gives that which feeds the lower nature, the other that which feeds the soul, and there is not a man who does not, instinctively or with deliberation, choose the line of conduct that one or the other of them represents.

Thus character is formed. Men recognize it in this life, and by it the Great Teacher declares we are to be judged in the life that is to come.

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight
hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly
powers."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Jan. 3...Acts i. 1-14.....Acts ii. 37-42.
" 10...Acts ii. 1-13.....Luke xv. 1-10.
" 17...Acts ii. 32-47.....Luke xvi. 11-32.
" 24...Acts iii. 1-16.....Luke xvi. 1-10.
" 31...Acts iv. 1-14.....John xi. 13-44.

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst ;
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way !
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power ;
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour.
That's the way !
Just a little every day.

—*St. Nicholas*.

HOW NAT OPENED THE DOOR.

"I think you will need some help to open the door," said a voice in the vestibule of Trinity church.

Nat Ridley looked up, for he had reached out his hand to see if he could move the bronze door, now ajar. Nat was not a tall boy, and as he was slowly getting over the effects of a fever, he had a look of weakness.

It was a pleasant voice, and a pleasant face was back of it.

"Oh, it's no matter ! I'm not very strong, sir ; I'm getting over a fever."

"That is something—to allow that we are weak. Folks don't like to allow that, sometimes. I hope you will be better," replied the stranger.

Just here somebody stepped forward on his way into the church, and, greeting Nat's acquaintance, took him within.

Nat did not see the man with the friendly address again for weeks, but the man's words stayed with Nat, that he "needed someone to help open the door."

Nat belonged to Trinity school. It was over now for the day, and Nat lingered by the beautiful door