

Hillel calmly replied that it was because they live on such loose soil.

"I should have plenty to ask you," said the man, "were I not afraid that you would get into a passion."

Hillel drew his mantle closer, and quietly replied, "Ask on, whatever thou hast to ask."

"So," said the man, thoroughly disarmed, "you are the Hillel whom they call Nasi" (the president) "of Israel?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I hope there are not many like you."

"Why, my son?"

"Because through you I have lost four hundred zuzins."

"Calm yourself, my son. Better that thou shouldst lose, for Hillel's sake, four hundred, ay, and four hundred more, than that Hillel should lose patience."

The Hillel of this beautiful story was the grandfather of Gamaliel, the teacher at whose feet sat Saul, who afterwards fell at the feet of Jesus and learned of Him.

CONFESSION.

DEACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish, and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the first of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do. How much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am." And the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused, "ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain; and when the market closed, each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket

burned like a coal! he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him; but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read:—

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. You have my forgiveness, Joe. Now, go home and confess to the Lord; but, remember, you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little-coin as long as you live, to remind you of this first temptation."

THE COLLECTION.

NEXT Sunday we take the monthly missionary collection, and, as we want the school to do better this year than it has before, I wish every body would bear this notice in mind."

So said Mr. Johnson, the superintendent, last Sunday week, and he spoke loud enough for every one to hear.

Yesterday we took up the collection, and when Miss Sweet passed the little brown envelope to her four boys, the "Cheerful Givers," this is what she heard:—

"Oh, my! I forgot all about it." (from Jim.)

"I didn't know 'twas Missionary Sunday." (From Tom).

"Why didn't he say something about it last week?" (From Dick).

"I wasn't here when he gave it out." (From Harry).

So the "Cheerful Givers" contributed four cents to the cause of missions, and their disheartened teacher put in half a dollar to make up for their forgetfulness.

Do you think those boys are deaf? Perhaps the superintendent didn't speak loud enough. Perhaps so, indeed; but when he quietly announces that the Sunday-school will have a Christmas tree in the chapel, those boys will not miss a word, and they'll come around for two boxes of candy, too.

SHARP-EYED men of business take note of a boy's general appearance in making up their estimate of what he is worth. A straightforward, manly bearing will help any lad to make his way in the world, while the haphazard sort of a way usually suggests to the observer a corresponding character. Manliness is not a garment you can put on and off like your Sunday coat. It must have its foundation in the heart, or it will be a flimsy sham that will deceive nobody.