

of foreheads you never saw. But all in vain. They each had guessed much harder ones, but somehow the very similarity of the two confused the boys' minds.

"When you are ready to give up," said Blake's mother, "please give me a try," and she went down to the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner.

Soon Rodman followed to beg her to come up and see if she could answer their puzzles.

"I'll be up in fifteen or twenty minutes, Rod," she said. "Meantime try my conundrum while you wait: 'What is it that one must lose before he can keep?'"

"Worse and worse!" cried the boy. "We'll never get these three untangled."

But when Mrs. Martin had put off her kitchen apron and put on her thimble again, she announced her readiness to have the conundrums submitted to her. Rodman read his out in a tone of triumph, not expecting Blake's mother to succeed when Blake the champion guesser, had failed. "What is it that you must give before you can keep?"

"Your word, I think," said the lady, smiling. "At least, I know when you give your word you are expected to keep it."

"Why, of course!" cried Blake. "What a goose I was not to see that! Now try mine, mother. 'What is that which you cannot get until it is taken from you?'"

Rodman's eyes glowed with eagerness. "It took me a good while to guess that," said Mrs. Martin. "I was about to give it up, when it suddenly occurred to me that a photograph had to be 'taken from you' before you could get it."

Both boys shouted with glee. "Now it only remains for you to guess your own, mother," said Blake. "We couldn't."

"Ah," said Mrs. Martin, "I hoped you would; for mine came from the Bible. Don't you remember that our Lord says, Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whoever shall lose his life shall preserve it?"

"But all Christians don't die at the stake," objected Rodman.

"No boys; but all true Christians must lose their sinful lives before they can have the eternal life, which is the gift of God through faith in His Son. This is the blessed conundrum which I want you to spend your lives trying to understand"—Elizabeth Preston Allan, in Morning Star.

Kitty and "Please."

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command, very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind enough to do this or that?" or, "Please to do this" or, "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "Do this," or, "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on.

"Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my pa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something else in the closet and did not immediately come out.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put on my shoe."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said:

"Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget shall put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor and tried to put it on herself, which was all very well had she not done so angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but her little, fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted very tight; in fact Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the entry, and began to cry.

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother looking into her chamber; "ask her, my child."

But Kitty looked "No, I shan't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner bell rang.

"You stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe," and her mother went down stairs.

Kitty turned very red and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing room and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table! and for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and-by her papa came up-stairs, and not finding her in her mother's room went to the little room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going toward him, said:

"Oh, papa, 'please' would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now."

She took her father's hand, and, taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said:

"Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran down stairs, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said, with a tear in her eye:

"Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's out and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards; and "please" made the little girl a great many friends.—S. S. Visitor.

EDITOR - - - W. L. ARCHIBALD.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. W. L. Archibald, Lawrencetown, N. S., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—The lad with the loaves and the fishes. John 6:1-14.

Tuesday.—Jesus heals a boy and gives him back to his father. Luke 9:37-42.

Wednesday.—Jesus raises a young man from the dead and gives him back to his widowed mother. Luke 7:11-17.

Thursday.—Jesus raises a girl to life and gives her back to her parents. Luke 8:40-42, 49-56.

Friday.—A mother gives her little son to God. I Samuel 1:9-28.

Saturday.—A woman shows her love for Jesus. John 12:1-8.

Sunday.—Jesus asks us to show our love for him by serving those who follow him. John 21:15-19.

Prayer Meeting Topic—May 17.

The lad with the loaves and fishes. John 6:9-13.

Our Saviour's purpose in this miracle was no doubt to convince the disciples and others as well of his supernatural powers. He wished to show them that in himself there was no human limitation and that though the ordinary means of sustenance were not at hand he would have the people fed anyway. What mattered it to him if food was not procurable? Should he who builded the forests from nought, who clothes the meadows with harvests and feeds the million forms of lower life from nature's great garner, now see his children suffer for want of that which he, as God, ever creates. Now the slower forms of nature's creative process should give place to the fiat of his own divine power and he would feed them with food created off hand. However he would make use of the natural as far as it would go for he would ever have his work but supplemental. He ever feeds the world through human effort. We are workers together with God.

(1). There is a lad here. Then as now the inevitable "small boy" was present. What would we do without our little men, and our little women too? We find them everywhere—in the street, in the factory, alas, in the rum shop and gambling den, but fortunately many of them are with Jesus and his disciples.

This lad had his basket, etc. Trust a boy to have something with him—baseball, football, fish-hooks, pocket knife, strings and things. Sometimes also cards and cigarette and tobacco; but happy the boy whose possessions whatever they are can be made use of by Jesus.

"All I have I give to Jesus
It belongs to him."

(2). "The man sat down." Jesus went about his task with system. No one should be overlooked, and each should be served but once. Method is always conducive of ease and despatch and is characteristic of God. There is no chaos in the great world of nature's creation all about us, but the most perfect system. Nothing goes by chance with God. He provides food for all who will place themselves within the ranke. His bounty makes salvation just as general. See that you belong to one of the groups.

(3). "Gather up the fragments." God is a good provider and there is always something over. He would waste nothing, however; economy is his law. How he shames us by his providence, the millions of leaves that fall to the ground in autumn are harvested by the soil and go to feed hungry mouths in other forms of life. Everything has its use and not even fragments are

"Cast as rubbish to the void."

Are we also wise in the use of what he has given us. There are fragments of time, fragments of opportunity, fragments of blessing; let us see "that nothing is lost."

(4). "Filled twelve baskets." Philanthropy's wonderful law of increase. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." As true of a life as of an acorn. The farmer sows in order to reap; the merchants spends that he might gain; the student gives of his brain to increase his wisdom. That which you give away is what you really have—strange paradox but divinely true. Twelve basketfuls from one, an increase of twelve hundred percent. Surely the master is generous with generosity. Luke 6:38.

The lad had barley bread and fishes, what have you for Jesus?

"The Lad and the Loaves."

The Lord made use of the lad and his barley loaves and little fishes. Here is a comfort. No one is too small to be used of God. We say we would be glad to do something if we were only more influential or experienced. But having no influence or experience we must be excused. But the Lord has influence and experience enough for two. He can use any one or any thing that

is put at his service, even the lowliest. Let him use you.

"If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all."

Indeed, as a matter of fact, the Lord prefers to use small things and weak men. He will use the strongest and best if it will offer itself to him; but Paul says he has a peculiar delight in showing forth his own power by revealing its independence of what men call great and indispensable (read I Cor. 1:26-29). We have the very treasure of the gospel in earthen vessels, says Paul, that the power may be of God, and not of men.

It is partly this proneness of God to exalt the low and to use the small that makes the low and the small, after all, the pivotal and important things. But it is partly, also, that fondness of men for the spectacular and pretentious which leads them to overlook the quiet and little thing which is really determining the great tides. Thus let alone, the small thing does its work unresisted until its power is so great as to be irresistible.

All this ought to teach us not to ignore little things, either of evil or of good. One small sin may ruin a life or lives. A word, "yes" or "no," the shortest words in our language, may determine the issue of eternity. "Yes," said Sapphira to Peter's question. It was one word, but it was falsehood and death. It was only a kiss which Judas gave Jesus. And so on the good side, small services may end in vast results. It was a look that the Lord gave Peter, but it got him a new heart. A simple word to John B. Ough gave him hope, and started the career that blessed the world.

And this is all the more true if, as in this story, Jesus is near to take up the little ministry and give it power. In the lad's hand five loaves were five loaves, but in the Lord's they were bread for the multitudes. When human service fits into the will of God it becomes omnipotent. After all, the magnitude of work and opportunity is not the significant thing. The real question is as to relations. Is the work in the will of God? Is the opportunity an opportunity for God's incoming? A lad is a lad until Christ comes near. Then the lad and Christ are masters of all power.

I am but one, but I am one;
I cannot do much, but I can do something.
What I can do I ought to do,
And, God helping me, I will do.

And lad may take his loaves and fishes to Jesus to be multiplied.

It was Andrew who brought the lad to the notice of Jesus. This is good business for older men to be in. Would there were more men who would bring boys to the Saviour!—Selected.

Illustrative Gatherings.

Begin with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Then you can find resources to grow. Your own portion shall not be left desolate. Strength shall be shed through you. Do the utmost with what you have, and it shall go far enough.

Give with a full, free hand—
God freely gives to you—
And check each selfish thought
With, "What would Jesus do?"
—Francis Ridley Havergal.

It may have been the will of God that brought the lad there with the loaves and fishes, for the very purpose which they served. His being there was providential and wherever in the world the gospel is preached, there he is spoken of also.

Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.
With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

The Lord can take the little that any lad has, if only it be true and good, and make it of blessed uses, to more than the multitude which was fed with the five loaves and two fishes.

Just one good deed? and though others ne'er know it
Angels will carry it up to the throne;
At the hereafter Christ's records will show it;
"Fed thou the hungry? Come hither, mine own."

All great work consists of small deeds.

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

—Mrs. Browning.

There never has been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed by God.—H. Bushnell.

We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all!

The Lord's work can only be done with what we sacrifice not by what we think we can spare.

—Baptist Union.