

tle I did isn't worth five dollars," and Carl handed back the bill.

"It's not too much; it's worth double that to me! And I've been wondering," and the man hesitated. "Would you—do you suppose you could take charge of my machine this season if the pay were satisfactory? I wish somebody who has your mechanical ability."

"I—I could go in a week," replied Carl, excitedly; "soon's planting done! Could—could you wait that long?"

"Indeed I can," replied Mr. Armstrong, for it was he whose name Carl had seen in the newspaper that morning. "I'll be back in just a week on my way from Thorndyke. Be ready!"

"And to think 'twas that 'Be true' motto that got me the place," pondered Carl, afterwards. "For if it hadn't talked to me as it did I should have gone to Mercerville, and so have missed Mr. Armstrong and the job, too! It's best, as the motto says, always be true to one's trust!"—Ex.

#### MOSES, THE PRINCE AND SHEPHERD.

It was a sad day in the home where little baby Moses lived. His mother had brought some tough reeds that grew on the bank of the river, and she wove them into a basket. It was a cunning basket, just big enough for a cradle for Moses. But the mother's face was troubled as she worked. Little eight-year-old Miriam and Aaron, who was but three, were also sad.

The cruel king of the land had said, "Every Hebrew baby boy in Egypt must be thrown into the river!"

Mother was going to try to save the life of baby Moses. She had tried to keep him hidden, but it was growing harder every day. How frightened they were when he cried!

The poor Hebrew people of Egypt were Pharaoh's slaves. They had to work hard and long. Taskmasters watched to keep them busy all the time. Often the taskmasters beat them.

But the Hebrews were God's people. He, too, was watching; and He was sorry.

When the mother finished the basket, she put her dear baby in it. She carried her precious basket down to the river and hid it among the tall reeds.

"Stand here, Miriam," she said. "Watch your baby brother."

Presently some one drew near. It was the king's daughter, coming with her maids to bathe.

She spied the basket. "Bring it to me," she said. When the basket was opened, little Moses awoke and cried.

But the heart of the king's daughter was kind. "Poor little baby! It is one of the Hebrew children!" she exclaimed.

Miriam came closer. God put a wise thought in her mind. "Shall I find thee a nurse for the baby?" she asked.

The princess said, "Go!" and Miriam ran and called her own mother, and she became the baby's nurse.

Little Moses was brought up as a prince in the land of Egypt, just as if he were an own son of the king's daughter.

The years passed, and the baby became a man. All that a prince could want was his, yet Moses could not be happy. Day after day he saw the Hebrew people, his own people, as they worked for Pharaoh. He saw their heavy burdens, and poor, tired men bent with weariness. Sometimes cruel taskmasters beat them, and he heard them groan.

One day an overseer cruelly struck a Hebrew. Moses was angry. Dreadful things

happen if a man acts when he is angry. Moses' blows killed the Egyptian. He dug a hole in the sand and hid the body out of sight.

But the deed was seen. Moses had to run away to save his life. He hurried to a place called Midian where shepherds lived. He went to the house of an old shepherd named Jethro, and helped him to take care of his flocks.

While he was out in the fields, he often thought of his people still working, still suffering as they made Pharaoh's bricks. He could not be happy while his people suffered.

One day, as he was with his flocks, he saw a very strange sight. A bush was burning, but it grew no smaller and was not destroyed. Moses said to himself, "I will go closer and see this strange thing."

As he drew near, a voice from the bush said, "Moses, Moses," and he answered, "Here am I."

God was speaking, and His voice continued: "Come no nearer. Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for this is holy ground. I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob."

Then God told Moses how he had seen the sufferings of the children of Israel. God said: "I know their sorrows. I am about to help them, to bring them away from Egypt to the land that I have promised them."

God then told Moses that he had chosen him to go back to Pharaoh's land to help the people to get away. God said, "I will be with thee."

Moses was afraid to go back at first. "They will not believe me," he said. It was going to be a hard task.

But God promised to give him power and to help him. He said to Moses, "Certainly I will be with thee."

And Moses chose the hard way. Always after that his work was to be for God and His people.

The Bible Story: Exodus 1:7-14, 22; 2:1-21; 3:1-12, 17; 4:1-5; Hebrews 11:23-25.—Westminster Primary Lessons.

#### HOW TO HELP MOTHER.

Do you ever help mother? How many ways to help can you think of? Would you like to know some others besides the ways you know, or would you rather not know any more? You may think there are too many already. Some one has written down the following ways to help mother:

1. Keeps the caps and hats hung up where they belong, no matter whose cap or where you find it. Just put it where you know it ought to be.

2. Keep the papers folded right side out and piled nicely together on the library table. It takes mother a good many minutes a day to do just that.

3. Get the habit of remembering where you see things. This will help not only mother, but everybody else in the house. It is such a comfort to the people who lose things or forget where they put them.

4. See how many times a day you can "save steps" for her by running errands.

5. Tell her how nice are the things she does for you and whisper in her ear sometimes, "I love you."

6. Watch for chances to do things she has spoken about. Don't wait for her to ask you. It is such fun to surprise people.

7. Notice when she is sick or tired or head-achy and go about the house on tiptoe.

8. Don't tell her you are going to be this kind of boy or girl—have the fun of seeing her find it out.—Selected.

## Children's Letters

#### RECITED CATECHISM.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old, and in the sixth grade at day school. I go to Sunday-school. Rev. J. T. Barr is our pastor. We all like him fine. I have recited my shorter catechism to Mr. Barr. I have two little brothers; their names are Luther and William.

Your little friend,  
Jonnie Lee Collier. Mt. Ida, Okla.

#### MISS BOBBIE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to the Corinth school, and Sunday-school. I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Wilwee Wilson. We call her Miss Bobbie. We all like her very much, too. I have two pet rabbits.

Your unknown friend,  
Seneca, S. C. Emma Floride Pike.

#### A WHITE HEN.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I have a pet kitten. I have a white hen. She has three chickens. I go to school, and am in the third grade. Mrs. Warren Davis is my Sunday-school teacher. I think I will close as my letter is getting long.

From your little unknown friend,  
Kathleen Rowland. Seneca, S. C.

#### LIKES THE LETTERS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am eleven years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I am in the sixth grade at school. I have one sister and four brothers. One brother and my sister are going to college in Tennessee. I want to answer Harry Lee Reeding's question. Abraham was a hundred and 75 years old when he died. I read the children's letters in your paper with lots of interest.

Your friend,  
Fairfield, Va. Theo Hite.

#### THE FIRST OIL WELL.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a boy nine years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. I have a gold pen for a year's attendance. I have three brothers younger than myself. I live in Covington, La. I am now on a visit to my aunt in Titusville, Pa., where the first oil well in the world was drilled in 1859. I have learned the Commandments and Creed, and how to play golf. I should like my Dad to see this in print.

Your friend,  
Titusville, Pa. Frank Ellis.

#### SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy 7 years old. I am in the second grade. I am writing all by myself. I am sad this summer. I lost my brother in February. He was twelve years old. He was a little Christian. I am going to meet him some day. I have no brother or sister. Please publish my letter. I want to surprise my father.

Your little friend,  
Montgomery, W. Va. Lowell Summerfield.

The branch of the vine does not worry, toil, and rush here to seek for sunshine, and there to find rain. No; it rests in union and communion with the vine; and at the right time, and in the right way, is the right fruit found on it. Let us so abide in the Lord Jesus.—J. Hudson Taylor.