

Boys, Read and Heed.

A great many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with woman-hood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy!

Let us see, then, how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his studies, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

How Quarrels Begin.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him, that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You would have to let me ride him sometimes," said his brother.

"Why would I? You would have no right in him if he were mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No he wouldn't."

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening to them and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are that I read about the other day. They were going along the road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:—

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

"The other said: 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'"

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I would not let you."

"I would not ask you."

"You should not do it."

"I should."

"You shan't."

"I will." And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were."

The children laughed; but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony! If I had not been here who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were."

Can't Afford it.

"Here, Dan, is something that may interest you," said Farmer Brown, as he handed the boy a bulky letter.

"The postmaster missed his mark there, sure," said Dan, glancing at the untouched stamp.

"That will send a letter to your mother, Dan, and not make you any

poorer, either," answered the farmer.

"I dare say it will," responded the lad, as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tea-kettle.

"And you can have the two cents and thus save for marbles," suggested Mr. Brown thoughtlessly.

"That would be cheating," whispered Dan's conscience. "The stamp has already done its duty in carrying one letter."

"It will carry another. It is not marked," argued Dan.

"But you know that it was a mistake," urged the monitor within.

"That was the postmaster's fault, and not mine," was Dan's inward reply. "It is a very small thing, and the Government will not miss it; no, not even know it."

"Will you not know it, and can you afford to be dishonest for so small amount?" the small voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that someone had spoken the words right in his ear. Flinging the stamp he had loosened into the fire, he exclaimed: "No! I cannot afford to sell myself so cheap."

"What's wrong?" asked the farmer, glancing up from his paper. "Lose the stamp after all your trouble?"

"Worse than that," replied the boy, sheepishly.

"What! burned your fingers with the steam?" questioned his employer.

"No," said Dan, determinedly.

"I sold my honour, or came near doing so."

"What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would never have been found out."

"But I knew it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your self-respect; besides—"

"Besides what?" queried the man.

"God knows about it, and He looks upon the heart," answered Dan.

"It's a mighty small thing to worry over, I am sure," replied Mr. Brown.

"The post-office department would not have been much the poorer, I assure you."

"It would have been I who would have been the poorer. Had I sold my honour for two cents, I should have made the worst bargain I ever did."

And so Dan gained a victory, and he was never sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience.

Dogs Famous in History.

The Greeks raised statues to their dogs. Socrates swore by his dog, and Alexander the Great honoured his by building a city with magnificent temples, which he dedicated to its memory.

Plutarch mentions a sagacious dog that King Pyrrhus found beside the murdered body of its master. Afterward it sprang fiercely upon two of the king's soldiers, thus pointing them out as the murderers.

The memory of "the dog of Marathon" lives with the memory of the Grecian heroes who fell with it in that famous battle against the Persian hosts.

A monument was built over the remains of the dog owned by Xantippus, the father of Pericles. Denied admission upon his master's ship, he swam alongside of it from Athens to Salamis, and fell dead from exhaustion at the feet of Xantippus the moment he stepped upon shore.

Homer erected a beautiful memorial to Argos, the dog owned by Ulysses—not out of martle, but in fervent verse that is far more enduring. When Ulysses, after his long wanderings,

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returned to his home disguised as a beggar, his dog, then twenty years old, blind and feeble, was the first to recognize him.

There was a dog named Soter so noted among the Corinthians for his fidelity and watchfulness that he was voted a silver collar, on which was the inscription: "Corinth's Defender and Deliverer."

Another dog famous in history is "the dog of Aubry," that belonged to De Montdidier, a brave officer under

Charles V. of France. He saved his master from drowning, and finding his body some time afterward in the forest of Bondy, watched beside it for days until reduced almost to a skeleton from hunger. During a game of tennis, Montdidier had a dispute with a brother officer named Macaire, and the latter waylaid and murdered him in the forest. One day the dog met Macaire in the streets of Paris, and, actuated by some rare instinct, sprang upon him, and would have killed him had not the people interfered.