

WANTED—A BOY.

Mr. A, the pastor, is dying to-day.

With the hope of heaven on his face :

He'll be missed in the pulpit and home, when we pray.

Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. B, the judge, is dying to-day,

With the lines of true life on his face ;

He'll be missed on the bench for many a day :

Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. C, the doctor, is dying to-day,

And a sympathy beams on his face.

He'll be missed in the homes, when disease comes to stay,

Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. D, the drunkard, is dying to-day :

Oh ! the marks of sin on his face !

He'll be missed at the club, in saloon, in the fray :

Wanted—a boy for his place.—Selected.

THE TWO BOYS.

An old carpenter was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the other.

"Un-m !" said the carpenter.

"I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference between those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it.

"If I were cast on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could point him out a hammer.

"But Cy!" added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life."

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words; for, while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A recent visitor to Buluwayo, South Africa, reports some very interesting remarks made by the Matabele natives upon the white man's locomotive. One man described it thus :

"It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where."

But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being oiled.

"It is a huge animal which has the fever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."

STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

MORE than seventy years ago a young man owned a jack-knife, which he sold for a gallon of rum, and by retailing it by the glass made enough to buy two gallons, and by selling that he was able to increase the quantity he purchased.

He got a barrel, then a cask, and at last a large stock, and having a turn for business and industry he became rich and when he died left \$80,000 to his three sons and one daughter.

The daughter married a man who spent her money, and she died. The sons entered into folly and extravagance, and two died of dissipation and in poverty. The last of the family lived for many years on the charity of those who knew him in his prosperity.

He died a short time since, suddenly, in a barn where he laid himself to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a string and a jack-knife.

So a jack-knife began and ended the fortune of that family.

This is a true story ; and the father who bought and sold rum, no doubt had plenty of it in his house and on his table. In giving and recommending it to others, his sons learned to like it, and so it happened according to the true proverb, "What is got on the devil's back goes under his belly."

The curse of God is on ill-gotten gain, but "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Prov. x. 22.—The Safeguard.