

much labour. The other way is to get it faultlessly well, which costs a great deal of labour. A boy can get a general idea of his lesson "in a jiffy," but to get it with accuracy is very hard, and requires both time and industry. If you, my boy, to-day are getting your lesson in that slipshod way, you will grow up a slipshod man; but if to-day your habit is to get every lesson with perfect accuracy, I will warrant you will do that way when you become a man. How is it?—*Pres. Wattle, in the Little Chief.*

USEFUL ADVICE TO BOYS.

To throw stones: Fold each one carefully in a feather-bed, and give notice to all the neighbourhood when you are going to pitch.

To carry gunpowder in the pocket: Soak it well in cold water, then wrap it up in a cover of oiled silk.

To slide down the banister: Let a surgeon sit upon the lower stair. Also carry a pailful of poultice in each of your hands, as you may need it.

To cure creaky boots: Wear them always in going to the cake pantry.

To be polite to sisters: Get their big brothers to introduce you to them.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE SPOILED PAINTING.

When Sir James Thornhill was painting the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, he stepped back one day to see the effect of his work, and came, without observing it, so near the edge of the scaffolding that another step or two would have proved his death. A friend who was there and saw the danger, rushed forward, and snatching up a brush, rubbed it straight over the painting. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save his work, and received the explanation: "Sir by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter."

And has not our heavenly Friend many times wrought thus to save a soul from death? Often, in their blind idolatry, men have walked near the verge of utter and eternal ruin. And when nothing

else would save them, God has broken their reverie by some strange and startling act; and when their rage and wrath was done, they have found that a kind heart guided the destroying hand, and that mercy presided at the ruin of their hopes and joys. Thus does the Lord, in His wisdom, mar the pride of our glory; but who that sees the mercy He has in view, would not praise Him for His goodness? Who that has ever felt His chastening cannot bear witness to His love? Let us murmur no more at His chastisements; let us rather say in the words of the poet:

"I love to see my Father's hand,
Though oft it bears a rod;
'Twill lead me to the promised land,
The city of my God."

—*Christian.*

"What became of Noah's carpenters?" asked Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn. He had just stopped the librarian of his Sunday school, as they were passing on the street. This question followed their greeting. The librarian was a young man who had grown up in Dr. Spencer's congregation, but had never united with the Church. He was very active in all work that was not specially religious, and was really of great assistance to his pastor; but he had thus far neglected his own soul. Dr. Spencer knew him very well; and with that ready wit which appears on every page of the "Pastor's Sketches," he shot this question into his heart. The young man looked up into the Doctor's face, then smiled, and then answered slowly,— "I suppose, sir, that they were drowned." "That's all," said Dr. Spencer. "Good-bye." And so they parted. The question, however, was remembered; it made its own application. The young man began to realize his position and danger. He became anxious, and very soon he sought and found.