

Can't and Try.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try!" and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try!" and turned flowers into honey in abundance. The squirrel said "Try!" and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-bird said "Try!" and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try!" and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try!" and he found to his surprise that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try!" and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend—in short, no task too great for Try to do, and no trial too great for Try to meet and overcome. Let no one say therefore "I can't." Here are some lines to impress this lesson better on the minds of our youthful readers:

MR. "I CAN'T."

There's a surly old tramp who's prowling about,
He is seen ev'rywhere, so you'd better look out!
His face is all wrinkles from forehead to chin,
His lips stick right out, and his eyes go right in.

He hates all the children, and chuckles with joy
To hear people say, "There's a bad girl or boy!"
And if he can make you a drone or a dunce,
He'll sneak in and claim your acquaintance at once.

He steals in the school-room and stands at your back,
Too glad if the teacher should give you a "whack;"
And when the hard words you will spell, he will try
To make you forget, or to snivel and cry.

When doing examples that puzzles the brain,
He'll jog you and whisper, "There, don't try again!
Just mix it all up, and then rub it all out,
And don't say a word, but sulky and pout."

Beneath the piano he'll hide out of sight;
To tease you when there is his greatest delight;
He'll catch hold your fingers and blindfold your eyes,
And turn all the notes into great dragon flies.

Beware of this tramp who creeps in like a mouse,
And stealthily wander all over the house;
He's lazy and shiftless, unlike the wise ant,
His name you must know it; it is Mr. "I Can't."

How to Make a Putty Map.

Get a board the size you want your map. Do not have it in two pieces, or it will be sure to separate and leave an opening. Sketch your map on this board with a lead pencil. Get the putty at a druggist's and mould it into a pliable condition with oil. They will advise you about this. Then cover your

board with the putty, following carefully the coast outlines. Slope the putty toward the coast, as land would naturally slope. The mountain ranges can be "picked up" to resemble mountain peaks much better than to plaster on additional putty for the mountains. Of course you followed the natural elevations and depressions (by copying from a relief map) when you first laid the putty on the board. The rivers can be indicated by course, blue silk pressed into the putty while it is moist, or by using a blue pencil. Care should be taken not to have too many branches of the rivers. The cities can be indicated by a blue pencil. But only the prominent cities, lakes, and rivers should be outlined or the map will look "mixed up."—*N. Y. School Journal.*

A Little Girl's Compliment.

The accuracy with which children judge character is well illustrated in the following anecdote:—

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of the street, in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste; and she did not find the one she sought until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street; and when he afterwards told the story he said: "That little girl's trust is one of the greatest compliments I ever had in my life."

That man was the great and good Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

THERE is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope for a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is perpetual despair.—*Carlyle.*