

easy to fix his attention on his books when he got to school.

John, however, had won more than a prize. —Mabel Escombe, in the 'Churchman.'

A Little More.

There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all of their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more. There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with young and old men who can do a little more than their duty. No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself.—Andrew Carnegie.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman or a gentleman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'—'Christian World.'

Dolly's Dream.

Dolly was in a very discontented frame of mind. Everything seemed to have gone wrong on this particular summer's day. To begin with, she had not learnt her lessons properly, then she had been rude to her governess, and, after luncheon, just when she had hoped to have a happy afternoon's play with her brothers, they had determined on a game of cricket, and told her that a girl was no use for fielding, and she had better stay at home. To crown all, her mother had asked her to walk into Hurston, to see Jackie Hodge, the gardener's son, a poor little cripple, whom Mrs. Dalrymple often visited.

It certainly was a very hot day, and Dolly did not like hot days, and therefore it was with a very dismal face that she set out on her long walk. The way to Hurston lay through a little wood, and, as Dolly plunged into the cool shade, she gave a sigh of relief, and, seeing an old tree at hand with a low, inviting-looking trunk, she thought there could be no harm in resting for a few minutes. Mother certainly had asked her to be quick, but it would be so much nicer not to hurry out of this lovely cool wood. Besides, Dolly had brought a book with her, and reading was her dear delight.

And thus it came to pass that, while poor Jackie was waiting anxiously for the promised visitor, Dolly was quietly sitting in the shade of the tree, forgetting all about time and everything else in the enjoyment of her new book. Mother had given it to her for her birthday last week, and this was the

first opportunity she had found for reading it. The stories were delightful, all about knights in armor rescuing beautiful ladies from dragons, and as Dolly read on she made up her mind that she really could not go as far as Hurston that afternoon, and Jackie and his pains were soon quite forgotten in the thrilling accounts of quests and tournaments.

Dolly laid down her book at length, and, leaning her head back against the tree, she heaved a deep sigh. 'Oh, how I wish I had lived in those days!' she murmured, 'instead of being just a dull little girl in a stupid old village, with a cross governess and brothers who play cricket; and how I wish I could ride on a milk-white palfrey, instead of going horrid hot walks to see cripples! I should like to be a beautiful lady, with flowing golden hair, and, oh, I do wish there were terrible dragons nowadays, and brave knights to conquer them!'

is a terrible dragon named Self, and each one of us is sent into the battlefield of this world to gain the victory over him. Be brave, my child, and never yield to this great enemy.'

'Oh, I never will again!' sobbed Dolly, whose tears were falling fast by now. 'I will try to be brave and fight—indeed, indeed, I will.'

The beautiful knight raised his hand solemnly, as if in blessing, and Dolly slipped down from the tree.

'God bless you!' said the knight, very gently; and when Dolly raised her head he had vanished from sight, and there was nothing to see but the rays of the setting sun flickering through the branches, whilst the birds sang overhead. The air was very cool, and Dolly knew it must be getting late. She rubbed her eyes very hard. Was it possible she had been asleep all this time, and



'DOLLY WAS QUIETLY SITTING IN THE SHADE.'

'And so there are,' said a deep, gentle voice beside her; and, opening her eyes in great surprise, Dolly saw a beautiful knight, in shining armor. On his shield was a great red cross, and engraved round it Dolly read this motto, 'Fight for the right.' 'I heard you speaking,' continued the beautiful knight, 'and I wanted to tell you that there are still noble victories to be won, still wrongs to right and battles to fight; and, if only you had eyes to see, all around the oppressed and the sorrowful are still waiting for aid and deliverance. Just now, as I came through the village, I heard a child crying in a cottage, and, as I paused and listened at the window, I heard him moan, 'I'm so tired of waiting! Oh! why didn't she come?' Some one must have disappointed him,' said the knight; 'some one who started on a quest and then turned back—some one who had a battle to fight, but who did not strive for victory.' Then, bending his head closer to Dolly's ear, he said, in a low voice, 'There

that everything had been a dream? Perhaps so, and yet she almost felt she could see the knight's sad eyes gazing at her, and hear his gentle words of reproach. The book had fallen to the ground. Dolly caught it up now, and, without pausing to take breath, hastened on to the cottage at Hurston. She ran up the garden path, burst into the little room, and fell on her knees beside Jackie's couch. There, between her tears, she begged him to forgive her for being so selfish, and poured out the whole story of the beautiful knight. Then she gave him her new book, and begged him to keep it for his very own, and promised she would come and read some of it to him the next day.

When Dolly reached home that evening she told mother everything. 'I wonder what the knight's name was,' she said, when she came to the end of her dream; and mother said, 'He is a knight who comes to all of us at times, Dolly dear, and I think his name is Conscience.'—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'