

don't seem much to mind him, though, I'm afeard."

"Why, ain't we old enough to know what's right?"

"Yes, sure, but we haven't much minded it, though it's all written down in black and white, John. Shan't we try to obey our Father better, then, and so set the good example? and shan't we begin by just seeing what he says in our Bible?"

"Well, I'm not against it, wife; only the like of us has little time for reading."

"Well, we'll try a bit at any rate of a Sunday first; and it do seem to me, John, that the people who read their Bibles don't buy and sell on Sundays, so we needn't ask anybody's mind about it, if so be the Lord will teach us his own self; and may be the school teachers and we may go together, and not puzzle the children by letting them learn one thing and making them do another."

Mrs. Bowen's thinking had certainly taken the right turn, and her husband had the good sense to see it, whether at first he liked it or not; and there is no fear but that over and above the earthly comforts of the cottage home, the blessing of Almighty God will overshadow with heavenly hope and peaceful pleasure the family in which his Holy Word is honoured in the study and the practice of fathers and mothers; and then thoughtful children, like little Johnny, will not attend Sunday school in vain.—*Tract Magazine.*

VALUE OF SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

'I should like to see Mr. —,' said he.

'You want a breakfast, more like,' said the servant girl, 'and I can give you that without troubling him.'

'Thank you,' said the boy, 'I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me.'

'Some old clothes, may be, you want,' remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trowser's. 'I guess he has none to spare: he gives away a sight;' and, without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

'Can I see Mr. —?' again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

'Well, he's in the library: if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes,' said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence: however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said—

'Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in.'

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that, after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked the boy answered as readily as he could.

'Upon my word,' exclaimed the principal, 'you certainly do well!' looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. 'Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?'

'In my spare moments,' answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his 'spare moments.' Truly, are not spare moments the 'gold-dust of time?' How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you shew for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale-ship, in the gambling-house, or in the tippling-shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, 'In my spare moments.' 'In my spare moments I gambled for marbles.' 'In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink.' 'It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old women's stand.' 'It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates.'

Oh, be very, very careful, how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy. Satan gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.

H. C. KNIGHT.