

**HUFFY PEOPLE.**

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the faculty which some people have for taking offence where no offence is meant—taking "huff" as the phrase goes, with reason or without—making themselves and every one else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. **Huffy people** are to be met with, of all ages and in every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessarily wisdom and unsuspectingness; but we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be generally found among women, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. **Huffiness**, which seems to be self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof classify as a high spirit of sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is, in reality the product of self-distrust. The person who has self-respect, and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status, and happy private condition, is never apt to take offence. Many and great are the dangers of action with **huffy people**, and sure as you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest esplanade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no **huffy person** can bear a joke good-humoredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing, you will soon be made to find out your mistake, and not infrequently the whole harmony of an evening has been set wrong, because a thin-skinned, **huffy person** has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed sullenly, according to his or her individual disposition, and the direction of the wind at the time.

**WHAT SHOULD WOMEN LEARN.**

Within the past few years much has been written about female emancipation, and equal education for boys and girls. The inefficient systems of female education have been recognized from the days of Dean Swift down, but much of the present higher educational idea is surely at fault.

Women are to learn all their mothers learned, and all their brothers learned, too; they are to stoop over desks more, do more sums, and pass more examinations.

Instead of learning more household science and everyday hygiene they are to amuse themselves with Euclid or delve, like fair ghouls, in the graves of dead languages. There certainly is no objection to their studying Greek, especially if they would read the story of Nausicaa, and, following her example, learn to play ball, even if they do not, like her, wash the household clothes.

But for the average country girl, who, when she marries, must expect to be housekeeper, head nurse, and half a dozen other things besides, the dead languages and higher mathematics are not as useful as an accurate, if not very deep, knowledge of natural sciences and philosophy. And here let me quote the definition of an educated person: "An educated person is one who, though wholly innocent of book learning, has all the faculties of mind, body, and heart fully, proportionately, harmoniously brought out, developed so as to form at once a reverent yet self-assured, a graceful yet valiant, an able and yet an eloquent personage."

Above all, let science enter into the course of training. That name—science—is a bugbear to many girls, but let them remember—that science is really clear, logical common-sense, capable of forming correct judgments and exact deductions.

In the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found; but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

**Children's Department.**

**GUESS.**

I see two lilies, white as snow  
That mother loves and kisses so;  
Dearer they are than gold or lands;  
Guess me the lilies—baby's hands.

I know a rosebud fairer far  
Than any buds of sorrow are;  
Sweeter than sweet winds of the South;  
Guess me the rosebud—baby's mouth!

I've found a place where shines the sun;  
Yes, long, long after the day is done;  
Oh! how it loves to linger there;  
Guess me the sunshine—baby's hair!

There are two windows where I see  
My own glad face peep out at me;  
These windows beam like June's own sky;  
Guess me the riddle—baby's eyes.

**TOP OF THE LADDER.**

Nine o'clock! The school bell rang, but Arthur, deep in the life of Wellington, and his fingers in both ears, did not hear it. Wellington was his hero, and he read and re-read every detail of his brilliant life. It was a life worth living, Arthur thought, all excitement and glory. He meant to be a Wellington himself some day. He finished the book in about half an hour, and then hurried to school, thinking contemptuously of its routine and of the boys who seemed so contented with their simple lives. How he should surprise them all some day, he thought, later—these boys who laughed when the master called him to account for his tardiness, and wouldn't take his excuse for not hearing the bell. He had to comfort himself, in some way, for he was forced to pay for his half hour's reading by two hours' study, after school, under the master's eye.

He met Robert Blackburn on his way home. He had been studying in the summer house ever since school was out, and was as glad as Arthur to stretch himself.

"What makes you study when you don't have to?" Arthur asked impatiently.

"I do have to," was the quiet reply. "I want to be somebody some day."

"A teacher, I suppose," Arthur said with something in his tone, if not his words, that made Robert color.

But he only said in his simple decided way, "Yes, a teacher, but perhaps of books—I am studying for a soldier's life."

"You!" Arthur's surprise was so genuine that Robert had to laugh. "But you are so quiet, and care so much for books and all that," Arthur said, after a moment's pause to collect himself. "Now with me it is so different I must have life and excitement. I seem more fitted for that. This school business is so irksome."

Robert smiled. "We cannot rule till we learn to obey, you know, and how can we learn better than by submitting without a question to school rules and discipline? I really enjoy doing this now that I intend to be a soldier. Every day is clearer gain. I know I am fitting for it."

A strange and decidedly new feeling of respect for this quiet boy, with his firm resolution and self-control, came over Arthur.

"But the books," he said, "what use can all those stupid Latin rules and geography and history be a general?"

"Why, a general will want all kinds of knowledge if he is to be good for anything. The more knowledge the more power he will have. What would he do in a new country if he had no knowledge of geography or engineering?"

Arthur felt ashamed and discouraged by this time, and was humbled sufficiently to admit a little of it to Robert, and confess that his ambition too was to be a soldier, and a soldier like Wellington.

"First rate!" said Robert heartily.

"Then we will work together, and see who will get to the top of the ladder first." Quite inspired by Robert's determination to prepare himself for the future he wanted, Arthur started in the same sensible way. He was soon surprised at the actual pleasure he took in school. Those irksome rules seemed quite different things, now that he looked at himself as a soldier under orders, learning to obey. Sometimes he would feel like giving up some vexing problem, but a hint from Robert that "Wellington never called his difficulties impossibilities," proved the best spur he could have. If he wanted to be a great man he must make himself one. That was clear to him now. He knew, too, that no man rose to eminence without long, patient effort and self denial. Step by step he would mount the ladder as Robert was already doing. God helping him, he too would be firm and resolute and keep the mastery over himself. He was determined to change for the better, so he did.

One day in reading he came across an incident that did more than anything else to impress Robert's words and example, and to keep him hopeful and in earnest from that time on. It was this: "When the Duke revisited the school where he had prepared for college, he was cheered loudly by the boys for his military successes."

"His reply was, 'Boys, Waterloo was won at Eton.'"

**THINKING OURSELVES OVER.**

"What is self-examination?" asked little Alice; "Mr. Clifford said something about it in his sermon this morning, and he told us all to spend a little while every Sunday practising it—practising what, mamma?"

"Self-examination is *thinking ourselves over*," answered Mrs. Langton. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves—what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

"How must I do, mamma?" asked Alice; "tell me how to begin."

"You must first think over your conduct toward your parents. Have they had reason to find fault with you during the week? If so, what for? Have you disobeyed them, or been sullen towards them? And what good have you done them? Have you made them glad by your kindness and your faithful and ready compliance with their wishes?"

"Then think of your duties to your brothers, and sisters, and little friends. Ask yourself how many you have made unhappy? Have you spoken cross words to them? Have you been angry or ill-natured? Have you deceived them? What hard thoughts have you cherished in your heart towards them?"

"Oh, mamma, it would take me a great while to think all that over; and I'm afraid it would not always please me. What next must I think of, mamma?"

"Faithfulness in your business." "Business!" said Alice smiling. "Papa has business; little girls haven't any business."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Langton. "Any work which you have to do is your business. Your studies at school are your employment, in which you ought to be

diligent and faithful. Have you been so? Do you never play in school? Do you thoroughly learn your lessons? Do you mind what your teachers say? Carefully think over whether your conduct is in all respects what a Christian child's should be."

"I know a verse about business," said Alice: "The Bible tells us to be 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' That means, we must mind God in it doesn't it? What more is there to think over, mamma?"

"Secret faults," answered Mrs. Langton. "Have you cherished any wrong feelings in your heart? Have you had secret thoughts which you would be sorry to have exposed? Any envy of others, any pride? Have you harbored unkindness? Have you been selfish? Have you forgotten God? Have you neglected to praise Him and to pray to Him? Go over all this ground thoroughly, and confess your faults, and ask your Saviour to make your heart clean, and help you to love only what is lovely."

"But Aunt Jane says there's no need of children thinking," said Alice.

"Without thinking," said Mrs. Langton, "there can be no improvement. Thoughtlessness is the besetting fault of youth. It is this which makes young people giddy, foolish and vain, and blinds them to their own defects."

Alice sat still for some time, looking out of the window; then she came, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, gently said, "Dear mother, I will try to be one of yours and God's good children."

**AN ARABIAN STORY.**

In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise, I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back.

But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher. "Because said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been.'"

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to the owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.