

PLAIN TALK FROM JOHNNIE

There are men that are ever so kind and good,
 And yet not ever so clean.
 And all of them say they'd quit if they could—
 Quit chewing tobacco, I mean
 They'd never be wishing so much to get out
 If only they'd never got in;
 And that's what I've made up my mind about—
 I'll quit before I begin.

Here's Chrissy, my dear little sister, so bright,
 So rosy and sweet and glad,
 That every one's bound to hug her at sight,
 And often it seems too bad,
 How she turns away whenever she can
 From the chewers—poor little Chriss:
 That a baby'd be willing to kiss.
 Our good old bossy-cow chews all day,
 She's got it in the habit, I s'pect.
 But she does it in such a nice, clean way
 That no one could ever object.
 And then I'd like to remark just now—
 And you may deny if you can—
 That some things look very well for a cow
 That look very bad for a man.

Though some of the boys may tease and laugh,
 It will be all the same to me.
 Sure tobacco is worse than chaff,
 So I'll have my choice, you see.
 I'll give as good as they send in jokes,
 And do what I said I'd do;
 Unless I change to a cow or an ox,
 I never, never will chew.
 —*Youth's Companion*

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is, that when I have Kit out, I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some fellow's sister."

pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually love their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's skates in winter as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's idea of all that is

loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctually. For instance, when Jack has Kate at a party, he cares for her in all ways as an escort should, and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of being left to the tender mercies of anyone who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares that she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than almost anyone else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favourite rice cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a tea cup and saucer, or embroider him a hat-band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of sweets, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favourite violet perfume. Best of all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action towards their sisters as Jack does towards his, they might perhaps be rewarded with as delightful a result: for it is by little acts of kindness and courtesy, and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.

HAD AN EYE ON HIM

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so"

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye upon him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer

of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on the Sabbath, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said:

"Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting."

Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself:

"He'll do. He's a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through his strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix an eye on him, and he will keep you in the way.

BEECHER AS A SCHOOL-BOY.

Mrs. STOWE gives a characteristic account of a grammatical exercise at which her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, assisted in his schooldays. The teacher was drilling her pupil in the rudiments.

"Now, Henry," said she, "a is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?"

"Yes, I can say 'amen,' too," was the rejoinder; "father says it always at the end of his prayer."

"Come, Henry, don't be joking, decline he."

"Nominative he, possessive his, objective him."

"You see his is possessive. Now you can say, 'his book,' but you cannot say, 'him book.'"

"Yes, I do say hymnbook, too," said the impracticable scholar, with a quizzic twinkling.

Each one of these sallies made the young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike,' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?"

"Yes, I do; I strike back again."

After about six months Henry was returned to his parents' hands with the reputation of being an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*