

for the last time. Then a thundering shout, swelled by Red Rolf himself, told that the work was done.

"Take the boy; thou hast won him fairly," said Rolf, grasping Ivo's hand. "Were there ten other Christians like thee, I'd turn Christian myself!"

And not many years later he actually did so.—David Ker, in 'Every Boy's Monthly.'

Onward.

Thank God! a man can grow;

He is not bound

With earthward gaze to creep along the ground;

Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God! a man can grow.

The fire upon his altars may burn dim;

The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,

And nothing to rekindle it avail;

But, high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him!

—Florence E. Coates, in the 'Atlantic.'

A Boy's Mistake.

On the station platform two men stood waiting for their train. Another man, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, was passing on his way to work. He was not more than fifty or fifty-five years old, but his gait was stiff and labored, and there was a pronounced stoop in the figure. His overalls, once brown, were lime-bleached and faded to a soft 'old rose,' and bagged dejectedly at the knees. The face under the weather-beaten hat was stolid and listless.

As he clumped along in his heavy cowhide boots, he apparently embodied that most persistent and most pathetic figure, that more modern Europe calls the peasant, and which the census enumerator of the present day, in free America, sets down as 'unskilled labor.'

The elder of the two men on the platform pointed the man out to his companion.

"That man and I were schoolmates," he said. "He was not dull at his books, and ought to have made a better condition in life for himself."

"What's the matter with him? Does he drink?" asked the younger man.

"No. Nothing of that kind has ever hindered him. Let me tell you his story: When he was about fifteen years old he was offered a dollar a day to dig a cellar. This seemed large wages to him, and he left school and took the job. He was proud of his size and strength, and the offer made him feel so independent that he rather looked down on the rest of us boys. He never went back to school. He found work to do that required no skill or technical knowledge—only muscle used under an overseer's direction—and he kept at it.

"I remember Judge Hartley, one of the school committee, met John—his name is John Saunders—and said to him:—"My boy, you're making a great mistake and doing a very foolish thing. If you must work, why don't you learn a trade?"—"I'd have to give my time for three or four years for nothing. What would be the use of that? I'm as strong as a man, and I'm getting man's wages now," said John.

"Strong!" said the Judge. "Are you as strong as my horses? They work for their keep, but I have to pay the man that drives them \$30 a month besides his keep, and the man who shoes them gets \$3 a day. If strength counts for so much, I wonder the horses don't strike and look for a job laying brick or carpentering."

"But John thought the judge was only joking. He couldn't see why he should give his time to learning a trade or some profitable business, and work for nothing, as he said, when he could work for wages; so he went his own way."

"There are thousands like him," said the other man. "They never learn to do any kind of business, and never seem to realize that the reason the trained blacksmith or skilled carpenter or the salesman gets higher wages than they do, is because he has given time to learning how to use his head, as well as his feet and his hands. If boys would only keep this important fact in mind, that muscle, mere

physical muscle, is always one of the cheapest things in the labor market, and that so far as price is concerned it matters little whether a man furnishes it or a horse, there would be fewer men classed as "unskilled labor."—'Epworth Herald.'

Gladstone When a Boy.

It is not always safe to follow the example of good and great men, even when advised to do so. The following personal incident once related by the famous English statesman, Gladstone, to a small visitor, is a case in point. He said:

"When I was a little chap, just leaving off my kilts, my father sent me to dine with Beaconsfield, who, having taken a fancy to me while visiting in Norfolkshire, wanted to have me as his guest.

"My good father, as he parted with me on my way to his lordship's, said, "Now, William, when at his lordship's board, be sure you do exactly as he does." Well, I went to the good man's house and sat down at the table, and anxiously watched my host while he served the guests, bent, of course, on following my father's orders to do exactly as his lordship. When the guests had been served, his lordship looked up from his plate and soon sneezed several times. I watched him, and soon I sneezed the same number of times I had noted he had done. Nothing was said, the meal continued without interruption for a few more minutes, then his lordship exclaimed:

"A beastly draught," and, wheeling around in his chair, called to his valet to close a door that had been left open near his lordship's seat.

"Again I watched him. Then, repeating the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled around in my chair and gave a similar command to the valet.

"There was a silence. His lordship's brow knitted, his lips closed, and he gave me such a hard and inquiring look that I trembled from head to foot.

"At last he spoke, his voice quite determined.

"See here, William, are you imitating me?"

"Oh, no, your lordship," I stammered out.

"Well, what does this mean?"

"Only, your lordship, that I am doing what father told me. He said I was to watch you at the table and do exactly as you did."

"His lordship laughed merrily, then turning to his guests said:

"I am taught a lesson. I must not do that which I would not have others do."

Then, closing the story with his little visitor, Mr. Gladstone said:

"Little man, always be careful. Never do anything because other people do it, unless you are certain it is good and pleasant unto God."—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

The Parson's Ride.

That some animals have a sense of humor, and even indulge in practical jokes, can find abundance of evidence. We have all heard of a 'horse laugh;' but the writer was the victim of a 'horse joke,' which, we trust, proved more entertaining to the animal and his audience than it did to the unfortunate victim.

While a circuit-rider in Missouri, I owned a horse named Dan, a large, powerful black, of intelligence and mettle. When in the harness Dan felt his responsibility, and was perfectly reliable; but when off duty he was something of a joker.

I often allowed Dan to graze about the town in company with other horses, but had trained him to leave the herd at my call, and follow me to the stable. Hence I had no need to take halter or bridle with me.

One day, after searching the town over, I finally found him down a shady lane a short distance in the country. Being somewhat tired with my walk, I thought to make him pay the penalty of his truancy by carrying me home. Without once thinking that I might be exposing myself to danger, I jumped on his back. No sooner had I settled down for a leisurely ride home than he started at a pace which showed me my mistake. He evidently thought that if I so far trusted him

as to mount without halter, bridle, or whip, he could be trusted also to set the gait.

I was nearly unseated the first leap. I clutched his mane, and cried, 'Whoa!' with all the power and authority I could command. But it was one of the times when authority did not count. Dan was in authority now, and he knew it. I knew it, too, and felt my helplessness. I was alarmed for my dignity, as well as my safety. But every time I called 'Whoa!' he seemed only to increase his speed.

Faster and faster he flew! Paul Revere is said to have made some very fair time in his day, but he 'wasn't in it' with old Dan. He only seemed to touch the high places in the road, and the fence-posts along the wayside looked like a fine-toothed comb.

Dan took the principal street of the town, past the post-office, stores, and other places of resort. He evidently wanted to be sure the unique performance would have an audience. The villagers stood aghast as the apparition swept by amid a cloud of dust and flying gravel. They wondered if the parson had gone crazy, to be riding into town at such a reckless speed bare-back. Then, as they took in the situation, and realized that I was not a willing participant in the performance, but was the victim of a practical joke perpetrated by a horse, their amusement knew no bounds.

I could not see the joke at the time, and wondered why the people laughed. To me it was anything but funny, as I clung desperately to his flowing mane, and clamped myself on as best I could with my dangling heels. My hair stood on end. In imagination I saw myself being picked up a mangled remnant from the wayside.

From the main street to the stable there were several sharp corners to turn, with barbed-wire fences on either side. As we approached them my blood ran cold. As I possessed no earthly means of controlling our flight, my only resource was to lift a mute appeal to heaven that the horse might slow down.

Arrived opposite the stable door, he halted as suddenly as he had started, intending this as the climax of the performance. He wanted to save me all trouble of alighting. But by virtue of superb horsemanship I successfully resisted the impulse to continue the journey.

When I got down, and found that I was unhurt, I could not find it in my heart to chide the horse, but made believe that I had enjoyed the ride as well as he had. When I had time to think it over calmly, I concluded the Psalmist knew what he was talking about when he wrote: 'A horse is a vain thing for safety.'

I never heard the last of that ride, and it has gone into history in connection with that circuit.—Rev. W. A. Phelps, in 'Epworth Herald.'

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Finding 'Girl' in the Bible.

An English town missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging-house in his district which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, 'Who's there?' and at the same time a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants," growled out some voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man who he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man,