

MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY.

A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady.

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece."

This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.

It has been forcibly and truthfully said that "an unimproved hour is a jewel lost beyond recovery." In your days of preparation for manhood's responsibilities, how many such jewels do you propose to lose? — *Young Reaper.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Jan. 1—St. John i. 1-14.	Acts xiii. 14-17, 42-51.
" 8—St. John i. 35-46.	Acts xiv. 1-8.
" 15—St. John ii. 1-11.	Acts xv. 6-30.
" 22—St. John iii. 1-16.	Acts xvi. 1-16.
" 29—St. John iv. 5-15.	Acts xvi. 16-34.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

By Rev. Klement Richardson, M.A.

1. Why may we fairly assume that the angel speaking at Jehovah Jireh was the Second Person in the Blessed Trinity?
2. Who is the only woman whose age, death and place of burial are mentioned in Holy Scripture?
3. What is the name of her place of burial?
4. How old was she when she died?
5. How did Abraham become owner of the Land?
6. From whom did he buy it?
7. Who is the only Christian, as far as we know, who, at present alive, has entered it?
8. Where in Holy Scripture is money first mentioned?
9. What is the meaning of the word Machpelah?
10. Why did the place get the name Mamre?
11. How old was Isaac when he married if we use Chronology of Authorized Version?
12. Whom did Abraham send into Mesopotamia to take Isaac a wife?

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER FOR "ME."

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

M. Bethan Edwards, in "Home Words."

THE BRAVEST DEED.

A few soldiers of the great civil war, Federals and Confederates, were passengers on the same steam-

boat, and they discussed the various events of the war in which they had taken part. At last they got into a discussion on the greatest acts of bravery each had known, and a Confederate told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1862 and General Grant was close to us with a strong force. Our men sheltered themselves in rifle pits, and many dead and wounded Federals lay up to the edge of our pits. In one of them was a rather uncouth, ungainly boy. Very little attention was given to him, though he got the reputation of being brave and resolute.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was dying, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The boy found it hard to bear them. He had lately joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"I can't stand it any longer, boys, I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen."

"For answer to this speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

"Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious