

Next day, however, Polly observed a tendency to vaingloriousness at breakfast, a marked depression at dinner, and a well-defined dissatisfaction at tea without any raspberries. And Thursday morning the porridge was burned.

"It's just the least bit scorched," said Aunt Phœbe, as she handed the dish to Polly; "but there's plenty of good bread-and-butter, and the coffee's extra nice!"

Polly carried it in despairingly. It was just as she expected—grumbles loud and deep, longing looks at the butter-plate, and numberless calculations about the breakfasts that must be before next Tuesday.

At last the coffee-pot went down with a bang, and Polly stood up with flushed cheeks and something very much like tears in her eyes.

"Now, look here, boys," she said, "I know I proposed doing this, but I never asked one of you—now, did I? So if any of you want to back out, why, nobody'll blame you! Only don't go on doing it if you don't want to!"

Here Jack, who had surreptitiously helped himself to about a quarter of a square inch of butter, put it back again just as surreptitiously.

"And what about Patsy's new history," asked Harry, "if we stop now?"

Patsy was the washerwoman's son, and had been at the foot of his class for a week because he had no history to study from. Poor Patsy! He wasn't at the foot of many classes, and he did so want the book! But it cost a dollar, so Patsy could only "save up" and try for more errands on Saturdays.

"Oh, well!" responded Polly, "I suppose that'll have to be his lookout. His little brother's got the measles, too," she added artfully, "so he can't even come to class and take notes."

"Hard luck," said Jack, with a remorseful recollection of several "stunners" in fractions that Patsy had piloted him through at recess.

"See here, boys; we ain't going to stop? What's doing without butter for a week, anyway?"

That was the last of it. Polly didn't have to appeal again. Nobody grumbled, even when there was no pudding or preserves, and they all shared the pleasure of confidently requesting from Mr. Dimboe the payment of the six pounds of butter which they didn't eat. They got it, too, at the very highest price; and although the delighted Patsy never knew exactly what his "History of the United States" cost the donors, he used it so well that they never regretted it. And Polly! Well, Polly has had many another dear experience of the happiness of giving at some little sacrifice, and "for Christ's sake."—*Sara Duncan in S. S. Times.*

#### HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. The *Republic* tells the story of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, he said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful *protège* busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he his *willing*."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw the opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more. "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and *faithful*."

To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, and next month will become a member of the firm.—*Church and Home.*

#### "I DIDN'T GO ONCE TO BE TEMPTED."

BY FANNY ROPER FEUDGE.

Not long since I was explaining to some young visitors the manner of using a Chinese opium-pipe, and the terrible effects of opium-smoking, in destroying not alone the health of the body, but its still more fatal influence upon the mind and soul. A young Chinese friend who was present looked intently at the beautiful pipe I held in my hand. He sighed deeply as his eye rested on the costly inlaid work, and the dainty adornments intended as so many snares to entice the fancy of the unwary. Possible memory may have been busy unearthing some dear one in his far-off native land—a father it may be, or an elder brother, who had fallen a victim to this terrible habit: But he said nothing then, and I was thinking sadly of the enticements that at every turn, in theatre, bar-room, circus, and gambling-saloon, are daily holding forth their invitations in this dear land of Bibles, while vice is disguised in beautiful garments, and only the life that is "hid with Christ in God" is safe from the snares of the destroyer. God help the young who trust only to their own strength!

Presently I remarked that I had never *but once* been inside of an opium-saloon, face to face with the haggard countenances, sunken eyes, and emaciated forms of its votaries; and that for weeks afterwards the horrid groans, shrieks, and imprecations of the wretched victims so rang in my ears that nothing save a stern sense of duty could ever induce me to enter again one of those places of torment. Instantly the young Chinaman sprang to his feet, and spoke out eagerly:

"You 'venture,' madam, *one time more dan I. I did not go once* into opium-house to be tempted. Sometime man think himself vella stlong, and he go into opium-shop, not meaning to be tempted: but by-and-by he find himself vella weak, so that he can no more stay away. He go in wise man, he come out vella foolish; he go in lich man, he come out poor beggar; he go in good man, kind husband, fader, son, he come away like child of de evil one; den soon he die, go lib wid him always. So I think for myself *I not go in once*, not see oder man smoke opium, and den I not be tempted to smoke myself. Maybe I be stlong, but I too much fear I be vella weak, so I stay away."

Here was indeed true wisdom—not to go in the way of temptation, not to try wrong-doing even once, not to trust to his own strength to resist evil influence, nor even to look on and see others sin, lest, being weaker than he supposed himself, he should be tempted to follow in their footsteps.

The good book says, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

And what this young Chinaman said of opium-houses is also just as true of the thousands of beer-saloons, grog-shops, and drink-houses of all sorts that are scattered as snares for the feet of the unwary all over our land—wherever God is dishonored and his holy Word set at naught. Do not venture *even once*, young man, to brave the danger, to draw in one breath of their polluted atmosphere. Remember the words, "Sometime man think himself vella stlong, and he go in, not meaning to be tempted; but by-and-by he find himself vella weak, so that he can no more stay away."—*Canadian Band of Hope.*