

RIGHT NOT PRIVILEGE.

Every boy who has read "Tom Brown at Rugby," admires the hero's sturdy independence, his scorn of a falsehood, and his love of out-door sports. But every honest reader of the book feels that the most manly part of Tom's character is disclosed in the scene where he kneels down in the face of the whole dormitory of boys, and says his prayers.

The scene has been repeated in other schools since then. But every boy who has had the courage to pray openly, when he knew he ought, can testify that it was one of the hardest things he ever did. There are several ways of doing this reverential act. It may be made unnecessarily demonstrative, or it may be performed so as to extort the respect of the boys.

In a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys from different States, and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room, and getting acquainted.

When night came, the younger of the boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible, and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without whining, or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it," retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and, standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly,—

"Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other, and I will pray in that half, or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day, he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe, as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness which knows the right and dares do it, without asking any one's permission.—*Youth's Companion.*

LEARN TO REST.

BY GENTRUDE THORNTON.

If, instead of the above, I had written, "A Secret of Success," not "the secret," observe, for we all consider that to be, "Learn to Work," many more would have read this than I can hope will do so now. As it is, the hard-working students of the land will pass this by, saying, "How can we rest when we have no time?" and little will be the use in replying, "Take time or you will sink in sight of the goal you are straining every nerve to gain."

I asked a studious young woman who a few years ago had stood at the head of her class, and indeed far above, as the worthy gentleman who examined her had been pleased to say, all others who had graduated with honorable records from the same institution, what she considered the secret of her success in the school-room. I knew well enough that her natural endowments had been in many respects inferior to those of her competitors and thus judged that there must be a secret somewhere.

Imagine my surprise when she answered not a word, but led the way to her own room, the door of which she threw open and pointed to a rustic motto on the wall above her head. "It is there," she answered at last, and I read, "Learn to Rest."

"When the time came for our examination," she said, "my companions were tired and flurried from over-study and sleepless nights, but I was fresh and my thoughts collected and readily put into work, because I had laid the foundation of my knowledge long before and reared the structure very slowly, with care to take pure and undisturbed rest from study at proper hours. When I went to walk I did not take a book in my hand, and when I rode I was not

constantly seeking to recall certain portions of my studies to mind for fear I might forget.

"The jealous ones laughed and assured themselves of an easy victory when they saw me throw aside my books and romp for hours with the little ones, or go out alone for long rambles in the fields. They could not see how two hours of my intense application afterwards was worth five of theirs between the hours of ten and three at night, after a day in the school-room and an evening in the parlor with book in hand."

I wish I could impress these words upon the thoughts of every ambitious young scholar in the land. It would save so many weary head-aches and heart-aches, so many grievous failures at the very last, and so many shattered lives.—*Christian at Work.*

HOW TO READ.

Read with diligence. Improve the moments of leisure. Do not wait for a summer vacation or for a holiday. Begin at once. "The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours."

"Many of the cultivated persons whose names have been famous as students have given only two or three hours a day to their books." You wish, perhaps, that you might enjoy a month of leisure for reading; but you have little hope that your inexorable business or dependent family will ever grant the coveted privilege. Let us see. You lose half an hour every day of your life waiting for tardy people, for delayed meals or for belated trains. That amounts, in six days, to three hours; in a year, to one hundred and fifty-six. Divide one hundred and fifty-six by six—the greatest number of hours it would be prudent for you to read each day, if reading were your only occupation, and you have twenty-six days, a month of working days, that might be devoted every year to useful reading. By the economy of moments you may accomplish more than do many that are at leisure to read, if they would, from dawn till dusk.

Read with a purpose. Self-culture is a worthy object, but it is not the noblest. The man who seeks culture for selfish ends is simply an intellectual gourmand, and is no more entitled to our esteem than is a hide-bound miser. Read for others. Read that you may have something to tell the children that climb upon your knees asking for stories; read that you may be eyes to the aged and to the blind, read that you may brighten the sick-room with the mellow light of refined conversation; read that you may be able to write and to talk for the Master and for humanity.—*Rev. J. A. Fisher.*

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Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

AN OLD BIBLE RIDDLE.  
Come and commiserate  
One who was blind,  
Helpless and desolate,  
Void of all mind.  
Guileless deceiving,  
Though unbelieving  
Free from all sin.  
By mortals adored,  
Still I ignored  
The world I was in.  
King Ptolemy's, Cæsar's,  
And Tiglath Pileser's  
Birthdays all shown;  
Wise men, astrologers,  
All are acknowledged  
Mine is unknown.  
I ne'er had a father,  
A mother, or rather  
If I had either  
Then they were neither  
Alive at my birth.  
Lodger in palace,  
Hunted by malice,  
I did not inherit  
By lineage or merit  
A spot upon earth.  
Nursed among pagans,  
None e'er baptized me,  
Yet had I sponser  
Who ne'er catechised me.  
She gave me a name  
That to her heart was dearest,  
She gave me a place  
To her bosom the nearest;  
But one look of kindness  
She cast on me never.  
Compassed by danger,  
Nothing could harm me.  
I saved, I destroyed,  
I blessed, I alloyed;  
Kept a crown for a prince,  
But had none of my own;  
Filled the place of a king,  
But ne'er sat on a throne;  
Rescued a warrior,  
Baffled a plot,  
Was what I was not.  
A king's worthy daughter  
Watched by my bed,  
Devoted to slaughter,  
A price on my head.  
Though gently she dressed me,  
Panting with fear,  
She never caressed me,  
Nor wiped off a tear;  
Ne'er moistened my eyes,  
Though parching and dry:  
What marvel a blight  
Should pursue till she die!  
'Twas royalty nursed me—  
In deceit, I am sure.  
I lived not, I died not;  
But tell me you must  
That ages have passed  
Since I first turned to dust.  
This paradox when?  
This squalor, this splendor?  
Say, was I a king  
Or a silly pretender?  
Fathom this mystery  
Deep in my history.  
Was I a man?  
An angel supernal?  
A demon infernal?  
Solve me who can.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

- In 1 Thess. v. 5; Eph. v. 8; St. Luke xvi. 8; St. John xii. 36.
  - Ezekiel (Ezek. i. 4-25).
  - In Gen. xiv. 5, 7; 1. 20; Ps. cv. 17.
  - In Silihoh (Josh. xviii. 1).
  - From Eph. iii. 1; 1v. 1; 2 Tim. i. 8; Phillem. i. 9.
- SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.  
NAOMI, RUTH J. 1, 5, 6; MANNA, EXOD. XVI. 14, 15; HANAN, 2 Sam. x.  
N-a-H-u-M . . . Nah. 1. 1; Jonab. 1. 2.  
A-m-A-s-A . . . 2 Sam. xvii. 25; 1 Kings ii. 5.  
O-r-N-a-N . . . 1 Chron. xxi. 15, 22.  
M-er-U-ca-N . . . Esther 1. 16, 17.  
J-u-N-i-A . . . Rom. xvi. 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Frederick Burton, H. E. Greene, Jennie Lyght, Agnes G. Grant, and Albert Jesse French.

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