

Just as he began to eat the jelly, he heard his sister Fanny calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have. If I have just a ginger-snap, they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"Oh, Davy!" said Fanny, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that of course his sister would say that she wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fanny. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake, and raisins. Just as we sat down to it, Mrs. White saw us from the window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice cream and some jelly, left from her dinner. We had a splendid time! You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! how mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.—*Presbyterian*.

THOUGHTFULNESS.

"I NEVER pass a banana skin on the sidewalk," I heard a bright boy say one day. "I always kick it out of the way. Some old person might slip on it and get a broken leg." I looked at the boy with admiration, and said to myself, "That lad will make a thoughtful, useful man."

Not long ago, I read a true story of a boy of thirteen, the son of a poor widow. After many trials and so many disappointments, the lad obtained a place as errand boy in a good firm. He had filled it satisfactorily for a week, when running quickly on an errand he fell on one of these same banana skins, slipped, and broke his hip. He was taken to the hospital, and would probably be idle and suffering for months, while his poor mother had to work doubly hard to support herself and her younger children; and all this misery came, not from malice or wickedness, but only because somebody "didn't think."

A servant was brushing down the stairs and, being called away for a moment, left her dust pan and brush near the topmost stair. The lady of the house had occasion

to come down stairs quickly. The entry was rather dark, her foot slipped, she fell down the whole flight and was killed in an instant, leaving two or three little children. The servant meant no harm, only she "didn't think."

Believe me, boys and girls, when I say that "didn't think" is no excuse. You are rational beings, and you ought to think. Suppose you should come home from school, and found no dinner ready because your mother or the servant "didn't think" it was so near dinner time! You would be apt to say, or at least think, some hard things. Remember that, as the poet says:

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Try, then, to be considerate, and to save trouble. It will make a great difference in the week's work at home, if you remember to wipe your feet when you come into the house, to shut doors quietly if baby is asleep or mother has a headache, to keep your room in order, and put your books in their place. All these things take thought, and a little trouble, but they pay in the end, if only in the cultivation of a character which will be a blessing not only to the young person himself, but to every one with whom he has to do.—*Parish Visitor*.

TWO KINDS OF SERVANTS.

A KING had two servants, one of whom loved him and the other feared him. One day the king went on a long journey. During his absence the servant who loved him worked much harder than before, taking by far greater care than before of the king's garden and palaces. The other who feared him, now that the king was away, neglected his work and did nothing.

The king returned. He saw what both his servants had done, and said to the faithful and industrious servant who had showed his love for his master:

"I see that you love me, and therefore work for me whether I am near you or far away from you. As a reward, I will give you whatever you wish."

"O king," said the good servant, "my only desire is that I may always be in your service."

"Well," said the king, "you shall then be the steward of my house and the overseer of all the other servants."

"But as for you," said the king, turning fiercely toward the other servant, "I will give you harder work; and take care that you do it well, for if you do not you will be severely punished."

Such is the relation between man and God. These men who do God's will because they love Him, because they know that He is a kind and good Father of us all, will receive a great reward; but those who do good only because they fear to do evil will receive their due punishment. God wants us to do good out of love and not out of fear.—*From the Talmud*.

CHARACTER.

"MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made by womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, 'I forgot; I didn't think!' will never be a reliable man, and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman."—*Christian Helper*.

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