

fun, when you ought to be grave and proud over such a convert as scoffing Sam!"

Years have passed since then; Sam is now steward of Fernshaw, and Jim is sowing wheat on the rich plains of Illinois, but the friendship renewed in the October starlight is strong and true yet.

WHAT TO READ, AND HOW.

A YOUNG MAN found that he could read with interest nothing but sensation stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out, if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book, if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to keep to the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he had read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books he had formerly delighted in. He derived a great deal more plea-

sure from reading good ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent and promising young man.

Those who do not read good books, and who read flashy and worthless books, read them hastily, and with very little attention; they seem to desire to be able to say that they have read certain books.

It does one very little good to say that he has read a book. A gentleman once asked a reader of this class if he had read a certain book.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What do you know about it?" asked the gentleman.

"I know—I know that I have read it."

He spoke the truth. He had read the book, and he knew that he had read it, and that was all he knew about it.

Of course he derived no benefit from reading that book. Perhaps the reading it kept him out of some mischief; but, on the other hand, it tended to form a bad habit of reading.

No book does any one any good unless it is understood. Unless you get some definite ideas from a book, there is no use in reading it.—*Rev. Joseph Alden, D.D.*

WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

THIS question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by the friends of many young men; and although there is no definite rule for ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his actions and works.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, that "even a child is known by his works, whether it be good or evil." Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent about learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a blockhead.