

The Second Education.

Somebody, a very wise somebody, says that everyone gets two educations—the first, the one his teachers give him; and the second, the one he gives himself.

When one finds himself at a loss about something he should have learned in due season, it is a comfortable sort of relief to his mind to cast it up to his teachers, or to some lack on the part of school authorities, that he finds himself wanting. But in the second education no one can do this. He cannot ease his mind and excuse his mistakes by laying them upon other shoulders. His own must bear them.

Moreover, one teacher may correct wrong theories and practices of another, but what is a teacher to do with one whose self-education is faulty? No human power outside oneself can compel any change in what one wills to do for himself.

There are school rules in plenty about promptness in attendance, but nothing that teachers can say or do will give one an education in punctuality unless the scholar drills himself into being in time.

Then there is accuracy in making statements and in doing one's work. This is a fine constituent of character. The teachers who hear recitations and direct experiments may insist upon exactness, and may give low marks upon examination papers that are not clear, but if the student does not apply himself, he will never be accurately educated in the world. It is not only in the schoolroom and college that such self-education goes on. One may give an exact recitation, and state and demonstrate a problem clearly, who habitually make loose, unguarded, careless statements in his talk, never concerning himself about the exact truth. Perfect sincerity and truthfulness should be a part of all character-building; but what academic rule or college requirement can make it compulsory? The student can only exact it of himself.

There is the second education in courtesy, in self-denial and all unselfishness, in thoughtfulness, in the feeling of responsibility and accountability. Think how important they are. Can they be acquired or absorbed in the class-room from any professor or preceptor, without any effort on the part of the student.

Self-control is an essential which comes in the course of the second education. It is a magnificent thing to be able to control oneself, to keep within bounds the mighty pulse of passion, the bounding current of feeling, the rash judgment and opinion, the hasty word, the impulsive action.

In receiving an education from teachers, most scholars know when they get it. They have a certain consciousness of acquisitions, and the examinations show where they stand. But in the education given to oneself, there is great danger of slipping through the days without a thought of it, and of finding that bad habit and most undesirable traits have been built into the character in heedless, unwitting fashion, after they have become fixed. That which we are accountable for ourselves is of vital importance. Take heed to the manner and matter of the second education. — 'Silver Link.'

Whom to Invite.

The old minister closed the book and looked around the village church.

'You are told,' he said, 'when you make a feast to call to it, not your rich neighbors, but the poor, the maimed and the blind. Now none of you are going to set out a fine dinner or supper this week. Some

of us never in our lives gave a great entertainment. Yet the order is to us. I want each one of you when you go home to consider what God has given you besides food with which to make a feast and who are the poor folk whom you should bid to it.'

People glanced, smiling at each other, for the good man was full of queer suggestion. But the idea remained in the minds of some of his hearers, making their Sunday afternoon uncomfortable.

It bothered Phil Dorrance as he sat alone in his room. He usually sat alone, except when at his meals. Phil was the blacksmith's son whom his father, by dint of years of hard work and saving, had sent to college. He was grateful to his father, but he felt his education had made a great gulf between him and the old man. His companions were his classmates. He had meant to spend this afternoon with some of them, discussing a paper he had written on the history of the Reformation. Instead, he took it downstairs to the kitchen where his father and mother in their Sunday clothes sat nodding over the fire. How bare and empty their lives were—work and sleep!

'I want to read you something I have written,' he said, cheerily.

They drew up their chairs, their eyes sparkling with pride and delight, and listened with a keen, shrewd intelligence that surprised him. They were able, too, to correct some mistakes that he had made and to give some facts new to him.

'I haven't had as pleasant a day for years, Phil,' said the old man, when the paper was finished. His old mother said nothing, but kissed him, her eyes full of tears.

In another farmhouse Grace Peel sat, also thinking of the old doctor's suggestion. She was a musician from the city, who cared only for classical music. At home her playing gave keen pleasure to friends whose musical taste had been cultivated.

'They are my rich neighbors,' she thought. Rising, she went down to the parlor and opened the piano.

'Suppose,' she said, 'we sing some hymns—all of us.'

The farmer called in the boys excitedly. 'We haven't had the piano opened since Nancy went away,' he said. 'Come, grandma, I'll move up your chair. You must join in.'

They sang, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Sarah, the black cook, came to the door and threw in a wild note of triumph now and then. The discord sometimes made Grace shiver, but she played on.

Grandma asked for the old hymns she had sung when she was a girl, and the boys for 'Hold the Fort.'

When the afternoon was over the farmer said to Grace, 'It's been a real happy time. You play as well as my daughter Nancy.'

Grandma laid her wrinkled hand on Grace's shoulder. 'The happy hours are so few at my age!' she said. 'God bless you for giving me this one, my child!'

So the minister's suggestion was carried out.—American Paper.

'God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.'—John Ruskin.

Using the Pieces.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars.

In his workshop was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: 'Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw up on the floor?'

'Why, yes, boy,' said the artist. 'The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them.'

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

'What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?'

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

'What is this?' cried the artist. 'Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?'

'Oh, master,' faltered the astonished boy, 'it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away.'

The child with an artist soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly, wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.—Exchange.

A Man of Prayer.

(By Marianne Farningham, in the 'English S.S. Times'.)

He has the wise and merry heart,
His laugh is real, his jest is glad,
In quietness he does his part,
If gay or sad.

He walks beside you in the street,
His watchful eyes look out on men,
And all whom he may chance to meet
Love him again.

He does not talk of that he feels,
But in his secret soul he knows
How powerful is the faith that heals
And brings repose.

He does not spend a day alone,
For God is with him everywhere,
And by his spirit he is known
A man of prayer.

The storms may beat above his head,
And the thick darkness shroud his way,
But he is not comforted,
For he can pray.

He has two lives; and one he gives
To daily duties as they come;
The other tranquilly he lives
With God at home.

And he is happy every day,
Although the world is full of care,
Because his heart, through all life's way,
Finds rest in prayer.