

MONEY AND SCHOOL

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Auks.

AUKS, as we might expect from the name, are very awkward, ungainly waddling birds. They waddle about in a very ridiculous manner, and their legs are so short they cannot fly. In their native element, the stormy sea, they are perfectly at home. When ranged along a cliff they look like a lot of school-children with white pinafores on. I was greatly amused at one I saw in the Zoological Gardens at London. He was such a comical looking fellow. They have a dense covering of warm downy feathers that they can withstand the utmost cold of the arctic seas. The picture on page 21 shows the manner in which sailors hunt for the eggs of these strange birds.

"Almost Fell."

"MOTHER, I almost fell to-day."
 "What do you mean, my son?" asked the weary, care-worn mother.
 "Why, I did. I almost fell into an awful sin. I was almost dishonest," and the childish voice was lowered, and the face flushed with shame.
 "Thank God, you resisted, my child. Tell me all about it."
 "Well, mother, you know I sell papers at the depot every morning, and there is one very pleasant, kind gentleman, who buys a paper of me almost every morning, and always speaks so pleasant. He always seems to have lots of money in his pocket, and takes out a handful of change. Several times he has only had nickles, pennies, and has told me to keep the extra three cents for myself. One morning he had nothing but two quarters and two silver dollars. He handed me one of the quarters, and said, in his pleasant way, 'Got any change, my boy?' I looked, but did not have enough. So he said, 'Never mind—you remember it to-morrow.' The next day was Sunday; and Monday, to-day, you know, I was standing outside the depot, and I saw him coming. I thought to myself, he will never remember the twenty-three cents I owe him if he can't see me, and I do want it so much; I will hide till he has gone. So I went across the street. I somehow could not hold my head up as I usually do, and I went into a blacksmith's



AUKS.

shop, and peeped out of a crack. I saw him looking as if for some one, and then he said, 'Where is the paper boy this morning? I will have to buy a paper of the boy on the train. Poor little fellow! I hope he isn't sick—he looks delicate.'
 "Oh, mother, you don't know how his kind words cut me, and how ashamed I felt. I had felt ashamed before, but after that, I felt that money was stolen—that I, your Tommy, was a thief. I rushed across the street, and he was still talking to a gentleman, but I pulled him by the sleeve, and gave him the change. He said, 'That is right.

I am glad you are an honest boy.' I felt my face getting red. I felt as if he must read how wicked I had been in my thoughts, and how I meant to cheat him."

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she folded her boy in her arms and kissed him.

"Thank God! I still have an honest boy to kiss, Tommy," said she. "Let it be a lesson to you, and the shame you felt at the dishonest thoughts ever stay in your memory, and keep you from falling—or even almost falling—again.

"Pray that ye enter not into temptation.' Our dear Lord said these words to his disciples just before he was crucified. He knew just how weak we all are, and only by praying to him for strength can we conquer. In time of temptation, pray from your heart, 'Jesus help me,' and he always will hear and answer."—Selected.

Discoveries by Accident.

THE *Well-Spring* tells us of several valuable discoveries that have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accident.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church-spire.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profit- ing by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him. The process of whitening sugar was discovered