"Do you know how much more you have to do?" his father inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Robert. "I found a good picture of the Puritan before I began the work, and then I drew a deck-plan, and so I know where every stick and string ought to go."

"You had a plan, then, before you began your work, eh, Rob?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "I don't think I could have made anything decent without a plan laid out beforehand."

" No, I suppose not," said Mr. Morgan. "Now what you have done in building your yacht, I want you to do in building your character. You are making a very good piece of work of the model; I looked at it carefully the other day when I was in the shop. I want you to see the other piece of work you are engaged on—your character growing as well. Plan for that, my boy.''

"Yes, father, I will," said Robert. "Indeed, while I have not had any plans in particular, I had been thinking this evening just before you came in that I ought to take more thought about what I am going to make of myself.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Robert," said Mr. Morgan. "You know where to go to get help to make such plans right—to God's Word and to prayer."

"Yes, father," said Robert softly. Just then others of the family came into the room, and no more could be said at that time. But Robert remembered and laid wise plans, because he asked God to teach him and to help him.

### Brown Neddie and his Young Master.

Tom Paxton had not many friends. This was partly because he was a very poor boy, and had not many pennies in his pocket to treat the boys of the village, like young Gregory, the grocer's son, was in the habit of doing. And it was also because Tom was of a shy and retiring disposition, having lived alone with his father at the cottage down the lane ever since his dear mother died.

A very quiet, lonely life they led, but it was a happy one too, and Tom would not have changed places with the richest man for any other home. They both had to work hard, father and son, and they had one friend with them—one might almost call him one This was Brown of the family. Neddie, their donkey.

Neddie was quite young when Tom's father bought him of the butcher down at Cublington, and he had become

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quite attached to his owners at the cottage, especially to Tom, for whom he would do anything.

One day Farmer Hopkins was driving past the cottage, when he called out to old Mr. Paxton that his wife wanted some of his best apples, and he had better send Tom over with his donkey to bring them that day.

"How many do you think you can do with, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Oh, fill up those two baskets you have. I dare say we can find use for a good lot of them."

In a very short time, Tom and his father, by working very hard-Tom in the tree, and his father picking the apples up as they fell-managed to get all ready, and soon Brown Neddie was standing, a basket on either side of him, ready to go, at the cottage

"Halloa, Tom! Where are you off to now?"

The question came from that bold

Tom, and even was unkind enough to make fun of his rather worn-out and patched clothes.

Tom answered civilly enough, and hurried on; and in spite of his young persecutor calling upon him to stop, that he might look into the baskets, he managed to get well out of sight and sound, and reached the comfortable farmhouse of Mr. Hopkins in safety.

"Well, Tom, my boy, how are you this morning?" and the kind-hearted wife of the farmer gave him a bright smile of welcome.

"Thank you, ma'am, quite well." "Are you hungry, lad?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am just a little; for we have trudged together a long way this morning, Ned and I."

"And not too much breakfast, Tom, to begin with, I'm afraid."

Mrs. Hopkins had guessed right, for Tom that morning had tasted nothing but a bit of bread and a small mug of

Before Tom returned his pockets were supplied with nice seed-cakes, made and baked by Mrs. Hopkins herself; and when he had got back again about half-way, he sat on a bank, and thoroughly enjoyed his meal. Neddie, his brown-coated friend, had a wisp of fresh hay to eat at the same time. And as Tom sat on that bank, he thought of what his father had often taught him, that God is the giver of every good thing, and that we do not deserve any of the mercies which He so bountifully supplies. So Tom thanked God from his very heart for the nice cakes, and hoped that Brown Neddie was thankful too, in his fashion, for the wisp of hay.

—The Dean of Worcester tells of a curate who, when passing a group of men standing on a street corner, overheard one of them say: "There goes a chap with nothing to do and gets hundreds for doing it." The curate stopped and made answer: "My wages are \$15 a week. I have been at work all the morning in my Master's service in church, in school, in my study, and now I am going to see more sickness and distress in one afternoon than you have seen in all your life." And they held their peace.

—The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever the familiarity exists, there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish con-

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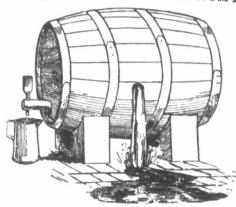
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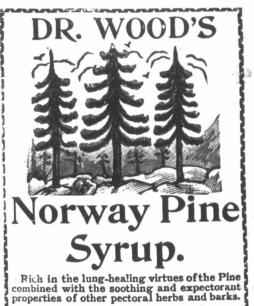
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duct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company, are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says: "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices for one another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose their power or their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.

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Dressed hogs Beef, fore ... Beef, hind .. Mutton.... Lamb ..... Veal..... Beef, sirloin Beef, round. Mutton, legs

Butter, pour lb. . . . . . . . Butter, tubs Butter, farn Eggs, fresh, Chickens, s Turkeys, pe Ducks, per Geese, each

Potatoes, po Carrots, per Onions, per Onions, per Turnips, Sy Cabbage, pe Celery, per Apples, per Cauliflower Pears, per l Cranberries

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