

life. I rather believe that God's angels are just overhead, or just by your side, and that we do things by Divine impulse, without always knowing in reality what we are doing. You say, "Yes; but don't let us be superstitious." I answer, "I am more afraid of people losing veneration than I am afraid of their becoming superstitious;" and it is a poor life that does not begin in veneration, and continue in worship to the end.—*Dr. Parker.*

TO CONQUER the world by loving it, to be blessed by ceasing the pursuit of happiness and sacrificing life instead of finding it, to make a hard life easy by submitting to it—this was Christ's Divine philosophy.—*F. W. Robertson.*

## Boys and Girls' Corner.

### THE RUDDER.

Or what are you thinking, my little lad, with the  
honest eyes of blue,  
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide  
o'er the level ocean floor?  
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass  
away from our view,  
And down the slope of the world they go, to  
seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to  
move at the breeze's will,  
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and  
melting in distance grey;  
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the  
winds their sails that fill  
Like faithful servants speed them all on their  
appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with  
a staunch man at the wheel,  
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the  
will of the man is there;  
There is never a moment, day or night, that the  
vessel does not feel

The force of the purpose that shapes her course  
and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy,  
on life's wide treacherous sea,—  
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to  
stand the stress of the gale,  
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch  
whatever the tumult be,  
For the will of man, with the help of God,  
shall conquer and prevail.

—*Celia Thaxter in St. Nicholas.*

### A FOUR-FOOTED GENTLEMAN.

"OPEN the door, quick, Sybil. Don't you see my hands are full? What a stupid you are! Yes, that'll do. Now you can shut it after me."

And Archie came forward to the table where his aunt was sitting, a large tray, spread over with specimens of seaweed

that he had been drying and arranging, in his hands.

"Since when have 'if you please' and 'thank you,' gone out of fashion, may I ask, Archie?" said his aunt.

The boy grew very red, but he laughed good-humouredly.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said. "But Sybil doesn't mind. Do you, Sybil?"

"No," replied the little girl. "Archie isn't ever really unkind like some boys. Still, I think it is nice when people thank you and speak politely to each other. But still, of course, Archie is only a boy."

"And can a boy not be a gentleman, do you think, Sybil? What do you say about it yourself, Archie?"

"Oh, I know I should," he replied rather shamefacedly. "but you see, Auntie, I forget, or else even if I don't forget, it doesn't seem worth while."

"Be true to your instincts, my boy. Civility and gentleness are *always* 'worth while.' Above all, from man to woman, or boy to girl. And gratitude even for the smallest service is always the sign of a fine nature. That reminds me——"

"Of what? Do tell us, Auntie;" said both children, picking up their ears.

"Of a little adventure of mine the other day. It is nothing of a story, so don't expect one; for the word 'adventure' had evidently caught their attention. "But it was so pretty and touching, it struck me very much, and made me think how often we might, with benefit, take example by our humble brethren—even in *manners*, children."

"Do you mean poor people?" said Sybil doubtfully. "I know some are very good and nice—some *quite* poor children even. But a good many are very rough and rude, Auntie."

"Yes, and there is much more excuse for them of course, if they are so, for often they have not been taught better. But I was not thinking of people or children at all just then, Sybil. The little 'gentleman' whose manners I admired so much wasa——" She stopped again and smiled, while Archie and Sybil looked up in perplexity.

"A *what*, Auntie?"

"A little *dog*, my dears!—Yes; you may look surprised. Listen and I will tell you all about it. I was going from my own house to a friend's a few days ago, walking leisurely, for I was in no

hurry, and had not far to go. It was a quiet time of the day and not many people were about. I had made my way across our own square, and some short way down a street opening out of it, when my attention was caught by the sight of a little dog wandering along in an uneasy, rather aimless manner. He was alone evidently, for there was no one in sight whom he could be following—an errand boy or two, a postman and I were, I think, the only passers-by at the time. And he was far too aristocratic a little dog to have anything to do with butchers' or bakers' boys. He was very pretty and well cared for; his soft, flossy coat had evidently been recently washed and combed, and there was a general air of healthiness and prosperity about him, though he was neither over-fat nor pampered-looking. But just now he was clearly in trouble. He ran a few steps and then looked around him irresolutely; his bright eyes glanced all about him anxiously. I wondered what was the matter and stopped short, half intending to pat him or speak to him, when suddenly, seeming to catch sight of me for the first time, he made the first advances by trotting up to me and sniffing me in an inquiring manner. He liked what he saw of me; for he gave a little quick friendly bark, and then, wagging his tail, looked up at me appealingly, ran on a few steps and then stopped short, looking back to see if I were following him, and when I did so, again he barked. again he ran on a few steps, and stood looking back wagging his tail. It was as plain as any spoken words; he was asking me to do him a service. And thus he led me down the street, round a corner, and a few steps along another row of houses, where he stopped in front of a door, looking and wagging his tail without going on further. Nobody could have failed to understand him.

"Here is my home, kind lady. I have got shut out, please to ring the bell for me."

"I rang, of course, and very quickly the door was opened, and in he rushed, and, satisfied that he was all right, I was turning away, when—this is the point of my story—I heard a bustle and fuss just inside the closing door, my friend's bark, rather vehement this time, a voice in remonstrance 'what can he want?' then the door opened and out he sprang again. He looked around