

God's Financial System.

ONE-TENTH of ripened grain,
One-tenth of tree and vine,
One-tenth of all the yield
From ten-tenths' rain and shine.

One-tenth of lowing herds
That browse on hill and plain;
One-tenth of bleating flocks,
For ten-tenths' shine and rain.

One-tenth of all increase
From counting room and mart,
One-tenth that science yields,
One-tenth of every art

One-tenth of loom and press,
One-tenth of mill and mine;
One-tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

One-tenth of glowing words
That glowing guineas hold;
One-tenth of written thoughts
That turn to shining gold.

One-tenth! and dost thou, Lord,
But ask this meagre loan,
When all the earth is Thine,
And all we have Thine own?

Was He a Coward?

A GROUP of boys had stopped upon the sidewalk. To the left of them were extensive grounds, laid out in walks, and thickly dotted with shrubbery. It was surrounded by an ornamental fence of iron, and the boys stood just beside the wide gateway.

Three of them were richly clad, but the fourth boy was poorly dressed, and stood apart from the others, his face flushed, his hands thrust into his pockets.

He was a sturdy, close-knit fellow, with mild blue eyes and a resolute mouth. There had been a quarrel, and the three boys had taken sides against him.

"Ben Greenleaf, you are a coward," one of them said.

"Well, now—may be not," he replied, his blue eyes sparkling.

"Why don't you prove that you are not?" was the retort. "Dick called you by some ugly names."

"He will be sorry for it sometime," replied Ben.

"Is that a threat?" asked Dick Carson, loftily.

He was a tall, slightly-built boy, with a bright red scarf around his neck. He wasn't a match for Ben, either in muscle or endurance, though conceit led him to believe that he was.

"Knock his hat off," suggested one of Dick's companions. "See if he'll stand it."

"Why don't you fight?" asked the third boy, glaring at Ben. "You shall have fair play. We are Dick's friends, but we'll not interfere."

"Oh! I wouldn't want you to," rejoined Dick Carson. "I'm quite able to handle him. Will you fight?"

"No."

"You are afraid."

"You would get the worst of it, Dick."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Dick. "You don't want to hurt me,—oh? Well, now, that's considerate in you! I'll see what sort of stuff you're made of."

As he spoke he stepped forward and struck Ben a blow on the cheek with his open hand. It was not a stinging blow, but it was a cantalizing one.

Ben Greenleaf's blood surged into his face, and his eyes snapped. He had a fierce struggle with himself, but it was of short duration. He was a little

Christian, and know where to look for strength.

"You have concluded to pocket the insult,—oh?" Dick asked, with a sneer.

"You're made of putty," said the second boy.

"You're a coward," declared the third.

"I am brave enough to walk away," Ben said in a slow, hurt tone. "The Bible says that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

"Just listen!" cried Dick Carson. "Let's call him the little parson," suggested one of the boys, at which the others laughed.

A young lady came from behind some lilac-bushes, and walked close to the iron fence. She had overheard and witnessed all.

When Dick Carson saw her, the blood rushed to his face. She was his Sunday-school teacher, and he knew how meanly he had acted.

"Greenleaf, come here," she said. "Wait, boys."

She spoke quietly, but there was something very positive in her manner.

The poorly-clad boy walked nearer with an humble, embarrassed air.

"Dick," Miss Webb asked, "your little sister Nelly was nearly drowned at Atlantic City last summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She was in bathing?"

"With mamma. The under-tow carried her off."

"Who saved her?"

"Some boy, Miss Webb."

"You never learned his name?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was he a coward?"

"A coward! I should think not, Miss Webb! It nearly cost him his life."

"Strong men looked helplessly on?"

"They were too much frightened to stir, Miss Webb."

"It was a heroic act, Dick. The guests at the hotel made him up a sum of money, and presented him with a medal. He was errand-boy about the bath houses at the time. Master Greenleaf, have you the medal with you?"

"Yes ma'am," stammered Ben.

"Show it."

"Oh! never mind it, ma'am," he said, his face reddening.

"Show it," insisted she.

He produced the medal, his embarrassment increasing.

Miss Webb took the medal.

"Presented to Master Benjamin Greenleaf, for his heroic conduct in saving, etc. She went on reading.

"Miss Webb," asked Dick Carson, with wide-open eyes and fluttering cheeks, "is this the—the—boy who saved our little Nelly from drowning?"

"Yes, Dick. Is he a coward?"

"No!" cried Dick, explosively.

"You said he was."

"I am the coward, and am heartily ashamed of myself, besides. Ben Greenleaf, I am sorry I struck you, and called you names; I take it all back. Will you not believe that I am in earnest?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"If you knew how meanly I feel about it, you'd forgive me right heartily. I want to be friend to a boy who has so much pluck as you have, and who can so well control his temper under such gross insult."

"I am just as sorry," the second boy said.

"So am I for everything I said," declared the third.

"Miss Webb, I have been taught a lesson," Dick Carson said humbly. "I have a better idea of what real bravery is."

"It seems we don't always know," remarked Miss Webb, with a quiet but very significant smile.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Beyond.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere:
And perhaps far-off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the soter need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears:
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there; [day
For the common deeds of the common
Are ringing bells in the far-away.
—Henry Burton.

A Boy's Leisure Hours.

WHAT a boy does with his leisure is most important; what he gets in school is mainly drill or exercise; it is a gymnasium to him; he must eat elsewhere. What he does with his spare hours determines his destiny. Suppose he reads history every day, or scientific books; in the course of a few years he becomes learned. It matters very little what he undertakes, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, all disappear if he uses his spare time on them.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time; he found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, and so purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of Virgil, my lady." "What, do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years he became a learned man, and was a useful and loved minister in Scotland.

A boy was hired to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He

began with a little book on English history that he found in the road; having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him and loaned him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

All of these show that in this country any one can learn that wants to. If he is at work he still has three hours he can call his own. Let him use those wisely and he can fill his mind with stores of knowledge.—*Scholars' Companion.*

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

71.—Winsome. Gladstone.
72.— Z L
R E D F I T
Z E R A H L I G H T
D A N T H E
H T

NEW PUZZLES.

73.—DECAPITATIONS.

To dispense with. Beheaded, to trim, a verb, a coin, a letter.

74.—Behead the plural of an animal, and leave an article formed from water.

75.—ENIGMAS.

My 1, 2, 5, 6, is to stoop; 9, 7, a preposition; 3, 4, 10, 11, to destroy; 8, 10, 6, aged. My whole we should all be.

My 1, 5, 10, is a vessel; 3, 6, a preposition; 8, 2, 7, killed a queen; 9, 4, 3, 6, a precious stone. A seaside resort.

76.—CROSS-WORD.

In sheep, not in goat;
In ship, not in boat;
In skate, not in walk;
In hear, not in talk;
In frighten, not in scare;
In ruddy, not in fair;
In alone, not in birch;
In looking, not in search.
My whole a famous general.

77.—CHARADES.

A parent, an animal, one. A beautiful hard wood.

A seed from which oil is extracted, the prevailing fashion. An American statesman.

CUSTOMER—"How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Twenty-five cents," replied the German grocer. "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you buy of Jones, den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for twenty, too, ven I don't got any."

AN estimable citizen of Raleigh, N. C., is the father of so many children that there would have been difficulty in providing them all with names if he had not with uncommon sagacity foreseen the necessity of the future and devised an original plan for avoiding that embarrassment. One of his sons is Iowa Wisconsin Royster, another is Vermont Connecticut Royster, another is Oregon Minnesota Royster, and still another is Arkansas Delaware. Virginia Carolina is the name of one daughter, and Georgia Alabama is another.