

in on the table there, every cent. The boy means all right, I'm sure.

'Can you tell me how long he has been gone?'

'Two hours, mebbe,' reluctantly.

'You could not find a job, you say. How would you like this one of bridge keeper?'

The old man caught his breath, and a look came to his face that momentarily transfigured it. The man in the carriage saw, as he had seen everything, even to the work of the broom and brush and the unusual polish of the foot passengers' gate. But the old man shook his head.

'Thank ye kindly, sir,' he said, 'but I can't do it. I don't want to get the job away from the boy.'

'He has lost it already. If you do not take the place some one else will. I think we have made a mistake about young blood. What do you say?'

'Why—I—I—yes, an' thank ye,' huskily.

'Very well. Here,' writing a few words upon a slip of paper and passing it out, 'give this to the boy when he returns.'

Half an hour later the boy came, breathless.

'Everything all right?' he asked. Then, as he looked around, 'Yes, I see it is. I'm awfully obliged. Why, what's up?' for the old man was looking at him with perturbed face.

'A man stopped here in a carriage an'—an' let me have this paper for ye.'

The boy took the slip and read it, his face changing.

'It's from the owner,' he gasped, 'and says I must come to his office. Well, my place is lost. I'm done for, this time.'

'I'm sorry,' the old man said, his face full of genuine sympathy. 'I didn't want to tell anything, but he made me.'

'Oh, that's all right,' generously; 'when he saw you in my place he had to ask questions, and of course you had to answer. I am the only one to blame.'

An hour later the boy came back, walking very straight, with square shoulders and with a strange look on his face.

'I—I hope it wa'n't so bad as ye feared,' said the kind old man, anxiously.

'Bad,' in a hushed voice; 'no, it was good—all good. I never had a man talk to me like that before. I am to work in his office, where he can have an oversight of me, and I have come for my things in the house here. I have never thought much about my—my responsibilities and what I am to do in the world; but after this I think maybe I can do something worth while, with him looking on. I shall try hard.'

## The Girl Who Goes to College.

(Mary Wood Allen, in the Epworth 'Herald'.)

It is taken for granted that, until the end of her high school life, this particular girl has been at home and under the care and guidance of her mother. It is also taken for granted that when she begins her college career she will be away from home.

The girl who never has been thus thrown upon her own resources will find many problems confronting her. She may be perplexed in deciding for herself the whole routine of life. There is no one to tell her that for the sake of her health she should stop studying before midnight; no one to follow her up to see if she puts on her overshoes on rainy days, or dresses according to the weather; no one to check the social dissipation, or to suggest that midnight suppers injure digestion.

As a preparation for college life, the girl should learn at home to care for her clothing. Many girls come home at vacation time with their wardrobes in a state of absolute dilapidation, because they have not been accustomed to think of sewing on their own buttons or repairing the ravages of time or accident. They should also understand the wise choice of foods. Few college girls appreciate the fact that the digestive apparatus is the very foundation of health; that unwholesome foods and irregular habits of eating undermine this stronghold, and that in after years their education may be of little avail, through lack of digestive power to keep the body in working order.

The college girl ought to understand the value of sleep, and know, beyond all possibility of a question, that the brain which is not repaired by sufficient sleep cannot do good mental work. Girls often sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning, trying to

study, when the brain is so exhausted by lack of sleep that it cannot retain the ideas committed to its care. Many failures in recitations might be avoided if fewer hours were spent in cramming, and more hours in sleep. The college girl should be impressed with the idea that she is studying to 'know'—not merely to satisfy the teacher, or to pass an examination. She should be so thoroughly imbued with the idea that oxygen is the most important food for the body that she will sleep with open windows, and religiously secure time for outdoor exercise.

While it is not wise for the girl at college to make a recluse of herself and shut herself away from all social life, it is equally unwise to allow social life to encroach upon the hours which should be given to sleep. She cannot safely be a society girl. She must make a choice out of the multitude of social opportunities, and avoid all amusements or entertainments which will leave her physically jaded or wearied. An occasional lecture or concert, an hour spent with pleasant companions, a dinner with a friend, or an occasional attendance upon a more pretentious social function, will compass all that the student can judiciously accept of social opportunities.

The choice of companions will be one of the most serious problems to confront the college girl. She will be thrown among a multitude of strangers, of whose home surroundings she knows absolutely nothing. If she could meet these young people in the environment of their own homes she would be able to judge more easily concerning their worth as companions. Here she must judge of them apart from everything except their own personality, and, with her inexperience of life, it is quite possible that her judgment will be unreliable. More particularly is this true in regard to the young men whom she will meet. Many a young man, with a pleasing exterior and faultless manner, comes from a home undesirable in its social position or moral atmosphere; and the girl is wise who holds herself in reserve, and makes no hasty friendships among either the young men or the young women whom she meets under these circumstances.

The life of the college girl is full of opportunities for mistakes arising from inexperience. The higher the ideals which have been implanted in her home life, and the more she has been accustomed to govern her life by reason rather than by impulse, the safer and more successful will she be.

Nor are her duties limited to herself and her college interests. She owes something to the dear home folks, who, if they have made no other sacrifice to give her these opportunities of culture, are at least deprived of the joy of her presence in the home. They think of her constantly, and long to know every detail of her life, even what dress she wore to a certain function, or what she had for dinner.

On the walls of a certain sailors' mission is displayed, in a clear black letters, this motto: 'You promised to write to mother. Do it now.' It is said that these few words, with their suggestion of home and its pure atmosphere, have saved many a man from yielding to temptation. The college girl has her temptations and puzzling situations. If she has formed the habit of writing everything to mother, she finds that the very writing has helped to solve her problems. The mere stating of the situation to mother has made her see it with mother's eyes, and judge it through mother's judgment; it has clarified her vision, strengthened her best impulses, and helped her to arrive at a wiser conclusion in regard to the matter; and so the college girl's long weekly letter home is not only a source of comfort to those who receive it, but a veritable safeguard to the girl who writes it.

## Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner is believed to have been a member of the family of his name last seated at Mells, near Frome, in Somersetshire. A will, dated 1540, contains bequests to 'John Horner, the younger,' and in the previous year, at the destruction of the great abbey of Glastonbury, the Horners got so much of the good things going, that an old distich runs: 'Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne—When the Abbot came out, then they went in.' The plum, which little Jack pulled out, is surmised to have been a handsome share

of the monastic estate, satirically alluded to by a wag, who certainly never dreamt that nearly 400 years later every child would be familiar with his rhyme. The Horners are still living at Mells.—Selected.

## The Norse King and the Bird.

(By George Bancroft Griffith.)

A pleasant legend it is and old:

The king 'mong his courtiers sits—

A white-haired Norse is he and bold—

And through his great hall flits,

Suddenly, silently over them all,

A beautiful bird that does not fall,

And its broad wings shine like gold!

Then out again in the tempest dark

The bird as quickly flies,

And ere the group its course can mark

Is lost to their wondering eyes.

The king moves back from the embers' glow,

And his bright blue eyes a swift glance throw

O'er the board, as he says, 'All, hark!

'O counsellors, such is the life of man!

Out of the darkness into light,

Then lost in the blackness and storm again—

Swept into the depths of night!'

And a shadow, wide as a mighty wave,

Was flung o'er the room and its inmates

grave

And a shudder through many ran.

Then a courtier old, with a saintly face

Made answer and said, 'O king,

You have wisely spoke, but forgot, your

grace,

What to all is a vital thing!

The beautiful bird has its nest beyond;

There its notes are ever more sweet and

fond

Than in any earthly place!'

—Selected.

## Fault-finding.

My neighbor, Mr. Cross, is very fond of writing the affirmative 'yes' with the disjunctive 'but.' He never assents to anything without immediately filing a protest. If you say to him, 'This is a fine day,' he replies, 'Yes, but it's a little too warm, or a little too cloudy. He has formed this habit, and does not realize how disagreeable it is.

As we were going home together last Sunday, I said:

'Well, neighbor, that was an excellent sermon Dr. A. preached this morning.'

'Yes; but he ought to have made the application more direct and personal.'

'For my part, I thought he was quite personal enough. I know that he hit me pretty hard in what he said about formalism—doing Christian duties from habit without any heart in the service.'

'Well, he hit me there, too; but then he ought to have pitched into those fellows who don't have even a form of godliness.'

'Perhaps their turn will come next Sunday. A minister can't crowd everything into one sermon. He is to give to each his portion in due season. The sermon was quite long enough as it was.'

'Yes, quite long enough—indeed, too long.

But—'

'Look here, Mr. Cross, you have been butting at me ever since we started. Can't you quit that goatish way of talking? You remind me of a pet that I had when I was a boy. My father one evening brought home a little kid in his pony-chaise, and gave it to me for a playmate, as I had no brothers, and was lonesome. The kid became very fond of me. It would follow me wherever I went. We would play together on the porches and the lawn, and the young quadruped seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as the young biped. But (to use your favorite disjunctive conjunction) the kid grew to be a goat, and his nature grew with his growth. If we were playing on the porch he would suddenly turn and butt me off. And so on the lawn, and everywhere, he became an intolerable nuisance. If visitors came to the house he would rush around to the front door and butt them. There was nothing malicious about Billy; it was all in fun. He seemed to think he was doing the right thing, no matter how we scolded. But his butting compelled us to sell him to the butcher. Now, I did not blame Billy—he was born a 'butcher'; but I don't think that we, as men, ought to imitate him. We