

three dollars apiece. And yet he could hardly tell just why it was that he could not save anything.

Now, the men who have made themselves independent and who have money to spend for the good of others were not like this young fellow when they were boys. Had they been like him they would never have been independent. I suspect that this boy will verify his own prediction that he will never save a cent. He certainly will not until he acquires more wisdom than he seems to have at the present time. The wealthiest man I know once told me that from his earliest manhood he made it a fixed rule never to spend all that he had earned.

And yet he is by no means niggardly, for he gives away thousands every year to the suffering and for the benefit of humanity in general. There were temptations for him to spend all his earnings, but he did not yield to them. I have heard him say that he never went in debt for anything. If he could not pay for it, he went without it.

It is certainly proof of a great lack of force of character when a man allows all of his earnings to 'slip away from him somehow or other.' There is an unhappy future in store for the boy who spends all that he earns. The boy who begins by doing this is sure to spend more than he earns before very long.

You may set it down as a fact that if you do not save anything in your young manhood you will be sure to have a poverty-stricken and dependent old age, and there are no sadder people in this world than the old who are wholly dependent on the charity of others for their support. If all that you earn is 'slipping away' from you, you will be wise if you go straight to a savings bank as soon as you receive your salary, and there deposit a fixed proportion of your earnings before it 'slips away' from you. And having once deposited it, let nothing tempt you to draw it out. Any successful business man will tell you that this is good advice.—'Young People.'

Taking Interest.

'I've come to the conclusion,' said a young man, 'that the most attractive girls are those who seem most interested in people and things. A girl may be pretty and bright, but if she isn't interested she doesn't count for much.' He had just returned from a gay house party, and this was one of the general impressions gained in his new experiences. His opinion in regard to girls is doubtless shared by most of us in regard to both men and women. The ones with whom we enjoy talking, who brighten and enrich our lives, and to whom we turn for sympathy and aid, are those who take interest—interest not only in us, but in people and things in general.—'Congregationalist.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only \$1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Her Birthday.

Honor the dear old mother and make your love plain to her. Doubtless she is the object of much tender love and holy reverence. But have you manifested your affection as plainly as you should? You feel a worthy pride in her long and useful career. But to her own retrospect, life's history is largely a record of failure; of efforts defeated and anticipations unfulfilled. She needs encouragement. Let her hear the praise that you feel she deserves. It will not make her vain, but may give her needed comfort. Let her have all the help of all sorts that love can bring her.

A lady who spent some time among the peasants of the Tyrol, writes the following:

'The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and of flutes under the window, and hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruits, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned. "Is there a bride in the house?" I asked of my landlord. "O no," he said. "We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is grandmother's birthday."

'The grandmother, in her spectacles, and white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each one who came.'—'The New World.'

Living Within One's Income.

'Father, will you please lend me a dollar?'

'Yes, Carl. But, my son, this is the second this month. Is not your allowance large enough? I will increase it willingly, but I want you to learn to live within your means.'

'I know, father, and I do try. As you know, I never borrow of anyone else.'

'That is right, my boy. Always come to me if you want money. You do manage well, and I trust you perfectly, so if you need more each month we will see to it.'

'It would be fine to have more, but I do not need it. I spend too much the first of the month on luxuries, and I find I need something for necessities at the close. I do not run in debt, so what can I do but come to you to advance some on my next month's allowance?'

'You do just right about that. It is a great comfort to know that you run no bills and apply to no one else for assistance. Be careful not to overdraw, for you will get into bad habits which you cannot cure when you have money to control. Here is a little statement I found long ago:

'Incomes, \$1.00; expenses, 99c. Result: Riches, Affluence.

'Income, \$1.00; expenses, \$1.01. Result: Poverty, Bankruptcy.

'Sermon short for the text, but strong and to the point.'

Mr. Cameron was called away. Carl stood studying the slip of paper. When he turned away, he had decided to discipline himself so that he might prove more worthy of the larger means that would one day be his, by being faithful in the management of his small income now.—Source Unknown.

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWS.

As the honest efforts of poor Daph were crowned with success, she found herself abundantly able to provide for the physical wants of her master's children. The years of toil had rolled quickly away. Charlie had passed his fourth birthday, and become a strong-willed, sturdy boy, while the slender figure of the fair Louise had grown and rounded, and the rose had learned to bloom on the cheek of Captain Jones's 'Waterlily.'

Daph looked at her little ones with affectionate pride, and watched over them with the most tender care. She encouraged them to play in the small garden in the rear of their humble home, but in the street they were never seen. The garments she fashioned for them were neat and tidy, and the snowy aprons they always wore were monuments of her skill as a laundress; but she was conscious of a something in their external appearance which was not as it should be. About the manners of her charge Daph was still more troubled. 'Why you eat so, Miss Lou?' she would sometimes say. 'How shall I eat, Daffy?' the child would reply. 'Well, I jus' don't know,' poor Daph would answer, 'but dere's somewhat 'bout de way you children do be, at de table, dat Daph don't jus' know how to 'spress it.'

More serious troubles than these by degrees came upon Daph, in her management. Charlie, though an affectionate, generous child, was hot-tempered and wilful, and when he resisted Daph's authority, or raised his little hand to give an angry blow, the poor creature knew not what to do. In these scenes she generally triumphed, by the look of real distress which clouded her usually pleasant face, and brought Charlie, repentant, to her arms.

With Louise, Daph had another difficulty. The child was usually gentle and submissive, but she seemed to pique for other companions, and a home different from that which Daph was able to provide for her.

The early lessons of piety which Louise had learned at her mother's knee had faded from her mind. Daph could remind the little girl to say her simple prayer at morning and evening, but she could not talk to her of the loving Saviour or recount the wonders of the Gospel she had never read.

The little book with the golden clasps, Daph had cherished with the utmost care. She knew it contained the secret which could bring peace and order to her little home, but its treasures she, in her ignorance, could not unlock.

Once she had ventured to ask Mrs. Ray to read a little to her from it, but she met with a short negative, and a cold, averted look.

Mary was almost as ignorant of letters as Daph herself. So the poor negress kept the precious book unopened, and awaited God's time for leading her from darkness into light.

That the children of her dear mistress would be allowed to grow up ignorant of the knowledge that belonged to their sta-