

cary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with," said he, "but I can do without them for a while." "Oh, no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these we should get on nicely." The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The 'Children's Own.'

Do the Hard Things First.

Suspended above the desk in a Pittsburg bank president's office is this motto: 'Do the hard things first.' Ten years ago he was discount clerk in the same bank.

"How did you climb so fast?" I asked.

"I lived up to that text," he replied.

"There is not much else to tell. I had long been conscious that I was not getting on as fast as I should. I was not keeping up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt increasing incapability for my work. One morning I woke up I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar.

"Suddenly the thought came to me, 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean, annoying little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise.' I threw off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half as hard as I expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it, 'Do the hard things first,' and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard things first ever since.'—Brooklyn 'Central.'

A Modern William the Conqueror.

"I hate this old grammar!" The book was really quite new and respectable. The Latin language of which it treated was old enough to be called one of the 'dead languages,' perhaps, but the very newest methods of study were in the book that the young student called 'old.' I wonder why young folks call things 'old' when they wish to be particularly spiteful? I never could imagine or find out.

The boy that hated the 'old grammar' had so little regard for the new book that he threw it down in a sort of rage because the lesson was so hard, and he did not feel like studying.

Presently a young brother came in with a ball that did not belong to him, but which he had taken quite innocently, feeling that he was surely welcome to it. The young student in the library pounced at once upon his property, snatching it rudely with unkind words from his little brother, who was angry in turn, and struck out with his fist in a savage manner. Father, in a hidden alcove, thought it time to interfere now, and said some grave words which made the older boy feel sorry and ashamed. He did not mean to allow his fiery temper to get the better of him, but he

was so 'quick,' he said. What he meant was, 'quick to be angry—to let go all control.

In the evening the study was history. The young student liked that. He never spoke about 'that old history.' The topic of the coming lesson had to do with William the Conqueror. 'I tell you, he was grand!' exclaimed the young student. 'I like him no end.'

'It is a pity not to have a successor of that king here and now,' said his father, significantly. 'I know a William not far away who has about as much to conquer, according to his position, as the old king, if he only chooses to 'rule his own spirit.'"

'It would be harder for this William,' said the boy, coloring.

'Hard things are not impossible, if they are right. It is a pity to have all the conquerors belong to past history when we need them now.'—'Boys and Girls.'

The Ideal Guest.

Under the head of the Ideal Guest Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper, the former president of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, recently, at a woman's conference, gave an inimitable account of a certain house party of college boys and girls at a house of her acquaintance.

'At a certain beautiful country home,' she said, 'there were nine young people in the house, five boys and four girls, two of the girls and one of the boys being children of the house. All the girls were Radcliffe girls, and all the boys college boys except one, who was in business in New York. The son of the house had invited the boys, in an offhand way, under the impression that they were to come successively. As it happened, they all turned up at the same time, and an excellent opportunity was afforded to study the college boy on his travels.

'The first one, a Cornell student, arrived without a word of warning. The son had driven to the village, some miles distant, for the mail. At the office he found a postal card, without date or signature, saying, "Will be in on the 6.15 train." He didn't know which of his friends it was, but he surmised that someone was to be met at that train. So he waited and met him. Meanwhile supper waited for him at home. Everybody got hungry, and the maids were very much inconvenienced, but, expecting him every moment, they put off the meal. When the two boys finally drove in, the guest was shown to his room, and a gentle hint was given him that it was very late—the supper had already waited nearly an hour—and that they would be very glad if he would come as quickly as possible.

He did not come down for an unconscionably long time—not, in fact, until every one in the house were nearly starved, and the maids were in that state of mind dreaded by every housewife. Afterward it was found that Cornell had brought twenty photographs of one young woman with him, and that he had been employing the time in arranging them to his satisfaction.

'The Yale boy arrived in exactly the same fashion. The son drove to town another evening, did not return, and the father said: "We'd better eat on time; probably he will bring back another boy with him." He spoke in joke, but it proved the exact truth. Yale had also sent a postcard to announce his arrival by the 6.15 train. When he came in he had nothing with him. His trunk was lost, and he had to dress for his first appearance in the son's clothes. He stopped to make an elaborate toilet, which also made his first meal in the house very late, and caused more righteous indignation in the bosoms of the maids.

'When his trunk finally arrived he went to the lady of the house and asked if he could get some washing done. He was "strapped," he said—so much in need of clean clothes that he could not wait for the laundry.

'He was entirely unconscious that his tennis suit was of fine white flannel, over which any ordinary laundress would come to grief, and that the mistress of the house washed it herself. So unconscious was he of what he had asked that he came back in two hours to ask if it were ready for him. And yet he was one of the sweetest, politest boys in the world—one of the kind that would never sit down when a woman was standing. But when it came to anything practical he seemed to have no conception of the trouble he

was giving. And yet he had been in Yale College two years.

'Now the third man arrived upon the scene—the young fellow who had been for two or three years in New York. But before he came arrived a letter. The letter stated that his vacation had been granted him unexpectedly, and that he would take advantage of his invitation now, if it were perfectly convenient to the mistress of the house. He enclosed 25 cents for a telegram, and said that he would not start unless he received a message stating that it was convenient to have him at this time.

'The telegram was sent, he was expected, and no trouble was caused by his arrival. He was ready for supper five minutes after he got inside the house. He had all his impediments in hand, not a garment had to be borrowed or washed.

'The rooms of these three men throughout the visit presented an instructive contrast. Yale never hung up anything, even upon a chair. The floor was good enough for him, upon any and all occasions. It was physically impossible to keep his room in order. Half an hour after it was arranged it was again a scene of frightful disorder. As for Cornell, there was one shade less disorder in his room, that was all. But as for the business boy, the only signs that his room had been occupied were the unavoidable ones of the bed and the washstand. Not a garment of his had to be picked up during his stay.

'The Yale boy's departure was as interesting as his arrival. He set the date three times, and each time postponed it because of fresh invitations for social functions. Of course he was welcome to stay. He was an old friend of the family, every one liked him, means were ample. But an expected departure, put off three times, is bound to inconvenience household arrangements. The night before he left the young people came home at 12 o'clock from a party. At that hour of the night his trunk was brought in from the barn, and he began to pack for his departure the next morning. The first thing he discovered was that he had lost his keys. They were not to be found, so all the dress suit cases of the family were pressed into service and packed with his clothes. When he finally drove off next morning, accompanied by an empty trunk, the family suit cases and his bunch of gold sticks, he managed to forget his umbrella, so that the only thing he brought with him he left behind.

'And,' said Mrs. Hooper, 'although he was a delightful, popular boy, whom no one could help liking, the household heaved a sigh of relief when he was really gone.

'Cornell got away in much the same manner, though with a shade more dignity. The three visiting girls announced that, not to follow the example of their Yale friend, they were going to pack. So they packed industriously all one afternoon; and yet for days after shoes, fans, portions of bathing suits and so on kept turning up to remind the family of the departed ones.

'But no one knew when the young business man packed. He departed at the moment when he said he would; he left nothing behind him. He was the ideal guest. Perhaps he was not born. Perhaps he was only made by a few years in the big world of business. At any rate his visit was pronounced as an unalloyed pleasure, with no deprecatory "ifs" or "buts."

'And yet I do think that reasonable latitude should be given guests. When a too rigid conformance to the rules of the household is demanded a visit is apt to assume the aspect of a sojourn in prison. I had an aunt once upon a time who was so particular that every one should come down to meals the moment the bell rang that I always went to sleep in terror that I would not wake in time for breakfast. The moral responsibility of being at meals on time weighed heavily on that household; and although she was the soul of hospitality, and loved to entertain, visits to her house came to be dreaded.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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