too. And how was it? Did the son shew that he deserved the help?"

My acquaintance looked away from me at the rich country through which we were passing. Then he said:

"Sam Blake was a good natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his first college year taken from his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. The Rev. Mr. Blake bought a new coat and Sam entered Harvard that fall; and here matters stopped for a while.

"A freshman has a good deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term was the great difference there is between Harvard and a little village like Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time.

"Here he had Society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own, with a chum, where a good deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base ball, into which it appeared indispensable for the honour of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind and ground batting.

"He could not refuse to go to the theatre occasionally, with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest in the society of young ladies, too, and had given up some time to its cultivation. He also thought a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable, to prevent his health breaking down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college course was not very extensive.

"This didn't seem to have any very bad effect until well along in the winter when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong, without noticing it, that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation room. Gymnasium, theatre, billiards, smoking—and I am afraid I must say a little drinking—frittered away his time.

"One horribly snowy, sleety morning, when he had got up too late for prayers the postman brought him a note from the faculty—an 'admonition.'

"He dropped the pipe he was just lighting, and bolted off to recitation. But he 'deaded' immediately and that discouraged him.

"He soon began to make light of the warning, and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeeze through the examination at the end of the freshman year, he came out far down towards the foot of his class

"He wasn't quite contented with himself, and thought he'd try to do better the next year. But during the journey home he recovered his usual spirits.

"When he walked up the village towards the parsonage farm, he was thinking that—since he was a sophomore now—he would buy the knottiest and biggest headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first sight that met him at home?

"It was his father out in the field, digging for new potatoes, his coat off and his spectacled face perspiring!

"The sight struck shame into the boy. He vaulted the fence, and running up with hardly a pause for greeting, cried,

"'Oh, father, let me do that! I don't like to see you at such work.'

"Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him.

"'Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a "how-do-you-do?" as you could have offered me. There's something right about you after all.'

"It hadn't occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He blushed as he asked:

"'Where's the hired man?'

"'I've discharged him. I can't afford one at present, my son,' was the answer.

"Sam was rather puzzled and began to reflect.

"They went into the house, and there when the minister reappeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he wore the old shabby, shiny coat. At this he was more than ever astonished.

"The supper, also, notwithstanding that it was the first night of the prodigal's return, was very meagre. Not a single luxury was on the table, and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar nor butter. His own appetite began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin, as well as sad. Suddenly he laid down his knife and exclaimed to his sister Kitty:

"'Sis, what does all this mean?—this going without the hired man, and starving ourselves?'

"His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother, and made no answer.

"'I thought,' said Sam, petulantly, 'that Williston's money was going to make it easy for you, father; and here pinching is going on five times worse than ever.'

"'I don't own my friend Williston's money,' said the minister, quietly.

"'Of course not. But the five hundred dol'—Sam stopped suddenly on an entreating gesture from his sister.

"The subject was not resumed. But before he went to bed Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He felt secretly that he was responsible for the depression and trouble which seemed to fill the household, but that only made him speak more impetuously. 'Now, sis,' he began, 'can I get two words of sense out of you?'

"'Not until you ask politely,' she replied.

"'Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is.'

"'It oughtn't to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at college. Papa is terribly disappointed.'

"'I don't see why he should commit suicide, if he is,' Sam retorted. 'I haven't cost him much this year.'

"'Oh, yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold the new coat?'

"'Why?' Sam frowned.

"'Because he'd been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wasting your time.'

"'What for?' asked Sam, though he began to suspect.

"Well, he—how should I know?—Don't you see? He's afraid to have that money from his old classmate, and he's nearly saved enough, and he's going to pay it all back There, I was to keep it secret and now I have told you! and his sister burst into tears. You've nearly broken his heart Sam—poor papa.'

"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon.

"Coming back, he overtook his father coming from the post office.

"'I know all about it!' he exclaimed, in his excitement. 'Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held on to the new coat a while.'

"'Why?' asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably.

"'Because," said Sam, 'I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off to-day and hired out for the season to Farmer Hedgebutton. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, father?'

"'You are too late,' was the minister's answer. 'I've just mailed the letter to him.'

"In fact, next day the kind merchant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words:

"'DEAR WILLISTON:—My boy—it almost breaks my heart to say so—has not proved worthy of your generosity. I have decided to return the sum which you sent me for him last year, and you will find a draft enclosed for that amount.

'BLAKE.'"

Here I interrupted the narrator

"Doesn't this story prove what I said in the beginning?" I asked.

"No; for that isn't the end of it. Sam went down to Boston in the autumn with a few dollars of earnings in his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston for a clerkship.

"He told him:

"'I proved myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to shew myself worthy.'

"Williston gave him a position, and he worked there two years. Then an opportunity offered to go West and take a partnership in—what do you think? The clothing business! Sam jumped at it; and you may believe he sent his father, next Christmas, the finest coat that concern could produce.

"I am a well-to-do man now, sir, continued my acquaintance, suddenly speaking in the first person, and when we get to Chicago, if you will come to my establishment, I will shew you my father's (the minister's) old shiny coat, which I preserve because it was the beginning of my fortune and made a man of me."

"Then," I exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "it is you yourself you have been talking about all this time! You are"—

"Sam," concluded my new friend, nodding and smiling. —*George P. Lothrope, in Youth's Companion.*

## *SELFISHNESS AND RUDENESS AT THE TABLE.*

Among the small things which, if unchecked, would prove life-long annoyances, none are more conspicuous or more disagreeable than the rude, boorish, selfish habits so frequently developed in the conduct of children at the table. Here, as in all that is connected with the early training and education of children, parents should realize that they will be held accountable in a large measure if those committed to their care and guidance grow up with careless and reprehensible table manners.

If parents commence in season it is not hard to teach any child old enough to be brought to the table (and that should be as soon as they can be taught to feed themselves, if only with a spoon, we think), to be quiet, and wait patiently until the older ones are served, instead of allowing the child to call for its portion the moment it is seated, and, if delayed, *demand* something vociferously, emphasizing its wishes with loud screams and violent blows on the table and dishes. If this mode of gaining its own way is attempted, and the parent removes the little tyrant from the table for a short season of private admonition, the discipline will be found efficacious, and will not require repeating often. Of course, this will interrupt for a few moments the pleasant harmony which should be the crowning pleasure of each meal, but it will not recur often, and is a small price to pay for the comfort and honour of having our children become well-mannered, pleasant table companions.

Neither would we advocate bringing very young children to the table when one has company. That would not be courteous or respectful to guests. But when only the family are present we think the earlier children are taught to sit at the table with parents, brothers and sisters, and behave properly, the more surely will [illegible]y secure good, refined table manners.

It is not difficult to teach a very young child to make its wants quietly known to the proper person and at the proper time. But what can be more uncomfortable and annoying than to sit at a table where the children, from the oldest to the youngest, are the dominant power, never waiting patiently for their turn to be helped, but calling loudly for whatever they desire; impatient if it is not brought to them on the instant? If attention is not given as soon as the words are out of his mouth, how unpleasant to see a child standing on the rounds of the chair, or reaching over other plates to help himself to whatever he desires! Parents can, with very little trouble to themselves, save their guests from witnessing such rudeness if they begin when every habit is yet unformed.

As soon as a child can speak he can be taught to ask for what he needs in a gentle, respectful manner, when requiring service of the nurses, or the waiter, as well as of his parents and superiors "Please push my chair up closer." "Please give me some water." "Please pass the bread." And when the request is complied with, accept it and say, "Thank you." What hardship is there in requiring this from children just beginning to talk as well as from older lads and lasses? It will require but a very few repetitions of the lesson for the youngest to understand that it is the only way by which their wishes will be complied with; and it is surprising to see how soon this mode of calling attention to their wants becomes as easy and natural as breathing. Parents are culpable who do not give their children the advantage of such instruction and enforce it until they have no idea of asking in any other way.

And yet how many give no heed to this duty. How many hear their young charges calling impatiently or arrogantly, "Give me the butter, Jane." "Pass the bread this way." "Can't you hear, Jane? I've told you two or three times to give me some water." Or some may soften their imperious demands a little by saying, "I'll take the bread, please;" or "hand me the salt, Jane, please;" but the "please" is too far off to be very pleasant. It seems an after-thought.

Whispering, loud talking, abrupt calls for any article on the table, beginning to eat or calling to be helped the moment seated, before the oldest are served, is, in the highest degree, rude and vulgar, yet by far too common. Some natural feeling of restraint or diffidence may keep the young more quiet when at a friend's table, for part of the meal at least; but they can lay no claim to refinement or good manners if they use politeness only when among strangers—keep it laid away, like a new garment, to be put on occasionally, and to be thrown off as speedily as possible because not being in habitual use it becomes irksome.

Many other habits creep in and find permanent lodgment if the parents are not watchful of their children's behaviour at the table. Picking the teeth; handling the hair; carrying food to the mouth while leaning back in the chair; rocking, or tilting the chair back and forth while eating; filling the mouth too full; eating rapidly and with much noise from the lips; sitting with elbows on the table—all these, and a multitude equally vulgar, can be met by a careful mother's vigilance before they have time to take deep root, but if neglected will stamp a child with coarseness and vulgarity, no matter how exalted the station he was born into.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher.*

## *THE VALUE OF SUNLIGHT.*

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house, you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because gloom conceals it. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house; and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then, again, light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prison. It is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer: the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings. Once again, light—sunlight I mean—is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favours nutrition [illegible]nlight favours nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and other persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. Lately, by an architectural perversity which is simply astounding, it has become a fashion to build houses like those which were built for our ancestors, about two centuries ago, and which are called Queen Anne houses or mansions. Small windows, small panes, overhanging window-brows, sharp, long roofs, enclosing attics with small windows—these are the residences to which I refer—dull, red, dark, and gloomy. I am told that their excellence lies in their artistic beauty, to which many advantages that we sanitarian artists wish for must necessarily be sacrificed. I would be the last to oppose either the cultivation of art in design or art in application, and I do not for one moment believe that such opposition is necessary. But these beetle-browed mansions are not so beautiful as health, and never can be. I am bound to protest against them on many sanitary grounds, and on none so much as on their interference with the work of the sun. They produce shade, and those who live in them live in shadow.—*Good Words.*

THE Gospel teaches a communism which is unselfish; it says, "All mine is thine." But the world's communism is the very opposite. It says, "stand and deliver. All thine is mine." And the difference is infinite.—*Doolittle.*