

The justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk, and quickly brought everybody to dead silence.

"You did perfectly right, my boy," said he gravely, "to come here and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen had as much regard for rights as you show, there would be far less crime. And you, sir," he added, turning to the big policeman, who now looked as solemn as a funeral, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for those marbles, or else arrest him and bring him here."

The little boy knew there was a difference between right and wrong. He did not scold, nor fight, nor swear, but asked for his rights. This judge knew what was right, too, and taught a good lesson to the bully who wronged the boy, and the policeman who laughed at him. — *Anon.*

MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY.

A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the 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; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered 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 David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told 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 on 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 lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.

It has been forcibly and truthfully said that "an unimproved hour is a jewel lost beyond recovery." In your days of preparation for manhood's responsibilities, how many such jewels do you propose to lose? — *Young Reaper.*

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A GOOD many years ago, a little girl of twelve years of age was passing an old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner a book to read, from her father's library. At last one day she was called to his deathbed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped 600 are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul. — *Parish Visitor.*

THE GIRL WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING.

NATURALLY, it isn't you or your friend; but you certainly know her, and just as certainly you dislike her. When you dislike people, there is one thing you should always do, and that is—look well at their faults, and make up your mind that you are not going to fall into them. This girl, who is quite too general to be pleasant, is the girl who, having learned something yesterday, knows everything. She makes herself obnoxious by flaunting recently acquired knowledge, concluding

always that the people who are quiet are ignorant; she has no hesitancy in contradicting anybody; she makes an entire luncheon disagreeable by giving her opinion on the last pronunciations, forgetting that custom makes many things correct of which the dictionary has no mention.

She is more than certain as to dates; she can tell you exactly what you ought to do, and she fails herself to see that she is a living example of how disagreeable one person can be. Young men dread her; old ones have the utmost contempt for her; she tosses her head, says she doesn't care for the opinion of men. Well, she is losing her womanliness when she feels that way. Every girl ought to care for the opinion of men. She has her father to look up to, her brothers to be an inspiration to, and some day, please God, she ought to marry one and make him happy for life. The girl who knows everything is seldom cultivated either in mind or manner; she throws out her bit of information as a naughty boy would throw bricks, and the one fired is always the one just gotten. My dear, don't get into the habit of concluding that the world at large is ignorant. Instead, make up your mind that it can teach you much; intelligence is never lost. Even if absolute information is not given by intelligent woman, the look of cultivation shows in her eyes. Contradiction and ignorance are the combination that forms the knowing girl, and, as you love everything good and good-mannered, beware of drifting into being this type of girl. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

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