

never know the difference after I have dragged it over once or twice.

At sowing time, instead of following instructions to fit the ground thoroughly, he did what he was obliged to, caring not what the harvest might be. He was always ready to find fault with his employer's manner of doing work to any who might be passing, and was quite particular about the kind of work he should do. . . . Is it any wonder he is to-day on the town—who began his early life in this manner?

It is the careful attention to little details that fits the young man to occupy positions of trust. Not unfrequently we hear young men complaining because nobody appreciates their abilities. They expect to step at once into a good position at full wages. Every young man may safely lay it down, as a rule, that if he faithfully performs the work at hand he will be appreciated, and higher positions will open before him; but if he wishes to look forward to years of poverty, let him find fault with his employer whenever his back is turned, slight work, and grumble at his wages.—'Christian Globe.'

The Unimportance of What we Got.

What a man has, never determines his happiness or enjoyment in life. Nor does it make him of any special value to any one else. It is hard to believe this when we are particularly longing for some possession that we lack,—but that is the time when we need to remember it. What we do, not what we get, is the test; and only our doing makes life worth while to ourselves or to others. 'So few things worth getting, such a host of things worth doing,' said a preacher recently; and the host of things worth doing are always at hand. Why should any of us be poor?—'Sunday School Times.'

What Boys Should Learn.

There are a great many things boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of great help to them oftentimes when they need help.

Among other things boys should learn, these may be named:

1. Not to tease boys and girls smaller than themselves.
2. Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.
3. To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.
4. To be as kind to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.
5. To make their friends among good boys.
6. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.
7. To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.
8. To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, gamble, or drink, remembering these things are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.—The 'Glenwood Boy.'

A Good Reputation to Have.

A young man was expecting daily to go away. His mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said, 'Did you pay that bill?'

'Yes!' he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time.

'I thought,' she said to her son, 'that you paid this.'

'I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so many things on my mind.'

'But you said you did.'

'Well,' he answered, 'if I said I did, I did!'

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

'I am quite sure,' she said, 'that my son paid this some time ago. He has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did.'

'Well,' said the man, 'I forgot about it; but if he ever said he did, he did.'

Surely that was a reputation worth having.—'Sunday School Messenger.'

In the Mine.

Many times it is not so easy to be brave and true as we think it will be. Joe Quinn was going to be a hero. His father had led more than one rescue party into the mines, and Joe planned to do the same. Now that at last he had reached what he had longed for all the years of a very short life—a miner's lamp in his hat and a job at tending door in the Corsico mine—he was eager for his chance to come.

He thrilled with delight when he was left alone at his post to open the heavy wooden door for the cars and men as they came along the gangway and close it after them. He was part of it—this great, awful, strange life underground. Here he would stand at his post when some great accident came. The terrible blast would blow out his light like this—and Joe put out his lamp and tried to think just how he would feel, brave and strong, and how he would rush down the gangways and warn man after man of the coming danger, or drag a number of half-dead men up the long slope to the shaft.

It was black in the mine, but Joe was not afraid, so he knew that he would do all the things he had planned to do in the face of danger.

While he planned heroic deeds, he saw far up in the gangway two lights coming. In the silence of the mine he heard the talk of the men who wore the lamps. They were grumbling at the order which forbade any but safety lamps to be used in the mine.

'Howlan is an old fogey, afraid of a bit of gas! What if it does blow off once in a while? I'm not going to work in the dark with a safety, I'll work with a good naked lamp, if the whole mine blows up for it!'

Then the voices hushed and the men passed through Joe's door.

Joe knew just what he meant to do to rescue the men when an accident came, but this was not so easy. His orders had been to report any man going through his door with a naked lamp. But here were men who intended to provide themselves with naked lights when they should reach their place of work. To save the mine from accident it was his duty to report these men, for he knew how rigid was the order against naked lamps. But to tell! It was a child's trick, while he was almost a man. The idea! What would folks think if they found out?

There in the darkness Joe Quinn, the prospective hero, had it out with himself.

'Joe, you must tell!'

'I will not! I will not!'

'There may be an accident.'

'It'll not hurt you. They work in the farthest chamber of the mine, and it'll be their own fault.'

'It will be your fault, too, if there is an accident.'

'But I hate a fellow to trot to the boss with every little tale.'

'You simply must tell, Joe Quinn.'

'The men will be down on you if you do.'

'You need not care. You must do right.'

'The men may never use the naked lights, and the boss will think you're not telling the truth.'

'Joe, you'll have to do your duty whether you like it or not, no matter what the men think, tattle or no tattle. Now, mind you.'

The next day two men were refused permission to enter the mine, while Joe went to his work a little sore at heart for having to tell, never knowing that by his decision he had really made himself Joe Quinn, hero.—'Sunday School Visitor.'

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibility or my gifts.—Ruskin.

In an Oakum Wash.

(Albert W. Tolman, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

(Concluded.)

'Something struck violently against my head. It was my wooden bar, which had fallen into the wash with me, and was being carried round beneath the paddle-wheel by the current. How many times it had passed before without touching me I did not know. If I could only grasp it and brace it in some way across the narrow channel!'

'But I soon gave up the idea. If I let go with one hand I was doomed, for the torrent would whirl me away instantly.'

'Now a new and terrible danger threatened me. Even since my fall I had felt the hemp brushing softly beneath my body as the hot fluid swept it along. As my arms became wearied my shoulders sank lower, and the mass of fibre began gradually to collect round them.'

'The weight of my own water-soaked clothing was already considerable. This slowly increasing burden would soon be more than I could bear.'

'Two hundred pounds of dry material had been thrown into the wash, and I knew that it would absorb an amount of water at least equal to its own weight.'

'The entire mass, driven round and round by the force of the current, would in a short time dam up against my body, pressing against me pitilessly with greater and greater force, until it tore my hold away. Then a horrible death would be a matter of seconds only.'

'It was now simply a question of how long I could hold on. The torrent dashed against me, remorselessly, insistently, never any faster, never any slower. Deeper and deeper sank my shoulders.'

'The hot, nauseous flood ran into my ears and bubbled about my cheeks. The clinging hemp festooned itself round my neck, and strove to force my face beneath the surface. Once my head sank for a moment, and the water ran into my eyes and trickled about my nostrils and lips. I emerged, choking, strangling.'

'Above the rush of the torrent, faint, and far off, piercing the sudden mass that muffled my ears, came the sound of a whistle. Some one was entering the mill. Beneath my fingers where they gripped the edge of the trap I could just feel the vibration of footsteps.'

'Then the whistling suddenly stopped. There was a shout, a hurried running, and two strong hands gripped my wrists. Help had come not a moment too soon.'

'More shouting, more running. Then another pair of hands on my wrists, and I was saved. Two of the men had returned from the field in the nick of time. They drew me out and laid me, faint, dripping and speechless, on the floor.'

'The first man who came in had seen the tips of my fingers clinging to the edge of the opening. Nothing else was visible, but he grasped the situation at once, and acting promptly, thereby saved my life. I could have held on only a very few seconds longer.'

'I lay for some time, feeling sick and weak. Finally I mustered strength enough to stagger to my feet, and one of my friends went home with me.'

'The last sound I heard as I passed through the door was the twittering of that pair of sparrows, still berating each other furiously on the beam over the wash. My adventure must have occupied several minutes, and they apparently kept at it without interruption during that time. The difference between them must have been a serious one. It came near being a fatal one for me.'

'The next morning found me at my post again. I have taken good care never to risk a similar experience since. Even now, whenever I have the nightmare, it always takes one form. I imagine myself in this wash, holding on until my fingers give way and I am drawn round under the wheel. Then I wake up.'

What have you done to-day that nobody but a Christian would do?—Maltbie D. Babcock.