



RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

During the past fortnight all Canadians, young and old, have had their minds taken up with one subject more than any other—the loss which Canada has sustained by the death of her Prime Minister, the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald. And Young Canadians are very apt to ask why it is, that this man should be so much thought of, and his death should be so much spoken of as a loss to our country.

Well, there are many answers which may be given to this natural question of the Young Canadian, for different people were attracted to our late Prime Minister for different reasons. For instance, many loved him because of his winning ways. Those who came to know him well say that his manners were so kindly, that he seemed at once to become a warm-hearted friend, and even when people quarrelled with him, he was always very ready to forget their quarrels, and to treat them as pleasantly as if nothing had ever happened to spoil their friendship. Now, the longer you live the more you will find that these little kindnesses of manner make up a great deal of the goodness and happiness of our lives; and therefore we may well love those who do so much to promote our well-being.

Many, again, even of those who were not his personal friends were attached to Sir John Macdonald because their opinions agreed with his. Now, we are not going to discuss whether his opinions were right or wrong; but even if people did not agree with him about what was best for the country, they all admit that, when he made up his mind as to what was best to be done, he worked hard to do it well. Now, here again it is important for Young Canadians to bear in mind, that often all the difference between a good and bad man is to be found in the fact, that the one works hard to do well whatever task he is called to perform, while the other is a worthless idler who throws upon others the burden of doing the work which he should have done himself, or of repairing the mischief arising from his idleness. The best of men, as even young people soon find out, make mistakes in trying to find out what it is best for them to do; but if we do well whatever seems to us to be best, we shall assuredly never lose our reward.

The fact, that Sir John Macdonald toiled hard to do well the work which had been given him to do, leads us also to think about the nature of that work; and this furnishes another reason of the admiration entertained for him by many. The work, in which his life was spent, was essentially a service of others rather than of

himself. Everybody allows, that, if he had devoted his great abilities to some private business of his own, such as the profession of law to which he was brought up, he could certainly have made himself a rich man—at least a very much richer man than he was. It is not always easy—it is often very difficult—to get men of ability to devote themselves to the business of the public, because such men know that they can make far more wealth by giving their time to their own private occupations; and therefore we have the more reason to be grateful to those who sacrifice the desire of riches for themselves in order to promote the general interests of the whole nation. The young Canadian should never forget, that true goodness and true greatness are to be attained only by ceasing to live solely for our own petty gratifications, and spending our lives in the service of our fellowmen.

Montreal is 900 miles from the ocean. The trip before getting out to, and after coming in from, the ocean, is one of the finest in the world. Ocean steamers come up the whole way.

### GOT HIS FEE.

A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifle made her uneasy, and the doctor was called immediately. The doctor was a skilful man, and, consequently, had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said—"You did well to send for me early." The lady looked alarmed, and asked—"Is it dangerous, then?" "Certainly not," replied the doctor, "to-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

### ROUSING FIREMEN FROM SLEEP.

When a man first joins the brigade he is wakeful and nervous, but a few weeks' acquaintance with the method of being awakened banishes all this, and no matter how tired or weary a fireman may be when he retires, or how soundly he sleeps, he is wide-awake at the first tap of the bell.

Long service in the brigade makes this method of being awakened so habitual that the sound of even the bell of an alarm clock will waken the fire laddie when he could not be aroused by calling or tugging at him.

I was in the department nearly a month before I got my first holiday, and I remember that when I went home and fell asleep my folks tried to awake me at midnight to go to work. They tugged and pulled at me, but I did not awaken.

They became alarmed and called in a neighbour, who was also a member of the brigade. He saw at once what was the matter, and brought in a dishpan to my bedside and hammered on it with a stick. I was up at the first stroke, and threw my arms round him, thinking he was the pole by which we slide down from our sleeping quarters to the engine.

It caused a great laugh, of course, but fully illustrated the force of habit.—*No. 5 Station.*