

will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

A few hundred yards east of Jerusalem, and separated from it by the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the brook Kidron, rises Mount Olivet, a ridge 2,786 feet above the level of the sea, 453 feet above the valley, and 190 feet higher than the most elevated part of the city. It has three summits, from the central one of which tradition reports the ascension of Christ to have taken place. Over this hill also the Saviour often passed on His way to Bethany, and hither He often retired to rest and pray. Here He delivered some of His parables, and here, in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the declivity near the foot of the hill, He passed the early part of the night on which He was betrayed.

"Honour thy Father and thy Mother."

THE South Sea Islanders pray, "Let not the good words we have this day heard be like the fine clothes we have been wearing, soon to be taken off, folded up, and hidden in a box until another Sabbath comes round. Rather let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

SPARE MOMENTS.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr. —," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like."

"Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile the principal put aside the volume that he was studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer.

Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well. Where, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. A few years later he became known all the world over as the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller! What account can you give of *your* spare moments?

A FEW weeks ago a chief called at the mission house in Liberia, asking for a teacher to come to his town, and instruct his people. He has a house ready for the teacher. His petition was very touching—"We be all night; we no light; we be getting old; we be no wanting our children to grow up in dark night like we; we want them learn good book. God palaver; we be so glad some one teach them."

