

A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT.

There is one passage in Hugh Miller's Autobiography, "My Schools and my Schoolmasters, where, with all his manliness, he gives way to a little pity for himself. His school boy days had been days of some work but much play—stirring, roving days, full of fun and frolic, and interspersed with grand expeditions, and hair breadth escapes by sea and land, with like-minded comrades. But the comrades dispersed, the school-boy era came to an end, and a very different era—the era of hard work for a bare livelihood—came in sight; and the poor boy was sorry for himself. "I found myself standing face to face with a life of hard labor and restraint. The prospect appeared dreary in the extreme. The necessity of ever toiling from morning to night, and from one week's end to another, and all for a little coarse food and homely raiment, seemed to be a dire one, and fain would I have avoided it. But there was no escape, and so I determined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could afterwards look back on this dire necessity as a great boon and give his benediction to honest, homely labor, with her horny hands and hard conditions, for in her school he had learned some of the most useful lessons of his life.

It was the same with David Livingstone. The woods of Blantyre were charming scenes for a young explorer, and every plant and every animal, great and small, had an interest for a born scientist. The pools of Clyde had their treasures, which it was fine sport to throw out with the rod on the grass—all the more if the catch of trout should be varied by an occasional salmon. But there came a Monday morning (and he was but a child of ten) when he must turn out at six o'clock to the spinning mill and toil there till eight at night, amid deafening noise and monotonous sights, with but short intervals for breakfast and dinner. But, however hard it was felt at the time, this necessity was welcomed and blessed by Livingstone, too, in future life. Speaking to the people of Blantyre, after he had become famous, he told them that if he had the choice of a way of beginning life, he would choose the same hard lot through which he had actually passed. It had furnished a most valuable training both for mind and body, and had prepared him for his work in Africa; for he would not have shown the same power of enduring hardship, the same patience and perseverance in conquering the Ikskome, if he had not gone through that long, hard apprenticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases; but they are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is Ikskome may be fought in youth, and what precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately instances of the contrary are but too common. Of all the causes that give rise to useless trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is impatience of Ikskome labor in youthful days. No greater curse could well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular protracted labor, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence. What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here!—Professor Blackie, in Cassell's Magazine.

Out of the soil in which deciduous leaves are buried, the young tree shoots vigorously, and strikes its roots deep down into the realms of decay and death. Upon the life of the vegetable world the myriad forms of higher life sustain themselves—still the same law, the sacrifice of life for life.—F. W. Robertson.

There is need of prayer similar to that made by an old colored woman who, praying for one who had been guilty of slander, said: "O Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again, just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?" Amen.

HOLDING HIS PLACE.

He was a very handsome black and white cat, and also endowed with more than ordinary intelligence. He was, withal, a great pet in the family and was indulged in many of his feline ways without any remonstrances, until he considered his privileges equal to the other members of the household; but one day there came a radical change, not understood by him. He could not see why a crying baby like little Herbert should usurp his place in the affections of his friends enough to forever be in their laps and cuddled and talked to and even given a goodly share of his own sweet milk.

Wasn't he there first? and had he not been there ever so long before baby Herbert came disturbing their slumbers and causing them all to be forgetful and indifferent to his needs, especially in the morning, when he felt cold and hungry.

One morning in January, when his mistress, rising late and with tired nerves, was hurrying to prepare breakfast, her deserted pet came purring and rubbing against her dress, asking in his gentle way that he might receive some notice, but, impatient that he should demand so much before she herself had breakfasted, she quietly opened the door and ushered him into the unwelcome atmosphere outside.

Poor Shy wandered about for a while, faintly lifting his feet from the new fallen snow and seemingly debating what to do, finally decided upon a wise plan as it happened.

Mr. H. as a busy man, accustomed to receiving callers at any hour of the day, was not particularly surprised to hear the ring of the front door bell before he was quite ready to receive. Hastily dressing and taking a little extra pains with his toilet, he came down to open the door for his guest. When after a moment's hesitation, Mr. Shy demurely entered, apparently expecting a welcome from his master, and walking toward him jumped upon his shoulder, as if to thank him for so cordial a reception, and then proceeded to the dining room. His mistress, quite astonished to learn who was the dignified morning caller, and feeling in a somewhat calmer mood, hastened to bring the nicely prepared meal for the belated ones, not forgetting the dish of warm milk for Shy, who by asserting his rights in his own house, never again lacked for proper attention at the proper time.

PAPA'S MISTAKE.

Papa distinctly said the other day,
That in the night, when I'm asleep
so sound,
The earth kept turning over all the
time,
And every morning it's been half-
way round.

I thought how grand to see this big,
round world
Go turning past this window in the
hall,
And here I'm up at four o'clock to
watch,
And there is nothing going by at all!

I thought that deserts, palm trees and
giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I
came;
And now, instead of all those lovely
things,
Here's this old yellow rose bush just
the same!

Let us have faith that right makes
might, and in that faith let us, to the
end, dare to do our duty as we under-
stand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Certainly in taking revenge, a man is
but even with his enemy, but in pass-
ing it over he is superior, for it is a
prince's part to pardon.—Bacon.

"There are three kinds of people in
the world, the wills, the won'ts and the
can'ts. The first accomplish every-
thing, the second oppose everything,
and the third fail in everything."

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

Most of the troubles that af-
fect little ones may be traced
to the stomach and bowels, and
if these are put right the child
will get well and thrive well.
Baby's Own Tablets cure all
stomach and bowel troubles and
all the other minor ailments of
babyhood and childhood. The
Tablets are easy to take and
are guaranteed free from opi-
ates. Mrs. H. Matthews, Can-
field, Ont., says:—"I have used
Baby's Own Tablets for my lit-
tle girl who had a weak stom-
ach and was badly constipated.
The Tablets cured her of both
troubles, and I really feel as if
they had saved her life." Sold
by medicine dealers or by mail
at 25 cents a box from The Dr.
Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-
ville, Ont.

IN CLOVER.

"Oh!" said Jamie, one day, "I wish I
was a little bird or a bee!"

How mama laughed! "Why do you
wish that?" she said. "Do you want
to fly to the top of a tree?"

"No, but I was just thinking how
good it would feel to live in clover all
the time."

It was June, and Jamie was in the
country. He was enjoying it and felt
as if he just could not get enough of
it.

All around him were acres and acres
of clover, and the air was sweet with
the perfume of many blossoms.

Hundreds of bees, and butterflies
were flying here and there, sipping the
sweet white and red blossoms. And
Jamie, too, enjoyed drawing the sweet
from the little tubes. But he was al-
ways very careful not to interfere with
the flower the bees had selected.

Every morning Jamie went to the
field and brought a nice basketful of
the clover, with the dew on it, for
Bunny Wee, going again late in the
afternoon to get it fresh for his sup-
per.

Bunnies are all very fond of clover,
ponies, too. Prince was—Jamie said
when he went to the stable and asked
him if he wanted some clover, Prince
just "sniggered and laughed," he was
so happy.

And Jamie felt very happy, too, as
Prince cantered off with him on his
back to the clover field.

Did you ever find a nicer place, chil-
dren, than a big clover field?

What good times!
Can you find any sweeter place to
play hide and seek?

By the way, did you ever look at
clover leaves after dark? The two side
leaves, which are its "hands," are fold-
ed together, while the third leaf leans
over and clasps them.

Some one said, "The clover was
asleep and had folded its hand to say
its prayers."

Clovers usually have three leaves.
But when you find four leaves in a
cluster, it is said to bring "good luck."

When you hear people say "they are
living in clover," that means they are
having a splendid time.

And Jamie certainly "lived in clover"
all that summer, for he had the most
splendid vacation he had ever had.

Life, like the waters of the sea,
freshens only when it ascends towards
heaven.—Richter.

There is nothing so strong or safe in
an emergency of life as the simple
truth.—Dickens.

I have discovered the philosopher's
stone that turns everything into gold.
It is—"Pay as you go!"—John Ran-
dolph.

A cottage will not hold the bulky
furniture and sumptuous accommoda-
tion of a mansion; but if God be there,
the cottage will hold as much happiness
as might stock a palace.—James Ham-
ilton.