

## ON TIME.

A business man advertised for a boy. The place was a good one, and a large number of boys applied. Out of this number two were selected, whose references were good and whose appearances and manners were alike favorable. He hesitated between the two, and, after a private conversation between each one, told them to call the next morning at nine o'clock, when the decision would be made.

The gentleman sat in his office at nine o'clock. Promptly as the great clock outside sounded the hour one of the boys appeared. He was engaged, at once. Five minutes later the second boy came. "Just five minutes too late," said the gentleman. "I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you placed upon promptness. The boy who is on time is the boy for me."

Be prompt, boys. Time is money. Yes, your time is money. Do not fancy that your time is of little value, and so you can use it as you please. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.—*Advanee.*

## GIVE HIM A LIFT.

"I saw a beautiful sight the other day; indeed, I had a hand in making up the picture.

"A large black horse with a load of coal was struggling to land his load at the top of a sharp ascent. The pebbles were very slippery, and the noble beast could not get the foothold which he needed to bring the cart under way. A crowd of men soon collected, and stood watching the patient perplexity of the driver and the willingness of his splendid horse.

"One man ventured to jeer, and said, 'The beast could do it if he would.' Another man volunteered to take the lines, and assist the driver, but he would not give them up. A third one in the company cried, 'Ho, boys! Give him a lift!' Immediately every man, the minister with the rest, sprang to the cart. Some pushed and some pulled, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the horse and his load were at the top of the hill.

"How much better to give a lift where needed than to jeer or offer advice!"—*The Word and the Way.*

## BE SWEET-TONED.

The sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck, while the clanging gong cannot be so touched as not to respond with a jangle. There is the same difference in people.

From some you learn to expect always a snarl, or a whine, or a groan, while others give forth words of cheerfulness and joy. When the grace of God possesses mind and heart, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, a witness for charity and kindness and truth.—*Ex.*

## WHO WAS THE APRIL FOOL?

Elbert Horton was a bright, energetic boy of twelve, a leader in his classes, and an all round good fellow on the playground. He was pleasant and courteous at home, too, and polite to strangers; but he possessed one trait of character, or rather one bad habit which gave himself as well as others a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The truth is that, with all his good qualities, he could not be relied upon.

I do not mean by this that he was untruthful, in the common acceptance of the term, nor do I know that he was accustomed to exaggerating when relating a story, as so many young boys are; but, as one little boy said, he had a very good "forgettery," particularly when the thing to be remembered was of no special interest to himself.

One morning—it was on the first day of April ("fool's day")—his father gave him a letter to mail on his way to school, cautioning him, as usual, not to forget it. "It is very important," he explained, "and if it does not go into the morning mail it will cause me, as well as another person, a great disappointment."

Elbert said he would be sure to drop it into the post-office as he passed, but before he reached that point he was joined by several of his schoolboy friends, all intent upon having a good jolly time in playing April-fool tricks. He joined them and forgot all about the letter in his breast pocket until the school-bell rang.

"I'll put it in at recess," he said to himself, but he did not think of it again until the study bell rang again. "I'll mind it at noon; it would be of no use to mail it now,