

JOHN'S REFERENCES.

JOHN was fifteen years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well known lawyer who had advertised for a boy; but he had no reference. "I am afraid I will stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I'll try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways." Then he noted the new suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought; "he can speak up when necessary.—Let me see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very well; easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last. John's face fell. He began to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any," he said slowly; "I am almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusquerejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said with hesitation, "but here is a letter from mother I have just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I want to remind you that whenever you get work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up

your mind you will do as much as possible and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go! You have been a good son to me; be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm," said the lawyer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him six years, and was lately admitted as a law-agent.

"Do you intend to take the young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do; I could'n't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

ESKIMO BOYS.



HAT a disagreeable day it was! A little group of officers were standing on the deck of one of our men-of-war. We were muffled to our eyes in great coats and furs, and as the huge black ship forged her way through broad fields of ice we eagerly scanned the bleak, rocky shores for some sign of human life. By the charts we should have been in the vicinity of some Eskimo huts, but we could see nothing of the kind.

Suddenly, from out a wee bit of a bay, a little canoe was seen to dart, and in a short time it was alongside. A bowline was passed under each end, and occupant and all were hoisted on board. The chubby, merry-eyed little native went up to the bridge and piloted the ship to an anchorage.

Some of the officers went on shore to learn what they could of their lost comrades, Lieutenant-Commander De Long