

WHAT IS GAINED BY SWEARING.

Once upon a time, as ancient stories begin, I was crossing Somersetshire in a railway train, and joined three young men, who chose the end of the carriages, while the three elderly ladies enjoyed their chat at a little distance.

One of our number, about to emigrate, opened his schemes and projects, and soon there was a very animated and earnest conversation on the advantages and disadvantages of leaving "the old country" for a foreign land. At length our words grew few, for we were nearing the terminus, when one of the ladies said: "You have been calculating profits and losses in your new home; tell me what can a man get by swearing?"

He was fairly taken aback, as the sailors say, and looking appealingly round, said, "I didn't swear, did I; did I?"

She gently replied, "I heard an oath a while ago, and thought it came from you; you are not angry with me, I hope, for saying so."

He immediately thanked his monitors, saying, "'Tis a bad habit, ma'am, and I didn't know I swore. I have a mother and sister in Bristol as good Christians as any in England."

Just then we arrived at the station and parted; but I have thought hundreds of times of that question, and it has reminded me of another: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Youths, beware of the first oath.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

One beautiful spring morning little May was sitting on the front porch playing with her dolls. It was a delightful place for a little girl to play in, for the house stood away out in the country, and the porch was covered with honeysuckle, making it so cool and shady. May had her doll's bed and her little chairs out there, and was just trying to make her big wax doll sit up straight, which was quite a task, as that young lady was rather stiff in the joints, when she heard such a sweet chirp behind her that she turned around, and there hopping about on the grass was a beautiful robin; such a smart little fellow with dark grey wings and tail, and a bright red breast. He looked saucily at May out of his bright little eyes, and turned his head first on one side and then on the other as much as to say, "I'm not afraid of you."

Presently he flew up to the top of the fence and began to sing, and May wondered if he was calling his mate; and sure enough, down flew another robin, and the two sat on the fence and chirped away to each other for some time, when they began to fly in and out of the cedar trees which stood on each side of the gate. May watched them for some time, but at last they flew away, and she ran into the house to tell her papa and mamma what she had seen. Her papa said that he should not be surprised if they built a nest in one of the trees; but he told her not to go too near it for fear of frightening them away. The next day May watched for them, and there they were flying in and out carrying bits of string and straw to make their nest. One day, soon after this, May's grandma put some pieces of lace and white net

that she was going to make a cap with on the grass to dry, but when she came out to get them, a few hours after, every piece was gone. She looked all over the garden but could not find it, and at last she said that Reb, May's big black dog, must have chewed it up, for I am sorry to say that he often did do such naughty things. Not long after this May's papa told her that there were three pretty blue eggs in the robin's nest, and in the evening he took her down to the gate, and lifted her up in his arms so that she could see the nest; the mother bird was sitting on the eggs, but when she saw May she flew away, and there were the three pretty blue eggs lying in the nest. A few weeks after this the eggs were hatched, and then May saw the little birds. She thought they were very ugly little things, for they had no feathers and kept their mouths open all the time. The father and mother robins were very busy getting food for them, and after a while teaching them to fly, and one day in the fall away they all flew and the nest was deserted. May wanted to see it, so her papa got it for her, and what do you think they found? Woven in and out among the twigs with the ends hanging out was her grandma's lace, while the nest was lined with the soft white net! May's grandma often tells the story of the "robins that had lace curtains."

I WAS GOING TO.

Children are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass, and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again.

There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a lonnger and nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The girl or boy who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things which you are going to do.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

Last year a clergyman of Norfolk in England, missed his pet dog, and there was much grief in the family, for Rough, the lost collie, was a favorite with the grown folks as well as with the children. Some nine months later

the cleagymen, happening to go to "Cattle Hill," where the drovers were, saw Rough, and joyously laid claim to him. But Rough's new master, a drover, refused to give the dog up, and there was a dispute. Of course, the drovers were in sympathy with their fellow, and the clergyman found the odds against him. The drover said that he had owned Rough for years; the minister held to it that Rough was the very Rough he had raised.

Two policemen came running up and the case was stated. "But how can you prove ownership?" asked one of the officers.

That put the minister in mind of something. He thrust his hand into a pocket, pulled out a penny, and gave it to the dog with the command, "Rough, fetch a loaf."

Rough, with the penny in his mouth, went to the nearest bakery, made it clear that he wanted some bread, and soon came trotting back to the crowd.

The clergyman broke off a morsel, gave it to Rough, and stood by while the dog munched it.

Suddenly the clergyman exclaimed, "Rough, I believe that bread is poisoned." Out the dog spat the piece of bread, and the crowd, cried "Bravo!" There was no longer doubt as to the true ownership, and to the shame of the drover, the dog trotted off at the minister's heels.



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DEATH.

Entered into rest, at Toronto, on 17th ult., Robert George Loosmore, eldest surviving son of the Rev. R. W. Loosmore, minor Canon of the Cathedral, Canterbury, and nephew of Rev. J. Davidson, Uxbridge, aged twenty years. The deceased was for two years a member of the choir of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, and lately took an active part in the work of the Sunday School of which he was Treasurer. Zealous and pains taking in the discharge of all his duties, a bright career of increasing usefulness in the world seemed open before him. But in the Providence of God this was cut short and the young Christian was summoned to a higher service in his Master's presence.

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