

Wishing.

One day a lonesome hickory-nut,
At the top of a waving tree,
Marked, "I'd like to live in a shell,
Like a clam, beneath the sea."

And just at this time a clam observed,
'Way down in a tossing sea,
'I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut
At the top of a lofty tree"

Thus both of them wished and wished
and wished,
Till they turned green, yellow and
blue;
And that, in truth, is just about what
Mere wishing is likely to do.
—Harper's Young People.

PLAIN TALKS TO THE BIG BOYS.

BY AN HER BROWN.

Most men let others mark out their course for them. Most boys are what other boys make them. Most characters are formed by accident, not by mature purpose. Nearly every failure is caused by another's influence. Is there a smoker in the land who did not get his first friendly start from a boy companion around the fence corner or behind the barn? Is there a drinker who started the habit alone and because he wanted to? Is there a business or social wreck who cannot, in part at least, trace his misfortune to the influence of a false or misguided friend? If so, the exceptions prove the rule.

Companionship is a leading force in life. Every boy of health and spirit has his friends. They are of two kinds—the helpful and the hurtful. Rare it is that the influence of a fellow being, of like age and habits, crossing one's life in youth, does not distinctly mar or improve the character. It is as natural for a boy to like another boy and want to be with him as it is for him to breathe. It is quite as natural, also, for him to absorb from that other boy whatever of good or bad he has to give off. Any man who remembers his boyhood need not be told that the chance influence of a companion, picked up on the street, in the school, or in the shop, may strike deeper and last longer than the thousand-times reiterated advice of mother or father or minister.

All this is a queer phase of human nature, but it is true, and, being true, must be reckoned with in the plans which surround every youth's life. My point is that the wise boy will bridle this force and put it to work for him, rather than let it creep in and undermine him. Later in life we know it is easier to discriminate and select among our associates. But then our character is formed and their power over us is limited. It is unfortunately in the period from twelve to twenty, when the nature is plastic and impressions form quickly, that companionships come mainly by pure chance. The real time to select and discriminate is at the outset. I truly believe that as much hangs upon what kind of a boy you select to run with, to get deep into your inner life and confidence, my young friend, as upon the selection of your school, your Sunday-school, or even your church. Saal this companion, then, be the one who happens to live nearest in the block, or sit nearest in school, or ride the same bicycle?

How will you utilize this influence for good? Here is the way: By manly independence, backed by a little judgment. Be yourself the leader, not the trailer. Set the standard as conscience dictates. Then you will mould instead of being moulded. Associations will form on the line of natural selection. The boy of impure thoughts and habits will not take long to find out that you are not his kind, and he will hunt another fellow. In his place one will turn up who has aspirations and ideals like your own. If he does not turn up, hunt him up. You

will find he wants you, for friendships of the higher sort are not so common. Cultivate and elevate such a friendship when formed. Help each other in every little thing that builds up Christian manhood. Encourage each other to despise the mean, the shiftless, the unclean. Surprisingly quick others will see this type of manliness (which, after all, is attractive to boys), and you will be the nucleus of an ever-widening group. You will make sure your own character, and become a silent preacher of the Gospel of the manliness of Christ.

AN INCIDENT IN NANSEN'S TRIP.

The meeting of Stanley with Livingstone in Africa is the only passage in history that can be adequately compared to Nansen's meeting with Jackson in the Arctic desert. Nansen had left his ship, and was on foot with a companion returning from the limit of his journey. He thought he heard a shout, the first strange voice for three years. Mounting



LETTING DOWN THE GRAPNEL.—(A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW).

an ice hummock, he distinguished a man. They approached: "I raised my hat; we extended a hand to one another, with a hearty 'How do you do?' Above us a roof of mist shutting out the world around, beneath our feet the rugged packed drift-ice, and in the background a glimpse of the land, all ice, glacier and mist. On one side the civilized European in an English check suit and high rubber water-boots, well shaved, well groomed, bringing with him a perfume of scented soap perceptible to the wild man's sharpened sense; on the other side the wild man clad in dirty rags, black with oil and soot, with long, uncombed hair and shaggy beard, black with smoke, with a face in which the naturally fair complexion could not possibly be discerned through the thick layer of fat and soot which a winter's endeavours with warm water, moss, rags, and at last a knife, had sought in vain to remove. No one suspected who he was or whence he came.
"Jackson—'I'm immensely glad to see you.'
"Thank you; I also."
"Have you a ship here?"

"No; my ship is not here."
"How many are there of you?"
"I have one companion at the ice edge."
"As we talked, we had begun to go in toward land. I took it for granted that he had recognized me, or at any rate understood who it was that was hidden behind this savage exterior, not thinking that a total stranger would be received so heartily. Suddenly he stopped, looked me full in the face, and said quickly:
"Aren't you Nansen?"
"Yes, I am."
"By jove! I am glad to see you!"
"And he seized my hand and shook it again, while his whole face became one smile of welcome, and delight at the unexpected meeting beamed from his dark eyes.
"Where have you come from now?" he asked.
"I left the Fram in 81 degrees north latitude, after having drifted two years, and I reached the 86 deg. 15 min. parallel, where we had to turn and make for Franz-Josef Land. We were, however, obliged to stop for the winter somewhere north here, and are now on our route to Spitzbergen."
"I congratulate you most heartily. You have made a good trip of it, and I am awfully glad to be the first person to congratulate you on your return."
Nansen tells many touching stories of his experiences. On Christmas Day they had blubber or some mess, and then passed the time in conjuring up visions of what their friends were doing. "Ah! it is morning—they will be getting up—they will be at breakfast—they will be reading letters—they will be turning over Christmas cards—they will be at church, singing, praying for those two despondent ones in the pit, far away, hidden in the Arctic night." Are they alive? Will they ever come back? Most melancholy musings! They could not read, they had no tobacco, there was only blubber pudding. The only luxury was sleep—oblivion.

The Toys Talk of the World.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

"I should like," said the vase from the china-store,
"To have seen the world a little more."
"When they carried me here I was wrapped up tight,
But they say it is really a lovely sight."
"Yes," said a little plaster bird,
"That is exactly what I have heard;
There are thousands of trees, and, oh,
what a sight
It must be when the candles are all alight."
The fat top rolled on his other side;
"It is not in the least like that," he cried.
"Except myself and the kite and ball,
None of you know of the world at all."
"There are houses, and pavements hard and red,
And everything spins around," he said;
"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,
And often it stops with a bump at last."
The wooden donkey nodded his head;
"I had heard the world was like that," he said.
The kite and the ball exchanged a smile,
But they did not speak; it was not worth while.
—St. Nicholas.

A NOVEL BAROMETEE.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal tells about it:
It is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He buys one every year, and takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as everyone knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough.
Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant: "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise you taking an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident.
The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid, to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

LESSON XI.—JUNE 13.

PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 1. 1-7, 3. 14-17. Memory verses, 3. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—2 Tim. 3. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Young Disciple, v. 1-7.
 2. The Holy Scriptures, v. 14-17.
- Time.—Written probably about 66 or 67 A.D.
Place.—Written by Paul while imprisoned at Rome.
- HOME READINGS.**
- M. Paul's advice to Timothy.—2 Tim. 1. 1-11.
Tu. Paul's advice to Timothy.—2 Tim. 3. 10-17.
W. Faithful endurance.—2 Tim. 2. 1-13.
Th. Example to believers.—1 Tim. 4. 6-16.
F. The sure word.—2 Peter 1. 16-21.
S. The perfect law.—Psalm 19. 7-14.
Su. In the heart.—Psalm 119. 9-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Young Disciple, v. 1-7.
How does Paul describe himself in verse 1?
What is "the promise of life"?
In what sense was Timothy his "dearly beloved son"?
In what way had Paul served God?
What service did he render to Timothy?
What did he greatly desire?
What did he constantly remember?
What does he exhort Timothy to stir up?
What spirit has God not given us?
What three spirits has he given us?
2. The Holy Scriptures, v. 14-17.
What does Paul exhort Timothy to do?
What had Timothy known from a child? Golden Text.
What were the Scriptures able to do?
How were they given?
For what are they profitable?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The value of early religious teaching?
 2. The value of the Holy Scriptures?
 3. The value of Christian companionship?

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