

## Children's Corner.

### THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

Of all the beautiful fancies  
That cluster about the year,  
Tiptoeing over the threshold  
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend  
Of a book for you and me,  
So fair that our guardian angels  
Desire its lines to see,

Is full of the brightest pictures,  
Of dream, and story, and rhyme,  
And the whole world wide together  
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling  
With the feather-flakes of the snow ;  
Some of them thrill to the music  
Of the merriest winds that blow.

Some of them keep the secrets  
That make the roses sweet ;  
Some of them sway and rustle  
With the golden heaps of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you  
Of the lovely things to be,  
In the wonderful year-book waiting,  
A gift for you and me.

And a thought most strange and solemn  
Is born upon my mind—  
On every page a column  
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what you may upon it,  
The record there will stay,  
Till the books of time are opened,  
In the court of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful  
Lest the words our fingers write  
Shall rise to shame our faces  
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight ?

And should we not remember  
To dread no thought of blame,  
If we sign each page that we finish  
With faith in the dear Lord's name ?

### HOW HE GOT HIS PLACE.

The young man who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is

more faithful, and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity come a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident :

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said: "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you 25 cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came upstairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish it in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more about the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hullo," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad, "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not; but I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later, the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr Stone passed him his quarter.