

esting business was this, as well as rather hard on boys' legs.

There would be no trouble now about breakfasts and dinners and suppers for many a day, though boys, and especially boys living on an island far out at sea, have a very good appetite indeed.

The boys were as good at bringing wood and water, making fires, and helping in all sorts of ways, as they were in keeping awake till the lamp was trimmed. Many an hour, too, they had at their books, with father or mother for a teacher. When lessons were over, what pleasure it was to run from rock to rock, to play tag on the smooth sand when the tide was out, or to go, when the weather was not too rough, with father in the dory to see if an unwary lobster here and there had run into the cages set for them! Though the sea stretches for leagues and leagues around the solitary rock, and wild storms shut them in day after day, not many children in gay cities or on sunny, green farms were happier than the lighthouse boys.—*Mary F. Butts, in Christian Register.*

HIS MOTHER'S TRAINING.

Roland stopped and looked at the sign:

"Boy Wanted."

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment, next to a store where there had been a big fire. He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated, then with all the courage he could command went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did, and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

"What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well," pointing to some steps, "go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do."

Roland went down and found half-a-dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the

foot of the steps looked up and said:

"Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boy's work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see," he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, "the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen."

"Tisn't fair," said one of the boys; "some have more rust on than others."

"If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us," said the foreman, and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him downstairs appeared, and, looking round at the boys, said:

"Well?"

"There is the boy we want," said the foreman, pointing to Roland. "He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained."

Again the tall man spoke quickly, "That's what we want. 'Boy wanted' doesn't mean any kind of boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages, and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life."

"I guess, mother," said Roland, when he told her about it, "it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a 'boy wanted'"—*The Sunday School Advocate.*

A better day is coming
A morning promised long,
When girded Right with holy Might
Will overthrow the wrong.
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch his hand o'er every land,
With justice by-and-by.—*M.*

SUPPOSE TED HADN'T OBEYED.

The boy who obeys his mother, even when the day is warm and his book is unusually good, may not have his reward quite as soon as Teddy, whose story is related in the *Youth's Companion*, but he will generally have "good feelings about it," as one little fellow expressed it.

"Teddy, dear!" called mamma.

"Yes'm," replied Teddy. He was busy over his book on the cool, shaded piazza, and it was a warm August afternoon.

"I want you to take Victor down to the river for a bath. The dog is so hot in the cellar."

"But, mother, at sundown?"

"Who promised to play the hose for Patrick at sundown?"

"I did," said Teddy, a little smile replacing the sober pucker over his nose. "Dear me, mamma," he remarked, pulling on his cap; "what a thing it is to be the man of the house!"

"Yes," returned mamma, "it is a beautiful thing to be a cheerful little man of the house."

Presently she loosed the big St. Bernard, and he came leaping toward Teddy, eagerness in every movement, for his freedom usually meant a bath these hot days.

"Come on, Vic!" called Teddy.

"You're more bother than you're worth, old fellow!" he declared, fondling him. "Just think of me, a two-legged boy, waiting upon you, a four-legged dog!" Victor could not think about it, but he licked Teddy's hand lovingly, as if to acknowledge the condescension, and they started off.

"It seems to me," said mamma to Betty, when they sat on the porch later, with their fancy work, "that Teddy and Victor have been gone a long time."

"They're coming this minute, mamma!" murmured Betty, peering through the creeper.

"Why, Ted, how flushed you look? Charge, Victor. That's right! Did he have a cool swim, dear?"

"Did he?" cried Ted, excitedly. Then his round face sobered. "Mamma," he said, "how strangely things happen! If I had not promised to play the hose—why, you see, mamma," he continued, breaking off and plunging into the heart of