

A MAN.

BEFORE a boy has doffed his kilt,  
He wants a sword with a flashing hilt;  
He must manage a train, though it be of  
civars;  
He must beat a drum, he must hunt for  
bears;  
In fact, his highest ambition and plan,  
His dearest wish is to be a man.

But many a boy is unmanly to-day,  
Because there are so many "ifs" in the  
way;

He scorns this "if" and he frowns at that,  
He shirks his lesson to wield a bat:  
And so he will go, as best he can,  
From youth to age without being a man.

O there are so many "ifs" in the road  
That leads to manhood's highest abode:  
Kindness, purity, courage, and truth,  
Stumbling-blocks these to many a youth;  
For he who will not make these his own  
Can never reach manhood's glorious  
throne.

So who would be manly should keep in  
mind,  
He must ever be gentle and brave and  
kind,

Obedient always to Right's fair laws,  
A brother to every noble cause,  
Thus shall he serve God's cherished plan,  
And come to the stature of a man.

—Harper's Young People.

HOW TOM GOT THE APPLES.

LITTLE Bennie Bancroft was very ill—  
so ill that he did not want to eat anything  
at all; and when Bennie did not want to  
eat, you may be sure he was a very sick  
boy. Day after day he had refused to eat  
all the tempting dainties Mamma Bancroft  
had brought him, or had eaten them under  
the stoutest protest.

Once when Bennie had been well, he had  
done a small act of kindness to a poor little  
boy who lived around in the back street.  
It wasn't much, but Tom Arthurs never  
forgot it, and now that Bennie was sick,  
he came every day to inquire after him.

He had never been used to the delicate  
thoughtfulness which, in more favoured  
circles than his own, often finds expression  
in dainty gifts of rare hot-house flowers or  
beautiful fruits to the sick; but the intu-  
itive kindness of his own little heart often  
led him out to some country path, and, if  
he could find nothing better, dandelions  
and fern leaves formed a primitive bouquet  
for the sick-room of his kind friend.

One day—it was a happy day to Tom—  
he was invited to see Bennie. There were  
precautions about straying too long, or  
talking loud, or making a noise, though I  
do not think these very necessary. He  
went softly to the bedside, and laid his  
flowers on the white counterpane. Bennie  
thought those yellow disks were prettier  
than the roses on the bureau.

"Can't you eat nothin'?" asked Tom,  
scowlingly.

Bennie shook his head.

"Ain't there nothin' that you could eat?"  
Tom asked again.

"Yes," said Bennie, suddenly. "I could  
eat an apple—a pretty one with a rosy  
cheek."

Here Mrs. Bancroft thought it proper to  
interfere, but Tom Arthurs went out  
thoroughly possessed with one idea how  
could he get an apple for Bennie—"one  
with a rosy cheek?"

They never could afford to buy any  
such, and Tom hadn't a penny in the  
world. But he knew just where there was  
a whole orchard full of them, out near  
where the dandelions grew.

Through all their poverty his mother  
had taught her children to be strictly  
honest. Tom had never stolen so much as  
a pin in all his life. But it can easily be  
imagined that the present state of affairs  
started a prompt and animated discussion  
in his young mind.

"A few little apples will never be missed,  
and maybe the man wouldn't care, any-  
how. And then, wouldn't it be meaner  
and so wickeder for him not to get them  
for Bennie than it would be to steal them?"

He talked it over with his sister. At  
first she was horrified at the idea, but he  
talked so eloquently about his little friend  
that she was presently won over, and even  
promised to go with him to help steal  
them.

At last they stood under the tree. She  
held out her apron, while he reached up  
with a long tick. He knocked down  
three beauties; then he changed his mind.

"I can't do it—not even for Bennie," he  
said.

What did he do?

He took those three apples up to the  
farm-house, and told the owner what he  
had done, and why, and ended by laying  
them in the farmer's hand.

What did the farmer do?

He gave Tom a basket of the finest  
apples he had ever seen, and when Bennie  
was able to eat anything again, he pro-  
nounced them the finest ever grown.

"I didn't steal 'em, Bennie; I couldn't,  
even for you." Tom said—*Young Reaper*

A HERO OF OUR DAY

MANY years ago there was a great fire  
that burned down a large part of the city  
of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were  
swept away, and many strange events  
occurred while the flames were raging,  
says a writer in *Our Little Ones*.

A rich lady was hurrying through the  
crowd of frightened people, trying to save  
a few of her household goods. She saw a  
small boy, and called him to her, saying.  
"Take this box, my boy, and do not part  
with it for one instant until I see you  
again. Take care of it, and I will reward  
you well."

The boy took the box, and the lady  
turned back to save some more of her  
goods if possible.

Soon the crowd came rushing between  
them, and they were separated. All that  
night and the next day passed. The lady  
took refuge with friends outside of the

city, and heard nothing more of boy or  
box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of choice  
jewelry, and all her valuable papers were  
in the box, and of course she was in great  
distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found  
the boy sitting on the box and almost  
buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen  
about him. He had been there all through  
the long hours, without food or shelter.  
At times he had covered himself with the  
sand to escape the terrible flames.

The poor child was almost dead with  
fright and fatigue, but had never once  
thought of deserting the precious box that  
had been trusted to his care.

Of course he was amply rewarded by  
the grateful lady, but the boy who could  
be so faithful to a trust would be rich and  
noble without any gift.

THE LITTLE SHOEBLACK.

MANY years ago there lived a little boy  
in Oxford whose business it was to clean  
the boots of the students of the famous  
university there. He was poor, but bright  
and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George,  
grew rapidly in favour with the students.  
His prompt and hearty way of doing  
things, and his industrious habits and  
faithful deeds, won their admiration. They  
saw in him the promise of a noble man,  
and they proposed to teach him a little  
every day.

Eager to learn, George accepted their  
proposal, and he soon surprised his teachers  
by his rapid progress.

"A boy who can blacken boots well can  
study well," said a student.

"Keen as a briar," said another, "and  
pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience  
and perseverance. He went on, step by  
step, just as the song goes—

"One step and then another,"

until he became a man—a learned and  
eloquent man—who preached the Gospel  
to admiring thousands. The little boot-  
black became the renowned pulpit orator,  
George Whitfield.

GIVE YOUR VERY OWN.

WE feel best if we give to the Lord  
something of our own, something that has  
cost us an effort to get.

Papa, please let me have an apple tree  
this season," said a little girl.

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I can call it my own, and use  
the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick up the fruit and sell it  
and make missionary money, which will  
then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to  
have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of  
ground, or something of the kind, the in-  
come of which they every year could use  
for church work.