

they would get home and ask Mrs. Maitland, who was back again now, what ought to be done to try to recover the bracelet.

"I ought not to have lent it without asking mother," said May, "but perhaps if we put in an advertisement—"

But just then they heard a shout. "Hurrah! hurrah! I've found a treasure! and you shall have it, May, because Eva's as cross as two sticks."

Frank came rushing up, showing the very bracelet that his sister had lost—it had caught in a bush, and reposed in safety among the wild roses. He had seen something sparkle, and made his way to the spot. How surprised he was when he understood the cause of Eva's tears! There was a general rejoicing then—even the donkey gave vent to a cheerful hee-haw! But Eva was not happy till that night in her mother's arms, she told the tale of her vanity, and how it had spoiled the picnic for her; and Mrs. Payne, kissing her tenderly, told her to remember all her life that to be vain and self-willed, and desire to "show off," is just the wrong way to enjoy oneself, and secure "the bright weather of the heart."

FORTUNE AND THE BOY.

A little boy, quite tired out with play, stretched out and fell sound asleep close to the edge of a deep well. Fortune came by, and gently waking him, said: "My dear boy, believe me, I have saved your life. If you had fallen in, everybody would have laid the blame on me; but tell me truly, now, would the fault have been yours or mine?"

HOW HELEN KELLER SEES.

The interest in Helen Keller is so great and so world-wide that anything new about her is sure to find many readers. Not long ago she spent an afternoon in Boston's beautiful Museum of Fine Arts, and never was there a more eager and delighted visitor to this great museum.

"But," some boy or girl may ask, "of what use would it be for a stone blind girl to go to a place filled with pictures and statues and carvings? She cannot see any of these things."

It is true that she cannot see them as you see them, but it is not true that she does not see them at all. There is a vision behind those sightless eyes, a vision born of a vivid imagination and carefully cultivated intelligence. When she passes her delicate fingers with their marvellous sense of touch over an object she knows at once what it is, and no one is quicker than she to detect a flaw in it.

When she was at the Art Museum she was allowed to pass her fingers over the statues and take into her hands any object in which her teacher thought she would be interested. The "Do Not Handle" signs were not for her. Every restriction was removed and everything done to add

to her pleasure. It was as pathetic as it was interesting to see her pass her hands over the faces of the different statues, her own face bright with smiles. After examining the statue of Sappho she said: "How she smiles!"

After passing her hands over the statue of a lion she said:

"How strong the lion is! How grand it must be to be strong like that! How he could run! And no sun is too hot for him—no day too long."

So fine, so acute, so sensitive is her touch, that Helen could tell in an instant the expression on the faces of the various statues she examined. Of the face of Medusa she said, as soon as she had touched it:

"Her face hurts me. It is so painful."

She did not like the marble statues of little children.

"Marble," she said, "is too cold for children. It makes them seem stiff and lifeless."

There was something pathetic in her words:

"Those people rest me; they do nothing but think. They are never tired, no, nor lonely either."

She has never said so, but it must be that there are a good many lonely hours in the life of this sensitive girl, and that she feels far more keenly than we realize the force of the affliction that has fallen upon her. She never complains, but this fact does not prove that she never feels like doing so. There are, no doubt, many great moral victories won by this girl, who is never anything but gentle, yielding, patient and merry in the presence of others.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Father, how would you know a real gentleman? Would he always have very fine clothes and look very grand?" asked Bertie.

"I saw a gentleman to-day, my son, but he hadn't fine clothes on, nor did he look at all grand, but he acted so grandly that I knew him for a real gentleman."

"What did he do, father?"

"He was walking on very quickly before me, and as he passed where some workmen were mending the pavement, he accidentally knocked down a pickaxe which they had left leaning against a wall; though he was evidently in a great hurry, he turned back when he heard it fall and picked it up again. That was what proved to me that he was a real gentleman."

"But how did it prove it?"

"Because a real gentleman, gentle, mind, Bertie, is always thoughtful for others, and he knew if he hadn't put the pickaxe back in its place one of the workmen must do it, and it was he who knocked it down."

"Then, father, if that kind of a man is a gentleman, what is a lady?"

"A lady is a gentlewoman, my son, just the same kind as a gentleman—thoughtful for others, or who will hurt nobody by word or deed."

So let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how. And, finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.—Our Young People.

THE MAN AND HIS GOOSE.

A certain man had a goose that laid a golden egg every day. Being of a covetous turn, he thought if he killed his goose he should come at once at the source of his treasure. So he killed her and cut her open, and great was his dismay to find that her inside was in no way different to that of any other goose.

BEYOND PRICE.

There is a touch of pathos in this little story, showing how the simplest things appeal to a really tender heart:

A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of day, and in passing the cottage of a German labourer the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black-and-tan, but a common cur. Still the boy took a fancy to him and wanted his father to buy him.

Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labours, and was met by the dog with every demonstration of joy. The gentleman said to the owner:

"My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you want for him?"

"I can't sell dat dog," said the German.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him, I will give you five dollars for him."

"Yaas," said the German, "I know he is a very poor dog, and he ain't wort' almost nottin', but dere is von leetle ding mit dat dog vat I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

SILENT INFLUENCE.

More than forty years ago, at a great English school (and in those days that state of things was common), no boy in the large dormitories ever dared to say his prayers. A young new boy—neither strong, nor distinguished, nor brilliant, nor influential, nor of high rank—came to the school. The first night that he slept in his dormitory not one boy knelt to say his prayers. But the new boy knelt down, as he had always done. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted, kicked for it; and so he was the next night, and

the next. But, after a night or two, not only did the persecution cease, but another boy knelt down as well as himself, and then another until it became the custom for every boy to kneel nightly at the altar of his own bedside. From that dormitory, in which my informant was, the custom spread to other dormitories, one by one. When that young new boy came to the school, no boy said his prayers; when he left it, without one act or word on his part beyond the silent influence of a quiet, and brave example, all the boys said their prayers. The right act had prevailed against the bad custom and the blinded cowardice of that little world. That boy still lives; and if he had never done one good deed besides that deed, be sure it stands written for him in golden letters on the Recording Angel's book. Now, is not that kind of act an act which any one of us might imitate? Whenever we see a wrong deed and have the courage to say, "It is wrong, and I, for one, will have nothing to do with it," whenever we come in contact with a low and unchristian standard, or a bad, unworthy habit, and are man enough first to refuse for our own part to succumb to it, and then to do our best to overthrow it—we are God's prophets.—Dean Farrar.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"Well, no one can say I have not made good use of my time," said a large, white mushroom to a daisy that grew in the turf close by.

"You certainly have grown surprisingly fast," said the daisy, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and I've done it all since you folded your petals and went to sleep. I daresay, now, you are wondering where I was last night."

"No," said the daisy, "I wasn't, to tell the truth, I was wondering where you would be to-morrow night."

BY KEEPING AT IT.

After a heavy snowstorm, a little fellow began to shovel the snow from his mother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a passer-by.

"By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!"

If there is anything to be done, any difficulty to master, any hard lesson to learn, the way to overcome it is "by keeping at it."

—I would rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge. It is no shame not to know all things; but it is a just shame to overreach in anything.—Bishop Hall.

—"Put your mind on whatever you set about doing. It has well been said: "Concentration alone conquers."