

A BAD FIRE.

JONES, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?
 "No, Smith, where was it?"
 "Here in the city."
 "What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a good house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire begin?"

"The man played with the fire, and thoughtlessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned too?"

"Yes, lot and all—all gone, slick and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years; and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it consumed about one hundred and fifty dollars worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth, at least, ten per cent., and at that rate, it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$10,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew, I guess you mean me; for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own; have always rented; thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys would better never light a fire which cost so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives. —*Set.*

CHINESE PROVERB.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night (that is, when you are awake); of the faults of others the last (that is, when you are asleep.)

HOW HE BEGAN.

YOUNG men who are making their own way in preparing for any chosen profession or occupation have many examples for their encouragement. The following story of what a man accomplished who had many obstacles to overcome conveys its own lesson. We do not know who wrote the account, but it well deserves repeated publication:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the bank of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered the cotton factory as a "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor. But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools. He next began a course of self instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a piecer to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at the cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Ex.*

A CORN DOLL.

The Bahl missionaries often saw the little, unclad, native African girls carrying an ear of corn on their backs. This is just where the women carry their babies, but it had not occurred to the missionaries that the ear of corn served as a doll, until they noticed that one little girl had the tassel of the corn braided and strung with beads. The missionary's wife asked her if that was her baby, and she said "Yes."