

five, and five times six are thirty.' The recitation went on till the recess bell sounded.

'And you won't come back?' said Ellen Eliza in a disappointed tone, as she looked up at her friend with worshipping eyes.

Margaret was a little sober, but she pressed Ellen Eliza's arm, and said in her pretty, well-bred way, 'No, thank you, I've been very glad to see it all, and it was very kind of you to take me, but I haven't seen Aunt Patty's dear old garden yet, and think I'll do it now.'

It is ever hard for us, children, and older ones alike, to lose one of our cherished illusions. 'I wish,' said Margaret, as she lingered by the mignonette bed, and the girlish face wore almost a grown-up look, 'I almost wish that I'd never visited the school, my dream was so lovely.'

### Snapshots at Failures.

(Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring'.)

#### WORSE THAN SHARP COMPETITION.

Several years since, two young men of limited means opened a boot and shoe store in one of the suburbs of Boston. Both had been clerks in a similar store prior to that time, and thoroughly understood the business.

There were those among their competitors who smiled when they beheld the modest display of footwear in the windows of the new store, smiled and predicted failure, affirming that competition was too sharp for a new store to succeed.

True, the stock of goods was limited, but the young men were courteous and obliging, and their prices were reasonable, and it was not long before success began to smile upon them. For several months their custom constantly increased, and it became advisable to enlarge the store. Meeting their bills very promptly in the past, they found little difficulty in securing a larger and better line of goods. Those who had predicted failure now thought they saw in the new store a formidable rival.

The two young men had made many friends in a business and social way during those few months, and it frequently happened that several of them dropped in at the same time for a friendly chat. The proprietors of the store saw no harm in their coming; in fact, they encouraged the practice.

There were those, however, who were not pleased by this growing tendency to make the store a lounging place—ladies, business men who were in a hurry, and aged men who were more or less nervous lest the younger generation laugh at their homespun ways. Presently they began to show their disapproval in a decidedly practical manner—one by one they began to stop trading at the store. One morning, the predictions made early in the career of the new store came true—the new store had failed.

To-day these young men are clerks in a shoe store in Boston. It is a mystery to them what caused their trade to drop off after they had successfully conducted their business all through what is generally considered the most trying period, but to many of their patrons it is no mystery. Too many idlers, not competition, ruined them.

It is of prime importance, would a young man be successful in business, that the place of business become not the resort of idlers and loungers. It is not necessary for one to be rude in bringing this about; usually a word will suffice, frequently less. But though it mean the loss of a patron's friendship, lose that friendship, or you will lose your business. No man whose friendship is worth having will take offense because you are firm in

this matter; in fact, the better class of men will think more of you for pursuing such a course.

### A Scotch Collie's Sacrifice.

Let me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum came from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling.

While all this was going on a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn onto the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her little child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and then jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd.

Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog with head erect and fixed eye saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted toward the child. The baby frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again the baby was toddling across the platform crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track.

'Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago, and the West, Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond, and the South,' so the cry went on and the surging crowd passed out never all to meet again in this world. But the faces of the men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some.—'Humane Leaflets.'

### The Surgeon and the Dying Man.

Stories of the late Sir William MacCormac still continue to be published. One specially illustrating the great tenderness which the famous surgeon often unconsciously displayed is as follows: He had been working for many hours among the wounded, and at last, almost exhausted, asked an attendant to bring him a glass of fresh water. Fresh water was a rarity just then, but the attendant, after some trouble, procured a small quantity in an old cup. Just as he handed it to Dr. MacCormac, the latter was attracted by the groans of a 'franc-tireur' who lay near by, horribly wounded by a piece of shell. Suddenly he walked over and put the cup to the wounded soldier's lips. 'He cannot live an hour,' protested an assistant surgeon; 'it was foolish to do that.' 'It is never foolish to help a dying man,' responded Sir William.—'Christian Herald.'

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### The Girl Who Failed.

(Sarah V. DuBois, in the 'Christian Herald'.)

'You do not mean to tell me that Lena has failed?'

'Well, not exactly failed, Ida, but she missed the goal.'

'I am surprised,' was the answer. 'There was no one in the class better qualified to take the prize. What could Lena have been about to have allowed it?'

Lena, the subject of this conversation, was in her room, busily packing her trunks to return home. Many of the girls had already left the institution; tearful good-byes had been said, and vows of eternal friendship exchanged. It had been a year of pleasant memories and hard work, and now the uncertainty was all over, there was not even the commencement day left to look forward to. There was a happy smile on Lena's face, although she paused now and then to brush the tears from her eyes. 'I do not see where I am ever going to put them all,' she said.

'What, dear,' her room-mate asked quizzically, 'your dresses?'

A merry laugh greeted the words. 'Well, hardly,' she said. 'It's these keepsakes, I mean; I'm cramming them into every conceivable corner, but still the problem baffles me.'

'That's the penalty you pay for being popular. Really, I thought I should give the college yell this morning, when cook gave you that necktie. I just got a glimpse of it, it looked as if the colors of the rainbow had been struck off.'

'Oh, Dora, hush! That gift must have meant a good deal to cook, and I appreciate the thought.'

'Well, don't forget your diploma, anyway, here it is. Lena, what a queer girl you are! Excuse me for repeating myself, I think I have said the same thing fifty times before.'

'I think you have, dear; but why do you say it?'

'Why do I say it? Oh, because in this intellectual race you were the swiftest runner of them all; but stopped to wipe away tears, to bind up wounds, and to spend your hours in loving, Christ-like service. Don't say a word,' she remonstrated, as Lena lifted a warning hand, 'I mean to finish what I have to say, if only to relieve my own mind. Right in the midst of preparing for that advanced geometry examination, didn't you stop and spend several hours with Lillian Adams, who was not half as ill as she thought she was?'

'But she was really suffering, and I helped to give her relief.'

'No doubt of it. I was suffering that same evening, too, I remember, with a troublesome tooth; but no one came to my relief.'

'All are not like you, dear. You do not demand the sympathy of every one.'

'Fortunately all are not like me, but you are mistaken about my demands on sympathy. I like it just as well as the next one, but trust I have been too well brought up to make exorbitant drains on my friends. And what is the result of your labors? I just ran across Ida and Belle in the hall, talking about you as the girl who had failed.'

'You have not delved down into the baser side of my nature,' she said, smiling. 'One of my weaknesses is an overmastering desire to excel in whatever I undertake. When I first came here there was a prayer foremost in my mind, and it was something like this: "Save me from myself." I used to breathe it very often, as I found before I had been here very long, that there was more need of it than ever I had anticipated. The first shock came when I found my reluctance to give up any chosen task for the sake of others. I fought many a