

Out of the dense crowd he came—a lad about the size and type of Ray; a street Arab, in fact, who, as he sized his friend's shoulders and gave them a hearty shake, said, as he looked into his happy, grey eyes. "Ray, old fellow. I knew you'd win, if I'd help you."

Blessed little comrade. He was one of the dear Master's very own—a loving helper. The world needs many, many such as he to-day.

The most beautiful spot, to me, in this beautiful garden, is the one which furnished such a practical lesson upon the inspiration that is caught from loving encouragement.—*The American Youth*. —

TOO MUCH THRASHING.

Country boys who are inclined to think that life in cities is easy and comfortable, compared with their daily toil in the country, are apt to find themselves mistaken when they come to town and subject themselves to the high-pressure system of business establishments. An amusing example of this sort is related by a country exchange.

A farmer's boy went to the city, finding the work at home rather tiresome, and obtained a situation in a large "family supply" store, where a "rushing business" was carried on. He "took hold" very well, and his employers liked him.

They were surprised, however, when he came to them, before he had been two months in the store, and said:

"Well, Mr. A—, I guess I'll have to get through here next Saturday night."

"Get through!" said his employer. "Why, what's gone wrong?"

"O, nothing particular."

"Aren't you treated well?"

"First rate; but I'll tell you just how it strikes me. Up on the farm we used to have the thrashing-machine come once a year; and then we thrashed for three days, and you better believe we worked hard; but I'll tell you what—I've been here now seven weeks, and you've thrashed every day! I guess I've got enough of it."

He went back to the farm, convinced that a farmer's life has its compensations.—*Y. Com.*

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN.

ROBERT GILMORE, one demerit, for talking without permission,' said Mr. Gell, very loud, indeed, from the desk.

Poor Rob! It was rather hard on him, for it was more Aleck's fault than his. Aleck had begun the whispering, and on such an interesting subject, that Rob, instead of bluffing him off, as he knew he ought to do, listened, and answered, and got into trouble. But Aleck was not caught.

'I'm going to fix that little snob after school, was what Aleck had whispered to Rob.

'What snob?' asked Rob, with quick curiosity; he didn't know what a snob was. I don't think Aleck knew very well himself.

'Why, that dandy, Walter Lindsay, with tassels on his boots. Tassels,' continued Aleck in deep disgust, 'what sort of a boy would wear tassels on his boots?'

Rob looked across at the boy with the offending tassels; he was yawning over his spelling book, kicking his heels together, twisting a stray lock of hair, and altogether behaving very much like other small boys.

'What are you going to do to him?' asked Rob, anxiously.

'I'm going to follow on behind till we get to that place right in front of Dunlap's grocery where the two gutters meet—do you remember?'

'Suppose he don't go home that way, suppose—'

But Mr. Gell had been growing conscious, for the last minute-and-a-half, of whispering in the air, and, without raising his head, he rolled those deep-set eyes around, till he caught Rob in the midst of his 'supposos,' and clapped him down on the 'black-book,' as the school called it.

This demerit was particularly hard to stand, because it meant that he would have to stay in a half-hour after school, cramming dictionary; and this meant that he would miss the excitement of seeing Aleck 'fix' Walter for being a snob, and wearing tassels.

But so it had fallen out, and Rob, like most small boys, made the best of it, learned as