

The Boy Next Door.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

YELLS that brought to mind the savage
In his war-paint, all alert!
Raids that oft recalled the ravage
Of some border-land expert!
Hangings on to trees and fences,
In his effort to explore:
Startling to a body's senses
Was the little boy next door!

If a window-pane was shattered,
Or a missile cleaved the air;
If the street's repose was scattered—
Heads out-peeping, everywhere—
Little need for explanation,
All had happened oft before:
Mite of terror and vexation
Was that little boy next door!

Cats and dogs, by intuition,
Knew of his approach, and fled;
Jaunty was the hat's position
On his roguish, curly head,
As with bearing independent
He would bound the crossings o'er;
With good nature all resplendent
Was the little boy next door!

Brave, chivalric and respectful
To the old who came his way,
With a sympathy regretful
Toward each beggar, day by day:
How the wild and tame were mingled
In his nature's bounteous store!
How my nerves were hourly tingled
By that little boy next door!

When, at sunset, homeward walking,
Once I missed the children's noise,
Marked their groups, in whispers talking,
Leaving all their romping joys,
Saw the snow-white ribbons streaming
From the house I stopped before—
Tear-drops on my cheeks were gleaming
For the little boy next door!

SUCCESS BY PERSEVERANCE.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

MANY young people who have to work for a living, and who possess few educational advantages, imagine that if their parents were rich and famous, their own prospects for life would be much better. But this would by no means follow. The great majority of those who are now renowned, or wealthy, commenced life very poor.

Martin Luther was the child of a poor miner. Melancthon was an armourer. Carey, one of the first missionaries to India, commenced life as a shoemaker. Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a lastmaker. Adam Clarke was the son of Irish cotters. What boy or girl in America has not heard of Lincoln, the rail-splitter, and Garfield, the canal-boy; or of Andrew Johnson, the tailor? Pluck and perseverance carried these men from such humble beginnings to the Presidential chair. The very obstacles they had to overcome helped to make them what they were. Young people born and reared in wealth and luxury, incur many temptations and perils from which others are exempt. Do not wait for great opportunities.

The great artist, Titian, when a boy, used to crush flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage, in the Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat. A prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard, enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of colours. Stothard, a great artist, learned the art of combining colours by closely studying butterflies' wings. Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

A kite and a silk handkerchief were the objects employed by Franklin in his first experiments with electricity. Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses upon his plough handle.

Had all these waited for "learned leisure" and costly apparatus, they would never have accomplished any such grand results. It has been well said, that "never yet had poor workmen good tools."

Some one, "once upon a time," as the story-writers say, with many apologies, handed Ole Bull a violin with a broken string. "The music is in me," replied the world-renowned player. Boys and girls, the music of success must be in you.

"There is no royal road to learning," and there is none to success in life. Labour and self-denial are the prices that must be paid for victory in the battle of life. Above all, ask God's help and blessing. Be even more careful to deserve success than to attain it. Character is more important than reputation; for character is what we are, and reputation what people think we are. Only to the honest and truthful is real and permanent success possible. The pretender in knowledge, and the proud in business, must sooner or later come to grief. As you climb up the ladder of success, extend a helping hand to those who are lower down. No plan of life is complete that leaves the great future out of sight. We must build for eternity. God wants us to be happy here and hereafter.

PAYING BACK.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"PLEASE, mother, call Jessie in; we want to go down to the mill, and home by the race, and we don't want to be bothered with Jessie."

Netta Wallace stood at her mother's open window, holding the little five-year-old by the hand; Virginia waited at a little distance.

"But I wants to go too," sobbed the little one; "I has walked to the mills osten and ozer, and I wants to go too."

"Why don't you take her, Netta?" asked her mother, stopping the whirl of her busy machine-wheel to settle this little trouble.

"O, she is such a bother!" cried Netta fretfully; "she has to be lifted over the fences, and led by the hand, and she is in the way."

"Come here, Virginia," called the mother, turning away from the machine and leaning out of the window. "Sit down there on the grass, all of you; I want to tell you a little bit of a story, but it is a short one, and won't keep you back long."

"Thirteen years ago there came into a certain house that I know of a wee little pink baby. She was a great joy to every body in the house, but she was also a good deal of trouble. She was washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and rocked and carried around, and nobody ever once complained of the trouble.

"In two years more another little baby came, and then, of course, the mother had her hands full. Then there were two little maids to be washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and carried around and played with and sewed for. Still nobody ever thought of complaining, or once called them a trouble.

"When mother and father went to walk, babies went too; their little hands were held, their little feet lifted over rough places, and everything was done to make them happy.

"As the years went by, these two little maids grew tall and strong and independent; while other little ones took their places in the family, to be cared for and helped. Now, if you had been those maids, my daughters, how would you have behaved

to the little ones? Would you have said, 'Go away, children, and don't bother?' or would you have tried to pay back some of the care and love and trouble?"

"O, mother," said Virginia, "were those little maids named Netta and Virginia?"

"It is strange, but I think they were," said mother, smiling.

"Come, Jess," interrupted Netta, taking this way to answer her mother's question, "it's time we were off on our walk."

And dear little Jessie, who had not been able to make head nor tail out of the story, sprang from the grass with a happy bound, clouds all gone, rain-drops too, and her sun shining brightly!

TOILING TO SUCCEED.

HE who would gain the palm must wrestle in the dust. The life of Audubon, the naturalist, illustrates this law of compensation. The boy foreshadowed the man by his passion for bird's-nesting, and for collecting pictures of birds.

His father owned a farm in Pennsylvania, and young Audubon was sent there from France to look after it; but he looked more at the birds than after the farm, and what he saw suggested his great work on American ornithology.

He married, tried his hand at keeping store—that is, he left the store to keep itself, while he hunted the forest for specimens of birds. He had studied drawing and painting in Paris under David, the artist whom Napoleon honoured. The want of daily bread drove him to portrait-painting, and his wife to supporting herself and their children.

He continued to make collections and drawings of American birds, and at last, turning drawing-master, earned two thousand dollars, with which he started for England to bring out his great work, and to obtain subscribers for it.

In London he painted all day, and in the evening walked the streets selling his pictures at the stores for any price the dealers would give for them. Every penny he could save was paid to the engravers and colorers of his "Birds of America."

When it was published, with its four hundred and thirty-five plates of birds, each delineated life-size, the persistent, self-denying naturalist felt himself compensated for his toil and endurance.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE GREAT DISCOVERER.

It is such an easy matter in these days to cross the ocean that very little is thought of it. Huge ships in countless numbers come and go and no one thinks it worthy of special notice because it is so common. But there was a time when sailors dared not venture out of sight of land, not knowing where they would be carried by the restless waves and the howling winds.

The man who showed other navigators how this could be done was Christopher Columbus. He believed that by sailing far enough in a western direction he should reach land. By great efforts he induced men to venture on the sea with him, and persuaded the rich and the great to raise the necessary money. It was a great undertaking, and no one but a really brave man could have succeeded. But Columbus did succeed, in spite of all difficulties. He kept his ship to the westward; by day and by night he was at his post of duty, and at last his patience and his courage were rewarded by the discovery of a new continent.

When Columbus had shown the way others found it easy to follow; but to him belongs the glory of proving that the trackless ocean could be safely crossed.