

was sinking into dull despair, or how to keep David and John away from bad company. The little children, too, required constant attention.

"If mother was only here!" she said. "I am so ignorant! I do all I can, and in my prayers look above for guidance."

"And about yourself, Jane?" I asked.

She blushed. "I have no time now to think of myself," she said. "I must trust Christ for His promised acceptance notwithstanding my errors, while I do this work which He has given me."

Many well-meaning Christians actually nourish faults in themselves by unhealthy broodings over their own condition. The best remedy is active work for others.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### RIGHT AND WRONG AMBITION.

"THERE!" said a little shoeblack boy to me one day, as he gave a last touch to my boots, and stuck his brushes into each other with a look of triumph. "there they can't shine more." This boy had succeeded in life, and was at the top of his profession. Without striving to force himself into some position for which he was unfitted, he had aimed at succeeding in his own line. This is the right sort of ambition, and it is one that we can all gratify.

We may be sure that he who cannot play well a subordinate part in the drama of life, will do no better if given a higher *role*. The great natural philosopher Faraday, who was the son of a blacksmith, wrote, when a young man, to Sir H. Davy, asking for employment at the Royal Institution. Sir H. Davy consulted a friend on the matter. "Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution. What can I do?" "Do? put him to wash bottles. If he is good for anything, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing." Faraday washing bottles would be quite as successful a man as Prof. Faraday lecturing at the Royal Institution, if both kinds of work were equally well done. The carpenter who makes good chairs and tables, better deserves a crown than a king who cannot govern. We must all admire and consider successful the crossing-sweep-

er whose honest pride it was that he could do "an ornamental piece of sweeping round a lamp-post!"

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride  
The best of all cobblers to be;  
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside  
Should mend an old kettle like me.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is the motto of noble ambition. The other day I asked a young officer if he played polo. "No," he said, "I do not, for I have not time to practise it enough, and I hate doing anything badly." This is the feeling of a man who is ambitious in the best sense of the word. He hates doing anything badly.

The late celebrated head-master of Uppingham School used to say that every boy is good for something. Probably we who are grown up are all good for something, and would excel if only we would try to do so in our own line. This, however, is what we do not do. Each man wants to boast in another man's line. He thinks that in order to "get on" and be successful he must leave that state of life into which he was called by God.

We speak of a man's "calling" in life, implying by our words a belief that God calls each of us to his own place; that is, to the place which he is capable of filling with the greatest credit. By giving to us certain tastes and capacities, God calls us as certainly as if we heard a voice from Heaven. False ambition says, "Leave this calling as soon as possible, and force yourself into a position which is more 'genteel,' into one which is presided over by 'the bestial goddess of comfort and respectability.'" From this false ambition come jealousy, grief from loss of fortune, all the torments of wounded self-love, and a thousand other mental sufferings—the commonly enumerated moral causes of insanity. They are griefs of a kind to which a man who is ambitious in the best sense of the word, should not fall a prey. There need be no disappointed ambition if we set before ourselves the true aim in life, which is to amend ourselves, and do our "level best" in whatever sphere we are called upon to work.

"All service is the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first,  
There is no great, there is no small  
To the Soul that maketh all."

—United Presbyterian.

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