

Christendom, the highest and best meaning to our national motto: "*E pluribus unum.*"—*The Living Church*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with an thing—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchwords of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do what'er you have to do
With a true and honest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Whersoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

—Selected.

A TALK TO BOYS.

We are going to draw the picture of the kind of a boy we would like to be, and trust that some of our boy readers may find some traces of their own characters, or at least some answer of their own wishes and hopes.

If we were a boy, we would like to be a hard-working boy. All success waits on that. Only fools and gamblers trust to "luck." We will never come to much unless the habit of hard work teaches us the right use of our faculties. As all boys are not specially bright boys, as the rank and file are average sort of boys, with ordinary brains and opportunities, it will be a good thing if we can realize how far hard work will go to make good lack of gifts and good chances. Sir Walter Scott was called the blockhead of the school at Edinburgh. Perhaps calling him that waked him up, and he put himself to hard work. Isaac Newton was the dull boy at school. The "smart" boy one day kicked this dull boy. That kick stung him to an iron purpose. He went to work, and never let up till the stars were at his feet. Oliver Goldsmith was so stupid that the person who taught him the alphabet was thought to have worked a miracle. So he did. He waked up the boy who could bye and bye astonish the world by writing "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." A friend said to us, pathetically, not long since; I used to long for a library. Now I have it, and cannot use it." But hard work will give us the use of everything that comes to us.

Again, if we were a boy, we would want to be a thorough boy. If it were only to sharpen a pencil, we would want to bring it to the very best point—not for fine writing, but for the self discipline. We are well enough endowed, if we only knew how to use the endowments. A spirit that is self-exacting, and will permit no slight in any kind of work, will soon get the habit of bringing large and difficult undertakings to own its mastery.

Again, we would want to be an obedient boy. Only those are fit to command who have learned how to obey. Grant, after the battle of Shiloh, was disgraced, and ordered to report, each morning, to an officer his inferior in worth. He touched his hat to that subaltern every morning as loyalty and waited for his commands as deferentially as if he were standing before the commander-in-chief. That spirit helped to make him an irresistible com-

mander. The boys who begin life by throwing out flags of independence before they are fairly out of the nursery, are not likely to come to anything. If we were looking for a captain we would hunt for him among the boys who never disobeyed their mothers.

If we were a boy, we would want to be a boy with a purpose. We would not loaf or drift; we would set our rudder; we would select some aim worthy of our best energies, and then we would stick to it; and as Carlyle would say, "Work at it like Hercules." There will be people who will lecture you against ambition. But the boy without a good ambition will be likely to be the boy without a good record. And only high things are worth aiming at. As Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

We would also like to be a truthful boy. Truth is a cardinal virtue. In Hebrew it means firmness; in Greek it means that which cannot be hid. A boy at once open and firm commands universal respect. And when business men are looking for a boy whom they may advance in their service, their most important question concerns truthfulness. It makes a good foundation. He can build high who has that for a corner-stone.

And then, as including everything else, if we were a boy, we would like to be a Christian boy. We would be quite sure it would help us in the battle of life. As we look around among the successful men of our acquaintance, we do not know of one whose success was not helped by his Christian principles. But we know of very many failures who are failures because they have no Christian principles. We have the feeling that the saints are going to possess the earth within the next fifty years, and if we were a boy, with a chance for seeing the dawn of the next half century, we would want to stand on the Lord's side.

Great things are going to be done in the life time of the boys; and if we were a boy, we would want to get the best tools for helping to do them. Among them are the things we have named; and, however small our gifts or our privileges, we should feel pretty sure that our small gifts wrought out by hard work and discipline, directed to a great aim and uplifted by a true Christian spirit, would give us a good and successful standing in the lists of the battle.—*Interior.*

THE HERO.

"Reuben! Reuben!"

No answer.

"Reuben, my son, it is time to get up." But Reuben did not want to hear. Nor did he feel like getting up. It was very cold. He drew the bed clothes closer about his head, and turned over for another nap. Meanwhile his feeble old mother made the kitchen fire, pumped the water for the kettle, and went out in the ice and snow to feed the half frozen chickens.

"Dolly ought to have been milked an hour ago," she thought. "I wonder what ails Reuben. He gets up later and later every morning."

About an hour afterward, Reuben came slowly down the stairs to breakfast. He looked somewhat ashamed of himself. But he replied in a sullen tone, when his mother spoke about the late hour for milking, "I think we could do without a cow! it is a great bother to milk her morning and night."

"I wish that I could attend to her, but I can't do everything," said the mother, with a sigh.

If Reuben had looked up just then his heart might have reproached him at the sight of his mother's weary and care-worn face. She was a widow, and he was her only son. He intended to be a good son, but he did not go the right way to work. He spent many hours in reading about boys who had done remarkable things, such as run away from home, and come back, years afterward, with fortunes to surprise

their friends and enable their mothers to live like queens! "That is what I want to do for my mother," he said. But instead of doing he sat and dreamed.

One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the schoolmaster's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero."

"Hello!" he cried. "What is this about? I want to be a hero."

The story was somewhat like this: A few years ago the traveller through Switzerland might have seen a charming little village, now, alas, no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of their burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and the cows were gone, but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years old. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well known sound, and looking up he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father! When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed. But the boy said: "O no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero!"

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something.

"I wonder now if that is true," he thought: "A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time." There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero! —*New York Observer.*

THE twenty-first year of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, which has just drawn to a close, has been the most successful in the history of that phenomenally successful Institution. Nearly 2,300 pupils have received instruction in its several schools of music, art, oratory, languages, literature, piano and organ tuning, physical culture, &c. Every State and Territory, and many other countries have been represented in its halls. The ablest artists and teachers are in its faculty, and yearly additions are made from American and European sources.

DIOCESE OF HURON.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Mr. Hale, of Parkhill, has been appointed by the Bishop of Huron, to Highgate Mission. He has just entered his duties.

Rev. R. D. Freeman has been appointed to the Mission of Glamworth. He will (D.V.) enter on his duties immediately after Rev. Mr. Ball removes to another field of labour.

Rev. T. H. Brown, Diocesan Evangelist, is conducting a Mission in Christ Church, Glamworth. Although this is a busy season with people in the country, yet these services attract large congregations and deep interest is witnessed throughout the parish.

Rev. M. G. Freeman has been appointed to Parkhill Mission; Rev. Mr. Fatt to Comber; and Rev. Mr. Highley to Hanover Mission. Rev. Mr. Wright goes from Hanover to Garrie parish.

KINCARDINE.—The Rev. W. Hill has gone on a visit to England. Mr. Wood, of Huron College, takes his work during his absence.