

The Family.

TRUSTING.

Trust on this neck of land I stand The ocean breaks with sullen roar, Its white capped waves dash on the shore, And parting, sink to rise no more

BUSINESS BOYS.

When I just setting out in life, taking upon me for the first time the dignity of working for others and earning my own wages, I think I would be glad of a pleasant word by way of counsel from a friend who knew the difficulties and also the rewards which may come to a business boy.

Such a friend could tell me what to avoid, what to expect, what to cultivate, and the plain, the more direct and straightforward the talk, the more useful it would be to me.

The talk I propose to give you to-day is precisely of this kind. It is addressed to boys who are about to leave school and enter the shop, office, or counting-room, the warehouse or factory. In whatever department of trade or business you have found your niche, if you are a business boy, I have a word for you.

Hitherto, having been at school or at home, you have been under the care and protection of your parents and teachers. Your daily routine has been marked for you, and you have been held responsible only for good lessons and good conduct. You have had a great deal more leisure, much more time to play, and many more holidays than you can expect to have hereafter.

For every business boy is the making of a business man, and business men, as you know, have to give their minds and their whole strength to their work. In no other way can they expect to succeed. From the time when the Wise Man wrote, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings," until the present day, there is no royal road to success.

A business boy must give himself to his work. A business boy, though under orders from his employer, must to a degree look out for and control himself. At school, if a lad is idle or insubordinate, there are penalties; he will be detained after school, or have impositions in the way of extra tasks, or be somewhat disgraced. But unless he is a very worthless pupil indeed, he will not be expelled for the sake of parents and teachers.

It is the duty of the employer, or of the employer's father, to see that the boy is obedient. After a trial or two of the lad who was influencing others in a wrong direction, and arresting the orderly progress of the general business, would find himself dismissed. It is expected, you see, that a business boy shall be manly. He must put away the childishness which interferes with his right and steady performance of duty.

One of the first principles underlying success in business is thorough honesty. Your employer buys your time; the hours, therefore, for which he pays do not belong any longer to you, but to him. If, therefore, you are due at the office at six or seven or eight o'clock, you owe it to the man or the house employing you to be at your post on time precisely. It is better to be ten or fifteen minutes too early than even one minute too late.

You owe your employer attention; your mind must not be wool-gathering while you have work to do, but you should devote the whole strength of your powers to doing whatever you are set to do in the very best way. Sent on an errand, do not loiter, intrusted with a message, deliver it promptly and precisely as it was given to you, charged with carrying a package, dispatched to the post office or the bank, so straight as an arrow from the bow to the place indicated, and return as promptly. The boy who can be depended upon in these regards is soon considered an excellent and valuable business boy, and will probably receive promotion.

"Because thou hast been faithful in a few things," said the ruler in the parable to the man with ten talents, "I will make thee ruler over many things." The faithful, attentive, apt boy will never stay long at the bottom of the ladder.

About money let me give you a caution. Never, even for five minutes, cheat yourself into the notion that any one else's money belongs to you. Never borrow, without leave, any sum, from a penny to a thousand dollars. G'oss it over as you may, such borrowing is theft. The boy or the man who takes what does not belong to him is a thief. He may never be discovered,

but whether or not his dishonesty is revealed, he is a thief, and he knows it, and God knows it.

Cultivate in yourself a nice sense of honour. Not a grape on the myriad clusters heaped up before the grocer's door, not a candy on the confectioner's counter, not an apple or a peach on the table in the house where you happen to be stopping, belongs to you, unless you can buy and pay for it, or unless it is bestowed upon you as a gift. Be above pilfering; to steal the smallest trifle is morally as wrong as to embezzle thousands of dollars.

It is no disgrace to a boy to wear an old patched coat, clumsy shoes, trousers baggy at the knees, a battered hat. It is in some circumstances a great honour for him to appear in the garb of poverty, especially when his earnings are given to help an ailing father or a widowed mother, or to drive the wolf from the door of some aged relative. The real disgrace is in dressing or living beyond one's means, and so rushing into temptation and incurring debt.

May I say a word about your earnings? They will not be very large at first, because while you are inexperienced, and only learning the first steps in business, your services are not very valuable. In fact, the opportunity to learn is in itself a part of your payment, and in many cases a boy may well be content to work without a salary for several years if he can thereby be taught his chosen business in a desirable establishment.

Make up your mind not to spend all you earn. If you are living at home with your parents, and are not required to pay anything for your board, perhaps not allowed to contribute to the cost of your clothing, you should be able to save a good sum every year. Where, as often is the case, a boy is expected mainly to clothe himself, perhaps to help toward family expenses, he can, of course, save less; but if he sees the importance of thrift, he will put something by. It is a good plan to go to a savings-bank, make a deposit, have a book of your own, and from time to time, regularly if possible, add to the little fund, which will be gathering interest as the months roll by. In time you may have enough to be of great assistance to you when the time comes for investing some portion of the little capital.

The bank-book will keep you from much useless spending, for the money itself will be out of your hands, and safely locked up where it cannot burn a hole in your pocket. Immense amounts are wasted in trifles by boys who smoke cigarettes to the detriment of their health and growth, who eat peanuts and chew gum, buy tawdry papers and trashy books, and spend money in silly amusements.

If you are, as I hope, a sensible fellow, either living in a boarding-house (a very lonely life, too, for a boy of your age, which, I take it, is between fourteen and eighteen), or living at home, you will attach yourself regularly to some church and Sunday school. Companionship, recreation, congenial friends, will thus be insured to you; in the pastor and superintendent you will find advisers in whom you may confide; and whose counsel will be worth your listening to, if you ever are in need of help.

A word of recommendation to the clergyman whose church a lad attends, or from the Sunday-school superintendent or teacher who takes a personal interest in his welfare, is usually taken as a certificate of character—a voucher for the boy's respectability, good morals, and general trustworthiness. In connection, too, with church life and work, there are usually societies, entertainments, and helpful clubs, which afford in the business boy's crowded life the diversion and recreation he needs. I cannot speak too strongly on this point. Attached to a church a boy is anchored. He is not in danger of being set adrift, without rudder or pilot, on the sea that is fatal to so many lads.

If there is a Young Men's Christian Association in your town, I would urge your availing yourself, so far as you can, of its privileges. At a small monthly, quarterly, or yearly cost, a boy may secure the freedom here of ample parlours, well warmed and lighted, of gymnasium equipped with everything necessary for physical exercises, and of a well-stocked reading room and library. Classes for instruction in science, art, and languages are provided with the best appliances, and taught by accomplished tutors and professors, so that at the Young Men's Christian Association a boy's evenings may be spent in solid profit, as well as in sparkling pleasure.

Amusement and diversion you, of course, must have, but seek them in the right way, in good places, in good company. As a rule, the boy in business must not expect very rapid promotion. He must climb, and often climb slowly. He does not come in contact with the heads of the great house where he works, and his very name may be unknown to them; but he must not forget that his place and the work that he has to do are important. One flaw in the ship's timber, and the fatal leak may spring, to the destruction of the vessel with all on board. In the carrying forward of great business enterprises, it is important that everybody, from the merchant himself to the lowest of the errand boys, should fulfil his part honourably and thoroughly.

In speaking of saving some portion of your earnings, I do not want to omit reminding you of the duty of giving a part of them away. Every honest and conscientious person should regard himself as placed in trust of whatever he earns, bound to spend and to save as in the sight of God. Determine the amount you ought to set aside for the collection box, for charity, for the helping on of the Kingdom of Heaven. Having resolved on the sum, whether it be a penny a week, two cents, or five, or ever so much more, set that amount religiously aside. It is the Lord's money now, not your own. It is the willing heart which pleases God, and surely when he bestows on us so much, we are churls if we refrain from returning our gifts to Him. But never make a parade of your self-denial, and do not fancy that it entitles you to any special praise or credit. "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth" is the Bible rule about almsgiving.

A business boy should cultivate a genial and agreeable manner, at once obliging and deferential. Nothing is more unfortunate than a boorish or bearish or surly manner in business. Let me illustrate. I am not especially unamiable; but the other day, wanting to buy a portière for a certain doorway in my home, I visited a shop where such articles were displayed in abundance. You will think it strange, but I absolutely could not make a selection in that establishment, where fabric and colour and price were in widest variety, because of the manner of the salesman. This young gentleman absolutely antagonized me by his lofty patronage. He began by informing me that I did not know what I wanted, scoffed at my taste, insinuated that I could not afford anything costly, and altogether made himself so insufferable that I left the place without becoming a purchaser. A half-hour later, in another shop, I bought not only the article of which I had been in search, but several others which I had not then intended to procure. In the second instance, the clerk was kind, polite, and respectful, leaving to his customer also the right of private judgment.

"Can you sell goods?" asked a merchant one day of a young man who had applied for a vacancy in one of his rooms. "Certainly, sir, I can sell goods to anybody who wants to buy." "No doubt. But that is not the question. Can you sell goods to people who are rather indifferent in the matter, to people who do not want to buy? There is the test," said the man of affairs.

As a business boy you should write a fair, legible hand, easily read, bold and free from useless flourishes, and you should be able to add up accounts quickly and exactly; also to write a brief, courteous business letter. Likewise you should take care of your dress. Let it be clean and whole, well brushed, and free from grease and other spots. Nicely brushed hair, clean hands and finger-nails, politeness in speaking to those above you, alertness in obeying a call or an order, are all worth thinking about, if you mean to be in the line of promotion.

In truth, dear boy, there are no trifles beneath our notice, if we mean to get on in life. Merchants sometimes select boys for their service or reject them because of something which the boys never meant for their inspection. The oath which leaped thoughtlessly from the lips of the boy who had picked up the vulgar and wicked habit of profanity in the streets, may have lost him the good position for which he longed, and changed the tenor of his whole life. No gentleman swears, and many gentlemen utterly refuse to have around them boys who prove themselves cads by their habit of swearing.

A boy once gained a good situation through the careful way of handling money when it was given him in change. "See there!" said the elderly man, seated near the ferry gates, "that lad folds up his money, and puts it quickly yet carefully into his purse. That is the boy I've been looking for to go into my office."

A distinguished American, in addressing the graduates of a certain college, gave them this advice: Stick, dig, save. Of saving I have already spoken. Let me speak of sticking fast. It is a mistake to change one's place of business lightly or frequently, laying you open to an imputation of fickleness or vacillation, making people shy of employing you in any capacity. A rolling stone gathers no moss, says the familiar adage. Stay where you are and do the best you can, is the motto dictated by common-sense. Do not be afraid of work, nor envious of somebody whose work is lighter than your own. Work as if the business belonged to you, and consider your employer's interests as if they were yours. Be faithful, for fidelity is worth its weight in gold.

"Hoopur and shame from no condition rise. Act as if your part; there is the honour lies." In a commercial country great power is vested in business men. But business men must lay the foundations of their honourable success by being thorough and diligent, honest and prompt, polite and well-bred, while they are yet business boys.—Margaret E. Sangster.

Do to day's duty, fight to day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE CHILDREN DWELL IN LOVE.

Little children dwell in love; New Legation from above, Ye by this birth may know That ye dwell in love below.

God your Father reigns on high, Unbeheld by mortal eye; Him ye see not; love Him then, In His types, your fellow-men.

Not in semblance nor in word, But in truth thought and deed, Share their joy, and help their need.

Thus the saint whom Jesus loved Spoke in word, in action proved; Lord, may thy disciples be Like to him and like to thee.

—Henry Afford.

A BRAVE LITTLE TRIO.

HANSE, Dimmy and Pam had been planting beans all the morning—four in a hill no more, no less—out back of the barn. They had helped their father about the crops every year almost ever since they could walk.

It was a warm day in May. The swallows were flirting about under the brown eaves of the barn, the bluebirds were clearing out their last year's boxes, and the old peewee was building her big nest on a rafter in the open shed. The frogs had been clearing their throats all the morning, and Bounce, the dog, with his head in the stone wall, was barking at a woodchuck that every now and then *cluckered* defiance at all his efforts.

Hanse cast his big black eyes about the blue sky, and sighed. Dimmy looked into the leather bag of beans which she was to plant, and drew a long breath, and little Pam leaned on her short hoe and sighed in sympathy.

"Too bad, ain't it?" said Hanse, in an agitated voice. "The birds don't have to plant beans!"

"Nor the woodchucks, nor—" said Dimmy. "They have to build nests and lay eggs and—"

"Woodchucks lay eggs! No, no, Pam!" shouted Hanse, mockingly, cutting off a whole hill of new corn in his inattention, and bringing a hot flush of anger to little Pam's face. "They dig holes, anyway!" she shouted back, flinging a handful of dirt at Hanse, "an' eats Pa's beans!"

"I wish that one 'ud come out o' the wall an' eat the whole of these bags an' all!" retorted Hanse.

"So do I! I hate to plant 'em!" cried Dimmy, throwing her big sun-bonnet back from her sweaty face, and stamping her little bare brown foot to emphasize the assertion.

"I don't like it neither!" whimpered Pam.

"Well, let's not then!" said Hanse, boldly.

"Oh, we must!" cried the little girls. "We won't have any baked beans next winter."

"Who wants 'em?" sniffed Hanse, "I don't!" at which Dimmy and Pam mocked him.

By this time the three little planters were in high temper and felt very wicked, but at last Hanse, with a good deal of argument, won over his companions in distress, and they did a very sad thing. They emptied their bags of beans into a post-hole back of the barn and put a stone on them. At dinner-time their father praised their swiftness, and gave them the afternoon for a holiday, and, forgetting for the time their reckless act, the children hid away up the river-bank, Hanse with a dog-wood fish-pole over his shoulder, Dimmy carrying a lunch, and Pam the box of angle worms.

Hanse played his hook a long time, but the fish would not bite and the children wandered on till they came in sight of the railroad bridge. They had been told not to go upon it, but this day seemed full of a desire for disobedience and rebellion. They wanted to look down through the bridge into the rushing river. On they went at a run. But when they came to it a sorrowful sight met their eyes. There was "Africa," their father's old black horse, on the bridge, with his foot caught so that he could not get away.

Hanse shouted and Dimmy and Pam screamed with all their might; but it was of no use. Wouldn't Africa have been glad to have got off the terrible spot if he could? But he couldn't. Then the children began to think. The passenger train came by their home at three o'clock, and it seemed as late as that now to the terrified children.

What could they do? Poor old Africa! And the train!

"Run, Dimmy—Pam—quick!" cried Hanse, white with fear. "Gather brush—lots of it! Bonfire on the track!" And away he fled to a near woods, followed by the little girls. Armful after armful of dry brush they brought, running with all speed till quite a heap lay ready for lighting, some distance below the bridge. Then Hanse hunted out a match from his ragged pocket—what boy does not have a match?—and touched it off. Away leaped the flames into the air just as a distant rumble of the train came up the valley.

Fearful that the driver would not see the fire, the children tied their aprons and jackets on branches and ran toward the train waving them and shouting with all their might. He did see it, and stopped in time, and Africa was

rescued, and the train was saved from a terrible accident.

Well, the children took Africa and went home with the praises and cheers of the happy passengers ringing after them.

How proud their father was of this act of courage and forethought.

But the children were not quite easy in their minds, and the more he praised them the worse they felt, and three heavy little hearts beat beneath two little patch-work quilts that night, and three pairs of eyes kept wide awake thinking what could be done.

Early next morning, right away after prayers, three guilty-looking little culprits stole out back of the barn, and, scooping the beans from the post-hole, planted them every one as quickly as they could, each hill in its proper place. It gave them all a backache, but it eased their hearts.—Youth's Companion.

Our Story.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF MONIEIL.

BY AMELIA E. BARR, Author of "Jan Voder's Wife," "The Daughter of Five," etc., etc. CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

SUCH a course of treatment would have shaken the loyalty of an affectionate husband, but when the husband was at heart disloyal its effect was completely destructive. And, perhaps, the saddest part of all such wrongs to a wife is that they do not go steadily, rapidly, and unrelentingly on to their legitimate end.

Maxwell's shadowy remorse, his moments of pity, his passing fits of what he chose to call love, gave the poor wife attacks of baseless hope which were worse than attacks of fever. If he smiled at her, if he spoke with anything like courtesy, if he spoke at all, if he asked her to accompany him to any public place or entertainment, all Grizelda's anger vanished; she forgave him at once; though she only provoked his contempt by suffering him to see how happy he made her.

And in these torturing alternations and suspense she had no human friend or confidant. Some sad wives in a situation so lonely and trying have found a silent or expressed comfort in the sympathy of the servant in their immediate attendance. But it was a part of Lord Maxwell's domestic tyranny to be continually changing Grizelda's maid. "He had no mind to be talked over by two women; besides, no one knew into what house a lady's maid might go, he was determined none of them should stay long enough in his establishment to tell tales out of it."

This was a little wrong, but a few such little wrongs insure a far greater and more bliter hatred than it is possible for a single outrage, however unjust and cruel, to produce. Grizelda shed tears of mortification over this small tyranny; and her proud heart resented the weakness it implied—that she would make a friend and companion of her servant.

"I who have not even told my sister how wretched you make me," she said to him indignantly one day. "Then do so at once. Remember that I order you to tell your sister and your father."

He was quite sincere in his command. He hated both of them. And it was part of Grizelda's punishment to know in her heart that she was to blame in a great measure for this hatred. In the beginning of Maxwell's courtship she had found a sentimental pleasure in augmenting the opposition to their love. She had repeated words not intended to be repeated; she had given to other words an animus more hateful than was their right. And now, when she would fain have had the comfort and support of her own kindred she found that she had built a wall between her husband and them which no love or patience could break down.

Things were in this wretched position when the London season closed. In every respect it had been unfavourable for Grizelda. Her health had failed continually. She was suffering physically as well as mentally. She began to have strong home-sicknesses—to long for a breath of the wild Atlantic—to feel the breeze come down the Jura mountains with the scent of the gorse and the bog myrtle on it—to have haunting dreams of the balsam odours where she had lain among the ferns and bracken. If Maxwell would only go back to Blairgowrie she felt as if all suffering would be possible!

One evening, when their future movements were still undecided, Maxwell dined at home. She hoped something from his presence, hoped that he would tell her that they were going to Scotland; anywhere would be better than London. Lauder Castle was in Fife, that was far enough from Jura to rid her of the influence of Miss Casselby, and oh, if she could only take her life out of that shadow.

After the servants left the room, she waited anxiously for some word of hope. She had indeed come to a point when any change would be welcome. But Maxwell moodily sipped his wine in silence. If he turned his eyes from the portion of the wall he appeared to be studying it was only to glance with satisfaction at the ruby colour in a freshly-filled glass.

When nearly an hour had thus passed Grizelda asked, "Have you any engage-

ment this evening, Walter? If you have not, will you take me for a drive? I feel stronger than usual I think."

He did not answer her for a minute, then he turned to the window at which she sat, looked her steadily and silently in the face, and left the room.

No words could have so deeply and hopelessly wounded her. Hard words may be borne, but if a husband never raises his eyes when he hears his wife's voice—if he makes his cheek like a stone when she kisses it—if he thinks her questions not worth answering—her wishes not worth a refusal—if his step to her is like lead, and his step from her like light—what language can be so forcible and cruel!

Grizelda was not a weeping woman. Yet her eyes filled, and her soul looked sadly through them, as a lovely landscape looks blurred and mournful through a heavy mist. She checked the weakness at once; it had been better, perhaps, if she had washed the wrong away in tears.

For the first time she deliberately indulged the thought of leaving him. Hitherto, if it had suggested itself, she had put it positively away. But hope was nearly dead. The question to be decided in her mind was, whether to return to her father or to go to some place where she was quite unknown. There were little Highland hamlets where she could live a long life, not uncomfortably on £2,000 a year, and Helen would lament it, but it was better they should lament it together than trouble their hearts with her living misery. And Colin and Helen would marry and fill the old castle with new life, and her father would be comforted. She had given them nothing but trouble for two years, they would forgive and forget her faults when she could give them no more.

To these thoughts she wandered restlessly about. The butler came to close the dining room, and she had not spirit enough to delay him; she trailed her heavy feet and long satin garment slowly upstairs, and after standing awhile at a window looking into the square she turned to the drawing-room. It was a large room, or rather series of rooms, covering nearly the whole floor, and the thought of its space and dimness was a grateful one. The door opened noiselessly; the deep soft chairs made her suddenly feel how tired she was. She sat down in one of them, and lulled by the weariness of repressed emotion, by the grey twilight and the deep stillness, she fell asleep.

No one looked for her, or felt any uneasiness as to where she was. All the servants understood my lady's very small importance; her maid, a new one, quite familiar with the utmost privilege of her class, thought her duty fully done when she answered the calls made upon her. There was a little social meeting in the housekeeper's room; at that hour Lord and Lady Maxwell were the most unimportant persons in their home.

It was long after midnight when Grizelda's soul came back to her. It had been at Edderloch, wandered through all the pleasant places of the castle, kissed the Laird and Helen as they lay sleeping, and then in a fisherman's boat on the Jura Sound been soothed with the cradling motion of the waves, and the chant of the men at the fishing:—

It's a kindly evening gale, Fresh and free it blows, Blessings on the fishing boat— How merrily she goes! Christ He loved the fishermen Walking by the sea, How He blessed the fishing boats Down in Galilee.

The familiar melody was in her ears, and almost on her lips, when she awoke; she was stronger and her heart was calm and rested. She stood up and remembered all in an instant. But she had lit no light, and there was a dim one in the furthest room. She did not think of walking softly or of avoiding the ottomans and stands which encumbered the floor. But she did avoid them, and still as a spirit, she reached the point which commanded the lighted room.

Lord Maxwell was there. He sat at a table with his elbow on it, and his head in his hand, lost in thought. She watched his face as his angel might have watched it; looking anxiously for the good there, sorrowful over the evil. He was in evening dress, and looked exceedingly handsome. Her heart grew tender towards him. She was uncertain whether to go silently away or to speak.

As she hesitated he touched a case lying on the table beneath his eyes. She had not noticed it before, but surely she knew it. Was it not the case of the likeness which had been taken of her during those happy weeks of her first season when she was a bride beautiful and beloved? What was he going to do with it? She moved into the shadow; she was determined now to see his inmost thought of her.

She watched with her soul in her eyes, and her heart beating at her lips. "It is a righteous curiosity," she thought, "for if he looks kindly at that pretty remembrance of me I will still hope. I will still remain by his side. I will bear everything. I will make no complaint even to God. I will only ask Him to give me the power to win back the love I have lost."

While she was thus musing Maxwell also had his own thoughts. For some minutes he sat with the case in his hand unopened. Then he slowly pressed the spring, and Grizelda said, "My face is before him!" She was so eager to read his feelings that she stood on tiptoe, slightly bending forward with