

It pays a boy better in the long run to work for twenty-five cents a week and learn a trade, with habits of application to business, than to do nothing and be supported at the expense of his parents.

The Evening Hours.

Boys seldom realize the value of the evening hours. If profitably employed, the spare hours at the command of every boy and girl would render them intelligent and equip them for a life of usefulness. If these spare hours are wasted, the opportunity for securing an equipment for life will never return. Increasing years mean increasing duties and exacting demands upon one's time.

"The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on street corners wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five hours, which, if applied to study, would acquaint him with the rudiments of the familiar sciences.

If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for cigars, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals in the country.

Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by a lounge on the corner or a cigar is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year.

You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness."—Lutheran Observer.

What I Heard in a Car.

Yes, she's just sunshine in any community she's in. One woman was talking to another behind us as the cars sped over the Arizona desert, with its cactus and sage brush.

"I knew her first when they lived in New Mexico, in a forlorn little settlement where they had a very hard time, but where everybody loved her; and now they are in California. But it doesn't matter where she is, she is always just the same.

"Her husband is a man who struggles with a very bad temper, and invariably looks on the dark side of things, so she has always had a heavy handicap at home. But it would surprise you to see how much she has changed her husband for the better in all these years, and how she smooths over

the quarrels he feels it necessary to have with his neighbors wherever he goes."

"How about her children?" asked the other woman. "I hope they take after her."

"There were two, but they are both dead. It was a life sorrow that went deep, but she is so victoriously sunny that, except for the tender way in which she mothers all the young people that come in her way, you would never think how lonely she is for those who have gone. She turns everything into sweetness, you see. She is the best Christian I know, and the 'joy of the Lord' isn't a figure of speech with her, as it is with most of us."

That was all we heard, but it was something to be remembered long after the journey was ended. The brave soul that is like sunshine—we all have known such an one. The pity of it is that, while admiring such victorious cheerfulness, we feel no responsibility to cultivate it ourselves. We, too, can be "just sunshine" if we choose. It is a grace worth trying for, and a Christian grace, too.—Forward.

Acting a Lie.

Dolly had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase on a bracket over the piano. "It will break very easily," her mother said. Now, Dolly had an intense desire to take the vase down without breaking it; but on trying to put it back the bracket slipped off its nail and the vase fell to the floor and was broken into a dozen pieces. Dolly was frightened. As she stood there trying to think her way out of the dilemma, her kitten came into the room.

"I'll shut Spotty into the room, and mamma'll think she did it," decided Dolly, "and Spotty can't tell."

So the kitten was shut in the parlour, and when Dolly's mother came home she found Spotty there and the vase broken.

"Do you s'pose Spotty did it?" asked Dolly.

"I think she must have done so," answered her mother. "You don't know anything about it, do you?"

Dolly pretended that she didn't hear the question and got out of the room as soon as possible. That night she couldn't sleep. "You lied," something said to her. "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't say I didn't break it." "But you might just as well have said so," the voice of conscience told her. "If you didn't tell a lie, you acted one, and that is just as bad as telling one."

Dolly stood it as long as she could. She got up and went to her mother's bed.

"Mother, I broke the vase," she sobbed out. "I thought if I acted a lie you wouldn't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking that God knows, if you don't."

Ah, that's it—God knows, if no one else. We cannot deceive Him.—Ex.