

give than to receive, or even to abstain from giving, which is sometimes hard to bear. The great charm and true help of friendship is the free outpouring of thought, the "communion of spirit," and this must be given us of God; we cannot of ourselves make spirit meet spirit, and unless it does, there can be no ideal friendship, a friendship with nobler, higher possibilities ever before it, teaching us to purify our inmost thoughts that we may be worthy of the sacred name of friend. It seems almost impossible to make some people understand anything of this—one of the greatest blessings given us of God—it is like speaking in an unknown tongue to those who cannot, or who will not, believe in its truth and purity. If they are not "born of the spirit," i.e., if they have never felt its ennobling influence, it would be as easy to make a man who was born blind understand the difference in colours; but let one, even the most unbelieving, experience the relief, the pure happiness of a true friendship, and he lives on a new earth surrounded by a new heaven, and the low and mean fall away from him, for he recognises the "responsibility" that is laid on him.—*Carlton.*

THE FLYING SQUIRREL DOES NOT FLY.

Of course the flying squirrel has no wings, and he does not really rise and fly; but good Mother Nature has kindly give him a wide fringe of skin running nearly all the way around his body, which forms a very perfect parachute. When he leaps from his tree-top into the air, and spreads himself, his parachute and his broad, flat tail enable him to float down easily and gracefully, in a slanting direction, until he alights low down on the trunk of a tree fifty or even one hundred feet distant. Then he clammers nimbly up to its top, chooses his direction and launches forth again, quite possibly to the same tree from which he started. His flight is simply a sailing downward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with a graceful sweep upward at the last, to enable him to alight easily.—*St. Nicholas.*

CULPABLE NEGLECT.

We need not draw on the distant centuries to find examples of our responsibility for others' sin in our failing to interfere to prevent sin. To-day wickedness riots in consequence of our silence or our inaction. To-day are lives sad, because we fail to speak. To-day wrong and evil are powerful, because we fold the hand and close the lip. The tempted are yielding, because we stand by the tempter. The pure are tried, because we offer no sympathy. Lives tender are broken because we stay not the destroyer. Lives are lonely, because we show no friendship. "It's none of my business," we say; "he is his own man!" It is your business to keep others strong and noble.—*Rev. C. F. Thwing.*

Sometimes the vessels of navigators in the Northern seas seem about to be crushed in great moving masses of ice, when the unseen and counter currents make a rift in the floe, and they sail out in safety. So it seems that the Sultan has found a channel suddenly open to him in the conflicting interests of the powers.

Our Young Folks.

BEN'S BEST GIRL.

Not a word was missed in spelling,
Nor was broken any rule,
So Ben's step was with the music,
Marching proudly out of school.
O'er the stile he bounded quickly,
With a hurrah and a shout;
And the boys and girls keep asking:
"What on the earth is Ben about?"

In the shop below the corner,
Soon Ben stopped and looked them o'er—
"All those valentines just opened,"
While the girls peered through the door;
And he whispered to the shopman,
With his heart all in a whirl,
"I must have the best in stock, sir—
"Tis to send to my best girl!"

Was it blue eyed Agnes Cummings?
Could it be that black eyed Bess?
Or perhaps 'twas Kitty Wilbur?
No; the shopman could not guess.
Soon Ben chose one, 'twas so pretty,
Quite unlike any other;
Then he whispered to the shopman,
My best girl is my mother!

—*Susan Teal Perry.*

A DAY AT GRANDMA'S

"Now be good children, and be very careful about the cars," said mamma.

George and Jessie promised they would, their mother kissed them good-bye, and they ran and skipped down the street to the corner, to wait for an electric car.

They were going to spend the day at grandma's, where they always had a perfectly splendid time.

Pretty soon the car came, and a pleasant-faced man, who had been waiting also, helped Jessie up the steps and found her a seat, although he and George had to stand because there were so many people on the car.

George was close beside Jessie, and they looked at each other and smiled, they were so happy.

After awhile the conductor came along to take up the fares. The pleasant-faced man looked in all his pockets for a five-cent piece, but he could not find one, and so he gave the conductor a quarter. Just then some one spoke to the pleasant-faced man, and he put the change the conductor handed him into his pocket without looking at it.

Then the conductor passed on.

"I wonder why he didn't take our fare," whispered Jessie to George.

"Perhaps he will take it next time," whispered George.

"Perhaps he won't take it at all, and then we can spend it for candy," said Jessie.

"That's so," said George. "Let's look out of the window and pretend we've paid it."

When the conductor came around again, there were not so many people in the car. George and Jessie looked out of the window, and he passed along without looking at them.

They looked at each other guiltily, for they knew it was dishonest not to pay their fare. They knew they ought to hold out the five-cent pieces to the conductor, but they thought of the candy and kept them in their pockets, with their hands closed tightly around them.

The conductor passed them once more, on his way to the rear of the car, but they did not offer him the money.

After awhile the car stopped at the place where George and Jessie were to get out, and they started to walk the half-mile to grandma's.

They no longer felt happy, for they knew they had done wrong. They walked slowly, and did not look in each other's faces. The sun was shining brightly, but somehow the day did not seem pleasant.

Grandma was very glad to see them, and said they might go to the next house and ask the boy and girl who lived there to come and play with them and stay to dinner.

The little boy and girl, whose names were Carl and Alice, came, and they all went to see the chickens, and played with the new bossy in the barn, and sailed chips on the brook, and picked violets in the field. But they didn't seem to have a very good time, and before noon they quarrelled, and Alice and Carl said they "wouldn't play," and went home.

Even grandma's nice dinner did not taste good to George and Jessie, and they did not eat very much.

After dinner they went and sat on the doorstep and thought.

"I want to go home," said Jessie at last.

"So do I," said George; and they went into the house and told grandma.

She was very much surprised, but she was afraid they were not feeling well, so she let them go, and walked part way with them.

When George and Jessie reached the car track, they sat down on a stone to wait.

"I hope the same conductor will be on the car this afternoon," said George soberly.

"So do I," said Jessie. "I can't stand it to be a thief any longer, can you?"

"No," said George. "It seems as though I never shall be happy again till I've paid that money."

In a little while the car came along, and they were very glad when they saw that the same conductor was on it.

When he came to take up the fares George gave him four five-cent pieces. "They are for me and my sister," he explained.

The conductor handed back ten cents. "You have paid me too much," he said.

"We did not pay you this morning," said George and Jessie together.

The conductor looked puzzled. "I don't remember anything about it," he said. "I guess you'd better keep the ten cents."

"No, no!" they answered eagerly. "We don't want it!"

So the conductor kept it, and George and Jessie each took a long breath. The day seemed pleasant again, and they looked out of the car windows and talked about the things they saw.

When they stopped the car at their corner, the conductor smiled. "I remember all about it, now," he said. "I thought that man who got on when you did meant to pay for you. When I see him again I'll pay him that ten cents."

"I don't think we shall feel perfectly happy till we've told mamma all about it," said Jessie, as they turned into their yard.

"No," said George. "Let's tell her right off."

So they did, and their mother said she was very glad they had repented of their dishonesty and paid the money.

After that, George and Jessie felt happy once more.—*Zion's Herald.*

What we need is one thing: what we want is quite another thing. God has regard to our needs when we pray, although we are more likely at such a time to think of our wants. God be praised for his refusal to answer our prayers, when they are for our wants, and not for our needs!

DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphry, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said:—

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane, and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale.

In 1867, some children were playing near the Orange River, in Africa. They picked up a stone which they thought was only a very pretty pebble, far prettier than any they had found before.

A neighbor, seeing this stone, offered to buy it for a mere trifle. He, in his turn, sold it to someone else; and so the pebble changed hands, till at last it reached the governor of the colony, who paid two thousand dollars for it. This stone which the children had found was the first of the African diamonds.

"I CAN AND I WILL!"

I know a boy who was preparing to enter the Junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him: "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir. I can and I will do it if you give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and I will do it if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of hard work. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of much greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical power which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.—*Exchange.*