

work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said,

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you will watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was worth a thousand dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field, I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of the Sunday lesson—'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. 'Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.'

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to the city as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather."

"Well, I worked upon those two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea-merchant, called to congratulate me, and said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you—Be careful who you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are! "Fidelity in little things; do your best for your employer; carefulness about your associates." Let every boy take these lessons home, and study them well. They are the foundation-stones of character and of honourable success.—*Selected.*

### LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE words are the sweetest to hear, little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew.

### BURIED HOPES.

WHERE voices mingled in happy chimes—  
Where the laugh and the song were once,  
There is now only silence profound and cold,  
Or an echo's doubtful response.

The grass grows green on the threshold lone  
Where the welcome was said of yore,  
Till it seems as the grave of the oft-used  
words

The dear lips will never say more.

Red ran the wine, when with noisy glee  
All rejoiced o'er the new-born heir;  
And each after-era in life's solemn march  
Found him nearer the Wine-god's lair:

Till eyes that flashed at his boyish feats  
Were lowered in sorrowing shame,  
For, dark on his manhood, the deep stain  
of sin

Soiled the hope of his youthful fame.

Rank grows the grass o'er the lonely graves  
Where the tempted and woe-worn rest;  
And the hearth-ruin wrought by the ruby  
draught

Is hid 'neath their green-swathed breast.

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