

## A GOOD WORD FOR THE BOYS.

I was at a home not very long since in a family of which there are three children, two bright, lovely daughters, and one young son, full of sturdy life, joyous of spirit and naturally of steady purpose. The parents are well-to-do, not of great wealth, yet they have enough to live elegantly, and indulge in some of the luxuries of life.

When I dropped in mother and daughters were sitting together and were engaged in finishing up some beautiful embroidery. One had a table-scarf of the softest silk, covered with budding roses and trailing vines. The older daughter was just putting the finishing-touches upon a beautiful panel for a tea-gown. It was of elegant stuff bordered with life-like sprays of delicate tints and shades, a costly work of art, but very charming in effect. It would make a robe fit for a duchess when combined with the material for which it was intended. Mamma was at work on a piano cover, which she intended as a gift for a friend at Christmas time.

While they were sitting there, busy with their pretty work, papa sat near reading his *Times*. Suddenly the door burst open and son Johnny came bounding in, his face aglow, like a rosy morning.

"Oh, mother," said he, "I want a box of tools. George Henries has just had such an elegant set given him by his father, and he has got a workshop all fitted up and is going to try his hand at cabinet and such light work out of school-hours, and he says I may have a bench in one corner if you'll only give me a set of tools and we can have lots of fun together and make a heap of pretty things besides. Won't you get me a set, papa?"

Papa looked up from his paper and glanced at mamma, who said: John, a set of tools would be very expensive. I do not think we can afford them right now. You don't need them, anyway. So, do not think any more about them. It would be almost like throwing so much money away."

John had been taught to accept his mother's decision as final, so he made no further appeal, but went out with such a look of disappointment and genuine grief on his face I felt sorry for the boy.

But his uncle John was there, for whom he was named. He was his mother's brother, a man of large observation, and one who always spoke his mind freely if he thought occasion required.

"Mary," said he to the mother, "do you think you are quite doing justice to John? Here are you and my nieces spending money for the beautiful trifles which you are embroidering. The work is very beautiful, but it is costly; yet you never deny yourselves anything in this line, and I do not want to blame you for it. These productions of your fingers are really fine works of art, and I admire them as I would a beautiful picture. But while you gratify yourselves, ought you not to do something to gratify John also? It will keep him out of bad company if he can work with George at his bench. It will enable him to learn how to handle tools. Get him a set and I will pay a skilled mechanic to give him three lessons a week for six months, and we will see what he will accomplish."

The result was John was called back and his father told him that he would go with him that evening and select as fine a set of tools as could be purchased for the work-bench.

My moral is, parents, don't forget the wants of the boys. While the daughters have their love for finery, work and such like things gratified, let the boys have all the tools needed if they show an inclination toward becoming skilled artisans.—*Susan Sunshine*.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The fame of Abraham Lincoln is of a kind that is certain to increase as time goes on. He was a man of the people. In a good sense of the word, he was very human. He was both a great man, and a man of great simplicity. The world, we may be sure, will never tire of talking and reading about him. His intimate friend of many years, the Hon. Leonard Swett, pronounced him the best listener he ever knew. "He would hear any one on any subject, and generally would say nothing in reply."

He believed that something was to be learned from everybody, but he was not given to asking advice. He kept his eyes and ears open, and then acted as he himself thought wise and proper. Mr. Swett was with him at the Illinois bar for eleven years, and in all that time never knew him to ask the advice of a friend about anything.

Once, however, just before his famous discussion with Douglas, he sent for half a dozen lawyers.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to ask Douglas the following questions, and I want you to put yourselves in Douglas's place, and answer the questions from his standpoint."

He knew, of course, that a man who

would succeed in debate, must have anticipated his opponent's arguments.

He was naturally a philosopher. He made the best of things as they were, instead of allowing them to harass or discourage him. Speaking of their travels together on circuit, Mr. Swett says:

"Beds were always too short; the coffee was burned or otherwise bad; the food was often indifferent, and the roads were nothing but trails; streams were without bridges and it was often necessary to swim; sloughs were deep, the waggon had often to be pried out of them with fence-rails; but I never heard Mr. Lincoln complain of anything."

"He never got the better of his fellow-man in a trade, and never lent money for interest. He never tasted liquor, never chewed tobacco or smoked, but labored diligently in his profession, charging small fees, and was contented with small accumulations."

Mr. Swett never knew him to borrow money except when he left Springfield to assume the duties of the Presidency. Then he borrowed enough to pay his expenses until he should draw his first quarter's salary. "In his life he lived in all circles, moved in every grade of society, and enjoyed it all equally well. To his compan-

ions in every station he was equally entertaining and equally happy."

Concerning his inquisitiveness, Mr. Swett says: "Travelling the circuit, he sometimes sat with the driver, and before we got to our journey's end he had found out all that the driver knew. If we stopped at a blacksmith's shop he took a seat by the forge and learned how to make nails. If he saw a new agricultural implement standing on the sidewalk in front of a country store, he was sure to stop and learn what it would do, how it would do it, and upon what it was an improvement."

"He was the only man I have ever known who bridged back from middle age to youth and learned to spell well. His manuscripts were as free from mistakes as any college graduate's. I have seen him upon the circuit with geometry, astronomy, or other elementary books, learning in middle life what men ordinarily learn in youth."

"One day he was sitting on the sidewalk in front of a tavern. He had just got the point of a nice demonstration in geometry, and wishing some one to enjoy it with him, he seized upon a hostler and explained it to him till the hostler said that he understood it."

Abraham Lincoln was one of those rare and fortunate souls who knew how to study both books and men. He had an instinct for knowledge, and was always at school. The world itself was his university.

## SIR MORELL MACKENZIE ON SMOKING.

In a valuable article in a late number of *The Contemporary Review*, on "Speech and Song," the first of two which he is to contribute, Sir Morell Mackenzie gives advice to public speakers and singers which, coming from an authority so distinguished, ought to meet with ready and grateful acceptance. First of all he lays down the dictum, "tobacco, alcohol, and fiery condiments of all kinds are best avoided by those who have to speak much." A more emphatic utterance follows of, probably, an unexpected kind. It runs thus: "I feel bound to warn speakers addicted to the 'herb' nicotian against cigarettes." The common notion is that of all forms of tobacco the cigarette is the least objectionable, because the least harmful. According to Sir Morell Mackenzie this is an error. He describes the effect of cigarette smoking as "cumulative," and warns smokers that "the slight but constant absorption of tobacco juice and smoke makes the practice far more noxious in the long run than any kind of smoking." As in the experience of a tippler, the smoker of cigarettes gradually gets his nervous system into a state of chronic inflammation. Then there are the local effects of the practice. "The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, known as 'smokers' patches,' are believed by some doctors with special experience to be more common in devotees of the cigarette than in other smokers; this unhealthy condition of the mouth may not only make speaking troublesome, or even painful, but it is now proved to be a predisposing cause of cancer." The article traverses a wide field, and is literally crammed with hints, every one of which, to him who acts upon it, ought to be worth a doctor's fee.



TWO SISTERS.

I.  
Bless papa!—no, papa's in heaven,  
Bless mamma!—no, mamma's there too.  
I've said, "Bless my sister" already;  
Oh dear me! What more can I do.

Well, "Bless sister Gladys," she's papa  
To keep me from danger and pain;  
Bless Gladys, because she's my mamma  
To love—please bless her again.

Make me always to love and to mind her,  
She's both papa and mamma, and yet  
She hasn't left off being sister,  
And then too I mustn't forget

That she has no papa nor mamma,  
Nor no little girlie but me  
Make me four times as good to her always  
Just as good as I ever can be.

—Selected.

## ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;  
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;  
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,  
The one only countersign sure to win!  
One day at a time!  
It's a wholesome rhyme!  
A good one to live by,  
A day at a time.—*Helen Hunt Jackson*.