

The Inglenook.

A Boy Misjudged.

"Don't be hasty with Charley," said Mary Thomas to her husband, as she heard him sharply tell him not to be late home from school.

"But I mean to let him know I will be obeyed," was her husband's reply, as he added: "Now then, be off to school, and come straight home, or I'll know why."

Charley started off with the tears stealing down his cheeks. He was a bright, manly fellow of some nine years of age, full of health and vigor, and therefore naturally disposed to be on the move. His father, however, was rather disposed to forget that "boys will be boys," or that it would be unnatural in such a lad not to be buoyant whenever an occasion presented itself for the display of his youthful vigor.

He had, however, to learn it to his cost. During the afternoon his business matters had become somewhat trying, and he went home with a vexed spirit. He was by no means unkind, but easily annoyed if things did not go exactly to suit him, especially little ones. Prompt and exact himself, he could not put up with the absence of such qualities in others.

Sitting by the fire in rather an unhappy mood, it was made worse by his wife's coming in and saying in rather an excited manner:

"I do declare, Charley has just come home in a perfect mess. He is covered from head to foot with mud and drenched to the skin!"

"Where is he?" asked the father, sternly. "In the kitchen shivering over the fire. He was afraid to come in because the servant told him you were at home."

"I don't wonder at his being afraid. Why, it was only yesterday I told him to keep away from the river, and that he was on no account to get near the edge on his way home from school. So tell him to come in this instant."

A moment after, Charley entered, trembling with cold and fright. One glance at his father's face was enough to tell him what to expect, from experience.

"Did I not tell you never to go near the river? It serves you right, and in the morning I'll let you know what I think of your conduct in such a way you won't forget."

"But, father," said the little fellow, "do let me explain and tell you—"

"Not one word—go to bed at once."

"I only want to tell you, father, that—"

"I tell you, not a word," said the father, and with a wave of his hand he added, "go to bed, or you will regret it."

Slowly the boy obeyed, and crept supperless to bed. When he had left the room, his mother said gently:

"I think, father, you ought to have heard what Charley had to tell you. My heart ached when he turned away. You know he is generally obedient, and if he does something wrong, it is more for want of thought than wilfulness of heart."

"Still he ought to do as I told him, as I did so plainly about not going near the river."

Somehow a cloud seemed to come over the parents that night, and a restraint crept between them. When at length they retired

to rest, as they passed the bedroom of the little fellow, something prompted the father to look in.

Creeping in and sheltering the candle, he went in and gazed upon his boy's face as he calmly and sweetly slept. A feeling of regret at his own harshness sprang up in his mind, which he tried in vain to suppress by saying that "a sense of duty" required him to be firm. On talking over the matter, however, with the mother, he promised that before proceeding to extreme measures in the morning he would listen to what the boy had to say, and, if it was a reasonable excuse, make amends to his wounded spirit.

Alas! the opportunity never came, for when they awoke in the morning it was to discover the lad tossing with brain fever, from which he never recovered, and in a few days, although they watched and waited in speechless agony and the most intense desire for some recognition, he passed away.

When the news reached the school, one of Charley's most intimate companions called, and after awhile said:

"I was with Charley when he got into the water."

"Indeed," said the father; "then you can tell me how it happened."

"Yes. Two boys were fishing, and somehow one slipped in and raised a cry for help. Charley threw off his cap and jumped in, and, after a deal of trouble, got the boy to the side of the river and waded through the mud, where I helped them both ashore. Charley told me not to say anything about it, for you had warned him not to go near the water, and all the way home he kept saying: 'What will my father say when he sees me? but I felt I must try and save Tom.'"

"My poor, brave boy!" exclaimed the father. "That was what he wanted to tell me, and I cruelly refused to hear him, owing to my hasty temper. God forgive me."

Hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks, and for years the sight of Charley's toys, school-books and other things, sent him a pang to his heart which might have been saved if he had been willing to listen before he condemned his poor boy.—The Christian Commonwealth.

Who Was It?

BY E. M. CLARK.

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be polite:

Wouldn't say "Good-morning" and wouldn't say "Good-night";

Felt it too much trouble to think of saying "please";

Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a breeze;

Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run;

Ran away and lost herself, because it was "such fun."

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad That, with all her laughter, sometimes she was sad?

But the reason for it isn't hard to find, For this little maiden didn't like to mind;

Wouldn't do the things she knew she really ought to do,

Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it wasn't you.

A faddist is a man of genius after he has succeeded; he is more or less a silly kind of bore till he does succeed.—Andrew Lang.

A Long Ladder.

A Hindoo priest was sent over to Europe a short while ago in order to study the religions and the religious customs of the West. The first time that he visited a Christian church he was vastly impressed with the beauty of the music, his senses were awed by the solemnity of all he saw, and the young clergyman in the pulpit pleased him with the eloquent words of pity which streamed from his lips. After the service had concluded the Hindoo took the first opportunity of approaching the young clergyman. "Your words," he said have deeply impressed me. You are surely one of the first servants of the Church?"

"Oh, no," replied the clergyman with humble mien, "the vicar is over me."

"And over the vicar?"

"The canons."

"And over the canons?"

"The bishop."

"And over the bishop?"

"The archbishop."

"And over the archbishop?"

"The cardinals."

"And over the cardinals?"

"The HOLY FATHER."

The Hindoo priest shook his head and ceased his questions saying—"What a long, long ladder you want to mount up to God."

Home.

A prize which was offered by a London paper for the best definition of a home, brought about five thousand answers. Some of the best were the following:

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Where you are treated best and grumble most.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

Like Jesus.

Four little girls in a Sabbath school class were left alone for a few moments.

"I wish I was a beautiful grown-up lady like our teacher," one little girl said.

"No," said another; "I'd rather be a little girl, but have everything I want. I'd have pretty clothes like Mamie Carroll's."

"I want to be like Esther May," put in the one next. "She has curls and dimples."

They nudged the fourth little girl. "We've all chosen some one to be like. Don't you want to be like anybody?"

"Yes," answered the fourth little girl who had not been listening; "I want to be like Jesus."

Which little girl made the wisest choice?

Substitute for Refrigerators.

There are times when the household goods are set up in places where refrigerators, cold rooms and cellars are not possible. In such cases human ingenuity has surmounted the lack of all these and found ways and means of keeping food. The following suggestions may be helpful if they are ever needed: If there is a convenient spring or well, butter may be kept cool and palatable by being hung in the water. Put it first in a jar or