

THE GOLD NECKLACE.

Johnny was a bright lad of about twelve or thirteen years. He lived among the green hills, where his father had a neat farm, and where the great world was little known.

A peddler who used to travel round selling pretty things to the country folk, took a liking to the little boy, and inspired him with a strong desire to try his hand in trade, which, he told him, was so much more profitable than farming. He wanted a boy to assist in carrying his merchandise; and Johnny thought that it was the beginning of great things when he was invited to travel with the peddler in that capacity.

The farmer made no objection to the arrangement. He had a large family, and could spare his little son; and perhaps, too, he thought it wise to let the lad have a trial of the life which appeared so charming. He therefore gave him permission to go, but added, as he had bade him farewell, "Be a good boy, Johnny; and if you get tired, come back home."

The mother added her cheerful good wishes; and after kissing each one of the family, the little boy started with light spirits by the peddler's side.

Johnny had quite a gay time assisting in the sales of ribbons and laces, rings and broaches; and the peddler's lively companionship shortened the road. At length they approached a large house surrounded by handsome grounds, where they were received by two or three richly-dressed ladies, and presented their gay wares.

Gold necklaces were then very fashionable, and one of pretty design was produced by the peddler, which he offered to the ladies at a great bargain. It was the last of a lot, he said, each of which had fetched him a good price; he could therefore afford to sell this one without calculating profit, and especially as the ladies had bought several articles of him, he would let them have the necklace for two pounds, ten shillings, which he declared to be less than cost price. The ornament was purchased, the money paid, and the dealer gravely withdrew. At a little distance from the house, however, he burst into a loud laugh, and slapping his young companion on the back, exclaimed, "There, boy, that's the way to do business! That necklace cost me about half-a-crown, and there's not a bit of gold in it!"

Johnny stood still, staring in amazement at the announcement. At length he spoke: "Father told me if I got tired to come home, and I believe I am tired now. Good bye." And handing the pack which he carried to its owner, he coldly turned away.

It was now the pedlar's turn to be astonished. The laugh was changed to an expression of concern, and, following the boy, he used every argument to induce him to proceed in his company; but the child of honest parents had been taught to "hate every false way." If trade involved fraud and deception, he would have nothing to do with it; so, resisting every overture, he pushed his way back, and, disappointed and footsore, at close of day he re-entered his green mountain home.

Forty years have passed since then, and the Johnny of our story never turned aside from "the way of the just." During the last half of his life he has been in respectable business in an important city. He is not what the world calls rich, but he enjoys what wealth could not give; he is the esteemed bearer of an unsullied name, the happy father of an upright family, and an honoured and trusted member of the church of Christ.—*Sunshine.*

In good fortune be not too elevated and confident. In misfortune be not too despondent.

BUFFALOES GUARDING A BOY.

There was a Malay boy near Singapore who was employed by his parents in herding some water-buffaloes. He was driving his charge home by the borders of the jungle, when a tiger made a sudden spring, and, seizing the lad by the thigh, was dragging him off, when two old bull buffaloes, hearing the shriek of distress from the well-known voice of their little attendant, turned round and charged with their usual rapidity. The tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo fought and successfully drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the wounded boy. Later in the evening, when the anxious father, alarmed, came out with attendants to seek his child, he found that, although the herd had dispersed themselves to feed, two of them were still there, one standing over the bleeding body of their little friend, while the other kept watch on the edge of the jungle for the return of the tiger.

CHARACTER GROWS.

From the minute a babe begins to notice surrounding objects, his character is under the process of formation. Day by day, through infancy and childhood, here a little and there a little, character grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a model man of business—prompt, reliable, cool, and cautious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all the admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which

boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, and studies, and we will tell you just about what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at the breakfast table, late at school, and never does anything at the right time, stands a poor chance to become a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "Oh, I forgot, I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds a pleasure in the pain of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

THE SONS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Next to the inquiry, What becomes of the pins? an interesting question would be, What becomes of the sons of successful men? A few men and a few firms are in the hands of the founders; but these are exceptions. The old name and the old trade generally pass into the hands of others. "Do you see that man shoveling in coal? Well, his children, and children like his, will jostle your pampered sons and rule this land," said an old New-Yorker, the other day. The old names have ceased in the pulpit. The famed men of the bar seldom have a successor. The eminent jurists carry their honors with them to the grave. Merchant princes are obliterated.

The reason is clear. The fathers laid the basis of business one way, and the sons build another. Men who earned their fortunes by hard work, by diligence that knew 'sixteen hours' toil, by personal attention; that were their own bookkeepers, salesman, cashiers, and often porters, are followed by sons who do as little as possible; who delegate to others all the work they can, and who know more of the road than of the ledger. Famous hotel men were gentlemen, men of intelligence, men who were the equals of the best in the land, and who never sunk the gentleman in their trade. Young men who fling the example of their sires to the winds find it easier to

squander a valuable name, run through a fortune quicker than it was earned, and find themselves, while young, at the point from which their fathers started. One thing is quite marked in New York. It is the fact that the heavy business is getting into the hands of foreigners. The heavy importers, the great bankers, and much of the trade of value, is slipping out of the hands of Americans, as the trade of England got into the power of the Lombards.—*Boston Journal.*

OUR prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while the one ascends, the other descends.

IN Constantinople eighteen evangelical congregations meet on every Sunday. Half of them are composed of natives of the country.

THE Berlin Museum bought, some years ago, in Jerusalem, for about 28,000 thalers, some Moabite antiquities, the age of which was pretended to amount to 2,500 years. It has turned out now that these monuments are not genuine.

THERE are boys who grow up to manhood without learning to smoke. We have seen such. It is even possible to get through a Theological Seminary with lips unstained by tobacco. This latter assertion is a daring one but we bravely make it.

WHEN we hold a hand in the warm clasp of love or friendship, how little do we know as to what a powerful instrument it is, or may have been, for good or evil! We gaze into the eye to meet its glances warm and bright, and think we see a heart reflected in its light; but too often beneath its pleasant beaming lies the hidden tear that is welling up from the depths of an aching heart.

It is always a terrible condemnation of a church member that no one should suspect him of being one. We have heard of a young lady who engaged for many months in a round of frivolities—utterly forgetful of her covenant with Christ. One Sabbath morning, on being asked by a gay companion to accompany him to a certain place, she declined on the ground that it was the communion Sabbath in her own church. "Are you a communicant?" was the cutting reply. The arrow went to her heart. She felt that she had denied the Lord who died for her. That keen rebuke brought her to repentance, and a re-conversion.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

MISSIONARY work in the city of London is grandly carried on, as the following extract will show:—"It is not only the depraved, in the low beer-shops, but also the refined and educated, in the private hotel and restaurant, who are sought. The missionary to the public houses of the fashionable West End of London, after ten years of labor in one thousand seven hundred of these places, says that he, in his pride and vanity, considers 'Langham Hotel,' a well-known fashionable resort, as his 'cathedral.' Regular Friday evening religious exercises are held therein, by permission, for its inmates and two hundred employees. Not only is their religious conversation and instruction, but suitable tracts and papers are distributed. A collection box for the Mission has sometimes been put up by the publican. Many houses have been closed entirely, others upon the Lord's day; while hundreds and thousands of men and women have been reclaimed from drunkenness and other vices, and have become members of the Christian Church. About two thousand persons are spoken with monthly by each public house missionary. An earnest effort is now being made to extend this work to the remaining gin palaces and beer-houses of the great city."