

is out of repair, how to take it to pieces and arrange it properly. If a pipe or a pan leaks, how to use iron and solder for its benefit. If the seams of a tub are open, how to cooper it. If a glass is broken in a sash, how to set another. How to hang paper on walls, and use brush and paint and putty. How to make a fire and lay a carpet and hang a curtain. Every boy may learn enough of these things to do away with the necessity of calling in a cobbler mechanic to his house when he is a man.

And he will delight to learn them. He will take infinite pleasure in the employment. Nothing makes a boy feel so proud as to be able to do things. His workshop will be his paradise. He will have his mind occupied and amused with utilities. He will be led to think, to reflect and invent. Neither need this interfere with his studies or his plays. He will pursue and enjoy them with more zest. It is idleness, aimlessness that is ruining our boys. With nothing to do attractive at home they are in the streets or in worse places, expending their energies and feeding their desires for entertainment upon follies.

How many men do we know, husbands and fathers, who have the credit of being good providers, and that is about all they are to the household! They provide the money, and the work is left to wife, servants and mechanics. All such responsibility they refreshingly throw off on the ground of incapacity. They are wise in books, shrewd in business, can preach a good sermon or plead eloquently at the bar, but can't drive a nail to save them. They would freeze to death in a cold room if their arranging a door or setting a pane of glass, or building a fire only could prevent it, and as for fixing a sick lock or clock they could as soon square a circle. A little wisdom in their boy—education would have prevented their being so helpless.

You say these things are trifles! Well, the comfort of home depends much upon such trifles. You say it is easier to get some one whose business it is to do them for you. Well, get them if you can, but know how to do them yourself if you can't. A *House Band* is not complete unless he can reach and influence all about the house—not only the people in it but the house itself. The commander of a ship or army must be familiar with all the details of his undertaking to be reliable, equally so should the householder have practical knowledge and ability to meet his necessities.

We say, then, teach the boys, or put them in a position to learn how to do for themselves what your experience tells you they will need to know when they are housekeepers. Let them have access to your kitchen and be friendly with its goddess. Receive with approbation the cup of coffee or steak they have prepared for you. Initiate them into the mysteries of marketing, trust them to make purchases on their own discretion, and don't be hasty to condemn their first ventures. Teach them as to quantity and quality and value. Wink at their failures and make them feel that they are helping you. Give them tools—carpenters' and plumbers' especially. Give them some little corner for a workshop all to themselves, and you will not only make them useful but happy. You will keep them near you. They will not feel that home is so dull that they must seek entertainment away from your eye, but will delight to be where you should have them be; near you, doing you good.

A lady not long since in speaking to me of her child said, "He was such a mother-boy." She meant by it that his highest delight was to be at home, and that he had no tastes foreign to it; and he was this because she judiciously kept him employed in learning to be useful while all the time he thought he was playing.

If this were done by more mothers, we should have fewer loungers in the street, fewer able-bodied men fainting behind counters, handling laces, and fewer of these helpless do-nothings who are the drones of the hive. We want good domestic capable girls for our sons' wives, we want equally good domestic capable boys for our girls' husbands—boys who know a little about everything. In a word, boys who have *gumption*.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keep-

ing of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in the window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone, out of sight, near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly; he cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

ATTACHED TO THE CHURCH.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine Altars O Most High.

The well-known fancy of some birds for making their homes in and about churches in England no doubt suggested the above lines in that favourite Hymn of Mr. Lyte's, "Pleasant are Thy Courts, &c." Occasionally we see the same thing exemplified in Canada, and an instance has just occurred in Toronto. Early in the season, a pair of "Canadian robins" (Red-breasted Thrush), made their nest on a beam of the eaves at the West door of St. Matthias', Strachan Street, and the hen remained unconcerned on her nest within a few feet of the people passing in and out. The Sunday school children were duly warned to take this new visitor under their special protection; but some wicked boys in the neighbourhood one day destroyed the nest and eggs. The birds though disturbed were determined not to be driven away. They accordingly formed a new nest, and successfully reared their little family, in the *Bell Cote*, of all places in the world. Directly underneath the bell, and within a few inches of its tongue was their habitation, and there in security and serenity, notwithstanding the peals of the 'Church-going bell' four times every day, and many times on Sundays, they formed their home. "Happy birds!" and wiser than many who find the sound of a Church Bell an unwelcome reminder of their shortcomings in the worship of God—though intended as a friendly warning to repent.

THE PRAYER FOR A DINNER ANSWERED.

We have received the following from a warm friend of Sunday schools and of little children:—

A workman at our establishment, in the E—Road, lives at — Grove, in a small house, with six children, four of whom go to the Sunday school. He is obliged to come by the early workman's train to his employment, and therefore seldom saw the younger children, except asleep, till Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when the whole family dine together off a joint of meat, invariably brought home by the father on Saturday afternoon. Shortly before Christmas he was taken ill with rheumatics, and confined to his home. One day his little girl, just over six years, looked up in his face and said very earnestly, "What shall we do for dinner on Sunday?" Not knowing what to say, he replied, "Ah! what shall we?" "Father," she said, "I have told Jesus, but the dinner has not come." "Have you?" said he; "then you must tell Him again." "I will," she said, kissing him, and bidding him good night, retired to tell Jesus her great trouble; she feared they would have nothing to eat. She had sung, "Go and tell Jesus" at the school, and heard of Jesus feeding the multitude, and she asked in simple faith that He would feed them. Now for the answer to her prayer. On that day a hamper came to the factory from M—, addressed to her father. I took off the label and re-directing it, sent it immediately to the booking

office, and it arrived at the little girl's home after she was asleep; and on the top when opened was a large joint of meat, which was soon hung up at the foot of the stairs. On coming down stairs in the morning the first thing she saw was the joint of meat. How her eyes sparkled!

A few days after this incident I went down to see her father, and he related the facts with tears in his eyes, telling me how it rebuked his want of faith. Here is an illustration of the value of the Gospel in song. G. S.

SAD PICTURES.

To-day my little boy and I took a quiet walk through the maple woods, just back of our village. It was very pleasant among the tall maples, that were just beginning to wear their summer drapery of green leaves. They stood upon a hill that overlooks our little village and the green sunny valley. We had a very fine view of the country one way; but as we looked in another direction a high, rough hill hid the view. Upon one hand we could see well cultivated farms and green patches of woodland; upon the other the old hill confronted us, with its rough, rocky side and leafless trees. A fire had passed over it late in autumn, and killed the trees and shrubbery:

"I wish the old black mountain was not there," my little boy said, as he chanced to look at the same.

I did not answer him, and so he continued—

"If it was not there we could see a long way where the river runs. It would be so nice to see houses and woods beyond the mountain."

"It is a little unpleasant," said I in reply; "but God placed it there, even it does prevent our viewing the country beyond it."

We came down the hill, and entered the quiet little village. We met many well-dressed, happy looking people, and I forgot all about the rough old hill. I began to think that this was a happy world after all.

But soon we were startled by a loud oath, and a man reeled out of a saloon before us, very much intoxicated. His eyes were glassy, and he was wild and crazy.

"This is Charley Reed's father," my little boy said. "Charlie will cry very hard when he sees him, for it makes him feel so bad when his father drinks liquor. Poor Charley I'm real sorry for him, for he is the best boy in school." And then a tear of pity came into my boy's eyes.

"Yes there is a sadder picture than the old mountain," I said, as we hurried by the drunken man.

My little boy did not speak, but with bowed head he walked quietly on. This "picture" affected him far more than the unlovely hill. I earnestly wished that this scene would make a deep impression upon him.

Sad picture! Oh, how many we see every day made by the ruel liquor traffic.—Mrs. M. A. Holt, in *Youth's Temperance Banner*.

WATCHING FOR RAVENS.

Mrs. Rodgers was a poor widow woman who had four little children; the eldest was about eight years old. One evening, in the midst of winter her children were hungry, and she had no food to give them. But she loved and served God; and trusting in him to provide for their daily bread, she knelt down to tell him of her wants and ask him to supply them.

At the close of the prayer, the eldest said to her, "Mother, doesn't the Bible say that God once sent some ravens with bread to a man that was hungry? Don't you think God can send us some ravens with bread now, just as well as he did then? I'm going to open the door, or they can't get in."

A few minutes after, the village magistrate passed and glancing through the open door, said to Mrs. Rodgers, "My good friend, how does it happen that your door is standing open this cold winter's night?"

"It was my little boy who opened the door a moment ago, in order, as he said, 'that the ravens might come in and bring us bread.'"

Now it happened that this gentleman was actually dressed in black from head to foot.

"Ah, indeed!" said he, laughing; "Richard is right. The raven has come, and he is a pretty big one, too. Come with me, my little man, and I will show you where the bread is."