

flushed face. Then she kissed her, and said, as she rang the bell: 'Now go in, dear, and sit in the chair on the platform. Mr. Howe and I want you there.' Lydia Frances did so, wondering, but very thankful.

After the scholars had filed in to their seats, Mr. Howe walked gravely forward, and said, 'When I was quite a large boy, going to school, I had one teacher who taught us that it was a very good idea to have pegs to hang our knowledge upon. Now I have found that there is one scholar in this school, and she is quite a little younger than I was at the time that I speak of, who has found out just such a way for herself.' He then went on to explain Lydia Frances's way, and ended by saying: 'She has chosen to call this way a "trick"; but it is a very good trick—very good, indeed. It is perfectly right, and perfectly commendable!' How that big word 'commendable,' rolled out! 'I think that there are certain scholars who are studying United States history who might profitably adopt the method for their own.'

He stepped back upon the platform. Miss Evans whispered to him, and he nodded. 'You may be excused for the remainder of the day, Lydia Frances,' she said. 'We think that you have earned a half-holiday.'

Thomas Henry had no opportunity to inform the family of this day's happy proceedings, for they were made aware of them long before his return home. His version was listened to very patiently, however, at the supper-table, and Aunt Susan concluded the series of comments with the tart exclamation, 'Now see if that Seymour girl'll crow over Lydia Frances again!'

### He Wasn't Ashamed.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, singing 'I have beefsteak, codfish balls and bull-heads.' Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touched his father's arm, exclaimed, in a low nervous tone:

'Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants.'

'It's customary with me to return thanks to God, wherever I am,' said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and his son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist pushed back his fish ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been president of the United States.—Selected.

### The Report Humorous.

'You don't seem to understand,' blustered the man who was trying to make his point with a university professor. 'I tell you, sir, I ought to know. I'm an alumni of this institution myself.' 'Are you? That's nothing singular,' was the witty rejoinder, uttered so quietly that the blustering man never knew what had happened.

On another occasion the same professor, having ordered from a music publishing house a copy of a 'Valse Impromptu' by a certain French composer, received an 'Impromptu Waltz' by another man. The publishers, when called to account for their mistake, replied rather insolently that they had been in the music publishing business a long time, and had yet to discover the difference between a 'Valse Impromptu' and an 'Impromptu Waltz.' Would Doctor Smith kindly state to them that difference?

'Gentlemen,' wrote the genial professor, in answer, 'I have not, like yourselves, been in the music publishing business, and am therefore not fully qualified to inform you, but since, in your extremity, you have appealed to me, I would venture to suggest that the difference between a "Valse Impromptu" and an "Impromptu Waltz" may be similar to the difference between a blind Venetian and a Venetian blind.'

'Yours very truly,' and so forth.

### Sir Wilfrid's Boyhood.

The Belfast 'Witness' is responsible for the following:

'There has never been any doubt as to the high-minded character of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen by his moral power. One of the members of the Canadian Parliament once asked Sir Wilfrid how it was that, being a Roman Catholic, he was so broad in his views. His answer was— "Up to the age of eighteen I could speak nothing but French, and I hired out with a Scotch farmer in order to learn English. Every morning this good man held family worship, and the different members of the household read in turn a verse of the Bible. In the course of time I was invited to remain with the family while morning service was held, and I had every opportunity of judging of the sterling and consistent character of that good farmer and his family, and I must admit that the impressions I there received have remained with me through life, and have undoubtedly influenced me more than I know."

### Wendell Phillip's Apt Reply.

A number of years ago Frances E. Willard made a temperance address in Boston. During her stay in the city, a young man happened to call on Wendell Phillips, who entertained him till late in the night telling of the old abolition days, and showing him relics of their struggle. As the young man rose to depart, he said to Mr. Phillips:

'Mr. Phillips, I think if I had lived in your time I would have been heroic, too.'

Mr. Phillips, who had gone to the door with his caller, pointed to the saloon down the street, and his voice was keen with indignation.

'Young man,' he said, 'you are living in my time and in God's time. Did you hear Frances Willard last night? Be assured that no man could have been heroic then who is not heroic now. Good-night.'

### Respect Your Work.

A boy is usually set to do drudgery when he first begins any trade. He must kindle fires, sweep stores, care for stables, etc. These things are tiresome, and appear to be of little use in teaching him his future business. They are very important tests of his character, however, and he is wise if he treats them as such, and attends to them as though he believed they were of consequence.

A distinguished merchant owed his first advancement in business to the way he attended to mere drudgery. He had to take care of two horses, look after the lamps and care for the horse-sheds. His lamps always shone and gave good light; he kept the barn where the horses were clean and neat; the ground in the sheds was carefully swept every morning, and some loose bricks which were apt to fall down would be carefully piled. One day the head partner of the firm, who lived at a distance, put his horse under the sheds. When he backed him out the horse knocked down some of the bricks.

'Pick up those bricks!' said the man to the boy, who had come to put some packages into the carriage.

That was all the recognition the boy received, and it was the first time that the great man had spoken to him. But the next day the same man came again. He was seen looking about the stable and talking with the manager of the store. In a week the boy was promoted to the charge of a department which called for special faithfulness, and from that time rose rapidly.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

### Meeting and Knowing.

How shall we know temptation when it comes? The answer is very plain. By companionship with Christ. A young man of intemperate habits was converted. A former associate met him and asked him into a saloon to have a drink. He said, 'I cannot; I have a friend with me.' 'Oh, that is all right; bring your friend with you,' said

the man. 'No,' said he, 'the Lord Jesus Christ is my Friend, and he will not go into a saloon, and does not wish me to go.' This is the real test. Imagine Jesus with you, your Friend at your side, His eyes upon you—would you do the thing? This is no imagination. It is reality. Jesus is by our side. His eyes do see; His ears do hear; and His heart really cares. And how shall we meet temptation when we know it? In the same way. First, by quickly realizing our relationship with Christ—that His honor is wrapped up in us, that His confidence is fixed upon us; also by wielding strongly the weapon of 'all prayer,' and drawing quickly the 'sword of the Spirit' the Word of God. Pray as if all depended upon God. Fight as if all depended upon you.—The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

### A Madagascar Hymn Writer.

In the 'Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society was given an account of the sad death of J. Andrianavoravelona, the native pastor of the church on the rock, Antananarivo. He was a great hymn-writer, and many of his compositions are widely sung in Madagascar. It is said that he could write one for any occasion, on any subject. The following hymn was composed in prison shortly before his death:

#### THE HEART IS GOD'S.

Take my heart for Thine, Jehovah,  
Oh, my Father and my God,  
Dwell within my heart forever,  
Of that house be always Lord.  
Oh, my Father,  
Let it be Thy dwelling now.

Take my heart for Thine, O Jesus,  
Oh, my Saviour and my Lord,  
'Tis my heart instead of riches  
Now I offer unto Thee.  
O receive it,  
As a willing sacrifice.

Take my heart for Thine, O Spirit,  
Holy Ghost from God sent down,  
And this heart of mine enlighten,  
Cleanse it for Thy temple throne.  
Oh, now take it,  
Consecrate it for Thine own.

I will never close my heart, Lord,  
But will open it to Thee;  
To this heart of mine now enter,  
Reign without a rival,  
Yes, my Master,  
Three in One and One in Three.

This saintly man died suddenly in prison, along with a companion, both of whom had been in good health a day or two before. The circumstances indicated that they had been poisoned.

### About Secrets.

If I were you, Blanche, I would refuse to be the custodian of anybody's secret. When a girl carries you off to a corner, and with a mysterious air informs you that she is going to tell you a great secret, but that you must never, never, so long as you live, so much as whisper a word of it to anybody else, you should simply draw back and say to her plainly that you cannot listen to a secret that must be kept from your mother. You ought not to let yourself be burdened with anything that you cannot repeat to her exactly as it was told to you.

A young girl whose mother is her confidante is very safe. No other friend is quite so near you, or quite so able to give you good advice, to show you the right and wrong of things, and to tell you what to do when you are puzzled. So long as you tell mother everything you will keep out of awkward positions and be a happy girl.

Of course you know that most of these wonderful secrets so breathlessly unfolded in a recitation room after school, or in a twilight talk, or when you are sitting in a kimono with your hair down, ready for bed, amount to very little. They are apt to melt away into thin air in the telling.—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Forward.'