and like to know what I stregood for t ept to play and to tunble things down ' as a there are no little girles. At your house at home. Dr. Brown

is a trushed all the arounds from the table and dusted the sofe and chairs pulshed the hearthstone and fender and swept off the area stairs

o wiped all the silver and china. trol just dropped one piece on the floor doctor, it I roke in the middle. trol f 'spect it was cracked before

tod the steps that I saved precious maintan, you'd be sprised, for Brown 11 year knew, save (fit wasn't for Beste who couldn't exist the day through

the sie, bring paper some water, and. Resear, dear, run to the door? I Heater love pick up the playthings the tests; has dropped on the floor?

to dia tor, I'm 'aderably tired, I so been on my feet all theday. had bye' will, perhaps I will help you then your Bridget goes off to stay!

#### Can't Afford It.

· Here, Dan, is something that may naturet you, said Farmer Brown, as he handed the boy a bulky letter.

The postmaster missed his mark

there, sure," said Dan, glancing at the

intouched stamp.

That will send a letter to your mother. Dan, and not make you any poorer, either," answered the farmer.

"I dare say it will," responded the lade as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tes kettle.
And you can have the two cents you

thus save for marbles," suggested Mr. Brown, thoughtlessly

"That would be cheating," whispered Dan's conscience. "The stamp has already done its duty in carrying one letter

"It will earry another. It is not marked," argued Dan.
"But you know that was a mistake,"

"That was the postunster's fault, and not mine," was Dan's inward reply. "It is novery small thing, and the government will not missit, no not oven

"Will you not know it, and can you afford to be dishenest for any amount, large or small?" the voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that some one had spoken the words right in ins ear. Flinging the stamp he had loosened into the fire, he exclaimed, No'l cannot afford to sell myself." "What's wrong?" asked the farmer.

i meng up from his paper. "Loso the stamp after all your trouble?"

"Worse than that," replied the boy

sheepishly.

"What, burned your fingers with the steam?" questioned his employer.

"No," said Dan, determinedly; "I

wild my honor, or came near doing so."
What do you mean, boy? The What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would noter have

found out. " But I know it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your

"Besides what?" queried the man, "God knows about it, and he looks upon the heart," said Dan.

"R's a mighty anall thing to worry over. I am sure," replied Mr. Brown. The Post-office Department would not have been much the poorer, I assure

"It would have been fewlo would nave been poorer. Had I sold my monor for two cents, I should have made

the worst bargain I over did " And so Dan gained a victory, and ho was noted policy thereing the voice of conscience. By Belle 1.

### Trath and Inlechood.

A deaf and dumb boy was asked. What is truth?" He stepped to the blackboard and made a straight line. And what is falsehood "

and he made a zigzau, crooked line-This was a good answer, wasn't it? We mar boys in their play pledging each other to do "the straight thing," mean ng, of course, being true and trutbful and when we hear them say that a boy crooked," we know they mean that to be said deceives.

A fattle girl who had tried it, said The trouble about telling a he is that when you have told one you have to the eyer so many more to cover the sist one up. ' Jenne M. Bingham. The Value of a Trade.

PACES OF INTEREST SUBSTICES

The young man who enters no thool will out a good practical knowledge of a trade or profession that will quable him to carn a b chhood begins life Licking the fundamental requisite to rucces In this age of specialization in which trained ability is the recommendation to perseverance, a complete madery over some one calling is ab olately indispenable to attain the rewards of this busy world. The high state of perfection to which modern producing agencies have been brought, and the competitive strife that marks the struggle for industrial supremact, demands thorough skill to engage in their field of labor. Me flocity. or a mere acquaintance with the catch words of a trade, does not constitute a mechanic, nor have they any value to the practical hydross man seeking competent help

There is altogether too much of the bookish and theoretical in early education and not enough of the natural and practical. The useful is sacrificed to the ornamental. Storing the much with a mass of useless information, worn out phrases and immatered philosophy in stend of training the faculties with s knowledge of some art or trade that will be of value as a bread winner, has been the curse of educational systems that are now being recognized as wrong in theory and vicious in practice. The ability to figure out how long it would require a cannon ball to reach the near est fixed star, or to tell the exact date of Queen Elizabeth's death, has little value in securing a position that calls for familiarity with the needs of practi-cal life. Mechanical skill is always in demand, but the supply seldom meets it With a detailed insight into the needs of a trade, no one need long remain on employed in the industrial world. the bottom of social and industrial discontent, with its agitations, vice, crime and the tramp evil, is defective training in the art of legitimately gaming a living. Starting in life ignorant of its realities, their faculties undoveloped and with no power of application, young men face the world with the clements of faiture weighing down the first efforts of their career. It is the incompetent who are the chrome disturbers of industrial peace, who louds denounce the onerous inequalities of social conditions that their own meapacity leads them to be lieve exists to an undue degree. They can always depict with great wealth of argument the beauties of some atopian system they think should supplent the oxisting order of things, but if called upon to perform the commencet task they are seldon found equal to the occasion.

The re ards of life are, in the nature of things, intended for those whose abilities deserve them, and ability is the result of study and application to the one line of labor chosen as best adapted to mental and physical capacity. With out a well defined purpose in life, and an assiduous attention to its details. interest and advancement, there can be no success to grace old age Ex.

# Class Room Humor.

No professor is more kindly remember ed by the "boys" who were graduated from Westevan University a generation ago than Prof. Johnson, or "Uncle Johnme, as he was more familiarly known. Besides having a profound scientific mind far in advance of line time he had a keen relish for a good joke. whether on himself or another

In order to aid the student of geology in grasping the essential distinctions between the various classes of reck he requested them to bring in specimens and place them on his desk before the

recitation began One day a student brought in a piece of brick secured from a building being erected near the college, and placed it on the table among the other specimens · Uncle Johnne came in a few minutes later, and, apparently unsuspecting the hoay, began the recitation as usual by picking up the specimens, one at a time, naming them and remarking on their peculiarities.

"This, gentlement is a piece of sand stone, this is grainte, while the some what similar in construction, is quartz. And this," talking up the last bit on the table and gravely surveying the expectant class over the rim of his glasses, hs a piece of impudence " Harper's Magazines

Dr. Sannel G. Howe is perhaps the last known philanthropist that America has produced. He devoted the greatest part of his life to the chication of the

blind He went to tirecce, and lent himself to the struggle for freedom that was absorbing that country. He then came back to his own land, and there was hardly a practical reform, or a good work within reaching distance, but numbered

him among its ardent supporters.
His office during the latter days of his life, was generally crowded with what might be called his natural patients. It sons who wanted help or advice or encouragement gravitated to Doctor Hono as naturally as water seeks its lovel. The doctor never was "engaged" when suffering or want called.

Hero was a poor Greek who sought money for a return passage. There, came a woman who was looking for a situation as a housekeeper. But near the desk a man richly dressed had stopped to speak to the basy philanthropist. The gentleman thought that his perition and wealth entitled him to immediate attention. The poor who had come for help stepped back before the importunity that rested upon social standing ( but the doctor only saw the aristocracy offering

"Please exense me, sir, for the present, as I am engaged," be said.

Then he turned to the poor people who were waiting for his advice or ; help.

When Doctor Howe died a culogy was pronounced over his bier. After the orator had summed up the traits of the great soul whose departure his friends had come to mourn, he startled his

had come to mourn, he startled his auditnee by caying:

"Doctor Howe is gone from us. He has gone to a state known to our him ited knowledge as heaven. But God is there, and I wonder what God can do for Doctor Howe. Our friend had no use for the rich and happy only for the poor and miserable. We are told the poor and miserable. We are told there is no suffering in the the that is beyond, nor any sin or sorrow. My unagination fulls me in my wonder to know what Doctor Howe can do in heaven.

One thing, at least, is sure. The life that is lived in the heavenly spirit is sure to find itself at home and busy in the heavenly place. If the great philambropist had spent his days in gaming and drinking, in horse racing in social frivolity, in olling about clubs, or m any other empty way of wasting life, then it might well be asked,—and not for rhetorical effect. What would be do in heaven " . The Louth's Companion

## The Emperor at the Forge.

Boys often resent being called upon to do a piece of work which they think be neath them, especially if it is a tosk which properly belongs to some one clse. But every one should cultivate an obliging disposition, and be able to bely hi any emergency to the extent of his ability

Emperor Joseph set a good example in this respect one day when travelling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to a shop of a black-mith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delays.

"I would," said the smith, "but this being a heliday, all my men are away; even the boy who blows the bellows is

away."
"Now I have an excellent chance to warm; myself, ' said the unknown emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows, instead of calling an attendant to to do so, he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages. The work was limbled, and instead of the The little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake, said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in the

village can change."
"Change them when you can," san the laughing emperor, as he entered his earriage. An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bel

And then he drove away. I have known some shop boys who have waited long, and sent far for help,

before they would have "come down to blowing a blacksmith's bellows. It is not boys with the best sense who thus stand upon their dignity. A readiness to oblige, and to take hold of unaccustomed work when necessary, has often been o cellent business capital for a young man. Youth's World.

Learn the Business Thoroughly.

Young men or lady are somethines dis couraged at the prospect of long drudgery in a counting house or long apprentice ship to a trade. They are not used to and they appear mable to understand, the distribution of the country and the country are an accountry and the country a the discipling of method and of patience. Some of the brighter ones will revolt at what they call the waste of time spent in simple or unvectome work; others despond because they feel themselves mentally slow compared with the "bright boy," and because they feel that all the good opportunities will be snapped up by those who are eager and clover. Let them take courage, and let them watch their opportunities. Many a man who has made a great name in the world has been as the Scotch say," handden doon when he was young. Many of the captains of industry, as well as captains of war, have been slow boys at school, or gave no early promise of their future ability or greatness. Speaking the other day at Dover College about the clover lads at school who nover seemed to study, the Dean of Canterbury said:
"It has been my lot in life to watch the careers of many men. I have seen on the front benches of the House of Commons cabinet ministers whom I had known as young boys at Harrow or elsewhere, but none of them sprang from the stock of awfully clever fellows who never opened a book, but knew their work without learning it, and so sputned all industry and application." Napoleon, when he visited hisold school at Brienne, made a short and pithy speech thus; "Boys, remember that every hour you waste at school is a chence of misfortune in after life. I firmly believe it. No single instance do I knew of entirent success in after life which has not come from a diligent use of opportunity." So letonryoung Canadians, whether schoolpupils, apprentices or clerks, do their insks with diligence, and look forward to the day when these early exercises, mental and manual, shall enable them to "grasp the skirts of happy chance," and perform aright the higher duties which fortune will bring to them quite as surely as to their cleverer companions. Let them be ready and competent for their opportunity when it comes.

## An Enger Scholar.

A mussionary in India, who is spending her life doing Neuaua work, writer that one day as she was teaching a dull and uninterested woman to read, a shadow fell across the page. Looking up, she san a stately Hundoo woman, who had once been beautiful, but whose face was

marred with smallpox.
"I wonder," said the stranger to the
Zenana pupil, "that you can be so dull
and careless; what would I have given for your chance! I would have thought my elf a queen, to have a white lady sit by me so patiently."
"You can read then?" asked the

missionary.
"I can," was the answer, "but what
did it cost me to learn! While my
father taught my three brothers. I
would steal up behind, snatch the form and fly to conceal myself, and practice this letter over and over, with bits of

charcoal, on scraps of waste paper. "I was not allowed a seat among my brothers; I was not allowed a slate; I was not allowed a question; I was not coven tolerated, until one fortunate day. when my brothers having all failed in pronouncing two or three English words, l-no longer able to keep silence-burst out with. His Excellency the Governor, and my father to my astonishment, cried Bravo

"After that I was allowed to sit with his sons, but by no means to speak in their presence. So I learned."

The stranger did not belong in that

city in which our infesionary worked, but she went to her distant home rich in leaves from the Hindoo translation of God's Word, and followed by many prayers that God would reveal Himself by their light, to one who so longed for knowledge; that so easer a learner might know the Truth, and the Truth might make her free from the superstition and degradation of her race. -

One day the children were having an object lesson on the blue heron. The teacher called attention to its small tail. saying. "The bird has no tail to speak of." The next day she asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and a little German girl wound up by saying. "The blue heren has a tail, but it must not be talked about."