

strict economy needful, Duncan was ready to do all that he could to help.

'I can't bear to have you leave school, lad,' was the regretful conclusion of the matter, 'but I'll have to dismiss Thomas and will need you in his place. With all the stock to care for, you'll be kept busy daytimes, but nights you can study. Remember, my boy, that giving up school for the present does not mean giving up book-learning. Please God, you'll have an education yet, though you may have to get it the hardest way instead of the easiest.'

'I don't mind things being hard,' said Duncan, proudly, 'I'll get on somehow.'

'I'm sorry to lose you as a scholar, my lad,' said Mr. Malcolm, the Scotch schoolmaster, who had a specially friendly feeling for the McCulloch family. 'You'll find it hard to keep up your studies without help, I'm afraid. It is an untried, unbroken way before you.'

'Then, I'll break my way through,' said Duncan.

'I would like to help such a bold student,' thought Mr. Malcolm, and it was finally arranged that Duncan should come to the schoolmaster on Saturday afternoon for recitations and for assistance in lessons for the week to come.

Now this young fellow was not an ardent lover of study simply for its own sake. But he had grown up with the conviction, early instilled, that to be worth anything in the world, one must know something, and he was determined to know all that he could. Week after week, therefore, he trudged off on Saturdays, no matter what the weather, and came back aglow with exercise and courage.

'You can't go to Mr. Malcolm's to-day,' exclaimed little Alison McCulloch one morning, looking out upon a white world, after a night's heavy snow-fall. 'You said you were to go in the morning this time, and there isn't a track along the road to his house. Nobody will go by in time to make any tracks, either.'

'Pooh,' exclaimed Duncan, 'I'll make my own tracks then, thank you. If there isn't a way, I'll make a way.'

Soon after, he set off through the drifts, wearing rubber boots and shaggy cap, bending his head to the sharp blast, and pressing on through the falling flakes. He was so absorbed in a mathematical problem which had puzzled him the night before, that he gave small heed to the difficulties of the way. The problem had baffled him utterly, and he was eager for the help that would enable him to solve it.

When the lessons were over, the problem solved, and Duncan had received unusual commendation from his teacher, the boy thought nothing of the homeward way.

'I've had a splendid time with Mr. Malcolm,' he exclaimed, entering the family room, and bringing a breath of invigorating air with him.

He stopped as he noticed a visitor, but his face brightened as he recognized Mr. Fowler, his pastor. Everyone welcomed the minister's visits. He had come to that delightful middle-point in life, where, having come far enough to know much of the besetments of the path, he could still look back easily to his youth.

To-day Mr. Fowler had come out in the storm to see a sick parishioner in the neighborhood, and Mr. McCulloch, espying him in the drifts, had brought him in to wait till passing teams had broken the track.

Later in the day it came about that Duncan, having finished some tasks of his own, was left with the minister for a while in the cheerful sitting-room. Mr. Fowler began to talk about the studies that interested the

boy, and soon had from him an account of his plans and efforts.

'I'm getting ready to be a man,' the young fellow said, earnestly. 'I had a talk with Mr. Malcolm this morning about the way before me. He said that I might have to try a path that no one else had taken exactly, but that was no matter; I must break my way through, as I did through the drifts to-day, because I wanted what was at the other end.'

'Bravo! That was good advice, and you will follow it I am sure,' said Mr. Fowler, with hearty interest. 'But, Duncan,' and the kind voice still kept its every-day, genial tone, 'while you are getting ready to be a man, I want you to prepare for Christian manhood. The way to do this, is to begin now, and let your youth be Christian in aim and effort. I have been waiting anxiously, my boy, to see you start in this path. I wonder why you don't.'

Duncan's eyes met his pastor's direct gaze, frankly, for a moment, and then he turned away.

'I'll tell you honestly, Mr. Fowler,' he said, presently, 'I'm not certain about keeping on in that way, if I begin, and I'd rather not start till I'm sure about that. I'd be ashamed to give it up if I once set out.'

'And well you might be,' was the emphatic reply, 'but that is no reason for not setting out. Duncan, is not what lies at the end of the path worth striving for at any cost? Can you afford not to walk in this way? Let me tell you that, although you have not passed over it, it is not an untrodden path, like that you took this morning. Multitudes have passed over it and have been faithful to the end, "kept by the power of God." He is able to keep you. Trust him to do it.'

'I know,' Mr. Fowler went on, as his listener sat silent, 'that you have a sturdy and manly way of breaking your way through, as you call it; and this is commendable, in difficulties where God expects you to use the power given to you; but, in believing and following Jesus, you do not have to make the way. He has gone before, and you must "follow his steps," not in your strength, but in his. Trust him as Saviour first, and then as Guide and Keeper.'

Here they were interrupted, and Duncan left the room, pondering, as many a thoughtful boy has done, the supreme question of life. He could not make his own way to heaven—should he take Christ's way? Will you?—'Wellspring.'

The Humming of the Telegraph Wires.

You have all heard the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires as you passed the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires, and have given it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind; and, if you are at all observant, you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard those cold winter mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wire is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe. The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and, according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced upon the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both in

the wires and poles. When this humming has been going on, birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside, as they do upon the apple and other trees. A bear once mistook the humming noise to come from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base, in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.—'Journal of Commerce.'

Remembered For What He Had Done.

A poor victim of intemperance in his last moments was visited by a neighbor of his who had furnished him the rum which brought him to ruin and a drunkard's grave, who asked him whether he remembered him. The dying man, forgetting his struggle with the king of terrors, said, 'Yes, I remember you, and I remember your store, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next. And when I am dead and gone, and you come and take from my widow and fatherless children the shattered remains of my property to pay my drink debts, they too will remember you.' And he added, as they both attended the same church, 'Yes, brother, we shall all remember you to all eternity.' And he might have added, 'You, too, will remember them, and remember what you did, for the sake of money, to bring their husband and father to the drunkard's grave, and to take from the widow and the fatherless not merely property but that which no wealth can purchase, and which when taken no power on earth can restore.' And we might add: he will remember himself, as the author, the guilty, wretched author, of mischief which eternity cannot repair; and which may teach him in deeper and deeper wailings, that it profits a man nothing to gain the world and lose his soul, or be accessory to the loss of the souls of others.—'National Advocate.'

Cold Water.

(By Hiram Hatchet.)

You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,

Gin, cider, and all the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees;

It is good—it is better—'tis best.

It is good to warm you when you are cold;
Good to cool you when you are hot;

It is good for the young—it is good for the old,

Whatever their outward lot.

It is better than brandy to quicken the blood;

It is better than wine for the generous mood;

Than whiskey or rum for a frolic.

'Tis the best of all drinks for quenching your thirst;

'Twill revive you for work or for play;
In sickness or health 'tis the best and the first—

Oh! try it; you'll find it will pay.

—'Temperance Banner.'

Near one of the Hebrides Islands is a lighthouse which carries no lamp, but instead bears a mirror which simply reflects out to sea a strong light shot upon it from the shore. This is the kind of a lighthouse every Christian preacher—yes, every Christian—should be.—'Golden Rule.'