

De man wot lets hissself beliebe dat de world owes him a libin, am gwine to eat some poor fodder afore he dies. De world don't owe nobody nuffin. We am put heah to sot an' starve or git up'n dust. Providence won't pay house rent, buy our 'tatfers or keep de cook stove hot.

Artemus Ward told a story about reading one of his lectures to President Lincoln, and asking the President's opinion of it. According to the showman's version of the interview the Chief Magistrate answered, with grave deliberation. "For those that like that kind of a lecture, I suppose it is just the kind of a lecture that such people would like."

GIRLS.—Don't marry a man to mend him or reform him. Attempts to reform are generally as vain, as powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or out roar a hurricane with a tin whistle. A young man proposed for the hand of a beautiful girl, as she hesitated about replying, the young man said: "I await your answer with bated breath." The young lady answered: "Well, sir, you will have to bait your breath with something beside high wines and limberger cheese to catch me." Her head was level. A young man who will not cease drinking to please his sweet-heart, will not do so to please his wife.—*Broadaxe.*

CHILI.—The Band of Hope is a missionary institution in Chili. At least we judge so from an account of an entertainment given by the Band of Hope at Coquimbo in that little republic. This society was organized by a lady missionary last March, with only 15 members. It now has 120 enrolled, and not a week passes but new members are taken in. The treasurer has over \$70 in her keeping, and sends regularly to New York and Chicago for Band of Hope supplies. Intemperance is said to be appalling in its prevalence in Chili, and this little society is one of the very few agencies directly intended to "educate and agitate," and a large number of native boys and girls are already influenced by it.—*Western Wave.*
B. & F.

For Girls and Boys.

CAPTAIN ROBERT.

Robert was kept in the house by a cold, so he flattened his nose against the glass and watched a military procession pass by. They were in very gay uniform with very bright buttons, and kept step beautifully.

Robert watched until the last glimmer of their brightness disappeared around a corner, then turned with a sigh to watch his mother place pies in the oven, and say to her:

"I would like to be a soldier."

"Very well," said his mother; "then I would be."

Robert stared at her a few minutes, and then said:

"Be what?"

"Why, a soldier. Wasn't that what you said you wanted?"

"Well, but how could I be?"

"Easy enough; that is, if you put your mind to it. A soldier's life is never an easy one, of course. Clare, you may hand me that other pie; I think I can make room for it."

"But mother, I don't know what you mean." This Robert said.

"Don't? You haven't forgot the verse we talked about so long? 'Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' It takes a real soldier-like fighting to rule a spirit, I can tell you."

"O," said Robert; and he flattened his nose against the glass again and thought.

"But mother," he said at last, "I don't mean that kind. I would like to be a captain and have soldiers under me."

"Nothing easier," said his mother, shutting the oven with a satisfactory air. There are your ten fingers, and your eyes, your ears, and that troublesome tongue that hates to obey. I'm sure you have soldiers enough to control. I pity any captain who has as troublesome ones."

Robert laughed; he had so many talks with his mother that he understood her very well; yet this was a new way of putting it. He stood there a good while thinking about it deciding that he would be a captain forthwith, and his soldiers should obey perfectly. Then he wondered what orders he should have to give them first.

Poor fellow! In less than ten minutes from that time he knew.

He went to the sitting-room to find that baby Carrie had been there before him. There lay his birthday books, his beautiful "Family Flight" on the floor, some of the loveliest pictures in it torn into bits; his photograph album was on the sofa, but chubby

fingers had tugged at mamma's picture until it lay loose and ruined, and papa's page was gone entirely.

O, how angry was Captain Robert! He wanted to run after Carrie and slap her naughty fingers; she was almost two years old, and ought to know better. He wanted to run to his mother, and with red face and angry voice tell his mother of the wrong, and demand that Carrie be punished. He wanted to bury his head in the sofa cushions and cry just as loud as he could roar. Why did he do none of those things? Just because he remembered in time that he was a captain and had soldiers that must obey.

"Halt!" he said to his feet as they were about to rush away; and they instantly obeyed. "Stop!" he said to the tears, as they began to rush in torrents up to his eyes; and back they all went, save one little straggler who rolled down his nose, and was instantly wiped out of existence. In short, the boy proved himself a good captain, for that time at least. He even sent his feet up stairs presently with a rosy-cheeked apple for Carrie, and bade his arms give her a very loving hug, which they immediately did.

Mamma found out all about it, as mammas almost always do; and when papa came home at night what did he do but bow low and say:

"Captain Robert, I am proud to salute you.—I hear you have fought a battle and won a victory to-day."—*Pansy.*

KEEP DOWN THE WEEDS.

"You must keep down the weeds, darling," said grandpa, as he raked in the garden, "and give the flowers plenty of water. Did you ever think, Lina dear, that your mind was a garden?"

"My mind, grandpa?" And Lina set down her watering-pot and looked up into the old man's face. "My mind a garden?" she repeated.

"Yes, dear. Your mind is that part of you in which you think and feel. Good thoughts and feelings are the flowers and fruit that grow in the gardens of our minds, and bad thoughts and feelings the weeds. Now, suppose I were to let the weeds grow just as they like all over this garden, what do you think would happen?"

"Just what happened to Neighbor Orton's garden," replied Lina. The weeds would grow faster than the good plants and flowers, and cover them over, or kill them out."

"And as it is with neighbor Orton's garden," said grandpa, "so it is with the minds of his children. In their gardens the weeds have grown faster than the flowers."

"They are bad boys, I know," answered Lina.

"Because the father neglected the gardens of their minds, and did not pull up or keep down their evil weeds."

"O, now I understand, grandpa. And do we all have weeds in the gardens of our minds?"

"All of us, darling—the weeds of selfish thoughts and feelings—and whenever we discover them we should pull them up by the roots, God will make the flowers of love and mercy, of kindness and good-will, of patience and self-denial and all heaven-born graces, grow richly in our gardens if we but keep down the weeds."—*Children's Hour.*

NEVER BEGIN.

In going down hill on a slippery track,
The going is easy; the task's getting back.
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip nor a stop,
Nor toil from below, if you stay at the top.

So from drinking and smoking and every sin,
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin! never begin!
You cannot be a drunkard unless you begin.

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink;
Some do it, but some topple over and sink.
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible plan,
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.

So from drinking and smoking and every sin,
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin! never begin!
You cannot be a drunkard unless you begin.

—Official Organ.