

yourselves and say, "I can break off at any time, I can take care of myself; I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by and by when you try to do it, you find that it is utterly and absolutely impossible. It cannot be done without the help of Heaven, and it requires a large measure of that.—*Selected.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT'S the use of fretting?
What's the use of crying?
What's the use of dreading?
What's the use of sighing?
What's to come will come—
Now that, there's no denying;
And what is past, is past,
To that there's no replying;
To make the present beautiful,
Is what we should be trying,
In kindly words and noble deeds
With one another vying;
So let's have smiles instead of sighs,
And all our tears be drying.

—*St. Nicholas.*

BOOKS AS FRIENDS.

"WELL, I don't keep bad company if I do sometimes read a cheap novel. Some of the stories are so exciting."

I chanced to hear two boys talking not long ago, and this was the remark one of them made. As I thought it over afterwards, a story came to my mind.

A gentleman received a call one afternoon from a lad of twelve. The conversation soon turned on books, and together they examined the gentleman's library.

It did not take long to discover that the lad's taste led him to select a trashy kind of fiction that was untrue and misleading.

"I should like to have you feel free to use my books, Harry, and I don't think you can complain of any lack of interest in this book," said the host, selecting one of a series of young folks' histories, and reading a page or two as a sample.

Harry listened with open ears to the story of the battle of Marathon and the overwhelming defeat of the Persians by the brave little band of Greeks, "Yes, I think I shall like that," he said, thanking his host when the reading was finished.

In less than a week he returned for another volume, and did not stop until he had finished the series. By that time he had acquired the habit of reading, and he continued the course in history that he had begun.

It was a small thing that turned this

boy from the companionship of dangerous books to that of interesting and at the same time instructive books. It certainly is true that you can form "bad companionships" in your books as well as in your friends.

Beyond all question, a low, disreputable book does more injury than we think. Somehow the printed page carries with it the feeling that what is said by it must be true. It is this subtle influence that does the greatest harm.

There is no need to despair, however, for the charm of a good book is keenly felt by young readers. It is a duty we owe ourselves to make as wise a choice of the books we read, as we would of the persons that we call our "friends."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

MOTHER'S TURN.

"ITS mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for those upselfish words? Too many mothers, in their love for their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think that there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence. Girls, take care of your mothers. Coax them to let you do some of the work.—*The Jewish Visitor.*

THE NEXT THING.

JACOB ABBOT tells a story, boys, about Alphonso, who, when he went to help to bring wood reached down to the bottom of the pile and selected the largest stick he could find. Consequently, his work being four times as difficult for him as there was any necessity for, he soon gave out and was useless for the rest of the work.

That is a great mistake, boys, that of always looking out for "big opportunities." The small opportunities and their

proper grasping is what makes men of use to themselves and others. The one grand thing in the world is to be of use, the very best use you can with the opportunities and talents God gives you. Do you know, have you any idea what an art there is in being able to grasp the opportunity of doing the "next thing," and not waiting for something that requires heroic action on your part? It is by doing the little things that we become strengthened to accomplish big things. You have all heard, no doubt, of the man who began carrying his weak little calf to pasture every day, till one day he was surprised to find that he was carrying a cow; while the animal grew, his strength grew to meet the burden.

No one expects a boy to do cube root before he can do addition, but if he sticks close to the principle of accomplishing the "next thing" to hand, he surely will arrive at cube root some day. *Festina lente*, say the Italians, and a good saying it is—"Make haste slowly."

Boys, when you do anything put energy into it by all means, but let it be steady energy, not this fitful, false sentiment that burns like a raging fire for a little while, and then dies down almost as suddenly as it springs up, leaving only discontent of unfinished work. The desire to "do big things," the distaste for little things, has done much to wreck the lives of our boys and men.

Boys, the proper thing to do always is the next thing—remember that.—*Selected.*

FUND FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF "PARISH AND HOME."

AMONG OUR SETTLERS IN ALGOMA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

THE treasurer, Mrs. Du Vernet, 619 Church street, reports the following donations towards this fund:—

C. H. M., 50c.; F. H. D., \$1; F. H. F., \$1; Rev. B. Bryan, 50c.; Mrs. Yates, \$2; G. M. W., \$1.

As a beginning we are sending the Rev. R. Sims, of Cook's Mills, Algoma, fifty copies for one year, he collecting from the people 10c, a copy per year. This fund being responsible for the rest.

Mr. Sims writes that he could make use of a hundred copies. We trust more donations will be received towards this fund. Now is the time to help in this matter. The long winter evenings are here and our settlers will now most appreciate good reading matter.