

## GOVERNING A BOY.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea in spite of adverse winds or current.

That sensitive and soft spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on the helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little services of trust for you; love him; love him practically. Any way, rule him through his heart.

## HELPS TO PATIENCE.

A woman whose life had been long and chequered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles, than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry."

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child" he said; "do you see these little things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily work, the

dishes washed or the floor swept are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays but the manner in which he lays them."

The man who is half-hearted and lagging as a private soldier, will be half-hearted and lagging as a commander. Even in this world, he who uses his talents rightly as a servant, is often given the control of many cities. "They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

We should remember, above all, that the greatest of all men spent thirty years of His earthly life waiting the appointed time to fulfil His mission.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A GOOD EXPERIENCE.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and my powers, my failings and my weaknesses; what I can do, and cannot do. So I desire to be led; to follow him, and I am quite sure that he will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing his cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so he has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing thee as all in all.—*Sel.*