

travagance, and wondered what he should do. His father clearly would not help him, and could not in justice if he would. And Don was quite at the end of his rope. But Don had some good stuff in him. When he had been made to stop and think, he thought to some purpose. All at once he started as if he had been stung and springing up, he began to walk rapidly up and down the room with his brows knit. "I'll do it," he said, and crushing on his hat he ran downstairs and out of doors with an air of great resolution.

The fact was that the proprietor of the steam laundry which he patronized had asked him a few days before if he knew of any student who would like to keep his books for him. The hours of work were from seven to nine in the evening, and the compensation was fair, and Don put his pride in his pocket, applied for the situation, and got it. Great was the astonishment of his mates at this singular move of his, but he persevered, and earned the money, and with it he succeeded in paying his debts, and by the end of the term he could look his father in the eyes without any shame or trouble, for he stood fair and square with all the world.

But there are many other things in this world besides money, which can be saved or spent. Many a lad needs to think of how he spends his.

This same Don—who I may as well admit is one of my "best boys," in spite of his faults—sometimes remarks that "punctuality is the thief of time!"

Nevertheless Master Don is finding out that if he ever makes a mark in this world he cannot indulge in a wasteful extravagance of time any more than he can of money, and I am glad to see that he is settling down to his working life quietly, patiently and perseveringly.

These things will bear thinking about, and the boy who spends not only his money but his time prudently, is really the very best and bravest lad of all.—*Christian at Work.*

## WHAT LITTLE THINGS WILL DO.

A crumb will feed a little bird,  
A thought prevent an angry word,  
A seed bring forth full many a flower,  
A drop of rain foretell a shower.

A little cloud the sun will hide,  
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide,  
A narrow plank a safe bridge form,  
A smile some cheerless spirit warm.

A step begins the journey long,  
A weak head oft outwits the strong,  
A gull defies the angry sea,  
A word will set a captive free.

A hornet goads the mighty beast  
A cry of "fire" breaks up a feast,  
A glass shows wonders in the skies,  
A little child confounds the wise.

A straw the wild wind's course reveals,  
A kind act oft an old grudge heals,  
A beacon light saves many a life,  
A slight will often kindle strife.

A puff of smoke betrays the flame.  
A pen stroke e'en may blight a name,  
A little hand may thus bestow,  
A message shall bring joy or woe.

A widow's mite a great gift proved,  
A mother's prayer has heaven moved,  
"Then let us not," the poet sings,  
"Despise the gospel of small things."

—*The Lamp.*

## MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things!  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell  
Who uses minutes has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.