

Children's Department.

HOW HE GOT HIS PLACE.

The young man who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said: "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up the kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you 25 cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came upstairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish it in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more about the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at that moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hallo," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad, "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not; but I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later, the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here,"—writing something on a slip of paper—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you \$6 a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs and

—that's all," and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is twice as large as it was then, and the superintendent to-day is the young man who began by piling kindling wood for 25 cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet by any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer, or in some other business house.

GIRLS IN AUSTRIA.

Up to fifteen years of age, Austrian girls are kept at their studies, but not deprived of society. They dress very simply, rarely wearing a silk gown until the day they leave the school-room for the ball-room. After they leave school they go through a year's or even two years' teaching in the pantry and in the kitchen, under some member of the family, or even, in some cases, in another family, under trained cooks. They may never be required to cook a dinner, but they are thus rendered independent of cooks and servants, as they learn how to do everything themselves long before they begin housekeeping on their own account. When married they are most affectionate wives and mothers. An Austrian lady, in fact, is as accomplished and learned as an English governess, as good a housekeeper and cook as a German, as witty and vivacious in society as a Parisian, as passionate as an Italian, and as handsome as an American—some of the most beautiful women in Europe being found in Vienna. Germans and also Austrians are celebrated for their stocks of linen. Here, as soon as a girl is born, the weaving of her linen is begun, and every year a piece, or a certain number of yards, is set aside for her trousseau, ready for her marriage. Grandmothers, on their side, are not idle. They pass their time knitting for their grandchildren, supplying not only their wants, but laying aside for the future a dozen of stockings of every kind, being the usual number of any bride's trousseau, and some of these knitted stockings are as fine as the finest woven ones. A girl or lady is never, I may say, seen without some kind of work in her hand.

AGES OF ANIMALS.

Camels live from 40 to 50 years; horses average from 25 to 30; oxen, about 20; sheep, 8 or 9; and dogs, 12 to 14. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about 800 years; instances being recorded of these animals having lived 180 years in confinement, after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of 400 years. Some reptiles are very long-lived; an instance being furnished by a tortoise, which was confined in 1688 and existed until 1753, when he perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age; the eagle and the swan having been known to live 100 years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live 200 years; common river trout,

50 years; and the pike, 90 years; while Gesner, a Swiss naturalist, relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish 267 years before. Insects are very short-lived, usually completing the term of their existence in a few weeks or months. Some even die upon the very day of entering on their new life. As a general rule, not to be applied too closely, larger types of animals live longer than smaller. —Knowledge.

TRUST IN GOD.

The Rev. J. Robinson, of Leicester, tells this anecdote of a poor widow who used regularly to attend a week-day service at St. Mary's Church:

She was very poor, and one day had spent her last penny. It was the evening for the service at St. Mary's; the bells were ringing, but she still sat in the window diligently sewing.

The children came in from play. "Mother, there's the bell," said the eldest, "aren't you going to church?" "No, my dear," she answered wearily, "if I don't get this job done you'll have no supper."

The youngest child came close up to her, and, looking in her face, said, "On, mammy, go to church, God will send us supper."

She was struck by the earnestness of the little fellow, and, kissing him, put her work away and went to church as usual. She had hardly reached her own house afterwards when a neighbor dropped in.

"Here, Betty," she said, "here's the twopence I owed you. Ah, you don't remember, but I do. It's a year and a half since I borrowed that twopence, and it hath gone clean out of my head, and why I should just remember it this evening I'm sure I don't know."

But the poor widow did know. She was sure that God had brought the forgotten debt to light that her little ones might be fed. She joyfully called her children, and sent them out with the pence to buy bread for their supper.

Surely the faith of that little one, who was sure that God would send him his supper, must have strengthened his mother's faith that evening.

WHAT STEPHEN DID.

You would like to know what it was. I will tell you.

The church was filled with people. Stephen was there. He kept his eyes and ears wide open, for right up there in the pulpit stood a man who had come all the way over the sea from Syria. He told of the many in that land who did not know the way to heaven.

"Poor People!" thought Stephen: "I wish they could know that Jesus loved them. I cannot go to tell them, though, for I am only a boy."

The man said that fourteen cents would buy a New Testament, and that any boy could make fourteen cents and send one to Syria.

Good news! Stephen tried to think of some way in which he could make fourteen cents.

"How fast the grass grows along the path outside of our gate!" said Mrs. Long. "I cannot find a man in the village to cut it."

"That is my way," thought Stephen, and he said, "I'll cut the grass for you, Mrs. Long." And he did.

The result was that he made enough money to buy three New Testaments.

LAPLANDER BABIES IN CHURCH.

I want to tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sunday.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church.

And I suppose too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mammas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself—the congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins, and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, while the parents go decorously into church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never have heard of one that suffocated or froze—smoke dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough! But how would our soft tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think. —Wide Awake.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

Fire takes long to die out. You can never tell from what heap of cold, grey ashes, a flame may start up, to begin or renew a conflagration. Many of the most destructive fires have taken their origin from inflammable material left too near some heap of seemingly dead ashes; and often when the wearied firemen have left the steaming ruins behind them, they are recalled because the flame has started anew from some rubbish heap where all was supposed to be extinguished. Yes, fire takes long to die out. You may think you are safe from this or that temptation, because the dead, gray ashes have shown no sign of life. But take care that you do not bring inflammable materials too near them. A gust of passion, a breeze of memory, a wind of ambition, may blow the dying ash into a live coal, and the live coal may carry the fire to the things which are your best and dearest. A little forgetfulness, a little heedlessness—and next you may hear the roar of flame which your unaided effort will not extinguish. What is the preventive?—Only the most constant watchfulness, only the most earnest care. These half dead ashes are dangerous chiefly because you see no danger in them. Be on your guard against them—carefully, prayerfully—and they will indeed have for you no peril.

—Many a character has unravelled to shreds from the neglect of one broken thread.