

A Letter for the Young.

My Dear Children:—

The sad death of President Garfield is no doubt still fresh in your memories. Few men of the present century have died whose loss has been so greatly mourned. It is said that the capital of almost every country in the world has shown sympathy toward the United States in their great calamity. Our own Queen in a very kind manner has manifested her feelings. A beautiful message you know was sent by her to cheer the sorrowing ones, and she ordered that the Royal Court should go into mourning a whole week. History never records such a noble act on the part of any King or Queen that sat on Britain's Throne.

But, whilst Garfield was highly esteemed, and many mourn his sad end, "yet being dead he speaks." There are one or two little incidents recorded of his boyhood days in which he speaks to the young. To many they may appear trifling, yet they are interesting as showing the general bent of his mind. In presenting these incidents as worthy of imitation, we hope they will serve to stir you up to become like our Saviour, the highest and best pattern which we are set before us.

In the spring of 1849, when Garfield was quite young, he was a student at an academy ten miles from his native home. At the end of the term which lasted twelve weeks he went home and helped his brother build a barn for their mother, and then worked at day's wages at hay-making and harvesting. He was not ashamed to work and was kind and thoughtful of his mother. Remembering the fifth commandment he endeavored to obey it.

Now let me tell you what he did with the money which he earned. For a long time he had been sick and the whole of the doctor's bill had not been paid. With his own earnings he swept off what was due, and just had ten cents left. Perhaps you ask did he spend that in confectionery or in some other foolish way? No. One Sabbath day he went to church and gave the ten cents to the cause of Christ. It was all he had at the time and he willingly bestowed it upon his Master.

Are you children seeking to earn money and are you ready to deny yourselves for the sake of Him who did so much for you. How thankful you ought to be that you can all do something to rescue the perishing. Show your thankfulness by giving out of your earnings to aid the glorious cause of the Master. A PASTOR.

The Flaw in the Boiler.

The late Mr. W——, one of the leading business men of Cincinnati, was strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and in his gentle, quaint way, preached many an effective temperance sermon.

He received one day a visit from Judge C——, of St. Louis, who then held the first place among the learned jurists of the West, and who was, besides, a brilliant man of the world, kind-hearted, brave, and loyal to his friendships.

Mr. W—— showed him over his manufactory, and his admiration was especially excited by the intricate machinery, much of which was of brass, finely polished—a work of art as of use.

That evening the friends dined together at Mr. W——'s hotel. Judge C—— drank to excess. Observing his friend's grave, keen eyes upon him, he said, gayly:

"You do not take brandy, W——?"

"No."

"Or wine?"

"No."

"I do," frankly. "Too much, probably. Both I began thirty years ago. I drank as a boy at my father's table. I drank as a young man, and I drink as an old one. It is a trifling fault, if you choose to call it a fault, and will hurt nobody but myself. If it has not harmed me in thirty years I have no cause for fear."

Mr. W—— bowed gravely, but made no reply. When dinner was over he said:

"We had an accident in our mills an hour after you left. Will you walk up with me?"

They reached the mills in a few minutes. One side of the wall had fallen in. The exquisite, costly machinery was a hopeless wreck. Two or three of the workmen had been crushed in the ruin, and laborers were digging to find the bodies.

"Horrible!" cried C——. "That machinery was so fine and massive I thought it would last an age."

"Yes," said W——, slowly, "but there was a flaw in it. A very slight flaw, which the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years in safety. But the flaw was there, and has done its terrible work at last."

Judge C——'s face lost its color. He was silent a moment, and then turning, caught hold of Mr. W——'s hand.

"I understand you, old friend," he said. "I will remember."