

BEGIN RIGHT.

"BOYS," said papa, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes, for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently papa called from a window:

"You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all towards the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said papa, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this papa found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys.

"That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind, before it does me any harm."

"No," said papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."—*Exchange*.

JOHNNIE'S ORATION.

"NOT your speech ready for Friday, Johnnie?" asked a school boy.

"No," said John.

"Well, I have. You'd better hurry up."

"Pshaw! what's the use?" asked John. "You see, a speech for Friday isn't just like lessons that a fellow ought to learn. Ever so many things may happen, so that I shan't have to speak at all. Visitors may come in, or some other boy may recite something real long, so that there won't be time for me. I shan't bother. Maybe I'll go out in the country that day, and then if I learned anything it would be of no use. I'll wait till the time comes."

John waited, but he did not go to the country; the other boys chose short declamations, and Friday morning was so cloudy that there was no prospect of company. At noon John was in a state of desperation. He flew here and there about the house in search of something that would answer his purpose. Uncle Jack gave him a book of dialogues and orations, but before he could learn more than a line or two it was school time.

The others spoke, but John listened without hearing much, and when his own name was called he walked across the floor with a very bewildered feeling. Then, staring at the ceiling, he leaned against a post in the centre of the room. Mr. Grey would not accept excuses; John knew that perfectly. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at the boys, pulled them out again and looked at the clock; then he began confusedly:

"My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills—my name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his—his—name is Norval."

"Runs in the family, that name does," slyly whispered a boy near him. The others began to laugh, for they all knew how grandly John had talked of not taking any trouble.

Mr. Grey began to look curiously over his glasses, and John knew that something must be done; so he suddenly said, "I don't know much about Norval, but I know something about industry; so I'll talk about that."

"Industry is a good thing to have; it's better than luck. If a boy just trusts to luck, it may not turn out as he expects, and then he gets into trouble. If a boy is real industrious, and gets ready for things, why—he's ready. If the man that invented the telegraphing had waited for luck, I don't suppose there'd have been any messages sent yet. Boys, be industrious; get ready for things beforehand, and don't wait till the time comes."

John bowed and sat down, and the boys applauded heartily.

Mr. Grey, who did not understand the matter so well, hesitated a moment, but finally said: "This address seems to be original, and I suppose we must judge it leniently on that account, though it is very imperfectly prepared. There is some valuable truth in it, however, which the speaker himself may profit by: 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' Or, rather," he added more seriously, "there is a better motto still that I should like to give you: 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.' That will prevent all shams and careless work."

The boys thought John had escaped wonderfully well; he was certain of one thing—that if he had not learned anything to recite, he had learned something else that day.—*Kate W. Hamilton*.