

PLEASANT JACK.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night, Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast-rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister; and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought, Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous?—*Christian at Work*.

It was only a glad "good morning."

As she passed along the way;

But it spread the morning's glory

Over the livelong day.

A BRAVE YOUNG MAN.

PHILIP McKAY was in a peculiarly trying position. Left early in life with the care of an invalid mother, he had succeeded by indomitable energy and perseverance in winning for himself a position of trust in a large mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide for "little mother"—as he delighted to call her—the comforts and many of the luxuries which she craved.

Moreover, he kept before him a shining vision of a home, quite away from the grime and bustle of the busy city—a tiny cottage where the roses clambered in riotous confusion, and the birds sang all day long in the great elm which shaded the windows of the cheerful sitting-room.

More than once he had boarded a car at the close of the day's work in the dingy office, and had ridden out into God's beautiful country—the country which lay so fair and still, with the rays of the setting sun resting like a benediction upon its peace and beauty. And always on such occasions he lingered at the bit of a house which realized his vision, fancying his mother's face, with its welcoming smile, at the window.

He meant to put on a fresh coat of paint—he knew the very shade—when he had completed arrangements for its purchase, a possibility which every day seemed to grow brighter and more desirable.

It was all to be a glad surprise to the little mother. He had planned it all, over and over again. He would ask her to ride with him some bright evening, and kissing away her protests against his extravagance, as he knew she would term the unwonted luxury of a carriage, he would drive slowly by, calling her attention to the cosy, home-like cottage; and when she had admired it to his heart's content, as admire it she must, he meant to lead her in through the tiny gateway, and, unlocking the door with an exultant sense of ownership, present her with the key to her home. Oh, yes, he had lived it all over so often that no minutest detail of the arrangement was forgotten.

In June he had hoped to realize his happy dream. It is April now, and in the quiet of his own room Philip McKay wrestles with the mighty problem of duty, and his strong spirit quails as he faces the result towards which his conscience unwaveringly points.

The young man was a Christian. Less than