

YOUNG CANADA.

TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit-jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother, I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of anything else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had expected to get a new situation. He walked and inquired till he felt almost discouraged, till one day something seemed to be really waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed and the chances were slight of a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man good-humouredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James earnestly.

"Well, I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—Good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him I'd be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the younger man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother," said James, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are.

It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best," said his mother, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Led angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang,

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

"Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin, after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded, old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning-dresses, and with neat hair and dainty collar and cuffs, but now that she was back home again, she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her

manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home-wear, and that anything would do for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother, and servant kindly and courteously is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

KEEP THE LIFE PURE.

Once upon a time an Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the injunction not to open it until a year had rolled around. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time impatiently waited for when the jewelled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone, and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings, lay nothing but a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment, she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words:

"DEAR PUPIL,—May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when enclosed, had upon it only a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character, will by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up as only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

MOTHER'S TURN.

It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.