

the Assembly he bade good-bye to the assembled brethren in a brief but feeling address, remarking that it might be the last time, as he might not have an opportunity of ever again returning to Canada. Dr. McKay has done a wonderfully successful work in the island of Formosa, having endured great hardship so that the Gospel might not be hindered for lack of any sacrifice on his part. He was accompanied by one of his Chinese students, who addressed the Assembly on the Foreign Mission evening in an exceedingly effective and well constructed address which would not have disgraced a university trained man from one of our best colleges.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

Even during the hard financial strain of the past two years the great majority of those who have suffered have been those who have never been taught to do anything, or at least never been taught with a thoroughness that makes instruction convertible into terms of dollars and cents, bread and butter.

The generic problem of the race is to keep soul and body together, and the school problem is first of all to put the rising generation in the way of making the junction of the two possible. So long as the State assumes the care of paupers it is the duty of the State to use its best means to prevent the existence of paupers, and one of the most direct means to that end is to see to it that all the children in the State are thoroughly instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic, and are substantially trained in the practice of some form of remunerative handiwork, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., in a vigorous article on "Compulsion in Child Training," in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. There is work enough to be done in this big world by people who are willing to work and who know how. The idea of immense wealth secured by some process of financial ledgerdom has so pervaded the general atmosphere that a sufficiency has ceased to satisfy, and a young man resolves either to speculate his way to fortune, or to steal some one's else fortune, or if both these expedients fail, to turn professional idler and subsist on charity. The incentive to substantial equipment for the struggle of life is thus withdrawn. If I were the State I would compel every child to acquire the means of an honest livelihood, even at the risk of the whip, and then if, having acquired that means, he failed to avail of it to his own maintenance, I would commit him to the workhouse and keep him at hard labor there till he experienced a change of heart. There is no respectable consistency between State's care of the poor and State's neglect of stringent means for preventing the existence of the poor. If a government ought to be "paternal" to the extent of feeding paupers it ought to be "paternal" to the extent of obliging possible or intending paupers to be able to feed themselves. The root difficulty in all this matter is the indisposition of parents and other constituted authorities to make serious business of laying substantial foundations in the early years of our young people, boys and girls. One of the chief sources of misery among the working classes is the wife's ignorance of the duties that belong to her. She is ignorant of them because she has never been compelled to learn them. If we could split half of our pianos into kindling wood and pluck the strings out of three-quarters of our harps and banjos, and set our young girls to the practical task of becoming proficient in a self-sustaining way upon some line or other of remunerative industry, it would be a great benison to society in general. In whatever direction we look and whatever improvement we seek to effect, we come back to it again and again that the end is determined by the beginning, and that the foundations of all public betterment have to be laid in the children.

Our Young Folks.

DO YOU KNOW HER.

I have a little friend who doesn't like to mend,
To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed;
The very thought of sweeping nearly sets her off
a weeping,
And she always goes about it as though her feet
were lead.

She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that
some day, maybe,
She'll go away and linger where they have no
babies 'round
To keep folks busy rocking—but really this is
shocking,
And she doesn't mean a word of what she says,
I will be bound.

'Tis true she cannot bear to even walk a square
To buy a spool of cotton, or stamps for ma-
ma's mail,
And it's much against her wishes that she's set
to washing dishes,
While to speak of darning stockings is
enough to make her pale.

In fact, she wants to shirk everything resembling
work,
And the only thing she does enjoy, so far as I
can say,
Is to take her doll and book, and within some
quiet nook
To read of elves and fairies, and dream the
hours away.

—Harper's Young People.

POISON.

Two dogs were in the barn; one, a large Newfoundland dog whose name was Growler; and a small rat-terrier pup, called Frisk.

Frisk was saying to Growler:

"I was just on the watch for a rat when I peeped through a crack in the barn floor, and saw a piece of the nicest, fresh beefsteak; and I know where there is a hole at the side of the barn large enough for me to crawl through and get it."

And little Frisk looked up at the wise old dog to see what he thought of such a piece of good fortune, and wondered if he didn't wish he was a small dog too, so he could have the advantage of crawling through small openings. But Growler looked down very seriously at the little dog, and said:

"Don't you know that meat has been put there for some purpose? And it may not be safe to touch it."

"Oh, no! I'm not afraid of it," said Frisk, and he wagged his tail hard. "I think it just happened there, and nobody put it there at all."

"Things don't happen in this world, there is design in everything," replied Growler, scowling down at the little dog.

"Well, I will just take another look at it anyhow," said Frisk, and he whisked away, wagging his tail so hard that it shook him all over. And in a little while he came trotting back.

"O Growler!" he said, "it is the most tempting bit of beefsteak I ever saw; and it has something white sprinkled all over it that looks like fine table salt."

"Maybe it is loaf sugar," said Growler, with a sneer that drew his upper lip up until he showed a whole row of white teeth.

Growler was disgusted with the pup that he had taken under his special care, and was trying to train up in the way he should go.

"Do you know why I am called Growler?" asked the big dog.

"I don't know," answered Frisk.

"It is not because I have a bad disposition, with the evil habit of perpetually growling, but because I can growl so furiously whenever growling is needed. I keep all thieves and robbers away from the premises just by giving a horrid growl

at the right time. And you can become as useful a dog as I, by keeping this barn clear of rats, if you will only behave yourself, and grow up right. I know something about that beefsteak!"

Frisk thought Growler knew a great deal, so he listened attentively to what he had to say.

"Last night I heard the master say that some wild animal was killing his chickens, and 'diding at night under the barn; and he was going to put some strychnine on some meat, and place it underneath the barn, and kill off the 'varmint.'"

"Oh! I'm so glad you told me, or I might have been a dead dog; for I was going to eat it," said Frisk.

"That's right," replied Growler, complacently; "always consult wiser heads than your own when you contemplate so desperate a thing as eating a bit of rare beefsteak that just happens to be somewhere; for remember that things never happen, but everything is done for some purpose."

"I'll remember," answered Frisk, as he frisked away, for he thought he heard a rat scratching in the loft. But it was only a boy climbing down from the hay-mow with a book in his hand, and rubbing his eyes, wondering if he had been asleep and dreamed he heard the dogs talking to each other, or if it could be really so that dogs did tell things to one another; for there were Growler and Frisk, and both dogs came up to him, ready for a frolic and run in the meadows. But their young master ordered the dogs to be quiet, and walked away as fast as he could to a neighbor's where a boy sat in a hammock reading.

"Here, Ned," he called, as he came near, "I've brought back your book. I won't read it, nor any book of that kind!"

"What's up now, Harry? It's an awfully interesting story about Indians and bandits,—enough to make your hair stand on end. And there's a thrilling love tale in it, too!"

"But you know it isn't the kind of a book my father would like me to read."

"Of course, I know that, and I didn't mean for you to show it to your father. But the book has lots of good in it, and there's a splendid moral at the end that makes you feel like you wanted to do great and noble things."

"There's lots of good in fresh beefsteak with a sprinkling of strychnine on it! But if I can't get beefsteak without strychnine, nor interesting books without poison in them, I want neither of them. My father is a sensible Christian man, and I won't read anything he disapproves of."

Then Harry handed the book to Ned, and returned homeward, thinking to himself, "I'm going to always consult my father about things. I ought to be willing to do as much as little Frisk when he consults wise old Growler. Maybe I only dreamed what the dogs said, but it is truth, anyhow. Some books and many other things have bad influences in them,—a poison mixed with the good just so as to make it take easier; they take it for the sake of the good, juicy meat, and because it tastes good; for, of course, no animal would care to lick up strychnine by itself, but they take the meat for the good that is in it, then they get all of the bad too."

"Father says a moral evil will kill the soul just as a poison will kill the body. I want to tell him about this, and then ask him to tell me about all the things that have a moral poison in them that

kills the soul, so I may keep away from them as Frisk does from the poisoned meat."—S. S. Times.

WHAT ALL BOYS SHOULD KNOW.

Don't be satisfied with your boy's education, until you are sure that he can—

Write a good legible hand.
Spell all the words he knows how to use.
Speak and write good English.
Write a good social letter.
Write a good business letter.
Add a column of figures rapidly.
Make out an ordinary account.
Deduct 16½ per cent. from the face of it.

Receipt it when paid.
Write an ordinary receipt.
Write an advertisement for the local paper.

Write a notice or report of a public meeting.

Write an ordinary promissory note.
Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months or years.

Draw an ordinary bank check.
Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in the day-book and the ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet required for your parlor.

Measure the pile of lumber in your shed.

Tell the number of bushels of wheat in your largest bin, and its value at current rates.

Tell something about the great authors and statesmen of the present day.

If he can do all this and more, it is likely he has sufficient education to enable him to make his own way in the world. If you have more money and time to spend upon him, all well and good; give him higher English, literature, science, and the various branches of a liberal or a technical education.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An English boy wrote to the *London Times* an account of how he cared for some birds during the severe cold of last winter:

"I thought perhaps you would allow a school boy to tell you how very tame and fearless the cold and hunger have made the wild birds around our house.

"Of course, we feed them with bread and all sorts of odds and ends, and the ground is simply black with our hungry visitors. Even the suspicious rooks come quite close to the house for their share.

"A little blue-tit passes its day in our basement, heedless of sleepy pussy baking herself before the stove.

"Most of all, I wish to tell you about my strange bedroom companion, a little robin, which has taken up its residence in my bedroom; and though I leave my window open, he never goes out except to take a short fly. We pass the night together, and he makes his bed in one of my football boots.

"The other morning he woke me up by singing on a chair at the side of my bed. I suppose he thought I ought to be at my lessons."

Girls should be like daisies, nice and white; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it.—Ruskin.