

think Ap's answer is right, sir. The only thing wrong was that 3 instead of a 2, and I think it was meant for a 2. He just puts those extra little tails to his figures for style. You see, here's one down here just like it, and you can tell by the way he multiplies it that it is a 2." Then the big wigs put on their spectacles and hobbled, and, sure enough, Andy was right. "I suppose it isn't quite my place," he said, beginning to get red in the face, "to be pointing out mistakes; but I knew you never could depend on Archie to speak up for himself." And with that he blew the chalk off his hands and sat down. He lost 'first' by it; but I wish you could have seen the old doctors look at each other! And he's always doing something like that—he plays fair every inning. You can count on him like the time of day. He doesn't cut his religion on the bias—that's one thing, sure."

"He must have a good mother, that boy," said one of the ladies.

"His mother is dead, but he has a sister. Dear me, he thinks she's about the biggest there is. He says he has been brought to believe in everyday goodness. He has seen it lived that way at home. It's the kind he's been used to, and he doesn't take much stock in any other."

When the debate was over, Andy brought his little gold medal to Helen, in triumph.

"There, Miss Day," he said, presenting it with a flourish, "aren't you proud of me?"

"Very," was the satisfied reply.—*Our Youth.*

Courage False and True.

"It's a cowardly thing to do, Will; I'll have nothing to do with it."

"You're the coward, Tom," replied Will, angrily.

This was what Will's brother Howard heard, as he stood upon the roof of the piazza, sheltered by the vines that clambered up the corner of the house. He saw the two boys leave the orchard, Tom Jones turning toward his home, while Will walked alone toward the mill.

"Where are you going, Will?" he called.

Willis hurried on with rapid steps, not even looking back as he answered, "Down the road a little way."

"I believe he has that box of torpedoes," said Howard. "He's planning some mischief;" and letting himself down lightly by the grape trellis, Howard followed his brother.

"What are you going to do with the torpedoes?" he asked, as he overtook him.

"I'm going to have a little fun," answered the boy, gruffly.

"Will," said Howard, "you're planning mischief; tell me what you're going to do, for I'm going with you to help you out of it."

"Well, then, I'm going to put these torpedoes on the track; it's nearly time for the express, and it will be fun to see them slow up the train and rush out to see what's the matter."

"I don't see the fun myself," replied Howard. "Where do you propose to stand?"

"I'm going to scatter them in the cut; they will make more noise there, and I'm going to stand on the rocks behind the boulder."

"Don't do it, Will; they'll catch you."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid. If I were such a coward as you are, I suppose I shouldn't do it," replied Will, contemptuously.

Howard was not a daring boy; he never climbed a tree without looking carefully at the branches; he waited for the ice to be safe before venturing far upon it. His prudence and admonitions were a constant irritation to his reckless brother Willis, who never hesitated to place himself at the outposts of danger. The brothers had been too

absorbed to give more than a passing glance to a little boy who was at play near a neighbour's house.

Little Jerry often toddled after his brothers, but now they failed to hear the little footsteps that seemed an echo of their own.

Willis divided the torpedoes about equally between the two tracks that were shut in by the narrow cut through the rocks, and Howard followed him up a winding path, unknown except to the boys who ventured upon the steep height.

"There's the whistle," said Will, as he stationed himself behind the boulder.

Howard threw himself upon the ground near the brow, and looked down the dizzy height. In an instant he was upon his feet. Both boys at the same instant had seen little Jerry upon the track picking up the torpedoes. Both retreated from the rock—Willis to the shelter of the woods beyond, where he threw himself upon the ground with hands pressed closely over his ears; Howard to the path that led to the track the train was rapidly approaching. His feet tripped upon the rail as he caught the child, and as he fell, he saw a freight train approaching upon the other track.

He had only time to take Jerry in his arms, and straighten himself out in the narrow space between the two tracks. He closed his eyes and waited. The noise was terrific; the crackling of the torpedoes and the shrill shrieks of the two engines echoed from the high cliff of either side, and Howard lost consciousness. When he revived, he found himself surrounded by the passengers, who had rushed from the train, while engineers, conductors, and brakemen were carefully examining the track on either side.

"It's no signal," said a brakeman, "see how they're scattered between the sleepers."

"Some boy's work," said another. "Here, boy," seizing Howard, "did you put these here?"

"No, sir!" said Howard, firmly.

"I believe that," said the engineer, who had seen him rescue the child. "A boy who has the courage to do what he has done is above such tricks."

Howard was too weak to attempt to go home; he sat down near the track, hoping Will would come and find him. He called, but his voice seemed to come back to him from the foot of the cliff. Then he thought Will must have fainted, and strengthened by this thought, he determined to go home and send some one to find him.

He walked slowly, leading little Jerry, who was still crying from fright. He found Will at home, looking troubled and unhappy.

Preparing the Way.

"I CAN say it perfectly," said Rob. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make his paths straight."

"What does it mean, mamma?" asked Ellie.

"I have not time to tell you now," answered mamma. "It is time for you to hurry on, or else, with this deep snow to plough through, you will be late to Sunday-school."

It was the first Sunday of the new year, and the snow had been falling heavily all night.

The children ran along, almost in danger of forgetting the Sunday quiet in the fun of breaking their way through the deep snow. Presently little Maud stopped; it was too deep for her.

"There comes Ashley, the sexton," said Rob. "He is digging a path right to the door; let us wait till he gets through."

"I wonder how he got to church?" said Maud.

"Oh, he lives close by, on the other side. He has been in and made the fire, and it's as warm as toast in there."

"And now he has come to make a path for us," said Ellen, "to prepare a way, I suppose we might say."

"I wonder if that's what the text means!" observed little Maud sagely.

"Something like it, I do believe," replied her older sister; "I think it must mean if there is anything in the way between us and the Lord Jesus, we must dig it down and throw it clear out of the way, just as Ashley is doing with this snow."

"And then he can come straight in," said Rob, "just as we will go straight into Sunday-school. Here's Ashley now; he'll soon have the path clear, and we'll be the earliest of all. If teacher asks me what this text means, I can answer at any rate."

The Two Disciples.

REPENTANT Peter, weeping bitter tears,
Went forth from out the presence of his Lord,
Overwhelmed with shame. Could all the future years
A meet atonement for his sin afford?
Of the sad memory of that look remove,
Which seemed to burn him with reproachful love!

Remorseful Judas, stained with basest crime,
Felt hell already closing him around;
No peace henceforth until the end of time,
One sight to haunt him—that of Jesus bound!
One voice forever ringing in his ear:
"Friend, wherefore art thou come?" he seemed to hear.

Betrayer of his Master and his Friend,
By traitorous kiss, and that for sordid gain,
His Lord condemned to death I was this the end!
His deed in hideous nakedness stood plain.
Stung by remorse, with a despairing cry,
He rushed forth headlong in his sin to die!

Widely they differed. Peter's fall became
The step on which he rose to heights sublime;
A life's devotion blotted out the shame.
Thus on our trampled sins we too may climb,
And not, like Judas, who his Lord betrayed,
Sink deeper in the gulf our sins have made.

Study the Book.

THOSE whose duty and privilege it is to lead in the devotional meetings, or engage in other forms of service in the department of Christian work, should be earnest Bible students. Bishop Vincent gives some advice about the way to study the Word, which might be adopted with great profit by all young Christians. Here are his timely words:

Own a Bible, a substantial reference Bible, with ample margins, good index, clear maps, such as the American Tract Society's teacher's Bible, or Bagster's. Own a second Bible. The one already described is for use at home, and in the sanctuary, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting; the other should be small in size, suitable for carrying in your pocket to the shop or on the railway train, that the Word may be always with you. King Alfred the Great carried in his bosom the whole book of Psalms, which he had himself copied, and it is said that Oliver Cromwell gave a Bible or a portion of a Bible to each of his soldiers to carry with them. It is possible to utilize for the purpose of Bible study and mental and spiritual improvement much of the time spent in travelling by American Christians.

Read the Bible daily. This will require a little resolution. Neither circumstances nor states of feeling should be allowed to interfere with the habit. Resolve to do it, whether so inclined or not. It is said of the Virgin Mary in an old tradition that she spent a third part of her time in reading the Scriptures. "Sure it is," remarks Trapp, "she was excellently well versed in them, as is proved by her song." Dr Johnston on his death-bed said to a young friend: "Attend to the advice of one who has had some fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker. Read the Bible every day of your life."—*Epworth Herald.*