

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion first to show him a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and please now draw near this window, and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods; and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman somewhat angrily. "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

HOW TO GROW.

ONCE I read of a lively, fun loving little fellow who was standing in the garden, with his feet buried in the soil and his hand clasping a tall sunflower. His face was aglow with delight; and when his mother said, "Willie, dear, what pleases you so much?" he replied, "Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I've planted myself to grow."

Willie seemed to think he was a plant and could draw food for growth from the soil. In this he was mistaken, as you know. Boys grow into men by means of food taken into their mouth, but to be real noble men, they must eat something more than bread and meat. They must eat facts.

"Oh! how can we do that?" exclaims some wee Willie.

"By thinking of them, my dear boy. Reading is the spoon with which you get the facts into your head. By thinking, you get to know what the facts really signify. Now, just as the bread, meat, vegetables and fruit you put into your mouth, makes the body grow, so the facts you think about make your mind grow. Be a reader and a thinker."

After all, genius gives most, if not all its energies, to the first success.

A philosopher was asked from whom he received his first lesson in wisdom. He replied, "From the blind who never take a step until they have first felt the ground in front of them."