

**The District School.**

THE birds sung in its sheltering trees;  
The school-house door was left ajar  
To catch the summer-scented breeze  
That wandered from its home afar.  
The children rough and rosy came,  
Their smiling faces peeping out;  
Each answered to the roll-call name,  
Then stared shame-facedly about.

Cling! cling! the master rings the bell;  
Clack! clack! the noisy voices go;  
"If you don't give me some I'll tell."  
"Who was it pulled my hair? Oh! oh!"  
"Tom Nelson pinched me black and blue!"  
"Twas Jimmy Owens dropped that slate."  
"I didn't throw them wads—'A-cho-oo!"  
"I'll lam you, Harvey Smith—jes' wait!"

And from the other side the girls,  
Though "making believe" on books  
intent,  
Peep slyly from their tumbled curls,  
Less noisy, yet on mischief bent.  
Across the room, above the noise,  
Coquettish smiles fly to and fro—  
For girls were girls, and boys were boys,  
In district school rooms years ago.

"Silence!" the master rapped in vain;  
They would not heed that idle day.  
"I will not speak," he cried, "again!  
First class in spelling, come this way;  
Begin the lesson—S-e-p-a-r-a-t-e.  
Wrong, wrong again! next one," said  
he—  
And all misspelled, save little Kate,  
By making the fourth letter "e."

Well pleased with her the master said:  
Come, Katie, my faithful little lass,  
And take position at the head—  
Head of our vaunted spelling-class."  
The blushes on her bonny face  
Gave way to tears of joy and pride;  
For when she reached that honoured place  
She stood there, by the master's side.

'Twas but a yesterday ago  
I saw the district school let out,  
And in the welcome sunset's glow  
We romped and played with cheer and  
shout.  
And was it yesterday?—ah, no!—  
I stood beside a hillock green,  
And carved her name upon a tree;  
Or do long centuries roll between?

Ah! by the master's side to-day  
She stands—the pupil of his love—  
A learner in that school away;  
Head of the training class above.  
And when my wearied head I bow,  
So tired of life's perplexing rule,  
I dream of those, evanished now;  
And of the dear old district school!  
—*Journal of Education.*

**THE LESSON OF THE BATH.**

ONE of the most valuable discoveries made by Archimedes, the famous scholar of Syracuse, in Sicily, relates to the weight of bodies immersed in water. Hiero, king of Syracuse, had given a lump of gold to be made into a crown, and when it came back he suspected that the workmen had kept some of the gold and had made up the weight by adding more than the right quantity of silver; but he had no means of proving this, because they had made it weigh as much as the gold which had been sent. Archimedes puzzling over this problem went to his bath. As he stepped in he saw the water, which his body displaced, rise to a higher level in the bath; and to the astonishment of the attendants he sprang out of the water and ran home through the streets of Syracuse, almost

naked, crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" ("I have found it! I have found it!")  
What had he found? He had discovered that any solid body put into a vessel of water displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk; and therefore that equal weights of two substances, one light and bulky and the other heavy and small, will displace different quantities of water. This discovery enabled him to solve his problem. He procured one lump of gold and another of silver, each weighing exactly the same as the crown. Of course the lumps were not the same size, because silver is lighter than gold, and so it takes more of it to make up the same weight. He first put the gold into a basin of water, and marked on the side of the vessel the height to which the water rose. Next, taking out the gold, he put in the silver, which, though it weighed the same, yet, being larger, made the water rise higher; and this height he also marked. Lastly, he took out the silver and put in the crown. Now, if the crown had been pure gold the water would have risen only up to the mark of the gold; but it rose higher, and stood between the gold and the silver mark, showing that silver had been mixed with it, making it more bulky; and by calculating how much water was displaced, Archimedes could estimate roughly how much silver had been added. This was the first attempt to measure the specific gravity of different substances; that is, the weight of any particular substance compared to an equal bulk of some other substance taken as a standard. In weighing solids or liquids, water is the usual standard.—*Harper's Young People.*

**"YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL DO."**

A YOUNG man recently was graduated from one of our scientific schools. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brothers, and sisters; his family was one in Christ.  
On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.  
The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow travellers said to him—  
"Come, let us off for a drive and the sights."  
"No," said the young man. "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."  
His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said—  
"Right, my boy. I began in that

way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."  
The boy went to church, all honour to him, in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of secret obligation. Already success was smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.  
We predict for him the most promising results as the months fly and the years wax and wane. His is the stuff of which the Puritans were made: sturdy, tough, puissant in the best manhood. God bless him as he builds his early fortune! God help him to sow broadcast his conscientious convictions. Such young men are in need for the foundations of our new homes and our Western civilization. We thank God when such "go west," and bear with them, without a blush, the religion of our blessed Lord: Ah, how much better for hundreds of Western pioneers if they had not broken faith with their God. The young men that go into the mines and into the new places with a godly atmosphere about them "will do." They will build themselves into the rising States as strong, living powers.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

**"A SOLDIER, BY HIS WALK."**

THESE words attracted my attention as, waiting the arrival of my own train, I watched a third-class carriage and its passengers just ready to start for London.  
The remark, "He has been a soldier, by his walk," was in reference to an erect, firm-treading man who had alighted from the train, and had evidently been an object of intense interest to his fellow-passengers.  
"Ay, and he has been a soldier, by the way he carries his pack," said another.  
"Ay, and by his politeness," observed a third. "Did you see how he touched his cap, only because you gentlemen looked at him? Most of us would have said, 'What are you staring at?'"  
The train started off, the man left the station, and I followed, saying to him, "Did you hear the remarks of your fellow-travellers, my friend?"  
He smiled as I repeated them, and said, "Just as it should be, sir—just as it should be. A soldier in plain clothes should be the same as a soldier in uniform. A true soldier ought to walk so as to be known as such wherever he is."  
He gave me a military salute, and we separated. He left me full of serious thoughts that came to me in the form of the following questions:  
"Is my walk such as to elicit from all with whom I associate the remark, 'He is a soldier, by his walk?'"  
"As a soldier of the Lord Jesus, I

have a character to sustain. Do I sustain it, even in the small kindnesses and courtesies of life, so as to make the remark of me true, 'He must be a soldier, by the way he behaves toward all—taking affront at nothing, but supposing the best of our actions?'"  
As the walk of a soldier is precise and dignified, so let all your course of living give proof of Christian carefulness and correctness.

**It is Well.**

THE air has borne some tender words,  
As sweet as melodies of birds,  
And benedictions soft and clear  
Have trembled on the waiting ear;  
But never sweeter accents fell  
Than Faith has uttered: "It is well."  
  
Hope sits through each to-day and waits  
The opening of to-morrow's gates;  
And Patience wearily abides  
The veil that each to-morrow hides;  
But whether good or ill foretell,  
Faith sweetly whispers, "It is well."  
  
Alas! for him who never hears  
The words that quiet doubts and fears;  
Who, bent with burdens, plods along  
With never any heart for song;  
Who murmurs, come whatever will,  
To bless or chasten, "It is well."  
  
How dark the night when shine no stars!  
How dull and heavy being's bars  
When through them Faith can never see  
Green fields beyond and liberty!  
How sad the day when wailing knell  
Is louder than the "It is well."

As soothing as a soothing balm,  
A grand and yet a tender psalm  
Is floating over on the air,  
Is blending with the mourner's prayer;  
And saddest plaints that ever fell  
Find answer in the "It is well."  
—*Rural Home.*

**"CLEAN INSIDE."**

WHEN the first missionaries at Madagascar had converted some of the islanders there, a Christian sea-captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard or book which you read?" asked the captain.  
"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him which makes him different; so I became a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me to keep me from being bad."  
Now, that old chief had the right idea of Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him. He had a new motive; it was the desire to be true and pure.  
At one of the ragged-schools in Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?—*W. W. Newton.*