

## YOUNG CANADA.

## NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, "That is the young man," nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen.

He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Is he honest?"

"O yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. O! one more question, Mr. Lamar; is he trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are *not* trustworthy, and it is a serious failing—nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed, "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry, and broke his leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter.

## HARRY'S MISSIONARY POTATO.

"I can't afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer, answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?"

exclaimed the old man testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and, day after day, puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humour over the election news, he said:

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir, and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years."

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen, these, the following season, became a peck, the next, seven and a half bushels, and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels, and, when sold, the amount realized was, with a glad heart, put in the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

"Why, I did not feel that donation in the least. And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?

NEVER fear, if you are doing right,



I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform, and unless you do reform your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

Oh, summer has the wild bees,  
And the ringing, singing note  
In the robin's tuneful throat,  
And the leaf-talk in the trees;  
But winter has the chime  
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, summer has the lustrous  
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,  
And rains that fall at night  
Where roods and lilies cluster;  
But deep in winter's snow  
The fires of Christmas glow.