

"IT'S NO BUSINESS OF MINE."

THIS was a favorite saying with young Myron Boyd.

He was a farmer's son. A tall, handsome young fellow, honest in his dealings in the ordinary sense of the word, enterprising, industrious, and emphatically, as the country phrase goes, "smart to work." People respected Myron, that is to say, they rather looked up to him because he was in a fair way to be rich, because he understood farming better than any other young man in the district, because he was capable and sensible, and yet he could not be called a favorite among young men of his own age.

Myron knew that he was not popular, and though he professed to care nothing for public opinion, nevertheless he would have liked to feel himself more welcome than he generally was in the society of his fellows.

Perhaps one secret of the lack of cordial feeling toward Myron was the consistent manner in which he acted up to his favorite saying:

"It's no business of mine."

He not only never put himself out of the way to do a neighbor a service, but he never offered a kindness or lifted a hand to prevent any injury to another, even when it would have cost him no trouble whatever.

One day he was driving into the village with Alfred Brown, the minister's son, a boy some years younger than himself.

It was a very warm day, the road to the village was sandy and tiresome, and Alfred, who had been sent out to Mr. Boyd's on an errand, was not sorry that he was not obliged to walk back.

By and by they passed an old gray-headed colored man toiling along in the sun with a heavy bundle over his shoulder. The old man looked wistfully after the wagon, but he knew Myron Boyd too well to ask for a ride.

"Why don't you give old Uncle Jeff a lift?" asked the good-natured Alfred.

"It's all of a mile from here to his place."

"Oh, I'd have to stop and pick him up and set him down again. I can't take in every one I see."

"But the poor old fellow looks so tired."

"Well, I can't help that," said Myron carelessly; "it's no business of mine."

Their way lay past Uncle Jeff's little place, and Alfred saw that there was no one at home, and that two or three cows, taking advantage of a weak place in the

fence, had got into the corn patch and were making sad havoc.

"Oh, let's stop and drive those cows out," cried Alfred. "They'll ruin the old man's garden."

"He should have had his fence in better order then," said Myron. "It's no business of mine."

"It's mine then, anyway," said Alfred, disgusted. "Let me out."

"I shan't stop for you to drive out the cows," said Myron coolly; "it's no business of mine."

"Drive on, then," said Alfred, as he jumped out of the wagon and ran after the cows.

Myron drove on and was soon out of sight, thinking to himself what a fool Alfred Brown was to lose his ride for the sake of old Uncle Jeff's garden, which was, after all, no business of his.

It cost Alfred some time and trouble to drive out the cows and put up the fence again, so that they could not make their way back into the garden.

When this was finally accomplished he sat down on the doorstep to rest awhile, feeling very hot and tired, and not a little provoked at Myron.

By and by Uncle Jeff came wearily home, and when he learned the story he was very thankful to Alfred, and the boy did not regret what he had done, even though he had a long hot walk to the village.

Two or three days after Myron Boyd went past old Uncle Jeff's house with a heavy lumber wagon loaded with grain bags. He had not gone far when out came the lynch-pin, and down went the wagon. The horses were steady and did not run.

Myron was not hurt, and after ascertaining the cause of the accident went back to Uncle Jeff, who was peaceably smoking on his doorstep, to borrow a hammer.

"I seed dat lynch-pin was a comin' out when you passed," said Uncle Jeff, coolly.

"You did!" said Myron, not unnaturally provoked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, honey," said Uncle Jeff, with a sly little laugh, "I thought 'twasn't no business of mine."

Myron bit his lip.

"Have you got a hammer you'll lend me?" he said.

"Well, I don't rightly know jes' where the hammer is," said Uncle Jeff, placidly, "and I'm mighty comfortable just now,

and I don't want to go and look for it. Tain't no business of mine."

Greatly provoked, Myron was turning away, when Uncle Jeff called after him.

"You's welcome to the hammer or anything else, honey" said he, laughing. "Laws! I was only jes' seeing how curus things is, but I guess you'll find out this rule of yours is one of the kind won't work both ways. Dis yer is a world full of folks, and you can't live in it like there wasn't nobody but yourself, fix it how you will." And then Uncle Jeff went to help Myron with his wagon.

Myron did not want for sense, and Uncle Jeff's lesson made a strong impression on his mind. He used his favorite phrase less frequently, and learned, after a time, to feel that duty was a word of far wider meaning than he had supposed, and that whatever his hand found to do for his neighbor, whether in the way of prevention or cure, was indeed the business of a man and a Christian. —C. F. Guernsey, in *Parish Visitor*.

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