

AGENTS WANTED.

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before I saw Joe lock off his book and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he, "how did you know he was there?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did! and were your eyes on your books when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

"If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others."

PRUDENCE AND COWARDICE.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are apt sometimes to mistake prudence for cowardice, and yet no two qualifications can be more unlike.

"Pooh!" said a rough boy to his more gentle cousin, "I do believe, John, you're afraid to go near that horse just because he isn't tied."

"There is no need of my going near him, Stephen," was the reply; "and there is danger of his kicking any one who teases him."

"Ha, ha!" shouted Stephen, "you're a bravey, now, ain't you? The idea of being afraid of a horse!" and, with a tantalizing look at John, the foolish boy walked up to the grazing animal, and poked him with a stick.

"See here!" exclaimed Stephen, growing bolder, "if you will promise not to faint, I'll present you with a lock of his tail in a minute."

John didn't faint, but Stephen did; for as he steadily approached the horse in the rear the animal bounded away, performing a flourish with his hoofs that sent his tormentor senseless to the dust.

The nearest house was their own home, and a quarter of a mile distant. John felt that not a moment was to be lost. He approached the now quiet horse, and, leaping upon his back, rode swiftly, without a saddle or bridle, to his uncle's house for help.

When, after a long illness, Stephen recovered, he was a wiser boy and told his cousin that he really believed that the horse had managed

to kick a little common sense into him.

THE POWER OF HOPE.

The story is told of one of the greatest writers of the last few years, that one day when he came home from his work he put his head down upon his hands and sobbed. His wife, who was in the room, came to him in great alarm and asked him what was wrong. At first he could not speak, but at length he told her the horrid truth which had so unmanned him, namely, he had lost his situation and was penniless.

Let me give you another story. One day a broken-hearted man looked out of the window of a miserably-furnished room. He had seen better days—days of wealth and position; he had been a rich merchant, but heavy losses had come one after another, and then there came a crash—he was made a bankrupt, and everything was sold to satisfy the demands of his creditors.

While you are young lay hold of the hand of the bright angel—Hope. There is no lot so poor which is not made better by Hope. It is one of the greatest powers life can know. Without hope, nothing can be done, with hope, very much. Why, if we are ill, we have hardly any chance of getting well unless we have hope.

The scene changed. Years passed, and on July 2, 1864, a long and sorrowful procession slowly marched on its way towards the cemetery of Exeter. From far and near people came to join in the procession to pay their tribute of respect to the man who was gone.

BE CHEERFUL.

We should train ourselves to see the good things, the bright things of life. There are few habits more common, even among Christians, than this of seeing and remembering unpleasant things, and there is no habit which is more inimical to cheerfulness.

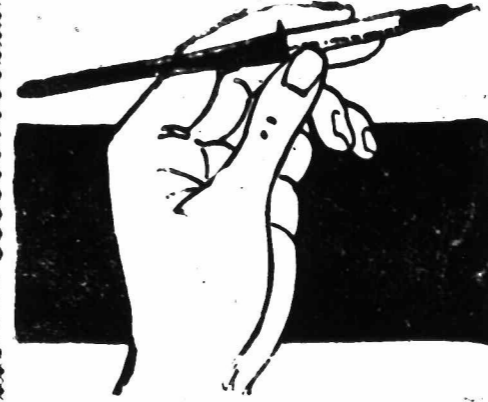
The truth is, there are in the ordinary life a thousand pleasant things to one that is unpleasant. It

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is a shame, therefore, to let the roughness of pain spoil for us all the gladness of a thousand good things, the one discordant note mar for all the music of the grand symphony.

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Nan was party out a little girls w afternoon a

There w troubled Na the kitchen ing cakes party, to ta looked so g have stood baked' her t every single

"Everyth thing," said on the tabl have silver

"Goodne: "what's tha "Things I

'member my answered N best part of ma."

"Oh, yes Well, we m Didn't you kittens dow

"Yessum, grandma, y some of th farm was ge but, grandn if you coul the sweetest

"Yes," s "they alway them to the

"Oh, gran est—you alv est things! apiece and don't mind grandma?"

So the nex guests went most charm with them slats fixed s and after t went down t came back s

"I wouldn marked, "th lonely witho hope I'm no

And gran The next stairs, when and then, accompanied she burst int very red an with ten box

"Oh, gran party all ca their silvern mamas sai obliged, but now they c more, and s you think w

And of co got through

"ONLY

There wa bright little ful mother. of the great He loved hi Empress En wanted to p never in a h him; he wan

When he she wanted ing, he woul utes." If hi