

dier, saying—"that man struck you this morning; now you must return the blow with my stick."

The Prince was amazed. "Your Majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's household," objected the Prince.

"I make him a Colonel of my Life Guards, and an officer of my household," said Peter again.

"My rank, your Majesty knows, is that of General," again protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him a General," so that the beating you may get may come from a man of your own rank."

The Prince got a sound trashing in the presence of the Czar. The recruit was next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Oroinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the Imperial service of Russia.

**THE TEST OF SINCERITY.**—We cannot vouch for the truth of the annexed story; but, *si non e vero, ben trovato* (which Italian phrase means that if not true, it is well invented), and anyhow it carries a moral which even our young readers will be able to discern. It is said that Fra Rocas, a celebrated but eccentric preacher of Naples, once scared his congregation in the most beneficial way. He preached a tremendous sermon on the inevitable consequences of a sinful life. His hearers were in a convulsion of excitement with the blazing picture of a sulphurous retribution before their imaginations. All at once he stopped in the very midst of an eloquent appeal and cried out, "Now, all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every hand in the assembly was up in an instant. The preacher looked upon the scene for one awful moment, and then, addressing the higher powers, exclaimed, "Holy Archangel Michael, thou who with thy adamant sword standest at the right of the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand that has been raised hypocritically." In an instant nearly every hand dropped to its owner's side.

## CONTENTMENT.

The things that a man most needs in this world are food work, and sleep.

He doesn't need riches, honors or office to live; he needs society because he is made for it; he must love and be loved; his life and happiness are promoted by companionship; mutual dependence and counsel enlarge hope and stimulate courage—yet, after all, he lives if his friends die. There is no grief, no form of bereavement, but it has its consolation. The best preserver of a man's life is contentment. Not to work is destructive of strength. Men look forward to rest, in a life of ease, which to them means cessation from the cares of business. They mistake the cause of weariness. It is not work; it is care, it is over-exertion, it is ambition and desire after gain that bring worn and weary feelings. All we possess we possess in life; the sooner we get through with life the sooner we relinquish our possessions. The faster a man lives the quicker he reaches the end of life. There are three ends to life, and death is the last and least desirable. One end is to live; that is why we were created; to live and as well as we can. Some go moaning and groaning on their way, as though life was a burden, and that it is piety to put a low estimate on it. The opposite is true. A man should seek to live out his days, and he cannot accomplish it in a better way than by using every means to promote life. Among these means are the three things mentioned at the head of this article. When a man denies himself sleep, food and the exercise work gives, brain and body work, he robs his life of its full term. Let him be cheerful also. He is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oil which keep the nerves from wearing out. Busy men and women think that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost. It is really the cement put in to fill up the joints, to keep out the weather and preserve the building.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? The perfecting of ourselves and the happiness of others.