

often been the most intelligent and widest readers. The idle person never knows how to make use of odd moments; the busy one always knows how. Yet the majority of people go through life without ever learning the great lesson of supreme value of moments.

Let us suppose that you determine to devote two hours of every day to reading. That is equivalent to more than 700 hours a year, or to three months of working time of eight hours a day. What could you not do in the three months if you had all the time to yourself? You could almost learn a new language, or master a new science; yet this two hours a day which would give you three months of free time every

year, is frittered away, you scarcely know how, in aimless matters that lead to nothing. A famous writer of the last century—Edward Bulwer-Lytton—devoted only four hours a day to writing; yet he produced more than study—volumes of fiction, poetry, drama, and criticism, of singular literary merit. The great naturalist, Darwin, a chronic sufferer from a depressing malady, counted two hours a day a fortunate day's work for him; yet he accomplished results in the world of science which render his name immortal.

—A. R. Spofford in "Books for all Readers."



## A School Day.

"**N**OW, John," the district teacher says,  
With frown that scarce can hide

The dimpling smiles around her mouth,

Where Cupid's hosts abide,

"What have you done to Mary Ann,

That she is crying so?

Don't say 'twas 'nothing'—don't I say,

For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry

At nothing, I am sure;

And if you've wounded justice, John,

You know the only cure

Is punishment! So come, stand up;

Transgression must abide