

## CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

Twenty years ago Thomas Scott, of Pennsylvania, one of the shrewdest of railway men, spent a few days in a country village. An active, bright-faced boy in the house where he boarded attracted his notice. He asked the school-master what was the capacity of the lad.

"He is dull," was the reply. "Thick-headed and incapable, though willing enough to learn. His father wishes to make a chemist of him, but he cannot master the first principles of the science."

Mr. Scott, watching the lad, observed that in the affairs of daily life his judgment was clear and just, and his observation keen. He showed, too, a singular faculty for managing his school-fellows. The boy's parents were induced to take him from school, and Mr. Scott gave him work in the yard of a railway.

"Now, he said, 'you have no longer to deal with books, but with things and men. Make your own way. I believe you can do it.'"

It was the first time the boy had been told that he was not wholly a dolt. He proved to be energetic, intelligent, and enthusiastic in his work. There was a certain firmness and cordiality in his manner which gave him control over his associates. He was soon sent out upon the road in charge of a gang of men. A few years later, when Mr. Scott came that way again, the young man was superintendent of a division. He afterward rose steadily to the front rank in his profession.

A boy is too apt to be influenced in the choice of his life-work by some accident or petty motive. His father and grandfather have been successful physicians, or manufacturers, or butchers, and it seems natural and right for him to follow in their footsteps. Or his intimate friend at college is going to study law, and he must do the same.

Sometimes a pious father and mother cherish a fond hope that the boy will devote his life to preaching the gospel, and, rather than disappoint them he does it, with no fitness nor real zeal for the work.

In each case the lad's life is a failure, for the want of a little deliberation and a careful examination of his natural abilities.

Among our readers of this paper there are tens of thousands of boys who must soon make choice of their profession or trade, one of the most momentous earthly questions which will be set before them.

Don't be in a hurry, boys. Do not let an accident decide for you. Do not choose an occupation because it is more "genteel" than others. It is the man who gives character and dignity to his occupation, as to his clothes.

Do not think, because you were rated dull at school, that there is no honorable place for you in the world. There are talents and powers which do not deal with

books. God sends no man into the world without providing an occupation for him in which he may earn respect. You have yours.

But take care that the work is that for which the tool is fitted. The mere fact that the work seems pleasant and attractive to you does not prove that it is fitted to your faculties. You may be ambitious, but you cannot climb a ladder without feet and hands.

Learn the strength of your feet and hands, find the right ladder, and then trust only in God and to yourself to make your way up it.—*Youth's Companion*.

of the courts here. He died a poor man. There were few educational advantages in Somerset, and though Hetty had a strong, well-balanced mind, it had little school training. After her father's death she married Charles Ogle, a younger member of the family so distinguished in Pennsylvania politics. He was one of the first to enlist as a soldier in the civil war, and was killed in the Wilderness at the battle of Gaines Mill. His body was never recovered. Mrs. Ogle was left with three little children to support and she went to work calmly and bravely to do it. The telegraph office in Somerset was in a room also occupied as a

she had charge of three telegraph lines in Johnstown. Her two boys grew to be fine fellows, shaped by her strong will and good example. Her daughter was always frail in health, and was only kept alive by the tender care of her mother. Their home was the most perfectly ordered that can be imagined. It was seldom invaded by a servant, but was kept exquisitely neat by the skilful and deft hands of the mistress. Everything that came upon her table was of the daintiest, and she shared what she had with rich and poor. Her friends always said Hetty's coffee-pot was inexhaustible. She taught scores of boys and girls

telegraphy for nothing, and helped them to find situations. At the time of her death two young girls were gratuitously sharing her home and earning good wages in telegraph offices from the benefit of her instruction. They died with their benefactress. She even found time to do beautiful fancy-work with her wonderful quick fingers. She was one of the sort of whom people say, "How does she find time to accomplish all that she does?"

She was a member of the Christian Church. Her religion was certainly most practical. She embodied the golden rule.

She had at one time to endure a terrible surgical operation. After it was over, and she was just regaining consciousness, she saw her son, to whom she had taught telegraphy, standing by her side. He saw her fingers move, although she could not speak, and he understood that she was telegraphing on the bed-spread, "It is over; I am safe," to a distant and anxious friend. She was entirely unselfish during every conscious moment of her useful life. While this illness was progressing, the telegraph company to whom she was so faithful a servant sent a man, at their own expense, to take her place in their offices. All the mill whistles in the region were hushed by a positive order from the owners while she was in a critical condition, and bulletins were regularly issued to the anxious town, where she commanded general love and respect.

The company which she served had just repaired and put in perfect order the house which she occupied, and the world never looked brighter nor fairer to Hetty Ogle, than upon the morning of the day that she gave up her life in the effort to save her fellow-creatures.

Not a trace of her drowned, burned, maimed, scattered body has been discovered by agonized searchers, but we, who believe in the reward of the faithful servant, are confident that Hetty Ogle has heard from the Master, "Well done; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Mary Black Clayton in Harper's Bazar*.

HAPPY AND MISERABLE.—We need little less than infinity to make us happy, and little more than nothing to make us miserable.—*Jean Paul Richter*.



"DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED, NURSEY."

## A MODERN HEROINE.

Every one knows of the noble and tragic death of Hetty Ogle, but few have watched the consistent and well-ordered course of her life.

Hetty Earl was born in the beautiful mountain village of Somerset, Pennsylvania, and there she grew to be a cheerful, helpful, happy, pleasant-faced young woman.

Her father was for many years Recorder

store, and where the rough men of the town congregated to gossip and quarrel; but she undertook to learn that business, and she did it thoroughly, never getting a disrespectful word from any one, the hardest part of her task being that she left her babies at home to take care of each other as best they could. She soon became wonderfully proficient, and was given an office of her own in Somerset. From that she gained the confidence of the telegraph company so entirely that at the time of her death