

## COUNTRY BOYS IN THE CITY.

HON. W. L. Strong, ex-mayor of New York City, says:—Any young man who expects to succeed in this city must come determined to rely upon himself. He must not depend upon his friends. He must bend every energy toward accomplishing what he sets out to do, and he must be economical in respect to money, time, and strength. He must have good principles and good habits.

"I don't think the place where the boy is raised has much to do with it. The manner of the boy's rearing often has more. The country boy, as a rule, has the advantage of having been made to work. He is usually a poor boy, and his nerve and muscle have usually been developed by adversity. This may be the case with the city boy, but in many instances his early life has been too easy. His parents have pampered him. He does not know the value of a dollar until he learns it by experience after he has gone into business."

A Hindu trader in India asked Pema, a native Christian, "What do you put on your face to make it shine so?" Pema answered, "I don't put anything on it." "Yes, you do," said the trader. "All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, and in Abmedabad, and in Surat, and in Bombay." Pema laughed, and his happy face shone as he said, "I'll tell you what it is that makes my face shine; it is happiness in the heart. Jesus gives me peace and joy."

So many little boys and girls wish they were big men and women, thinking then they would be able to work for Jesus. They forget that He needs children just as much as grown folk.—Selected.

It is said that 10,000 of the young men who applied for admission into the United States Army were refused papers because they were cigarette smokers, and in consequence had "the tobacco heart."

"A schoolboy was asked to explain the formation of dew. His answer was, 'The earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of the tremendous pace at which it travels it perspires freely.'"

"Another boy when asked why the days were longer in summer than in winter, answered that the tendency was for bodies to expand by heat.

## A BRAVE BOY.

## SCENE FIRST.

"Well," said Uncle Tom, as he stood by his nephew Bob, by the side of a gun for shooting torpedoes from a war-ship, "This is a curiosity!" Then he turned to a tar in blue who was showing off the curiosity.

"Don't you think so?" asked Uncle Tom. "Or—or—do you get so used to it that familiarity breeds contempt?"

The sailor laughed. "No, sir! That is not to be despised."

"Now, let me see! It's this way," declared Uncle Tom. "You say there's a torpeter inside this gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"The gun is worked by compressed air. The torpeter flies out, shoots down slantways into the water, and keeps on shootin' till it hits the vessel aimed at, and then—there is a blow-up."

"Yes, sir, that's it, and I shouldn't want to be there."

"That's it. You say this torpeter will go about eight hundred yards at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour?"

"About that."

"You've got it, about that. An inch or two—mile or two—doesn't make much difference; yes, about that. Well, when the torpeter is travellin' under water, what keeps it from rollin' over? You said it has four fins, and they keep it going straight."

"Yes, sir."

"And then you said there was a contrivance to keep it going just so deep?"

"Yes, sir."

"Various contrivances to control it, I should say; but—but, when it hits something, say the hull of a ship, no livin' thing can control it. Woe be to the ship that is hit by it! I don't know as there is any advice to be given to a ship then."

"But advice would have come in well before then," said young Bob Findlay, who had not taken any part in the conversation hitherto, but had silently contemplated the torpedo wonder before him, and silently had admired it.

"What's that, Bobbie?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Why, to keep out of the way in the first place."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" roared Uncle Tom, who was very much impressed by this idea. "Keep out of the way in the first place! A very good piece of advice, boy, and it may be applied in many ways."

The two visitors thanked the sailor for his explanations, bade him good-bye, and left the war-ship quietly resting at anchor, like a sea-bird that had folded its wings, floating on the water.