

A GOOD FAMILY RECORD.

The Prince of Wales, when a lad of sixteen, thirty-seven years ago, visited Canada and the United States, and a good story is told of his visit to a ranch in the West.

The Royal Party was entertained by a Mr. B— at his ranch (farm). They were preparing for a day's fishing, and an old farmer promised that his nephew would provide bait for "the Englishman," of whose rank he was ignorant.

Mr. Blank sent for the farmer the previous evening, and anxiously inquired, "Has your nephew brought the bait?"

"No."

"We want it by daylight."

"You'll hev it," calmly replied the old man.

"'Tis a matter of great importance. Are you sure that we shall have it?"

"Didn't Jabez give you his word?"

"But how do I know that he'll keep it?" said the uneasy host.

"How do ye know?" said the farmer, sternly. Because he's a Pratt. None of the Pratts ever was known to tell a lie, an' I reckon Jabez isn't agoin' to break the record," and he tramped off.

"You must pardon the old man, your Grace," Mr. B— said, turning to the Duke of Newcastle, who was with the Prince, and who was standing near by; "he does not know who you are."

"Pardon him? I call that very fine! Why should not the Pratts be proud of their honest blood as well as the Pelham Clintons?" his own family.

The daylight brought Jabez and the bait.

If every Canadian family cherished, like the Pratts, a faith in the truth or honesty or piety of their ancestors, with a resolve, like Jabez, "never to break the record," what an uplift in life would follow in our country.

That is the true family pride, which the day-laborer may share with the duke.

THE TWO SEEKERS FOR SUCCESS.

Two young men talked together about success. Both were strong, noble and resolute. One was self-satisfied and impetuous; the other was studious and quiet.

"First, let us find out for a certainty what is success," said the latter.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his companion, impatiently, with a toss of his head. "Anybody knows that to be famous and honored is success. You may do as you please, but for myself, I shall seek fame, and seek it at once, too."

The two young men separated, the one to set out on his search for fame, the other to seek the advice of an aged and wise man who lived near by.

"My son," said the old man, in reply to the youth's question, "If you seek praise you will not find it. They who set out to find fame, never reach her. Search instead for work. Whenever you can do an honest deed do it. Lend your hand to every burden that needs lifting. Make it your greatest ambition to help men. Usefulness alone is success.

Years later two old men met. They were the friends whom we knew as boys. But what a change! He who had been all strength and confidence was now shrunken and feeble, broken in his pursuit of honor. Disappointment had set deep lines in his face. His hand shook as a reed in the summer wind.

"I have failed!" he cried to a friend of his youth. He could say no more for his heart was broken.

The other, to whom years had brought a crown of usefulness, esteem and fame, and in whose eyes still flashed the fire of a great soul, uttered no word of reproach or of self-glorification. He stooped and lifted up his bowed comrade, and comforted him.

For it was thus, on the path of helpfulness and the path of duty that he had journeyed to true success.—Selected.