

SEEKING THE LIGHT.

"O papa!" It was Master Fred's voice.

It was not the cry of alarm or distress, but one of intense surprise. Mr. Darrell descended the steps which led into the cellar, and saw his son staring at a long, frail, whitish-yellow vine that had clambered across the floor.

"What is it, papa?" asked Fred, "and where did it come from?"

"We'll soon see," replied the father.

He lit a match, and followed the vine to a dark corner; and Fred saw that it had grown out of a half decayed potato.

"Why that's queer, isn't it?" he asked.

"It is not unusual," said his father; "the vine simply obeyed the law of nature. In what direction does it creep?"

"Towards the cellar window," said Fred, after a moment's hesitation.

"Attracted by what?" asked his father, "and to find what?"

"Sunshine, I guess," was Fred's answer.

"Yes, my son. And see how eagerly it has sought the light! The fire-place was in its way, and it crept around it; the vinegar barrel was in its way, and it crept over it. Now let us examine the end of the vine."

As he spoke, he led the way to the window.

"See!" he said. "It has put out leaves at the point; and the end of the leaves are tinted with a delicate green, a tint and vigor which it gets from the sunlight, which will grow greener and stronger every day. If you turn the vine away from the window, and come and look at it to-morrow, you will find it has set out for the light again."

"Would it?" asked Fred, much surprised.

"Yes, my boy; I have tried the experiment. What does the plant seem to desire most?"

"Light," replied Fred.

"And what shall we learn from that?"

Fred thought for a moment. "That the plant need light in order to live," he said; "and that we need sunshine as well as the plants."

"But there is a spiritual significance," his father gravely remarked.

A thoughtful look came into Fred's face.

"I know what you mean, papa," he said, "our hearts and souls need light."

"Or we will not grow," added his father. —*Christian Observer.*

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

The average young man scoffs a little at one who is noticeable for his good manners. Many a healthy boy thinks a certain roughness in speech or manner is a sign of figure and manliness in contrast to the weak ways of one who is always bowing and scraping to the people whom he meets.

There could not be a greater mistake; because, while an over-display of politeness a sign of hypocrisy, natural courtesy will never permit boy or man to behave in any way except in the thoughtful, quiet, refined way which belongs to good manners.

A rough, honest man is certainly better than a slippery, well-mannered, dishonest one, and this is the reason for so much of the deliberate rough manner some of us adopt. But this does not prove that courteous behaviour is wrong or to be avoided.

There is no reason, therefore, why the average young man in school or college or business, in his daily occupation, or when he comes in contact with women and men, girls or boys, should not make it a point to be reserved, self-contained, tolerant and observant of the little rules which everyone knows by heart. A systematic method of observing rules in such cases has its effect.

For example, you will see many a boy, in his discussion among his friends talking all the time, demanding the attention of others, insisting on his views, losing his temper over a game of marbles, and declining to play any longer, or making himself conspicuous in a hundred other ways.

He may be a very good fellow, full of push and vigour, and so sure of his own views that in his heart he cannot conceive of any other person really having a different view of the subject.

That is an estimable character for a healthy boy to have. Confidence in one's own ideas often carries one over many a bad place. But the fact that the boy has such a character, and his disagreeable way of forcing it upon you, are two entirely different things; and the difference of being confident and disagreeable, and confident and agreeable, is the difference between good and bad manners.—*Church Weekly.*