

THE SUNBEAM

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No. 7.

THINGS EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW.

THE WORD for you—a most practical, sensible word—perhaps you are bearing the hard lot which keeps you from school this bad weather. Cheer up according to this teacher's standard. There are plenty of places to be one of the world's giants, or all, or better, or of God's giants. "I believe," says a Southern writer, in the schools where boys can learn a lesson. Peter the Great left his throne and went to learn how to build a ship, and he learned from the stern, from the hull to mast; and that was the beginning of his greatness.

There was a young boy who was poor and smart. A friend took him to one of the best schools up north, where he studied two years and came back a minister, engineer and a bridge builder. Last year he planned and built a cotton factory, and is getting a large salary.

How many college boys in London know what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, why you take white oak for one part of a waggon and ash for another, and what timber will last longer under water than what out of water?



JOSEPH SOLD.—(SEE LESSON FOR APRIL 15.)

How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the faster—the top of the wheel or the

bottom—as the waggon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made, or how a snake can climb a tree? How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind and the cow eats grass from her, and a horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit with its bloom?

There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it badly. And that is the trouble with most college boys. They do not want it; they are too busy and have not got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors.

REASONABLE.

It is a tiresome thing to the young, their elders must confess, to be told often that the last generation read bet-

ter books and knew much more, at the same age, than the present generation.

A boy of thirteen, in a public grammar school, was reproached by the master for his slowness.