

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Better Way.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry, dear,
A proverb you'll grant me is true;
'Tis better to forget to be sad, dear—
For heart's-ease is better than rue.

'Tis best to be glad for what is, dear,
Than to sigh for the things which are not;
'Tis better to reckon the joys, dear,
Than the troubles that fall to your lot.

'Tis more to be good than be great, dear;
To be happy is better than wise.
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes.
—Helen L. Towne.

Do It Yourself, My Boy.

Why do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one else eat your dinner as to 'do your sums' for you.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words, or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study, not the answer, that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded after six hours, perhaps, of hard study. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class!

He recites like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks upon him as a superior. The problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again.

The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, has gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both his strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up both school and study forever.—Albert N. Raub, in 'Success.'

That Pint of Beer.

Saul Orpington was, as everybody was ready to admit when questioned on the subject, 'not a bad fellow on the whole.'

But still he was far from being what the independent British workingman should be, and what every workingman might be, if he only chose.

He was rather given to drink, and, like too many of his order, improvident to the very verge of idiocy. So long as he had a shilling to-day, to-morrow was left to take care of itself.

People wondered what Jessie Lawrence could see in Saul that could induce her to consent to be his wife; and some of her friends were bitterly opposed to the match.

'Look at him,' they said. 'What is he? A good-for-nothing—a man who never put by a halfpenny in his life—an idle—'

'No, not idle,' remonstrated Jessie, firmly.

Well, they admitted that, not idle, certainly, but spending his wages as fast as he got them, a man who would never prosper or do well.

'Not if he is left alone, perhaps,' answered Jessie with a gentle smile; 'but with a good,

true wife, such as, please God, I mean to be to him, there is hope; for I believe in his good heart and common-sense.'

So they were married; and Saul, rather shamefaced, introduced his wife to her future home.

'It is a poor, bare place, I fear me, lass,' he said, half apologetically, 'an' the furniture ain't what it should be; but wi' thy bright face in it, it'll be same as a palace to me, Jessie.'

Jessie smiled a flattered little smile, and she passed her pretty arm around her stalwart husband's neck.

'Yes, dear,' she said, 'I'm sure you love me very much. But while you're in such a good temper, Saul, I want you to promise me something.'

'Tis thine before I know what it is,' replied the young husband. Come, lass, speak up!

'I want you to allow me two half-pints of ale a day,' said Jessie, blushing a bit.

Saul's face fell.

Though he drank himself, perfect abstinence in his wife was what he hoped for, nay, almost expected.

'Thou shalt have it,' he said at last with a deep sigh.

The young couple soon fell into the regular jog-trot of married life; and little change was observable in Saul Orpington's habits. He still wasted his hardly-got earnings on selfish and profitless indulgence.

But he kept his word, and his wife regularly had her pint of beer a day, or at any rate the money for it.

So the time passed on, and the anniversary of their wedding day came round.

Jessie said nothing to show she thought the day more worthy of notice than any of its fellows in the weeks which were gone.

But Saul fidgeted about the house, and at last burst out:

'Dost thou know what day it is, Jessie, lass?'

'Why, yes, of course,' she answered, 'our wedding anniversary to be sure.'

'That it is,' said Saul, 'and if I'd got a farthing in my pocket we wouldn't let it pass wi'out celebrating it like. We'd take a trip to see thy mother.'

A happy tear shone in the wife's eye.

'Oh, Saul! how kind, how thoughtful of you!' she answered, warmly. 'And would you really and truly like to go and see mother?'

'Wouldn't I!' grinned Saul. 'But there can be no holiday, because there's no—'

'No money; but how if I was to stand treat, Saul?'

Saul only stared.

'Come, come,' he exclaimed. 'Thee stand treat, indeed! Now is it likely?'

'Not very, one would think,' the little woman replied, with an amused twinkle in her eyes. 'But yet I can do what I say.'

Jessie smiled mischievously.

'How?' cried Saul with an open mouth, 'hast found a buried treasure? What hast got wench?'

'That pint of beer,' she answered.

Saul didn't comprehend.

'Pint o' what?' he murmured.

'That pint of beer you've allowed me every day for the last year.'

'And how's that to pay for our jaunt?' inquired Saul, still mystified.

'I'll show you.'

And going to the bureau, Jessie produced from one of its drawers a little book, in which neat rows of figures met the eye on almost every page.

'This is the Savings Bank pass-book,' said

she, 'and in it is entered money which amounts to three hundred and sixty-five threepence. Every day I saved the beer three-pence; and on Saturday I regularly took one and nine-pence to the bank.'

'And the total sum is—'

'Exactly £4 4s. 6d.,' replied the beaming Jessie. Now, acknowledge that I can stand treat, Saul?'

The husband kissed her affectionately; and then he bowed his head on his hand, while a wave of self-contempt rushed over him.

Presently he raised his eyes.

'And you, my brave lass, could do this,' he said, 'by denying yourself a glass or so o' beer a day; while I—Oh! the money I've wasted, Jessie. But it shall be different now. I'll drop the drink and other bad habits; and if one can do so much in the saving line wi'out ever a fair chance, we'll see what two can do when they give their minds to it.'

Saul was not deficient in resolution; and he stuck firmly to his word. When next his wife visited the Savings Bank he accompanied her, and their deposit amounted to over twelve shillings—the savings of a week under the new regime.

It is with serenity that Saul looks forward to the future now, for he knows that if he only perseveres, biting want can never approach him.—'Good Templar's Watchword.'

Definition of a Pilgrim.

A good story is told of one of His Majesty's inspectors of mid-England. Examining a school on one occasion, Mr. K— inquired, 'What is a pilgrim?'

After a pause a sturdy little imp boldly answered, 'A pilgrim is a man, ple's sir.'

'A man?' returned the inspector, severely. 'That won't do. Tell me some more about a pilgrim.'

Another pause, broken by the inspector this time. 'I'm a man, you know,' he said, rashly; 'am I a pilgrim?'

Here followed a pause, but the prompt rejoinder: 'Oh, no, sir; a pilgrim's a good man, sir.'

It was rather the bystanders, than the questioner or the questioned, who did not know which way to look.—The Australian 'Christian World.'

He Began at Home.

A great many boys no sooner leave school than they begin to hunger for the great world outside. Home becomes distasteful, ordinary tasks tedious, and the freshest, most active period of the young fellow's life is wasted in reaching forward to a greater future or in vain regrets. Not so the man who succeeds, wherever his post may be.

A young man who had been born and brought up in a New England country town began to prepare for college and decided that after his college course he would go to the Pacific States and begin life in the spirit of a pioneer.

During his two years of preparation for college he was the most active member of his own church—which was declining in numbers, owing to the removal of many families to the city—and of the Millage Improvement Society, which had become a social feature of the town. Through his efforts the church was repaired, and its lawn and churchyard beautified. He marked historic places on the old roads, and set up new guide-posts. He secured a drinking fountain for the public square, gave en-