

Years passed by, and one day the strong waves washed an old trunk of a tree on the reef, and when it had lain there a few days, two little lizards, it is supposed, crept out of it. They had travelled more than a thousand miles, and no doubt had had a very long sleep in their snug quarters. They made their new home in the roots of one of the cocoanut-trees. And soon, to the surprise of many, there were plenty of cocoanut-trees and lizards living on this coral island away out in the sea.

Thus you see even tiny insects can accomplish great and mighty deeds, little by little. So don't put off, until you grow up big, the performing kind acts and good deeds for others. Each one may not seem to amount to much, but if your lives are spared any length of time, taking all together who can tell what may grow out of them; where the good seed will take root, or how pleasing they will be to your Heavenly Father, or how great will be your reward when your work upon earth is finished?—*Child's Paper*.

TESTING HER INNOCENCE.

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless, she was carried to the Commissioner of Police; and he ordered her to be sent to the Police Court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and, when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied: The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantel piece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The Court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale; for it could have no effect but to oblige the Court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young, and evidently so deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor moth-

er's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal, can never counterfeit, the Court was at some loss to discover what decision justice commanded.

To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand, and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.—*Paris Exchange*.

A CAPITAL PRESCRIPTION.

A rather eccentric yet eminent physician was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had

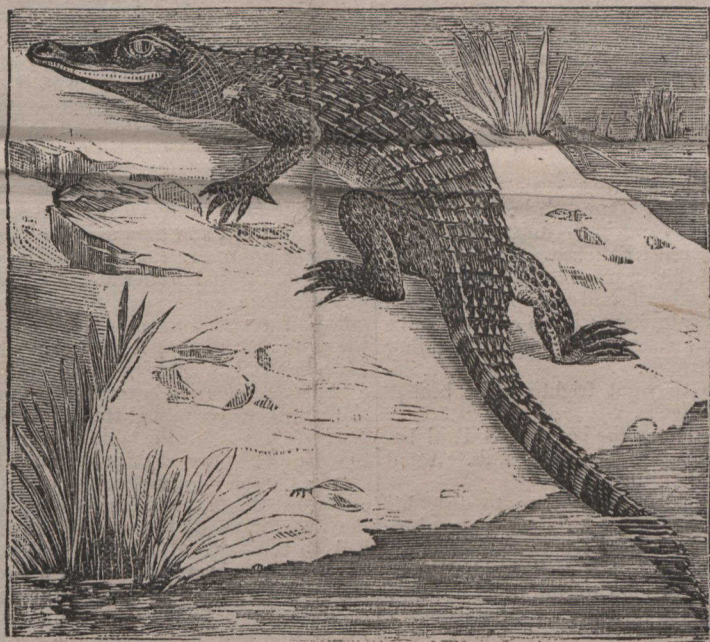
the doctor, gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription: *Do something for somebody*.—*Ex.*

SKIPPING.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror would make out who went through the country he was trying to subdue, and, whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you. If you skip over the hard places in your lessons and leave them unlearned; you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to



A CROCODILE TAKING THE AIR.

imaginary ills. After many wise enquiries about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper and wrote down the following prescription: "Do something for somebody." In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient, and left.

The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas-morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washer-woman.

"It's not meself, doctor; it's me wrist that's ailing. You see, I was afther goin' out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel from Mrs. Walker. She towld me that your medicine cured her, doctor; so, if you plaze to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present."

"It is a powerful remedy," said

call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of those I was asked to do on blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student: the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a study, that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life, it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel

all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.—*Morning Star*.

THE VALUE OF ONE TRACT.

The *Advertiser*, Leamington, England, publishes the following: "Some fifteen years ago, a young man, a Spaniard by birth, visited Leamington, from New York, and received a tract in the Pump-rooms, which was given to him casually by a lady. It was one of Canon Ryle's tracts, and it was the means of his conversion. On returning to America, where his parents had taken up their residence, he entered one of the Universities, and, having been ordained by Bishop Potter, was appointed missionary to the Spanish-speaking people in New York. From thence he went to Mexico, some ten years ago, and was presented by the Emperor Maximilian's successor with one of the principal churches in the capital. He translated the whole of Canon Ryle's tract into Spanish, and the result was that there are now one hundred and sixty Protestant congregations in Mexico, whereas nine years ago there was but one, and 63,000 people have seceded from the Church of Rome. This was the result of one tract casually given to a visitor in the Pump-rooms at Leamington." The title of the tract is, it is said, "Are You Forgiven?"

A BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

A subscriber, who is a blacksmith, says that he sees a great improvement in the temper of the horses he shoes now as compared with the horses he shod a few years ago, because, as he said, owners are setting the horses better examples. The old maxim, "Like master, like man," in its spirit, extends with even greater force to the animal creation than to man. "Lately," he said, "a horse came to my shop that was difficult of approach. 'What have you done to this horse?' I asked of the owner. 'I have been mad with him. I lost my temper pretty often; and of course he does not know what to expect from you or anybody. The horse is not to blame; The fault is mine.'" This man was of the sort known as fractious, and wholly unfit to control others, whether man or beast; but he had the wit to see and the justice to acknowledge the truth. Of the civilizing influence of gentle manners, there is no evidence so decisive as that furnished by the lower creatures. Happy indeed are they, when owned by masters and mistresses whose "blood and judgment are so well commingled" that their rule is one of uniform justice, tempered with mercy.—*Our Dumb Animal*.