

For the Young.

A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL JOKE.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took to walk one day with a Professor who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the Professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the Professor saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the Professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown-piece, if you have them, in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student, luckily having two crown-pieces, did so; and then placed himself with the Professor behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he clipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were upon his countenance. He gazed upon the crown, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked round on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but what was his astonishment when he found the other crown? His feelings overcame him. He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children, who by some unknown hand would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there, deeply affected, and with tears in his eyes.

"Now," said the Professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"Oh, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I shall never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood,—It is more blessed to give than to receive." —Selected.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbour, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father, and they loved each other very tenderly. One

stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and, though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbour, had struck against the "lonely rock," and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child—humble, poor, and weak—but she said in her heart that while she lived no more boats should be lost on the "lonely rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbour. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but at night-fall arose, and, lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from the sea, and guide him safely into harbour. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one extra, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day; and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbour has never been one night without the light of her candle.

How many lives she has saved by this candle, and how many meals she has won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending upon it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steadily as constant care could make it. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbour.

Who is there, pining in uselessness and longing for a mission, who can take a lesson from this watching one? Many souls are drifting in the darkness, many bodies are in peril and in need. Let YOUR light SHINE so as to guide their course to the harbour of eternal safety in Christ.—Selected.

Varieties.

If you give love to others, they will return it with interest, and, if you give hate, you will be paid in the same coin.

THE preacher who forgot his manuscript the other Sunday morning, apologized to his congregation, saying that he should have to depend on the Lord for his sermon, but in the afternoon would come better prepared.

GOOD FOR HOGS.—Dr. Johnson was one day dining at the house of a lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding good. "Yes," growled the great moralist, it is very good for hogs. "Shall I help you to another plateful, then?" asked the polite hostess.

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to ap-

pear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.—"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.—"Had a little taste of it, sah."—"Stood your ground, did you?"—"No, sah; I runs."—"Run at the first fire, did you?"—"Yes, sah; would hab run sooner if I had know'n it was comin'."—"Why that's not very creditable to your courage."—"Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin' my perfection."—"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"—"Reputation's nothin' to me by the side ob life."—"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"—"It's worth more to me, sah."

HOW TO KNOW A SCOTCHMAN.—When the railways were being constructed, the foreman of the contractor's firm on a branch line was a Scotchman, who, in giving instructions to the clerk of works from London, advised him to engage Scotch navies whenever he could get them; they were strong, industrious and thrifty. "But how can I tell a Scotchman? When it is known that they are preferred, others will say that they hail from north of the Tweed."—"Can't you tell by their tongue?" was the reply. "How could he? Accustomed to speak and hear only "Lord Mayor's English," a southron could not distinguish Scotch from other un-eclectic dialects. "Well," said the foreman, "I'll tell you how to know a Scotchman: ask, *What is the chief end of man?* and if the man does not give the answer which I will write down *Acquiesce*, he is an impostor." It is said that the clerk found he had, in the answer to the first question in the Shorter Catechism (*To glory y God and to enjoy Him for ever*), an infallible test of Scotch birth and training.

THE COACHMAN AND HIS CHARACTER.—The following anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield was told by his lordship himself. Having turned off his coachman for certain acts of pecculation, the fellow begged his lordship to give him a character to enable him to obtain another situation. "What kind of character can I give you?" said his lordship. "Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive." Lord Mansfield accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me." The man thanked him, and went off. A few mornings after, when his lordship was going out of his door to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man in a handsome livery made him a low bow; and to his surprise he recognised his late coachman. "Why, John," said his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place. How could you manage to get it with the character I gave you?"—"Oh, my lord," said John, "it was an exceedingly good character, and I have come to return you thanks for it. My new master on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'These,' said he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship added that he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I am a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me."