

Neither is Murray. But maybe I am,' rather ruefully. For he had a fancy that when Murray's glance had encountered him and Gilbert entering the schoolroom together, it had settled on them meaningfully before turning away. 'Maybe I'll be a different person after this. Never mind,' Phil disowned that qualm which made his heart heavy. 'Maybe Gilbert will be different, too, by and by. That is important.'

Gilbert was not a very apt pupil in the art of skating, but at any rate he had persistence. It was a strenuous evening both for himself and his tutor. 'Naturally I couldn't have much to do with the others while I was floundering over the brook with Gilbert,' Phil reasoned later. 'It was not possible.'

But he did not feel certain then nor during the following days whether there had been any change of attitude toward him or not on the part of Murray and Murray's friends. 'I can't complain of Gilbert's standoffishness,' he said to himself. 'He sticks to me like my shadow. And he isn't dull company, I must say. There is nothing poky about Gilbert.'

But the good will of the other boys had been very dear to Gilbert. The fear that he might be losing it disturbed him not a little. Phil, though, persisted too. He set his teeth and doggedly, as he expressed it, stuck by his job.

He had his reward when, late in the week without any preliminaries, Gilbert abruptly demanded: 'I say, what time do you have your Sunday school?'

Saturday morning Phil was coming out of a shop when he was hailed by Mr. Lester, one of the high school teachers.

'How are you, Phil? I am going out in a cutter after lunch, four miles or so over to Lawrence. Would you like to come along?'

Phil opened his mouth to answer with alacrity. He had never had an interview of any length with Mr. Lester, and he had heard plenty from the other boys to make him desire it. But before he could speak he remembered Gilbert's disgust at his interrupted lessons in skating and his exuberance at the prospect of 'completing the course and taking a degree' that afternoon. While Phil tried in one breathless instant to settle with himself whether he might explain to Gilbert and go, another voice broke in upon them.

'You don't mean to say,' cried Murray Craig, 'that you hesitate over an invitation from Mr. Lester! Why, nobody in his senses could think of declining such a very special one as that. Yes, Mr. Lester, Phil is much obliged; he will be pleased to go with you. I can skate as well as you can, Phil,' Murray went on. 'Just leave Gilbert to me; I'll see that he does not get too many bumps.'

'Very well then, Phil,' said Mr. Lester. 'Be at the school corner, will you, at half-past two?'

The boys did not stay long together after he had left them. When Murray had uttered a sentence or two, to which Phil replied in a monosyllable, both being shy of their own feelings, they separated. What Murray said was: 'This is a pretty big thing you are trying to do—to give another fellow a new start. You won't mind my helping at it a little, will you?' And Phil answered merely, 'No.' But though his words were lacking his thoughts were not.

On Monday after school Gilbert arrived at his own gate with half a dozen or more companions. 'I got a box of oranges by express on Saturday,' he said. 'Who will come up to my room and eat a few?'

They all would, with ardor. It was not a very large room, and the big box of oranges made it smaller than usual. The guests crowded it, sitting on the floor and the bed and even the bureau. They were a gay company.

While the talk and laughter progressed, some of the boys noticed the picture of a sweet-faced woman hanging on the wall above Gilbert's table.

### Boorishness or Manliness.

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 vigor or manliness, in contrast to the weak and effeminate ways of one who is always bowing and scraping to people whom he meets. There could not be a greater mistake; because, while an over display of politeness is a sign of hypocrisy, natural courtesy will never

permit a 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 deliberately rough manner some of us adopt. But this does not prove that courteous behavior 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 and 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 a man in his discussion among his friends talking all the time, demanding the attention of others, insisting on his views, losing his temper, or making himself conspicuous in a hundred other ways. He may be a very good fellow, full of push and vigor, 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 to have. Confidence in one's own ideas often carries one over many a bad place. But the fact that a person has such a character, and his disagreeable way of forcing it upon you, are two entirely different things; and the difference between being confident and disagreeable, and confident and agreeable, is the difference between good and bad manners.—Leaves of Light.

### A Dragon Fly.

'Oh! there's a great ugly thing,' exclaimed a girl as a beautiful dragon fly settled on the window. 'Not ugly,' I replied; 'look at its beautiful wings.' All God's creatures are beautiful, and as I watched the movements of the majestic insect, the words of the poet on the birth of the dragon fly came to my mind.

'To-day I saw the dragon fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.  
An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk; from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail,  
He dried his wings, like gauze they grew;  
Through crofts and meadows wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew.'

The translation from the grub state in the muddy pool, to the splendor of the gauze wings and sparkling sheen of the dragon fly, reminded me of what every soul-winner has seen in the conversion of a sinner, and caused me to pen the imperfect lines:

To-day I saw a sinner saved  
From sin's dark doom which o'er him  
swayed;  
A life Divine to him was given,  
Which caused the man to rise to heav'n.  
He passed from death, to life and light,  
Which made his spirit glad and bright.  
The old things went, the new ones came.  
And he a saint in love did reign.

—'Christian Missionary Alliance.'

### Pave Your Way to Independence.

'Come, Charlie, I want you to drive a few nails in the shed for me,' said Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the time, and her father, overhearing the request of his daughter, said:

'Why not drive them yourself?'  
'Because I can't,' she replied.  
'Because you can't,' he responded. 'Why, McCarty says there's no such word in the book. Come here, and I'll show you how to drive nails.'

With hammer in one hand and nails in the other, he went into the shed, drove a few into the door, and then gave the remainder to Nettie. She found it an easy thing to drive the nails, and felt quite proud of her achievement in the mechanical art. She having completed the work, her father said:

'Now, my girl, that lesson makes you independent. Some of these days I'll teach you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers.

Don't let the doors creak on their hinges for want of an oiled feather; or the children's shoes, or your own shoes, get hard in the winter time for want of a little grease.

'And as for you, my boys, turning to Charlie and his little seven-year-old brother, 'you ought to learn how to make a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button. A little cooking will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and my mother told me when I was a boy that I could beat any boy making a pot of coffee. There's no telling what your lot may be, or where you will be cast sometime during life. The most helpless people I have met were those who could do only one kind of work. All you boys and girls should learn some one thing very well, and make that your dependence for a living, but add to it as much skill as you can; for it costs nothing to carry knowledge, and it enables you to pave your way to independence.'—S. S. Herald.

### One Boy's 'Neighbor' Shoe-black.

A gentleman hailed a street shoeblack to get his boots blacked. The lad came rather slowly for one looking for a job, and before he could get his brushes out, another larger boy ran up and pushed him aside, saying, 'Here, you sit down, Jimmy!' The gentleman was indignant at what he deemed a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

'O, that's all right, sir,' was the reply; 'I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all give him a lift when we can.'

'Is that so, Jimmy?' the gentleman asked. 'Yes, sir,' wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. 'He does it for me, if you'll let him.'

'Certainly; go ahead.' And as the shoeblack plied the brush the gentleman plied him with questions.

'You say all the boys help him in this way?'

'Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, you see.'

'What part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?'

'I don't keep any of the money; I ain't such a sneak as that.'

'So you give it all to him, do you?'

'Yes, I do. All the boys give what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any fellow sneaking it on a sick boy, I would.'

The boots being blackened, the gentleman handed the urchin sixpence, saying, 'I think you're a pretty good fellow; so keep half and give the rest to Jimmy here.'

'Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim.' He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer of his own. Without knowing it, he had preached a good sermon from the text, 'Let brotherly love continue.'—Selected.

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