

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month? He will be rude and drive them away and thus do me more harm than good."

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he ever applied for.—*Selected.*

SELFISHNESS.

THE young man who is always thinking of and caring for his small personal wants, who is for ever yielding to the small solicitation of pleasureless dissipation, cannot be either pure or good. Show me the youth who, between his meals and at all times wants nips and pick-me-ups to stimulate his jaded senses and flabby enervation; show me the young man who wastes over his cigars and cigarettes enough every week to support a poor family; show me the young man who selfishly burdens others with the small, miserable debts of his contemptible self-indulgence; show me the young man who is for ever thinking of his dress and personal appearance, and I will show you a young man who is on the high road to intemperance and impurity, and to that ghastly banquet where the dead are, and her guests are in the depths of hell; the young man whose life is mean, whose aims are paltry, whose heart is not in his work or with his God. Above all other prayers, such a youth needs to cry:—

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
That craves for ease, and rest, and joys:
Myself arch-traitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

And only in proportion to the sincerity and the intensity with which he raises that cry will he ever be able to feel that,

One there is can curb himself,
Can roll this straggling load off me,
Break off my yoke and set me free.

—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

A PRINCE OF A BOY.

"HE is just a prince of a boy," said Mrs. Hatton, of Willie, and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see if Willie was like a King I read of.

When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly, I began to get my answer. When he came out of school, smiling, instead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt pretty sure. But when he cut his apple in two and gave one-half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied.

Yes, Willie is a "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that son of a King, who came to minister and not to be ministered unto.—*Selected.*

PURITY.

THE Rev. W. J. Dawson writes in the following vigorous style, of the view sometimes expressed that young men cannot remain pure:—

"I dissent from, I abhor and loathe, the doctrine that with young men it is a case of marriage or carnal sin. Is man merely a beast, then? Is he so low a creature as this, that he has no control over his lusts and passions? 'Young men, I write unto you because ye are strong,' says John. You are something more than animals; you are men. No doubt there are such things as, 'the terrible yearnings of a robust physique,' but to say that it is impossible to control them, that a man must sin against his own body, or against womanhood, unless he marries, is to utter the most contemptibly immoral sentiment, and to degrade youth with a most infamous implication. Some of the best and purest men I know, or have ever known, have been unmarried. They have remained single for the sake of a mother, or sisters, who depended on them. They had a robust physique, but they had also a robust conscience, an intellectual life, a moral nature. Is this, then, the prime aim of manhood, to indulge its carnal passions? Is this the end of marriage? It is an unspeakable degradation of both manhood and womanhood to suppose it. No youth will ever make much of his life until he frees himself from such a diabolical creed as this. What about a man like General Gordon, who was unmarried? Are there no other pleasures in life for a

young man except the pleasures of the flesh? Are there no such things as books, science, literature, athletics, music, social service, in which a youth may find infinite employment and delight? The fact is, you have only to throw yourself into some ardent intellectual or moral pursuit to find that carnal passions subside of themselves. It is the indolent and unpurposeful life that is the carnal one.

We pray to God not to lead us into temptation, but I am convinced that young men are their own tempters. The devil would leave us alone, but we smite him in the face, and provoke him to attack us. We imagine evil things; we dramatise to ourselves carnal situations; we stand in the way of the ungodly, and then we wonder that we fall into sin. Never did Jesus say a profounder thing than that it is "out of the heart of a man" there proceed adulteries and all uncleanness. That is the fountain head. Cleanse that and all will be clean. And the best way of cleansing it is to find a life of high interests, of strenuous purpose, of resolute discipline. It is amazing how soon the carnal element dies down when we live a life of moral and intellectual purpose. It is a fire which only thrives by feeding. Stop the supplies, and the fire goes out. This is all very obvious and commonplace enough; but the profoundest truths are the obvious, and the most helpful is commonplace.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

THE district messenger boy comes in for a vast amount of ridicule for his slowness, but he is a pretty good lad, after all, if the following happening in New York is any criterion: "One day in Broadway," says an observer, "I heard a boy's voice ring out above the noisy roar of the vehicles, clear and distinct, saying, 'Hold on, blind man! stop still, blind man! wait till I get to you!' Looking for the owner of the voice, I discovered a slender but agile messenger boy of fifteen or sixteen years threading his way through a mass of vehicles to a spot just by the opposite curb, where a gray-haired man was standing as if riveted, with a look of mild despair on his face. It needed only a glance to see that the poor man had sightless eyes; that he had become bewildered and was likely to be run over; that the quick-witted messenger