

WORK FOR BOYS.

There is no danger so great for a man or a boy as idleness. If mothers and fathers would save their boys, they should give them something to do. Buy an axe and a saw, and let them chop up that wood, no matter how large the bank account. Let them keep the weeds from the garden and the tall grass from the lawn, the dirt from their own clothes and the dust from their own shoes. Don't do everything for them. It pays to teach the boys to work—not so much for what they can do as for what it does for them.

If more boys could have a piece of ground, a shop, a place of some kind where they could work off their superfluous energy, we should hear less of truant, and reform school.

In the matter of reading too, if you do not wish the boys to read worthless books and trashy novels, you must put into their hands, good, well-written books, and those not of the dull type which will discourage a young mind.—*Sel.*

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you have fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said—

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples had been replaced the son said—

"Father they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course, you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with chip-dirt—cheap novels."—*Selected.*

A BIG BLOT.

One day, when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle of ink which stood on her desk.

"Don't tell her!" whispered Charlie. "We'll shut the door and run away, and she'll never know who did it."

"O, we ought to tell her!" urged Frank "and say that we are sorry."

"No, don't tell her; it's ever so much easier not to," whispered Charlie, and ran away.

"I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder," said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and told her, she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink, and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet.

"I'm so glad that you told me at once," she said, "for if the ink had dried in it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't know that it will show at all."

"It's just like God's forgiving us, isn't it, auntie?" said Frank, thoughtfully. "If we tell him about our sins straight away, and say that we are sorry, and ask him to forgive us, he does; and then our hearts are clean."—*Sunday-School Visitor.*