

## Advice.

My boy, you're soon to be a man;  
Get ready for a man's work now,  
And learn to do the best you can  
When sweat is brought to arm and brow.

Don't be afraid, my boy, to work;  
You've got to if you mean to win;  
He is a coward who will shirk;  
Roll up your sleeves and then "go in!"

Don't wait for chances—look about;  
There's always something you can do;  
He who will manfully strike out  
Finds labour—plenty of it, too.

But he who folds his hands and waits  
For "something to turn up," will find  
The toiler passes fortune's gates,  
While he, alas! is left behind.

Be honest as the day is long;  
Don't grind the poor man for his cent;  
In helping others you grow strong,  
And kind deeds done are only lent.

And this remember, if you're wise:  
To your own business be confined;  
He is a fool, and falls, who tries  
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged and get blue  
If things don't suit you quite;  
Work on—perhaps it rests with you  
To seek the wrong that worries right.

Don't lean on others—be a man;  
Stand on a footing of your own;  
Be independent if you can,  
And cultivate a sound backbone.

Be brave and steadfast, kind and true,  
With faith in God and fellow-man,  
And win from them a faith in you  
By doing just the best you can.

## Missionary Cent Scheme.

MEMORANDUM BY MR. JOHN A. PATERSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF ERSKINE CHURCH SABBATH-SCHOOL, TORONTO

In the last year, a new departure was made in the missionary methods. A long-standing objection to collecting money in Sabbath-school is that it is no lesson in liberality or self-denial, inasmuch as in the majority of cases it is the parents who give the money, and that the children are merely agents or messengers carrying the gift.

To meet this, and in order to arouse a personal missionary spirit, the officers of the school distributed 133 bright new cents amongst the pupils last March—133 signified their willingness, and to each was given a talent. They were instructed to set to work with their brains and hearts; to draw on their inventive genius and their love of the cause, and from this copper nucleus, with the Queen's head thereon stamped, to buy and sell and get legitimate gain; or, with loving hands and loving feet, to follow some work, and bring back five or ten or twenty talents of silvery or golden hue; and by bringing in such sheaves, cause the image of our earthly Queen to glorify the King of kings.

The experiment has been a brilliant success. The seedlings struck down the roots firmly; their stems upward grow, and brought forth noble fruit. The methods were all praiseworthy. The girls made paper flowers, aprons, dust caps, taffy, etc. One girl writes: One cent bought a Japanese handkerchief, and made a sachet, and sold it for fifteen cents; with the fifteen cents, bought material for a match-safe, and sold it for twenty-five cents; with the twenty-five cents, bought wool and made a set of nuts, and sold for one dollar." Another one writes: "Exchange and barter one bright for two old; result, two cents."

Another writes: "With my cent I bought a sheet of tissue paper, and made flowers, which I sold for ten cents. With this I bought more tissue paper and made more flowers, and sold them for forty cents. With the forty cents I bought cord and made a set of mats, and sold for one dollar. With the dollar I bought material for a table scarf, and sold for one dollar and seventy-five cents. I then made a jacket, which cost twenty cents, and sold for fifty-five cents. And I now return two dollars and ten cents."

The boys carved wood, blacked boots, ran errands, and did as boys could do. One boy wrote: "With one cent I bought a piece of wood and made a flower ladder, and sold it for ten cents; with the ten cents bought more wood, and made wheel barrows and bake boards, and sold them for twenty-five cents and fifteen cents each, till I had ninety-five cents." Another wrote: "Received one cent, bought one cent's worth of buttons, and sold them for two cents; bought two cents worth of laces, and sold them for four cents; bought four cents worth of blacking, and cleaned my brother's boots for ten cents, and sold the balance of the blacking for five cents. Total, fifteen cents."

A few brought no returns. They had, they said, "done what they could." One had invested his little all in flower-seeds, and he had dreamed of rich returns; but, alas! as he pathetically remarked, "The crops failed." But let him be comforted! To misquote a very old friend, "'Tis better to have tried and lost, than never to have tried at all."

## THE STORY OF A TALENT.

One of the teachers wrote as follows:—

"A talent in the shape of a cent was given to one of the Lord's handmaidens, to be returned with usury in less than a year. It was such a very small talent, it would require a great deal of time and planning to make it worth much, and her life was a busy one. But, on the other hand, the warning rang forth from the parable: 'It was the servant who had the least, and neglected to use it, who was cast out into outer darkness;' and a still small voice whispered the promise, 'I will help thee.'

"What couldn't be accomplished with such a helper? The talent was laid away in a desk, to be thought over, planned about, and prayed over, until the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months. But although its money value did not change in all this time, it had become a mighty power in the life of this Christian. She, who used to rise at seven o'clock, saw that two hours of the talent-time which belonged to the Lord had been given to the giant Sloth, and she now rose at five o'clock, and gave the first hour to Bible study.

"Every part of her life became a precious trust, to be rendered back with interest. One day the cent was taken from its resting-place, ten cents capital added, the whole invested in some sateen, which, when made into a bag, was sold for fifteen cents. The ten cents capital being withdrawn, the talent was now in the form of five cents. With this amount five poems were bought, and the owner concentrated her whole mind upon them until the dead, printed matter, became to her living thoughts and images, when she gave an entertainment, making these poems the nucleus, and realized \$10.50. But the warning note had been sounded—the talents had been recalled. The one cent was rendered back in money value amounting to ten gold dollars and fifty cents; but the Master alone can compute the sum total in the growth of the spiritual life of the servant."

Some few brought back their talent, but not the usury. It had clearly not been buried, for it was as bright as the day it went out on its missionary work. Two of the teachers took stock, and brought in good measure, well pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

The result is, that out of one hundred and thirty-three cents, the missionary-treasurer received seven thousand six hundred and thirty cents; which is a much better result, producing a much higher percentage of profit, than any such sum invested during 1889 in any business in Toronto.

The material product is satisfactory, but that is the least of it. The reflex action in the minds and hearts of the children; the chords of liberality which have been touched, and may vibrate through life, and make life melodious; the self-denial and industry which have been trained,—are important and lasting factors in the success of the undertaking. —*Canada Presbyterian.*

## Bits of Fun.

—"You may say what you like about tight boots, one thing is certain, they make you forget all the other troubles of life!"

—"No, darling," said a mother to her sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you."

"Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

—Young wife—"I wonder the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of cake I made and—"

Young husband—"That accounts for it."

—Sales gentleman—"Stockings? Yes, ma'am; what number do you wear?"

Customer—"What number? Why, two, of course! D'you take me for a centipede or a one-legged veteran of the war?"

—Mistress (to new cook)—"Bridget, the soup is quite cold. Didn't I tell you to warm the tureen?"

Bridget—"Yis, mum, but I thought the soup wud warrum it."

—A little boy—one of a large family—was dining out one day, and the hostess inquired, "Do you like Chicken, Willie?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I never tasted any thing but the drum-stick," was the demure answer.

—One Waterville lady expressed a great deal of anxiety over the result of the vote on the charter question. When asked her reasons she replied, "I don't want Waterville to become a city, because they say cities are very unhealthy places to live in."

—Sergeant-major—"Now, Patrick Smith, you know very well none but officers and non-commissioned officers are allowed to walk across this grass."

Private Smith—"But, sergeant-major, I've Captain Graham's verbal orders to—"

Sergeant-major—"None o' that, sir! show me the captain's verbal orders! Show'm to me, sir!"

—"Brown—"That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson."

Robinson—"Yes."

Brown—"About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?"

Robinson—"Eternal vigilance."

—A gentleman dining at a restaurant where waiters were few and far between, dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and was asked by the faint and hungry gentleman.

"Are you the lad who took my order for this beef?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"