

the far west. He is trying to raise \$5,000 for this purpose, of which he has already about \$1,500 in hand. Those who want to know more about his work, should send ten cents to Miss W. L. Wilson, Shingwauk, Sault Ste. Marie, for his newly published pamphlet, "Our Indians in a New Light."

"NO."

"**N**O!" clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the play-ground of a village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say, 'Yes' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new comer here, an orphan, who lives about two miles off with his uncle. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in the school, and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned come this way."

The speakers moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate, near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'No,' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently.

"I am willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me and you know that very well."

"Such a fuss about a little fun!"

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you 'No,' to begin with, and you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes sir;" and the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir; he had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking; would you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained on that day his fortune was assured. After

he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position which was not his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'No' if occasion required," answered his employer. "No" was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will." More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley till the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say "No" is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman.

"Yes," is a sweet and often a loving word; "No," is a strong, brave word which has signalled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Selected.*

SOLD FOR NOTHING.

CHAND NAWAR had two sons; but he cared for neither, for he said it was such an expense to him to bring them up.

One day a trader came to his village, and seeing the two strong boys, offered to buy them for some pieces of gold. "You say the lads are no good to you, let me have them, for they are big enough to be of service to me, and I will give you this bag of golden pieces for them."

Chand Nawar looked at his sons, then at the gold, and his eyes gleamed with satisfaction. The money would buy him an Arab horse which he had long coveted in his neighbor's compound.

"I will gladly close with your generous offer," he said, eagerly taking the coins, regardless of the tears and entreaties of his children.

And soon the trader was far on his way with the two little lads.

Meanwhile, Chand Nawar hurried off to the owner of the Arab horse. "Sell your steed to me, and I will give you a handsome price for it," he cried, holding out the money.

The neighbor wondered that so poor a man as Chand Nawar should possess such riches, so he looked at the coins with a suspicious eye—"Let me feel the weight of your gold before I exchange my good horse for it," he said.

Chand Nawar willingly let him do so. No doubt of the goodness of the coins had ever entered his head.

"Why they are only lead, washed over with gilt!" cried the owner of the horse, holding up one of them between finger and thumb.

"Alas!" cried the wretched Chand Nawar, "I have just parted with both my sons to a passing trader for them, the rascal has deceived me."

"Let us catch him," said the merchant; and off they ran in the direction the trader had taken. But they never overtook him, and the boys were lost for ever.

Children, *Time* is a possession of priceless worth, like Chand Nawar's sons were to him. Yet many people part with it as lightly as if it were of