

tern, a queer clasp knife, a knife and fork, undoubtedly old French, a bucket-handle or two, and 'be like, are the principal relics; and they are preserved, as they should be, at the house of the gentleman who is now "the wealthiest farmer in Grand Pre." The well is fondly called "Evangeline's Well."—*Douglas Sladen, in "On the Cans and Off."*

MONASTERIES AND KNOWLEDGE.

It is an undoubted truth that for a considerable period almost all the knowledge of Europe was included in the monasteries, and from this it is continually inferred that, had these institutions not existed, knowledge must have been absolutely extinguished. Such a conclusion I conceived to be altogether untrue. During the Pagan Empire intellectual life had been diffused over a vast portion of the globe. Egypt and Asia Minor had become great centres of civilisation. Greece was still a land of learning. Spain, Gaul, and even Britain were full of libraries and teachers. To suppose that Latin literature, having been so widely diffused, could have totally perished, or that all interest in it could have permanently ceased, even with the extremely unfavourable circumstances that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire and Mahomedan invasion, is, I conceive, absurd. If Catholicism had never existed the human mind would have sought other spheres for its development. Mediæval Catholicism discouraged and suppressed in every way secular studies, while it conferred a monopoly of wealth and honour and power upon the distinguished theologian. Very naturally, therefore, it attracted into the path of theology the genius that would have existed without it, but would under other circumstances have been displayed in other forms.—*Laky (Moral Development of Europe).*

DONT BE TOO AMIABLE.

The ordinary successful man is one who has managed to work up a little courage at a single point, in a single narrow province. So long as he has to do with brethren whose respective courages attach to other points, to other narrow provinces, he quite lords it. Thus one pale-faced little tailor can make nineteen out of every twenty of the strapping fellows consent that they are admirably fitted in clothes that they know perfectly well both wrinkled and hump up. But set the sovereign tailor down in a court room, and a less aggressive man than he could not be found.

Through want of strength to front each other squarely we are sometimes led to grace our manners with amiability and consideration; and these, to be sure, are virtues in their way. But by the same want we have been led also into no end of cunning and dishonesty. Now, certainly, it were better to stiffen a little in neck and body than not stand stout on the legs. When a man's organism weakens to a point where you can scarcely distinguish between his bow and his wobble, it is high time for him to "brace up."—*Scribner.*

THE CHARM IN SCOTCH WORDS.

I wonder if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. It is a gift of nature dropped in their lap. I never heard of anyone who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large; but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier it is for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another because of his innate command of the Scotch tongue.

There are such delightful words in that language; words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in; words that rustle; words that skin, and words that clash and thump.—*Scribner.*

Our Young Folks.

JUST OBEY.

Do as you are told to do
By those wiser far than you;
Do not say,
"What the use of this may be
I am sure I cannot see,"
Just obey!

Do not sulk and do not sigh,
Though it seem in vain to try;
Work away!
All the ends you cannot see,
Do your duty faithfully—
Just obey!

When at length you come to know
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,
You will say,
"Glad am I that, when to me
All was dark as dark could be,
I could trust and cheerfully
Just obey!"

—*Ex. hanc*

WILL'S LOST UMBRELLA.

"Oh, mother, I've done a dreadful thing," said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, Elsie?"

"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"

"I took it down town with me this morning it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have left it somewhere, for when I was coming home I missed it."

"And did you go back?"

"Yes, I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might take it?"

"No; he never would let me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry," said mother, gravely. "It is the first nice one Will has ever had, and I don't know when he will have another."

"No," said Elsie, in great distress, "I'd do anything to give him another, if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly angry with me."

"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking his umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will."

The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands, and was nevermore heard of.

"You would better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother."

And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"This story about the boy who lost a great prize, because of another boy having burnt up some papers without knowing that they were the notes of his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over it the best way he could?"

"But if you try to put yourself in his place, you will see that it must have required a great deal of Christian forbearance to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Ho! A boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly, true-hearted boy would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him," said mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of

that kind, a real boy, not one in a story book, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean, now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very bad because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will.

"She has lost your silk umbrella."

A quick color flew to Will's cheek.

"I know it is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it, by forgiving her fully and freely?"

"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will arose from the piazza steps, on which he had been sitting, walked quickly around the house and out of sight.

He felt angry, as Elsie had said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxydized silver handle and its slender proportions when encased in its suken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters that he only took it out when sure it was not going to rain.

It was gone, and he knew it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly-prized property. He could in fancy see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself.

And then came a thought of the boy in the book who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like this which was possessing him. This was putting him in his place sure enough.

Will walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart! What a lasting sweetness in lifting her burden of the fear of his severe fault-finding!

"I'll wait till some day I want it, and then I'll ask where it is; and when she tries to tell me, I'll kiss her and laugh," he said, as at length he turned towards the house.

"But, no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows I know."

"Elsie!" he called at the step

"What is it, Will?"

Mother raised her head in anxious attention.

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"O Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly towards him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh.

"Yes, you'd have a hard time bringing it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about these few days, you'd better set your mind at rest."

"O Will, aren't you mad with me?"

"Not a bit."

"You dear, dear brother! I thought you'd never forgive me."

It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before he had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.—*New York Observer.*

A DISGUSTED CAT.

Dandy is the name of a very large and handsome cat belonging to a lady living near Boston. Dandy is really very clever; but he had an experience recently that came near branding him as exceedingly stupid, and he was very much "cut up" over it.

His mistress has a little boy of five years, for whom she had bought one of those clever imitation cats stamped on cloth and stuffed with wool or cotton.

Dandy did not happen to be around when the cotton cat arrived; and, after playing with it a little while, the child left it on the window-sill. It sat there looking, from the street, wonderfully like a real cat.

The lady was sitting by the window, sewing; and presently she saw Dandy come into the yard. He glanced up at the window and was instantly transformed from a dignified, well-behaved cat to a jealous, snarling demon.

The servant-girl, who open the kitchen door in response to his imperative meows said that he shot by her with the rapidity of lightning, and seemed to clear all the back stairs on a single bound on his way to the sitting-room.

Into this room he dashed, his yellow eyes aglow with jealous rage, his throat emitting snarls. He leaped upon the dummy cat, and fell with it to the floor.

Dandy's demeanor when he saw how he had been deceived, was very funny. He walked around the cotton cat, amazement and disgust expressed in one prolonged, meow followed by another and another.

Then he stood still, with his head twisted to one side, viewing the dummy in a way too ludicrous to be described.

Finally he shot out of the room as swiftly as he had entered it, and was seen no more for four days and nights,—an unheard of proceeding in his life.

But it probably took all that time for him to recover from the shame and disgust his feelings had sustained.

When he finally returned, he utterly ignored the object of his foolish rage, and never again paid any heed to it, showing greater wisdom in this respect than men and women often show when enraged and mortified.—*Youth's Companion.*

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at rounders. Among their number was a little lame fellow seemingly about twelve years old—a pale sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as rounders.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand on one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party—"never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside, to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.

It is said that when Queen Victoria was quite a little girl she spent an afternoon with Queen Adelaide, who assured her that she might do anything within reason that she wished. After weighty consideration the little princess declared that nothing would give her such pleasure as to be allowed to clean the windows. So a cloth, pail and water, and pieces of wash-leather were supplied to her, and greatly did she revel in the indulgence.