



JAPANESE TYPES.

## WHAT THIS WORLD IS LIKE.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

This world is like a looking-glass;  
And if you want to see  
People frown at you as you pass,  
And use you slightly;  
If you want quarrels, snubs, and foes,  
Put on a fretful face;  
Scowl at the world, you'll find it shows  
The very same grimace.

This world is like a looking-glass;  
And if you wish to be  
On pleasant terms with all who pass,  
Smile on them pleasantly;  
Be helpful, generous, and true,  
And very soon you'll find  
Each face reflecting back to you  
An image bright and kind.

## A STATESMAN'S SABBATH.

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the court of Holland he joined a society of learned men who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favorite; his finely trained mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and, receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always punctually present.

On one occasion, however, so the story runs, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow members noticed and regretted his absence. On the third Sunday evening it met, Mr. Adams' chair still vacant. Many were surprised that he who formerly was so prompt and punctual should thus suddenly break off. How did it happen? The press of business, it was supposed, kept him away.

At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and lo! there was Mr.

Adams in his place, brilliant and delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back and expressed their sorrow that press of business, or the duties of his office, should so long have deprived them of his company. Did he let that go as the reason?

"Not business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

He told them how he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed; and from all that he had felt and seen he was convinced of the unspeakable advantage arising from a faithful observance of it.

John Quincy Adams' example of moral courage is a safe one to follow. How many youths, going from pious homes to the cities, the far West, on the sea and land, are thrown among Sabbath-breakers—reckless Sabbath-breakers and respectable Sabbath-breakers—before whom they fail to stand up for their Sabbath education.

## TRAMPLING DOWN TEMPER.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"I'm so glad. Oh, I'm so glad!"

Herbert came to his mother at bedtime with a beaming face.

"What are you so glad about?" she asked.

"Oh, for something I did to-day. No, it was something I didn't do."

"Are you going to tell me about it?"

"Yes, of course I am, mamma. Don't I always tell you everything?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I do. But don't you know sometimes I have dreadful things to tell?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said with a smile.

"You don't know how it makes a fellow feel, mamma," Herbert went on very soberly, "to have to come and tell of something mean and wicked I've been doing. It makes me feel as though I wanted to creep away and hide and never show my face again. But I don't feel that way to-night, and it's because I've been trying to do just as you told me when I get angry."

"You find it a good way, do you?"

"Yes, your ways are always good. Well, this is how it was. Harvey Gray wanted me to play ball at school, and I just picked up his book to look at it for a minute. 'I coming,' I said, but he wouldn't wait, and snatched the book out of my hand and threw it out into the road in the dust. Then I laughed and said, 'It is

your book.' He thought it was mine, and he was so mad he picked up my lunch basket and flung it after it, and everything rolled out in the dust. I tell you, mamma, I was as mad as a hornet. I doubled up my fists and was just going at him. I was going to call him all the bad names I could. And just in time, mamma, I remembered what you told me about my temper."

"I'm glad!"

"But, mamma, I didn't want to remember a bit. I wanted more'n five dollars to give it to Harve like sixty. I wanted to wait to the next time to begin the trampling. But you said it would be harder and harder every time, and I just asked God, as you told me, to help me when I hated to stop being mad. And then I ran right by Harve, and ran and ran till I was clear away from the boys. And I stayed away till the school bell rang."

"That was very wise," said mamma patting the small boy's head.

"Yes," said Herbert, "cause, you see, I could not fight Harve if I wasn't there, and I couldn't fight him when school was called. And by noon I hardly felt mad at all but I kept away from him. And after school this afternoon I felt all right to him and played with him just as I always do. And he came and told me he was sorry he was so mean, and gave me an apple, and now we are good friends. That's why I am so glad."

"It's enough to be glad for," said mamma, kissing him tenderly. "Try it again, dear. You will find it less hard every time you conquer your hasty temper, but I think you will find the same gladness every victory."

## FOR EVER.

A little girl whom we know came in at night clothes very early to her mother in the morning, saying: "Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, "I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I concluded that it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But (and there was a look of awe in the little face) a lie is for ever."

A little boy came to me with a broken toy and begged me to mend it for him. It was one of his finest toys, and was the pride of his heart.

"I'll try to mend it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully: "No mind. If you can't mend it, I'll be just as happy without it."