

Good References.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now what references have you?"

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

My Dear John,—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon, but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say

I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.
—*Sacred Heart Review.*

The Boy Knew.

A few years before his death, Agassiz was studying the fishes in the waters at Cotuit Point, Mass. At the hotel a citizen called his attention to a certain kind of fish which always went in schools, and which also was always seen swimming with one fin out of the water. He asked Agassiz if he knew which fin was out of the water. Agassiz said he did not know, but he thought it was the back fin.

A boy of ten, listening intently to all the great professor said, interrupted: "I think it is the tail fin; I've seen 'em." Both men laughed, and Professor Agassiz patted him on the head, approvingly.

For days the boy watched at the wharf to see this particular fish. On the third day he saw a school of the fish he was looking for. Making sure that he was right about its being the tail fin, he jumped up, and, as quick as his feet could carry him to the hotel, he reported to Agassiz: "A school of them fish is in the harbour."

The professor hurried down to the wharf, and saw with his own eyes the tail fin out of the water. The boy's fact had upset his theory, and he complimented the lad for his intelligent observation. The episode had added another fact to his museum of facts—a tail fin can be out of the water. And the whole affair was in harmony with what he was ever teaching; that many things are uncertain, even about things we know.—*Crusader Monthly.*

Raggles—"Don't be hard on me, judge. Give me time and I'll mend my ways."

Judge—"I will—ninety days."