

solicit from the emperor, were almost sure of being favorably received.

Cald, the censor, no matter howsoever urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his home without first having seen his wife wash and dress the baby.

Cicero, after having put the finishing hand to his orations, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them.

A great diversion of the Emperor Augustus was to play at games with little children, who were brought from all parts for the purpose. There was one little fellow of the name of Nucius who stood only two feet high and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who nevertheless had a prodigious voice, he was an especial favourite.

Rosseau said that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see little children making fun and playing together. "I have often," says he, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports with an interest which I see no other person take in them." Yet inconceivable inconsistency—Rosseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital!

Had he believed the Bible would he not have acted differently?

SCHOOLBOY HEROISM.

Two boys were recently in a schoolroom alone together and exploded some fireworks, contrary to the Master's express prohibition. Called to account, the one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you did it, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantly subdued him.

When school reassembled the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squib." And he then burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self accuser and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud.

Ben, Ben, lad—he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame." The school was hushed and still, as other scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might almost have heard Ben's big boy tears dropping on his book and his heart thumping with excitement as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when for want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.

The man who compels himself to like the things he has to do is a genius.