

"There's two dollars, Mr. Judge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to jail, stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a police man exclaimed:

"Your mother sha'n't go to jail, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life and try to be worthy of such a son as that.—*Winslow's Monthly*.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

Scene in a library—gentleman writing; child enters.

"Father, give me a penny?"

"Haven't any; don't bother me."

"But, father I want something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"You must have one; you promised me one."

"I did no such thing. I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one."

"Do go away; I won't do it, so there's an end to it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny and throws it at the child.

"There, take that and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror, and determines to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with certainty of like result.

Scene in the street—two boys playing; mother opens door; calls one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, don't you hear me? If you don't come I'll beat you good."

Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him and advises him to obey.

"You will catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh, no, I won't; she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your child by your example that you are weak, undecided, and untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

A GOOD JOKE.

Boys are often fond of playing practical jokes. Such may sometimes be done, but never to any one's inconvenience. In one of our colleges a professor, who made himself very friendly with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work towards the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was very near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes; we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes and see what he will do."

"No," said the professor, "it would not be right. You have money enough; just put a dollar in the old man's shoes; then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal and they hid themselves accordingly.

When the laborer had finished his row of corn,

he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around him but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it, and looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground and returned thanks for the blessings that had been conferred upon him. The listeners heard from his prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor, so that the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven.

"There," said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hidden the old man's shoes,"—*Christian Advocate*.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

The famous Eddystone light-house, off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built in a fanciful way by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from his lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storm, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one fearful night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder.

The light-house was built a second time of wood and stone by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames.

Next the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built, and riveted it to rocks, as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscriptions like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and on its key-stone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "*Laus Deo!*" and the structure still stands, holding its beacon-light to storm-tossed mariners.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men, Christ, the Light, must be held up before men or they will perish. Let us then, put him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone. But, taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.—*The Presbyterian*.

TRUSTFULNESS.

In the still small hours of the night I was awakened by the touch of my little boy's hand; he said, "Mamma, I don't know what's the matter, I can't sleep, and I've tried ever so long." I took him in, laid his head upon my breast, and folded his hands in mine; in a few moments he was sleeping the sweet sleep of happy childhood. Mother's embrace and touch of her hand, with his implicit confidence brought repose. As I listened to his quiet breathing, I wondered why we grown-up, restless, vicious children could not in our troubles cast ourselves thus confidently into "the everlasting arms." It cannot be that we doubt His ability to care for us, for we know that He is omnipotent, thus able to do all things—a complete God. It is not that we doubt His love, for every day convinces that, and we have His word that though the mother may forget her child, yet His love will never fail us.

It must be owing to our want of trust, when we should ever feel perfect confidence in our God Father.

The way may be dark, the body very weary and the feet sore from the thorns in the path, still we

should remember that all our trials are disciplinary—no atonement through suffering is worked out by us, but by our sorrows our characters are rounded, polished and perfected. This trustfulness of little children would often reveal a loving Father to us, even in this world, and when "the leaves of the judgment book unfold," how clear will be the revelation—all in love!—*Christian at Work*.

BE A REAL MAN OR WOMAN.

BY MRS. J. T. LEACH.

In going through the world it would seem that while many meet with many discouragements, a proportionately large number seem to have little else to contend with than encouragement, and therefore have smooth paths to labor in, no matter in what direction their work may lie.

With the latter, destiny must certainly be far pleasanter than the former, still the rough and stony path may be fraught with good, which causes many human natures to shine out more brightly than though their paths were utterly destitute of jar, trial or struggle.

All are not constituted alike, therefore cannot do the same work, but, oh! let me urge the boy or girl of to-day to meet any obstacle bravely if they would hope for success in life. If you are a weak, clinging nature, pattern so far as is right from the pushing, go-ahead character. Do not yield to discouraging lines which cross your path, but say to yourself, "God helping me, I will overcome this or that difficulty."

You will find plenty to discourage you in any undertaking, but few to encourage; therefore, aim to advise with those who have something else to offer you than a cold water bath.

I believe this very thing sends many on the downward course through life, while an encouraging word would promote aspirations of a higher and nobler nature.

When opportunity offers, educate yourself in something else than that of which you possess knowledge already, for you know not what circumstance may place you where your present knowledge will be of no avail, and if you have been satisfied without acquiring something more you will be obliged to lay by and rust, while some one else will go on to success.

Strive to be able for the latter. Never yield up yourselves to a life of ease in youth, for that will bring misery in old age. Be not shams, but real men and women—

"Real in sickness, real in health,
Real in poverty, real in wealth,
Real in joy and real in woe,
Real where'er through the world you go."

—*The Christian at Work*.

ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

This continent has been visited during the last six months with shocks of earthquake, extending from Montreal down to Valparaiso. It was most severe, however, on the Isthmus of Panama. The people there left their shaking homes, and lived in tents outside the city limits. While the quaking continued the people slept partly clothed, so that they could run into the streets when the shocks came. An earthquake panic is said to be the severest ordeal a human being can go through. All one's ideas of the stability of the world disappear when the earth in which we live becomes an apparently fluid mass, and shakes like a ship in a gale. The cause of earthquakes is as mysterious now as ever. Science has its surmises, but no one theory has as yet been verified respecting the abnormal occurrences.