

vident husband. My advice is to return the album to the dealer and get your money back. Invest it in something useful, tell your girl that it was a foolish freak in you to think of such a present, and ask her to join you in saving every cent you can both earn to buy your future home."

The advice was taken, and the couple actually bought their home with their joint earnings and lived happily.



YOUNG "BLACK JOE

**A Noble Shoeblack**

A gentleman hailed a street shoeblack to get his boots blacked. The lad came rather slowly for one looking for a job, and before he could get his brushes out, another larger boy ran up and pushed him aside, saying, "Here you sit down, Jimmy!" The gentleman was indignant at what he deemed a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh, that's all right, sir," was the reply; "I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been sick at the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead." And as the shoeblack plied the brush the gentleman plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they aint got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they helps him, 'cause he aint very strong yet, you see."

"What part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"I don't keep any of the money; I aint such a sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him do you?"  
 "Yes, I do. All the boys give what they get on his job, I'd like to catch any fellow sneaking it on a sick boy, I would. He wouldn't do it again."

The boots being blackened, the gentleman handed the urchin sixpence, saying, "I think you're a pretty good fellow; so keep half and give the rest to Jimmy here."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer.

Here, Jim." He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer of his own. Without knowing it, he had preached a good sermon from the text, "Let brotherly love continue."—*Epworth Herald.*

**Little Boys and Little Sheep**

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his curls, all wringing wet. "Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough!" he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked auntie?

"Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down by the fire, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well, where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"My! what silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe. Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.—*London Sunday Times.*

**The Man in the Boy**

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,  
 In the little brook the sea;

The ig that will sway with the spar-row to-day  
 Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.

There is hope in a mother's joy,  
 Like a peach in its blossom furled;  
 And a noble boy, a gentle boy,  
 A manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fall us  
 Is the soul of simple truth:  
 The oak that defies the stormiest skies  
 Was upright in its youth;

The beauty no time can destroy  
 In the pure young heart is furled;  
 And a worthy boy, a tender boy,  
 A faithful boy, is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion  
 Is regal in his play;  
 The eagle's pride is as fiery-eyed  
 As the old bird's bald and gray.

The nerve that heroes employ  
 In the child's young arms is furled;  
 And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,  
 A brave, pure boy, is king of the world.

—*The Pacific.*

A child's religion, anyone can see, must be one of joy and growth, or it is of no truth or value. But why should it change, in maturity, to anything else? The gospel everywhere teaches joy and growth, not melancholy views and arrested development. The Christian who has stopped growing and has the blues instead of rejoicing always, is a stunted cripple, not a full-grown disciple.—*Selected.*

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