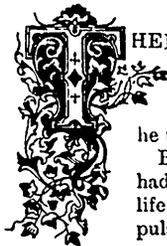


A HELPING HAND.



HERE was great excitement among the young people. Carroll Hunt was coming home from the reformatory. How was he to be received?

Before he got into trouble he had been a spirited fellow, full of life, with kind and generous impulses; but the idea seemed to come to him suddenly that it was a great thing to be a "gentleman." His father, who had plenty of money, gave him a liberal allowance, which he had spent lately in indulging himself in various pleasures that to him seemed part of a gentleman's life. It was after declaring that a real gentleman knew just how to drink without exceeding proper limits that he had indulged too freely and had been led off into wrongdoing.

"He is a disgrace to the family," was the verdict of his relations, some of whom declared they never wanted to see him again.

Among the young people with whom he had always been a favorite the question of how he should be received now was a serious one. Before his fall he had not entirely separated himself from them, but the thought of being friends with a jail bird was turning the tide against him, and it is probable he would have received a cold reception had not Alice Blunt seen it and asked the young people to her home to talk it over.

She reminded them of Carroll's good qualities and of his kind and generous deeds, and then said, that as this was his first false step, it did not seem right to condemn him too severely.

"It may be the turning point in his life," she said, "and I am not sure but his future rests partly in our hands."

So the tide turned back again, and each of the young people expressed a willingness to hold out a helping hand to Carroll. The day he returned Alice and one of the boys went to see him. He approached them with a flush and a look of shame on his face.

"Carroll," said Alice, taking his hand and looking him earnestly in the face, "you are going to be a man now, and every boy and girl in our set is going to stand by you. Henry and I have come to tell you."

Carroll looked in a bewildered way from one to the other, then said, slowly;

"I'm only a disgrace to all who know me; I've disgraced the grand old name of gentleman, and I thought I could not see you all turn away from me; so I have asked father to let me go West and try to begin all over again."

"It might follow you," said Alice; "but here you could live it down, for we are all ready to help you. We know what is in you and we want you back among us."

And so one boy was saved at the turning point in his life, because those who know the good that was in him were willing to extend a helping hand while he lived down a great mistake.—Classmate.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AS A BOY.

Before I was ten years old I had learned to sew, to knit, to scour knives—and to dirty them. I had learned to wash dishes—and to prepare them for washing. I could set and clear the table, run errands, break tumblers and earn whippings. I had learned how to cut and split and bring in wood. I could make fires—and it was no small art to build a fire with green oak wood on a roaring winter morning. I had learned how to feed cattle and curry horses and go to school—and not study. In short, I had learned to be universally helpful—and vexatious. I was a good boy, that nobody could get along with—or without. Nor was I unlike a hundred other boys in the village.—Henry Ward Beecher's Autobiographical Reminiscences.

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