

To the Loser.

So you've lost your race, lad?
Run it clean and fast?
Beaten at the tape, lad?

quickly. But you seldom see an earthworm far from or wholly out of its hole.
Too many other creatures consider them a dainty tit-bit for breakfast to allow them to venture far.

The Boy Who Specialized.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

Several years since, there appeared in one of the Boston newspapers an advertisement calling for a grammar-school graduate who was 'master of some branch—arithmetic, geography, history or grammar.'

Half a dozen boys, whose ages ranged from fourteen to seventeen years, presented themselves at the appointed hour. They all appeared to be bright boys, and it would have seemed difficult to choose the most promising one.

All the applicants for the position, save one, were sure that they could make a satisfactory showing in any of the branches named, intimating their willingness to pass an immediate examination.

There is only one study that I feel sure of, said the sixth boy, looking fearlessly into the merchant's eyes; 'I made arithmetic a special study, and led my class in it.'

The merchant's eyes brightened as the lad spoke; if the boy was successful in passing the searching examination that had been prepared, he knew that before him was the one for whom he had advertised.

The examinations were attempted, but in less than an hour most of those who had spoken so hopefully looked worried. The questions were worded differently from what had been expected, and evidently all was not going as smoothly as they had anticipated.

There was one exception to this, however; for the young man who was sure of only one study wrote rapidly and decisively, as though he knew just what he was doing, and had not been disconcerted by the peculiar wording of the problems.

Long before his companions were half through with their papers, his was handed in, and as he returned to the office of the business man, he was asked to call next morning.

'We have decided to give you a trial, young man,' said the head of the firm, greeting warmly the next morning the boy who had handed in his paper first; 'the pay will be small at the start, four dollars a week, but if you fulfil our expectations you will be advanced from time to time.'

This was ten years ago; to-day that young man is a confidential clerk, drawing a salary of two thousand dollars, with every prospect of becoming one of the firm.

'Hard times!' says one; you can't get a living these days; the average young man doesn't stand any show.' True, in a measure. Hard times for the young man or young woman who is master of nothing. The choice positions are for the few, those who have entered the race intending to win.

Am I master of something? That is a question which no boy or girl can afford to ignore. If not, and you aim to succeed in life, set about the mastering of some study, some vocation, some profession, for such a course can terminate in but one thing—success. Sunday School Visitor.

How Eddie Preached.

'When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher,' said Eddie one day. 'What is a preacher?' asked grandma. Eddie looked surprised. 'Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells the people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you.'

Grandma smiled. 'I think you are big enough to preach now,' she said. 'Really and truly, grandma?' asked the little boy eagerly. 'Yes, really and truly.'

'I'm afraid not,' said Eddie after a few moments of thought, 'or I'd know how, and I don't.' 'What does the preacher do first?' asked grandma.

'He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that.' 'Oh, yes you can, Eddie,' said grandma. 'Here's a good text for you to explain: 'Be kind to one another.'

'There's nothing to 'splain about that,' said Eddie. 'You just be kind to everybody and that's all there is of it.'

'A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week.'

'Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't,' exclaimed Eddie. 'Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?'

Eddie looked thoughtful. 'Would that be preaching?'

'It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit.'

'Well,' said Eddie, with a sigh, 'I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching.'

'You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know,' said grandma.

'It is not kind to the teacher to whisper in school,' said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper once.

'It is not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either,' and he hurried home from school.

'It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly,' and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

'How do you like preaching?' asked grandma.

'Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me.'—Exchange.

Who Was Generous?

The baby lifted the saucer in two fat hands. 'Mo' pud'—'mo' pud'!' he said. 'There isn't any more dear,' mamma answered, gently.

'He can have mine,' Alec cried, generously: 'all of it.'

'An' mine, too,' cried Beth. Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby's high chair, and two small, round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

'He can have half o' mine,' little Elsie said, slowly, pushing her saucer across, too.

'That will be just about enough, Elsie,' said mamma dividing the pudding and giving baby half. 'Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't.'

After dinner, Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock. 'She didn't say "Thank you," to us an' we gave baby the whole o' ours,' remarked Alec in a dissatisfied tone.

'No, she never! I think 'twas most mean,' cried Beth. 'Elsie gave just half an' she ate up the rest—so there.'

'Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin'. I didn't want a single bite of mine.' 'Nor me, either—I 'spise it.'

Mamma was at the nursery window putting baby to sleep. 'She heard the scornful little voices and smiled. You see, she had known all the time Alec and Beth 'spised' rice pudding, and she'd known, too, how much—how very much—little Elsie liked it. That was why she thanked Elsie.

Never Swear.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a gentle man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

10. It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.—Selected.

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