

A Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail:
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to day.

He met his mother on the street,
Off came his little cap:
My door was shut, he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen
He prang to pick it up for me,
His gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly,
To force and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Her Little Brothers.

'What a fine girl that Miss Harper seems to be! I wish I knew her. But I don't see how she can be so even and easy and unhurried and apparently care-free, even if she is rich, when she is the eldest of such a large family, and her mother almost an invalid.'

Miss Cole spoke in her usual contemplative fashion, so familiar to her friends; but Miss Arthur stared at her in astonishment.

'Large family! What do you mean? She is an only child!'

'Why, I have heard her speak of their large family,' positively.

'She is an only child. I am her oldest friend in college.'

A long pause, in which Miss Cole rallied her forces.

'I heard her say to you, no longer ago than last Wednesday, that she had to stay home at evening on account of her little brothers.'

Miss Arthur laughed.

'Oh, I see! Of course she meant her street gamins. She always calls them her little brothers.'

'I do wish you would explain yourself,' was the mystified answer.

'Certainly. You can see Miss Harper is not just like every other girl, and you might be sure she would do something original. I don't know exactly how it happened; but she became acquainted with two or three new boys and bootblacks near the college, and inveigled them out to her house for an evening. For nearly a year now they have been spending every Wednesday evening with her,—perhaps ten of them.'

'What for?'

'They go because they have the jolliest sort of a time, and like to. She invites them, because she has all sorts of ideas and enjoys experimenting.'

'Why don't you say it is philanthropic, and all that?'

'That aggravates her. Of course, it really is because she is a splendid girl, and has a Christian sort of desire to be of some use; but all she says is that she enjoys it immensely, and that, if they get as much fun out of it as she does, she will be quite satisfied.'

'I wish I could see them and what she does.'

'And I wish I could. But she won't have any one spying out the land.'

'What does she do? Do you know?'

'She has an easy thing to start on, because she has always used tools. Two summers ago she worked regularly all day long in a joiner's shop, and she can do fine work. So she took them into her workshop, and they like the tools; and she really showed the boys how to handle them. She said she was sure there would be a genius—a tool genius—among them; but there wasn't one. She thought them all uncommonly awkward. But they liked it. Oh, she got them interested in the tamest sort of things! They made a linen scrap book, actually, and went in a body and gave it to the children in the children's hospital,—yes, and were wildly enthusiastic over it.'

'What else?'

'Lots of things. They carved in cork and made little cameras, and had chemicals and performed experiments; and, of all things, though you wouldn't believe it, she taught them to sew.'

'Yes, sew—sew on their buttons and mend a rip and darn a hole; and they thought it was fun,—the little geese.'

'Don't you suppose she would let a visitor go just once?'

'No, I know she wouldn't.'

However, Miss Arthur, by smoothly worded representations of her own skill as a violin player, and of Miss Cole's skill on a cornet, did induce Miss Harper to let them go out to a meeting on a certain Wednesday night; but the meeting was to be rather in

the form of entertainment, and they could not expect to see much.

Miss Arthur and Miss Cole went early, and were playing to Miss Harper's piano accompaniment when the boys came tramping and clattering up the steps. After rather hilarious greeting of Miss Harper out in the hall, they filed into the library quietly enough, and ranged themselves around the piano. Miss Cole could hardly play for looking at them. Their ages seemed to vary between eight and fourteen. They all had an alert, alive street look; but they were clean and orderly, and most of them had very likable faces.

They wanted to sing, and for half an hour the walls rang. Then came a 'spread'; and, while helping to wait on the table, the visitors had a good opportunity for observation. Miss Cole was quite sure she had never heard such bright, funny remarks as those boys made. She managed to ask one boy about the scrap-book; and, helped by two friends, he told the story with great gusto.

'And we mended a whole lot of broken toys Miss Harper got, and took them, too,—just tony ones! You'd oughter seen them little fellows laugh at the one I mended!'

Some questions about the tools followed, and the boys asked Miss Harper if they couldn't take 'her and her' to the shop. There they saw several small work-benches and racks of tools, and the articles each boy was working on. One boy was making a box, another a doll's cradle for his little sister, another a fox-and-geese board. Each one had something to show.

After they went back to the library and had exercised their lungs again, the largest boy, Fred Lacey, sidled over to where Miss Cole and Miss Arthur were sitting, and said confidentially, 'Say, we fellows have something to give Miss Harper. It's out in a box under the steps—awful pretty; and we want you to kinder get her over here while we fetch it in.'

The ladies readily entered into the conspiracy; and in a few minutes, while the 'fellows' all looked terribly conscious, Fred and Charlie brought in a long white box, and, walking over to Miss Harper, stiffly extended it to her. She took it, and opened it: there lay two fresh, sweet tea-roses with their leaves.

She flushed and smiled; and the boys nudged each other breathlessly, she picked up the paper in the box, and read aloud, 'For Miss Harper, from all her little brothers.'

'O boys, they are just lovely!' she cried.

But one of the boys burst out: 'You Fred Lacey, you! Why didn't you make that there speech?'

'Good land! I was so frustrated I couldn't,' stammered the appointed orator.

On the way home that night Miss Cole made but one remark—

'I don't see why more of us don't make ourselves responsible for our little brothers and sisters.'—*Congregationalist*.

Can't Afford It.

'Here, Dan, is something that may interest you,' said Farmer Brown, as he handed the boy a bulky letter.

'The postmaster missed his mark there, sure,' said Dan, glancing at the untouched stamp.

'That will send a letter to your mother, Dan, and not make you any poorer, either, answered the farmer.'

'I dare say it will,' responded the lad as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tea-kettle.

'And you can have the two cents and thus save for marbles,' suggested Mr. Brown thoughtlessly.

'That would be cheating,' whispered Dan's conscience. 'The stamp has already done its duty in carrying one letter.'

'It will carry another. It is not marked,' argued Dan.

'But you know that it was a mistake,' argued the monitor within.

'That was the postmaster's fault, and not mine,' was Dan's inward reply. 'It is a very small thing, and the government will not miss it; no, not even know it, and can you afford to be dishonest for so small an amount?'

The small voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that some one had spoken the words right in his ear. Flipping the stamp he had loosened in the fire, he exclaimed, 'No! I cannot afford to sell myself so cheap.'

'What's wrong?' asked the farmer, glancing up from his paper. 'Lose the stamp after all your trouble?'

'Worse than that,' replied the boy, sheepishly.

'What! burned your fingers with the steam?' questioned his employer.

'No,' said Dan determinedly. 'I sold my honor, or came near doing so.'

'What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would never be found out.'

'But I knew it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your self-respect; besides—'

'Besides what?' queried the man. 'God knows about it, and he looks upon the heart,' answered Dan.

'It's a mighty small thing to worry over, I am sure,' replied Mr. Brown. 'The postoffice department would not have been much poorer, I assure you.'

'It would have been I who would have been the poorer. Had I sold my honor for two cents, I should have made the worst bargain I ever did.'

And so Dan gained a victory, and he was never sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

Don't Drift.

There is not a more melancholy spectacle than a young man, standing at the threshold of life, [without any definite purpose before him. If he has had the advantage of a college education his plight is the more harrowing, for then he is like a ship well equipped, but without a captain or a pilot and adrift on the sea. He is subject to be buffeted by every passing inclination, and is bound, sooner or later, to be wrecked in all the essentials of manhood. Under the pressure of present economic conditions the majority of young men are compelled to earn a livelihood, and must take the first opportunity that opens. That such should be the case is not to be deplored, but in the interest of the young man, the reverse, for it is better to be engaged in any honorable occupation, no matter how unsuitable it may appear, than to drift helplessly doing nothing. Occupation tends to stir the energies, to stimulate comparisons and promote ambitions. While devoting himself conscientiously and energetically to the work in hand he should remember that there is no law to compel him to remain in that occupation providing it is distasteful or unsuitable. In this age of specialism every occupation is but a technical training in some particular department. The demands of employment upon his energies will enable him to analyse his abilities and adaptabilities and discover in whatever direction his natural or educational bent lies. If he has chosen the vocation to which he is adapted he will strive to excel; if not he will speedily become aware of his natural bias and seek an employment along that line.

There are too many young men of good parts who "loaf" the best days of their lives doing nothing, or pursue some emergency employment in a slipshod manner, waiting for some merciful providence to show them what they are fitted for. They are predestined to disappointment. A man is not a puppet, but a responsible being, and has been endowed with the faculty of discretion, in order that he may use it properly, both to his own advantage, and to that of his fellowmen.—*Young Men's Era*.

A Plucky Boy.

Jimmy Boivin, a ten-year-old lad, living in Western Canada, was leading a horse to put into a hay-rake, when the animal became unmanageable, knocked him down and broke his leg in two places, between the hip and the knee. The accident happened out on the prairie, many miles from home.

Notwithstanding the agony he must have endured, the boy crawled a considerable distance to where he hoped to find some of the haymakers; but they had gone farther away.

He lay down exhausted, hoping for some one to come. How many hours he lay there is not known. Night was at length coming on, and he feared he should die if left much longer without help.

The horse, meanwhile, was feeding not far off. Jimmy's untasted luncheon was still in his pocket. He called the horse, gave him the biscuit, and so caught him. The little sufferer then led the animal to a rock a few yards distant, dragging himself slowly and painfully along, as before. He crept upon the rock, and from there he managed to mount the horse.

Once on the horse's back, he rode two miles to the nearest house or tent, where he found the haymakers, who made him as comfortable as they could, and then they took him home to his parents.

An effort to set the broken limb made by a neighbor, proved unsuccessful; and after nine days of misery the little fellow was taken to the hospital at Winnipeg, where the writer of this account saw him, and heard his story.

'He's a brave little man,' said the surgeon; he never complains, and we shall give him a pretty good leg again, I think.—*Chris. World*.

All who are troubled with Constipation will find a safe, sure, and speedy relief in Ayer's Pills. Unlike most other cathartics, these pills strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels, and restore the organs to normal and regular action.

Faithful.

Children who are faithful, who can be trusted, are always loved. They are sure to grow up to lives of usefulness, and may be depended on for every good work. But it is not the children alone who may win love by faithfulness. Even the humble animals may compel our affection by their faithfulness. Here is a story we clipped, which illustrates the fact.

One day last autumn, when chilly days first came on, baby Winfred wakened with a hoarse cry. The young mother's heart was filled with fear. The dreaded croup had come and she was alone; there was no one to send for the doctor.

Just then sober old Sally, the tortoise-shell cat came slowly up the garden path from the barn. The mother remembered that Sally had been trained to carry notes to the store—grandpa's store at the foot of the lane—she had never been known to fail in carrying them.

Calling old puss, she hastily wrote: 'Send the doctor at once, baby has croup. She tied it about the soft, plump neck and said: 'Run, Sally, as fast as ever you can! Run on the fence; hurry and give it to Grandpa!'

Off went old Sally, never minding the barks of impatient dogs or friendly calls of her relations; and the doctor was in the house in ten minutes.

'I was on the street,' he said, 'at the store door, when old Sally came running on the fence as fast as her four feet could carry her. I feared there was trouble and waited till she could reach us. I think Sally has never forgotten how I took fish-bones out of her throat with pincers. She always seems so glad to see me.'

The next day Sally had a new collar on which was engraved, 'From baby to his faithful postman.'—*Home Mission Monthly*.

Random Readings.

A man, and not less a boy or a girl, is known by the company he keeps away from.

A dude, my son, is a gentleman who endeavours to behave himself in a lady-like manner.

Healthy digestion is one of the most important functions in the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy actions, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C.

'Could you get the lawyer to express his opinion freely?' 'Not exactly: he charged me ten dollars.'

Slush, dirt, wet feet; rheumatism and colds follow. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely.

President Weston, at the Baptist anniversary in New Jersey, recently said that some men are very much like the Mississippi River.—They have not much of a head, but they have an awful mouth.'

PUBLICITY WANTED. The K. D. C. Company wish the public in general to know, and dyspeptics in particular to test the wonderful merits of K. D. C.

I wish my little boy would try to be good all the time, said Bobby's mamma, as she was putting the little fellow to bed. I do, replied Bobby. But I do not think I am big enough to do very well at it yet.

Does every bone in your body ache? Then bathe in Johnsons Anodyne Liniment; rub brisk.

Let me see, said the minister, who was filling up a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, this is the 5th, is it not?

'No, sir, replied the bride with indignation, this is only my second.'

If you appetite for every kind of food is completely gone try K. D. C. it creates an appetite, makes good blood and gives the dyspeptic strength.

An old family physician first recommended Johnson's Anodyne Liniment or colds, cough.

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness, which in a thousand out ward and intermitting crosses may yet be done well, as in this vale of tears.—*Milton*.

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