"I Wish" and "I Will."

"I Wish" and "I Will," so my grandmother says,
Were two little boys in the long ago.
And "I Wish" used to sigh while "I Will", used to try
For the things he desired; at least that's what my
Grandma tells me, and she ought to know.

"I Wish" was so weak, so my grandmother says,
That he longed to have some one to help him about,
And while he'd stand still and look up at the hill,
And sigh to be there to go coasting, "I Will"
Would glide past him with many a shout.

They grew to be men, so my grandmother says,
And all that 'I Wish" ever did was to dream,
To dream and to sigh that life's hill was so high,
While "I Will" went to work and soon learned, if we try,
Hills are never so steep as they seem.

"I Wish" lived in want, so my grandmother says,
But "I Will" had enough and a portion to spare;
Whatever he thought was worth winning h sought
With an earnest and patient endeavor that brought
Of blessings a bountiful share.

And whenever my grandma hears anyone "wish,"
A method she seeks in his mind to instill
For increasing his joys, and she straightway employs
The lesson she learned from the two little boys
Whose names were "I Wish" and "I Will."

The Bulletin.

How Clarence Preached a Sermon.

John Benton, city merchant, had not the least prejudice in the world against country boys—why should he have? Had he not himself been reared on a farm, as familiar with rake and plough handles as he now was with yard stick and ledger?

Gerry, too, his junior clerk, had come from the farm two years ago—though no one would have thought it now—and Carl, the brightest of the cash boys, had been a neighbour of Gerry's. Willie King, who drove the delivery cart, had always lived on a farm until his parent's recent removal to the city.

Yes, he rather preferred country boys, but somehow he felt averse to taking his Cousin Maidie's son into his employ. He would like to help the mother, his favorite cousin in those days when there had been such merry holiday gatherings at Grandfather Benton's—a sweet and dainty woman, yet bright and full of fun—and now she was a widow and poor.

Clarence is a good boy,' she had written.

'Of course he's a good boy,' mused Benton. 'a regular Sunday-school chap—not but what that's all right; I used to go to Sunday-school myself, and my Ralph goes now, I suppose he does, his mother sees to all that—but the other boys will run over him and he'll never take his own part. They'll poke fun at him for his womanish notions, but he'll have to hoe his own row; I shan't meddle. And Benton dismissed the matter, closing his eyes upon the delicate, fair-haired boy who seemed so out of place among the other boys—and why?

They were all good boys in their way, Gerry, whose real name was Gerald, was a gem of a clerk, with good habits, as far as Benton knew. To be sure, there was one morning he didn't think him quite clear headed, and if it had happened again he should have spoken about it; but that was several weeks ago and it had not happened again. He hoped it wouldn't, for his own boy, Ralph just in his teens, was a great admirer of Gerry. In fact, he was on intimate terms with all the boys, an intimacy which Mrs. Benton did not approve, but she could not object to Ralph's visiting his father at the store, and did not know that little attention was paid to his whereabouts except at closing time.

In due time Clarence Graham arrived and the merchant's surprise amounted to almost a shock when he beheld the robust form, round face, dark hair and eyes of Maidie's boy.

'He can take care of number one,' was his mental comment. 'No need to worry about him.' And he didn't worry about him more than to assign his work and take him home for dinner that first day. Perhaps his wife would offer to lodge the boy, but Mrs. Benton was a prudent woman and Clarence only an employee, so an invitation to dine with them occasionally was the extent of her courtesy.

Clarence found a little room near the store and went bravely to work. If he was disappointed and dreadfully homesick at first, no one was the wiser. He soon began to smile and then to laugh—such a hearty wholesome laugh that it made him friends at once. Brimming over with mischief, fun and frolic, always ready to give or take a joke, he became a general favorite with young and old.

Not a boy tried to run over him or poke fun at him. They could find no fault in him except that he persisted in spending his evenings at home. The boys were all off duty at seven, except Gerry, and often he was allowed to go, too. There were frequent discussions in the little back room about the evening's amusement, but unless, there was some worthy object in view, Clarence always had a book to finish, a letter to write, or something to hinder his joining the "harmless larks" in which his mates indulged. He had been to a museum or two, had heard several free lectures, and induced Gerry to take him to the city library, but for larks he had no time.

The boys talked the matter over and pronounced it an uncalled-for assumption of superiority. 'He's got to go where the rest go,' declared Gerry; it's time he had the green rubbed off of him a little.'

Plans were laid accordingly, only to fail, until one day a dudish young clerk from an up-town establishment called in to chat with Gerry. There was a conference in an undertone, with side-wise glances and meaning smiles; then Gerry stopped Clarence as he was passing and introduced Mr. Depew.

'Come up to my room with the boys to-night, Graham,' said the affable Depew. 'We'll read awhile and chat awhile, and 'drive dull care away.'

Clarence accepted the invitation, quite pleased at the thought of an evening's reading in pleasant company, for, to tell the truth, he was often lonely in his little den.

Ralph came down that night and was as usual devoted to Gerry, insisting upon going with him when he left the store. For once Gerry did not want him along, but the boy would not be put off, and when the father added, 'Yes, take him along—just so he's back by nine o'clock,' there seemed no other way.

Gerry was to call for Clarence, and on the way he gave Ralph a confidential hint of fun ahead, and a cautious reminder that when he was out among men he must act like a man.

Ralph was ready for anything, and in a few minutes the three were ascending the stairway that led to Depew's room Sounds of laughter reached them as they paused a moment in the hall, then the voice of some one reading aloud with great gusto.

'Come on,' said Clarence always eager for fun; and the door opened upon a group of boys—young men they called themselves—assembled about a table. Depew was reading from a gaudy-colored paper book, with foot upon the table and chair atilt; the others were dividing attention between the reading and cigarettes in hand or month. More boxes were on the table, along with dice and cards, Police Gazettes, and their frequent accompaniment, the bottle.

'Be seated, gentlemen, while I proceed,' said the genial host, and Clarence sank into a chair, surprised, shocked, stunned, as he comprehended the trap into which he had fallen. Some of the faces were strange, but Walter and Fred were there, Carl and Willie, too, already looking pale from their attempts to smoke—and the book!

There was a pause soon, an uproarious laugh, and 'Pass 'em around, boys,' sang Depew, as he appropriated a cigarette and passed the box along.

'No, thank you,' said Clarence, feebly. 'I think I'll be excused,' and he made a move to go.

'No, you don't. Not much,' said a chorus of voices as three boys stepped between him and the door.

'What's your plea?' demanded Depew.

He had always found some excuse before and now he began stammering what was really the truth: 'I don't feel very well.'

A general shout followed. 'Do tell!' laughed Fred. 'Don't be such a softy,' said Walter; and even Carl, who felt sorry for his friend, put in: 'You'll get used to it, Clarence.'

'Girl boy, is he?' queried Depew.

'Regular sissy,' said Fred.

'Yes, our Clarrie is going to study theology in a female seminary next year,' cuttingly remarked Gerry.

'Preach us a sermon, Miss Clarical,' said Depew, delighted at his own wit.

'Clarence's indignation grew to anger. His face turned red, then white, as that of Willie, whose cigarette had dropped upon the floor. At first he despised the boys who had trapped him; then he despised himself. With that thought his courage rose.

'No, I don't intend to study theology and I'm not going to preach a sermon, but maybe I should be what you call me, if I'm too big a coward to tell you right out that I won't take part in such entertainment—and why I won't.'

He had found his tongue now, and with head erect he faced the boys without flinching.

'Perhaps some of you have mother and sisters at home as I have. I have been taught that amusements that were not fit for them were not fit for me. If that's being a 'girl boy' I suppose I'm one. Mother always petted me, just as she did the girls—maybe a little more because I am her only boy. She used to read to us, tell us stories and teach us verses, and taught us what is right and what is wrong—things I can never forget. When I came away, and she took my hand to say good bye—my hands are big and rough and red boys, but she didn't mean that when she said over part of one of those verses:

"And my boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart is as pure as a girl's to night.

'If that's being a 'girl boy' I'm going to stay one, for I intend to go home with heart and hands as clean as when I came. Good night, boys.'

No one tried to hinder Clarence as with hat in hand he passed out into the dark hall. There was a hush inside. Hearts were not visible, but every boy involuntarily glanced at his hands. Gerry, especially, looked long and earnestly—looked through his absent mother's eyes, and his face crimsoned with shame.

'Better wash 'em, Gerry,' sneered Depew breaking the silence at last.

'Believe I will," said Gerry, solemnly. 'Come, Ralph.'

An hour later the Benton boys were organizing a mutual improvement society in Clarence's six by eight den—where laugh and jest and honest fun were sure to have their part. It was the last meeting there, however, for Ralph, enthused by his cousin's bravery told the whole story to his mother.

Clarence soon had a home and a room as good as Ralph's—large enough too, to hold his friends, any and all, who came with 'clean hands and a pure heart.'—The Kingdom.

A Boy and His Sister.

"Have you got any sisters?" a boy was heard to inquire of another boy one day.

"No," answered his companion.

"Well," said the first speaker, "you had better be thankful for that, for girls are a plague on earth.'

And yet most people thought Tom's sister was a very nice girl indeed. She was clever, pleasant, and obliging, and "nice to have around." Indeed, if Tom himself had been deprived of Molly's services he would have missed her; for it was Molly who always dug Tom's bait when he wanted to go fishing, and had it ready for him in an old tomato can; Molly, again, who rigged his boats which he used to sail on the mill pond; and Molly who even wrote Tom's inaugural address, when that young man was elected President of the Q. E. G's, an extremely secret Society which held fortnightly meeting's in Tom's father's barn. Of course Tom found it very convenient, but Molly had other traits which seemed to annoy Tom greatly; she was not content with being his servant, she would have liked sometimes to be his companion. "She was always," so Tom said, "wanting to go along." She would like to have seen the boat she rigged win the yacht race; but Tom explained that it was only boys who raced yachts. She wanted to know what the Q. E. G.'s thought of the inaugural which was supposed to be Tom's, but she got no satisfetion from him, and I have reason to think that it was because she cried when he refused to take her to Deep Creek, fishing, that Tom, in his exasperation, dubbed her "a plague on earth."

I used sometimes to wonder what Molly thought of Tom, but I would not have been so cruel as to ask her, or to make that loyal little heart confess how deeply she was hurt by his selfishness and indifference.

You see, Tom was a boy who held that girls are inferior to boys. He thought it a girl's business to wait on her brother, and to do as he said, and if in the bottom of his heart there was such a weakness as a feeling of affection for Molly, he was ashamed to show it. Such a boy does not deserve a sister, and I have many a time wished I could take Molly away from her brother until he was capable of appreciating her.

All boys are not like Tom, however. There was Harold and Jean, who were friends and comrades from their boyhood. Wherever Harold went he always took Jean if he could; he taught her to ride, to fish, to skate, to swim, and he was very proud of her dexterity and grace. He taught her also to shoot and to fence. He remarked once that he was "going to teach Jean all the manly arts." And though she actually did learn a number of them, she never forgot how to be a lady. And the exercise she got with Harold did her good.

It was Harold's delight to ask Jean out in company with him, and it was pleasant to hear his proud accent when he introduced "my sister" to any one. It was plain to the most casual observer that "my sister" was, to Harold, a pearl of girls.

Sometimes Harold's devotion to Jean was somewhat of a puzzle to the other young people of their set. For instance, Harold, when he escorted Jean to a party, always took her in to supper as a matter-of-course. One evening Edmund asked the privilege.

"Thank you," said Jean, simply, "but I am engaged to Harold for supper."

"Brothers and sisters don't want to be always together," returned Edmund scornfully. "Harold will be glad to be rid of you."

"Will he?" said Jean with a proud little smile. "Ask him."

So Edmund went across the room. "Oh, Harold," said he, "I will take Jean to supper. You don't care, do you?"

"Of course I care," returned Harold in surprise. "Do you want me to excuse you, Jean?"

"No," smiled Jean. "That was Edmund's idea.

"I will keep you, then," said Harold, decisively.

"Well," exclaimed Edmund, "I never saw a fellow so fond of his own sister before."

"All sisters aren't like mine," answered Harold, slipping Jean's hand under his arm and leading her to the dining-room.

It is true, all sisters are not like Jean, but the majority of them would be as true and loving as she, if they were treated as Harold treated Jean.

What good times those two had together, and when trouble came they bore it hand in hand. How sure they were of each other always! And when in after years their paths in life parted, neither time nor absence from each other could sever the ties which had been knit so closely in the sweet home life when they were boy and girl together.

It pays for a boy to "be good" to his sister, for a sister's love is faithful, and pure, and true. Sometimes it proves to be a boy's sheet-anchor without which he would make shipwreck of his life.—Christian Work.

Every Boy a Weather-Prophet.

There is no reason why every boy—or girl, either, for that matter—should not be his own weather-prophet. It is a simple matter to make a cheap but serviceable little barometer which will foretell nearly all the changes in the weather. And that's a good deal of advantage if you happen to be going fishing or camping.

Buy one ounce each of camphor, saltpetre and ammonia salts at some drug-store, and dissolve them in about thirteen drachms of alcohol. Shake the mixture well, and pour it into a long slender bottle, which must then be corked tightly and sealed, so as to prevent air from getting inside.

Hang this barometer on the north side of the house, and here are the weather indications which it will tell you about:

Absolute clearness of the liquid denotes fair weather.

If the liquid becomes disturbed or roily, as we say, it is a sign of rain.

If downy masses form in the bottom of the bottle, it will freeze, or at least the thermometer will descend; the more these masses rise to the top the more rigorous will the cold become.

Little stars in the liquid foretell a hard storm.

Threadl ke objects on the top of the bottle indicate wind.—Observer.

Little Sins.

It is said that a man one day was strolling along in the country, and he noticed a magnificent golden eagle flying bravely upward. He watched it with delight and admiration, and as he did so he noticed that something was wrong with it. It seems unable to go any higher. Soon it began to fall, and then it lay at his feet a lifeless mass.

What could be the matter? No human hand had harmed it. No sportsman's shot had reached it. He went and examined the bird, and what did he find? It had carried up with it a little weasel in its talons and as it drew these near to it for fight, the little creature had wormed itself out of them and drunk the life blood from the eagle's breast.

How like this is all sin! It may appear a little thing, but it fastens upon the soul and works death and destruction.—'Gospel News.'

Many are the anecdotes in circulation concerning the new archbishop, Dr. Temple. Dr. Temple has a strong vein of humor in his composition. The following is related by himself. He entered during a popular service an East End church, and going into a back pew found himself next a workingman, who was heartily and tunefully joining in the singing of one of Sankey's hymns. The bishop also sang, but not in time. The workingman bore the discordance as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said in a whisper: Here, dry up, mister; you're spoiling the show.

All Sorts

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut? Oh, like papa's; with a little round hole at the top.

Experience proves the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures all forms of blood diseases, tones the stomach, builds up the nerves.

He walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks. It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

"Ten people out of a dozen are invalids," says a recent medical authority. At least eight out of these ten, it is safe to allow, are suffering from some form of blood-disease which a persistent use of Ayers Sarsaparilla would be sure to cure. Then, don't be an invalid.

A Scotchman was taken by an American friend to visit Niagara Falls. Already his feelings as a patriot had been a little frosted by the persistent blowing of his conductor on the greatness of things American. Did you ever behold anything so wonderful as that? asked the guide. Ay, man, at Peebles, I saw a peacock wi' a wudden leg, was the unexpected reply.

Sufferers from physical and nervous debility find great relief in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For better than any stimulant, its effect is not transient and superficial, but deep and permanent. It builds up the system by purifying and enriching the blood.

Teacher—Have you finished your composition on what little boys should not do in school? Little Johnny—Yes'm. Teacher—Read it. Little Johnny—(reading)—Little boys, when at school, should not make faces at the teacher and should not study too hard, 'cause it makes them nearsighted, and should not sit too long in one position, 'cause it makes their backs crooked, and should not do long examples in arithmetic, 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast.

Lawyer (to timid young woman): Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before? Young woman (blushing): Y-yes, sir, of course. Lawyer: Please state to the jury just what suit it was. Young woman (with more confidence): It was nun's veiling, shirred down the front, and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match—Judge (rapping violently): Order in the court!

Those who are kind, sympathetic considerate and thoughtful of the pleasure and interest of others never lack friends.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

An Antidote for Asthma.

Mr. Albert Reid, Angus, Ont., was for over two years a sufferer from Asthma. A half bottle of Yellow Oil cured him completely, and although that was sometime ago, he has never since been troubled with the same complaint.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

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