

Family Circle.

A May Wreath.

BY ANNIE MAY.

Let bygones be bygones now, I'm resolved to be gay,
I'll smoothe the lines from my brow,
and smite all dull care away;
I'll try to believe if I may, that April
has passed with its showers,
I'll imagine my life is May, and cull me
a garland of flowers.

A wreath of immortelles I'll twine, that
shall live when this life is o'er,
And the fair fragrant buds I entwine,
shall bloom on the glorified shore.
Religion's pure fragrant rose, with
faith's evergreen leaves I'll entwine,
No thorn with this fragrant plant grows,
and no change can e'er wither the
vine.

Affection's fair flowers I will bring to
twine with the wreath I have made,
And while hope's tender buds with them
cling, they never can wither or
fade.

Then I'll gather pure friendship's fair
plant, not a tendril or leaf shall be
siver,

Though its blossoms on earth may be
scant, it knows full fruition in
heaven.

Truth's amaranth blossoms I'll bring
with fidelity's bright golden sheaves,
And charity's tendrils shall cling with
its fresh and unperishing leaves;
Then my beautiful wreath I will bind
with the pure silken circlet of love,
And I know this bright garland I'll find
in God's beautiful garden above.

And each beautiful color shall glow
with a hue more transcendently
bright,

And the buds of pure friendship shall
blossom in that glorious perfection of
light;

And Hope's tender buds shall unfold in
a perfect fruition of bloom,
More pure than can mortal behold in
the country-side of the tomb.

In glory my wreath shall be found when
free from all sorrow and care,
And the brow with a diadem crowned
this wreath of immortelles shall
wear;

Then away all dull care from my brow,
all my heart to my work should be
given,

The time of my labor is now, the time
of my rest is in heaven.

Jackson, Maine.

I Can and I Will.

How many boys there are who
can, but never do, because they have
no will power, or if they have, do
not use it. Before undertaking to
perform any task you must care-
fully consider whether you can do
it, and once convinced that you are
able to accomplish it, then say, "I
will do it," with a determination
that you will never give up till it
is done, and you will be successful.
The difference between "Give up,"
and "I can't," and "I can and I

will," is just the difference between
victory and defeat in all the great
conflicts of life. Boys, adopt for
your motto, "I can and I will," and
victory shall be yours in all life's
battles. "I can and I will" has
fought and won all the great bat-
tles of life and of the world.

I know a boy who was preparing
to enter the junior class of the New
York University. He was study-
ing trigonometry, and I gave him
three examples for his next lesson.
The following day he came into my
room to demonstrate his problems.

Two of them he understood, but
the third—a very difficult one—he
had not performed. I said to him
"Shall I help you?" "No, sir," he
answered, "but I can and will do
it, if you will give me a little more
time." I said, "I will give you all
the time you wish." The next day
he came into my room to recite an-
other lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked
that example?" "No, sir," he an-
swered, "but I can and will do it if
you will give me a little more time."
"Certainly; you shall have all the
time you desire."

I always like those boys who
are determined to do their own
work, for they make our best schol-
ars, and men, too. Again Simon
entered my room; I knew he had
it, for his whole face told the story
of his success. Yes, he had it, not-
withstanding it had cost him many
hours of the severest mental labor.
Not only had he solved the prob-
lem, but what was of infinitely
greater importance to him, he had
begun to develop mathematical
powers which, under the inspiration
of "I can and I will," he has con-
tinued to cultivate, until to-day he
is professor of mathematics in one
of our largest colleges, and is one of
the ablest mathematicians of his
years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto
ever be, "If I can I will."—*New*
York Evangelist.

Anecdote of a Canary Bird.

The door of a canary bird's cage
was occasionally left open that he
might enjoy the freedom of the
room. One day he happened to
light upon the mantel-shelf where-
upon was a mirror.

Here was a new discovery of the
most profound interest. He gazed
long and curiously at himself, and
came to the conclusion that he had
found a mate. Going back to his
cage he selected a seed from its box
and brought it in his bill as an of-

fering to the stranger. In vain the
canary exerted himself to make his
newfound friend partake, and be-
coming weary of that, tried another
tack. Stepping back a few inches
from the glass, he poured forth his
sweetest notes, pausing now and
then for a reply. None came, and
moody and disgusted, he flew back
to his perch, hanging his head in
shame and silence for the rest of
the day; and although the door
was repeatedly left open, he refused
to come out again.—*Exchange.*

An Honest Boy.

In a country school a large class
were standing to spell. In the les-
son there was a very hard word. I
put the word to the scholar at the
head, and he missed it; I passed it
to the next, and so on through the
whole class, till it came to the last
scholar—the smallest of the class—
and he spelled it correctly; at least
I understood him so, and he went
to the head, above seventeen boys
and girls, all older than himself. I
then turned round and wrote the
word on the black-board, so that
they might all see how it was
spelled, and learn it better. But no
sooner had I written it, than the
little boy at the head cried out,
"Oh! I didn't say it so, Miss
W——; I said *e* instead of *i*,"
and he went back to the foot, of his
own accord, quicker than he had
gone to the head. Was not he an
honest boy? I should always have
thought he spelled it right if he
had not told me; but he was too
honest to take any credit that did
not belong to him.

Choosing a Clerk.

If boys knew how keenly mer-
chants look for signs of character in
little things among those who apply
to them for situations, they would
be more careful in their habits. An
exchange illustrates this fact as
follows:

They came and went for one
whole day, and as soon as the door
was opened the next morning can-
didates came flocking in like birds.
And now it was Fred Barker's
turn. He stood before Mr. Mitch-
ell, his hat on his head, his cigar re-
moved from his mouth, it is true,
but the smoke thereof curling up-
wards into the merchant's face. He
presented his letter of introduc-
tion. Mr. Mitchell read it, then
asked a few questions. Meanwhile
his practical eye was taking it all
in—the cigar, the imitation dia-
mond, the large seal ring, the flash-
ing necktie. He knew in a twink-

ling where Fred Barker probably
spent his evenings, and that it
would take more money to indulge
his tastes than he could honestly
earn.

To Fred's astonishment, he pres-
ently heard: "I do not think,
young man, that you are just the
one we have in mind for this place."
Then before he knew it he was
bowed out.

The next boy who was admitted
not advance with such an over-con-
fident air. He held his hat in his
hand, and spoke in a modest, re-
spectful manner.

"Have you any recommenda-
tion?"

"No, sir, I have none," David an-
swered, a little dejectedly. "We
have not been long in the city."

"Well, you need none, if I can
trust my eyes," Mr. Mitchell re-
marked to himself. The bright,
frank face, and the manly air of the
boy, impressed him most favorably;
he was still more pleased when he
drew him into conversation and
learned what books he was fond of,
and how he was going on with his
studies evenings, although he had
been obliged to leave the high
school and earn his living.

Mr. Mitchell had very sharp
eyes; he took note of the well-
brushed garments, the shining
boots, the snowy collar and cuffs,
the delicately clean finger nails—
even by such small things as these
is character read—and above all
the look of sincerity and honesty
shining from the blue eyes.

"Well, David," Mr. Mitchell said,
as he got up and walked back and
forth, "what if I were to tell you
that you can have the situation,
providing you will work a part of
every Sunday?"

It was a most cruel test. The
boy hesitated—just a moment—
then he said, while his color rose
and his voice was choked:

"I should say, sir, that I cannot
accept it."

"Not even when your mother
needs money so badly?"

"No, sir, my mother would not
use money so earned. She has
always taught me to obey God and
trust him, come what will."

"That has the true ring—pure
gold," said Mr. Mitchell, bringing
his hand down on David's shoulder.
"My dear boy, I want you; and I
do not want you to do any work on
Sunday. I will pay you ten dol-
lars more a month than the last
clerk received, because I am glad to
find one boy out of a hundred who
remembers his mother's teachings,
and fears to disobey his Lord."