

it, and understood the pathos of it. It will not be long till grandmother's chair will be vacant. She has spent her life in ministry for others. Common gratitude would demand that her last days should not be lonely and companionless. Love the grandmother; give her a place in your heart as well as your home, and make her closing hours her happiest.

THE FOX AND THE MASK.

A fox was one day rummaging in the house of an actor, and came across a very beautiful mask. Putting his paw on the forehead, he said, "What a handsome face we have here! Pity it is that it should want brains."

A RICH BOY.

"Oh, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. "How much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes! What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms, I guess you would not take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing right well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 apiece at the very least, don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben: \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that much at least. Let's see now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs, ten thousand; arms, ten; voice, ten; hearing, five; taste, five; good health, ten; and eyes, fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty-thousand-dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never

forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.

TELLING THE "NICE" THINGS TO PEOPLE.

"Girls, I wonder how many of you have ever thought of doing this? Some of you have, no doubt, but to those who have not, I want to say that I think you have missed a great deal of the sweetness of life, and I'm truly sorry for you. I'll tell you why. I have found that it's a simple matter to tell people the unpleasant things about themselves, and once or twice I have actually felt a wicked joy in doing so, but I got out of the way of doing that a long time ago, and since I discovered how easy it is to tell them the "nice" things, why, I wouldn't go back to the old way for anything."

THE MARTYR'S BIBLE.

Two centuries and a half ago a crowd had gathered in the market-place of a little country town on the sea-coast of England. A barrel was being filled with pitch-fagots, and into it a large old Bible was thrown. It belonged to a man named Derrick Carver. He was on his knees in the "Star Inn," close by, while the sheriff was making preparations for his burning, because he had persisted in reading and treasuring this Bible, contrary to orders.

"Turn or burn," was the text in those days, and this man chose the latter.

It was a sunny day in July, with a breeze blowing off the high downs. His friends tried to comfort him as best they could, and some tried to persuade him to turn.

"No," he said, "I will not deny God's Gospel!"

After the fagots were lighted and he himself placed with his feet upon them, he spied his Bible, and seizing it from the burning mass, he threw it out into the crowd. Someone caught it and hid it; and although the sheriff had ordered it destroyed, it was carefully taken care of in a safe hiding-place till such time as it was

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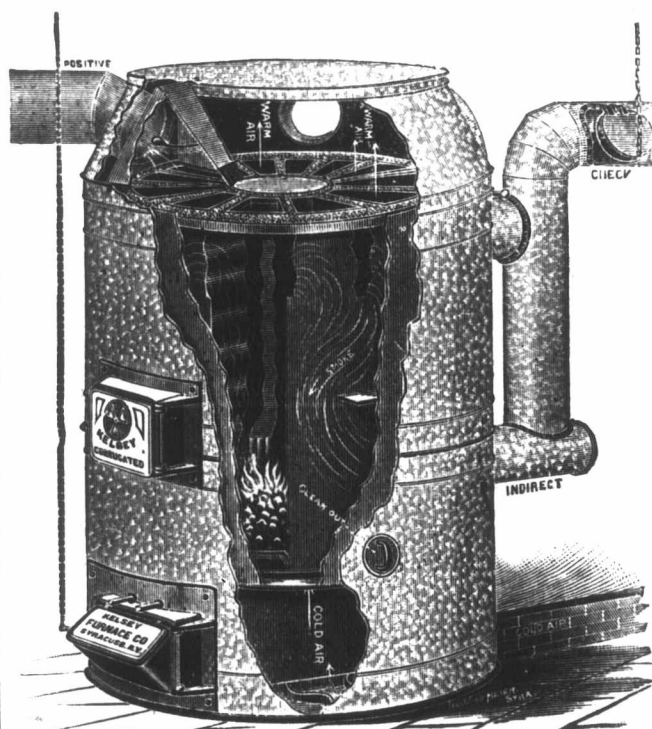
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safe to bring it out again. It has become a precious relic, and visitors to Lewes can now, when they visit the stone cell in which Carver was imprisoned, see and touch the martyr's Bible.

It is not very well bound; it has no gilt edges; we should call it very heavy, and the printing looks very queer to us. There is the mark of the martyr's fire on some of its yellow pages.

When we think what our forefathers suffered for the sake of the Bible—God's message to us—it should make us look upon it as a treasure, and learn to love the study of it more than we do.

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