

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

BY EBEN E. REYNOLDS.

Be brave little soldiers,  
To battle for right;  
Before and behind you  
The foe is in sight.

Beware of the pitfalls  
In paths yet untrod;  
Be true to your manhood,  
And so to your God.

You need for your weapons  
A heart that is pure,  
A will that is ready  
To do and endure.

The enemy's crafty,  
In league with all sin,  
But the brave little soldier  
The battle will win.

THE WORK THAT HAD TO BE TAKEN OUT.

ONE Saturday morning, not long ago, I was talking with a teacher in our sewing-school about the work of little Bertha, a blue-eyed, fair-haired child, who could not learn to hem her apron neatly. The clumsy little fingers were toughened by the cold weather and by the scrubbing and washing which Bertha, though only ten years old, did "to help mother," and so they were not apt to catch the secret of setting tiny stitches in an even row. Again and again we had to send Bertha's apron back to her to be ripped out. The patient little woman, without a murmur, consented to take out her irregular stitches, though other girls around her triumphantly finished their garments and carried them home. She believed her teacher's assurance that she would learn how after a while, and that then she would be able to make up for her slowness now.

I felt very sorry for her. Poor child! I remembered what hard work it had been for me, when a little child, to learn to sew, taught by the gentlest of mothers, in the pleasantest of homes. I felt in full sympathy with little German Bertha. Something of my feeling I expressed to her teacher, a dear matronly woman, whose only little daughter is safe in the upper fold.

"O," she said, "when Bertha has to rip her work out I feel as sorry for her as you do, and I always do a little bit for her when she brings it to me to begin again. Indeed, though she is kept back now, I mean that she shall not lose at all, but be kept quite as well off as the others when school is closed for the season."

Thinking of Bertha and her sewing, and her kind teacher, there comes to me a

sweet glimmering of the method our dear Lord may be pursuing with us. Our work is clumsy and full of faults. Our best is very imperfect. Often what we have wrought upon with the greatest diligence must be taken out at the far end of the day, when the Master's eye looks at it; but then, does He not often do a little for us to help us along? When we submit patiently to His will, and apparently our plans are defeated, our toils are in vain, and our efforts come to nothing, may we not take to our hearts as a dear consolation the trustful hope that He will build for us better than we know? Is it not one of our rights as God's children to be sure that we are workers with Him in our labours, sharers with Him in the experience He sends us, bearing nothing all alone? Ah, yes, Jesus Christ is kinder to us than Mrs. G. was to little Bertha.—*The Youth's World*.

TOMMIE'S SORROW.

TOMMIE had been disobedient, and to hide it told his mother a lie. He felt very badly about it afterwards, and could not play. When supper time came, he did not eat much, and his mother fearing that he was sick, asked him if anything hurt him, and petted him some. To have his mother whom he had disobeyed and told a lie to, so loving and kind, made him feel worse than ever, and at last he broke down and told his mother the truth.

"What shall I do?" he sobbed. "I don't want to be so bad any more."

"If you really feel sorry for having done wrong, and try not to do so again, Jesus will forgive and help you to be a better boy." He did ask Jesus to forgive and help him, and tried to do right, and he never told a lie, or disobeyed again.

Dear children, Jesus will help those who do as he bids them. If you truly repent of your sins, he will forgive you, and make you strong to do the right.

THE SICK MOTHER.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

THE children never knew how much they needed mamma, nor how much she did for them, how much she loved them, nor how much they loved her, until she was taken sick—shut up in her room and not even the children allowed to see her. How lonely they were! Papa was kind, but he did not know how to put on their shoes and stockings right; and the servant-girl was always in such a hurry and was so cross. And papa forgot or didn't know how to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," when he put them to bed; and when they bumped

their heads he didn't know how to kiss the place to make it well. But now they are happy again; mamma is sitting up for the first time since her sickness. Papa has helped her to her easy chair, and the children are permitted to see her again and kiss her once more. And wouldn't you, my little reader, have been happy in such a case? Then the next time you are cross or do not want to do what mother wants you to, or when you think you know best, just think how it would be with you if she were sick and ask yourself, "What would I do without mamma?"

"TEMPERANCE PLEDGE."

WHEREAS, I honestly do think  
There springs from alcoholic drink  
Nothing to make man better;  
But rather that it tends to curse  
His health and happiness and purse,  
And woes around him scatter.

I therefore in this pledge agree:  
That independent I will be  
Of Alcohol's dominion;  
And will, moreover, if I can,  
Strive to persuade my fellow-man  
To be of my opinion.

TWO KINDS OF BEARS.

A GENTLEMAN was making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that a pit was dug and covered with turf, leaves, etc., and some food placed on top. The bear easily fell into the snare.

"But," his informant added, "If four or five happen to get in together, they all get out."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, feel gratitude, and they won't forget the one who has procured their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their brother, enabling him to join them."

Sensible bears—and a great deal better than human bears we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

A YOUNG princess was once put in prison by some wicked people who wanted her crown and throne. While there, she wrote, with a diamond, on the window: "Keep me pure, make others great." Was not that a beautiful prayer? There is nothing so good as a pure, loving heart.