

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
If your forehead wears a frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than whining like a dunce
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—Selected.

HOW THE PROFESSOR APOLOGIZED.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Scotland, was lecturing to a new class, some of whose members he did not know very well. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand.

"Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"

The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," he said.

Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word

was heard in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know!"

He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart he said, "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

"PRAYING-CHILDREN."

THIS is the name the Indians of Moosonee give their children when they have been baptized. "Praying-children," children whose right it is to pray to the great God, because in baptism they have been made His children. It is a sweet name, is it not? and one that all baptized children should bear, being in truth, as well as by right children who pray to their heavenly Father, never forgetting that they are His, and that they should go to Him to ask in faith for all they need or desire.

HOW NYANGANDI SWAM TO CHURCH.

NYANGANDI lives in West Africa, near the Ogowe River. She was going away from the missionary's house on Saturday afternoon, where she had been with bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary, when his wife said, "Now, you must not forget that you promised to come to-morrow to church."

"Yes," the girl replied, "I will surely come, if I am alive."

But the next morning she found somebody had stolen her canoe, and no one would lend her one to go to church in. But she had promised to go, and so she felt that she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally, she succeeded in crossing the river.

Girls and boys remember this little heathen girl in West Africa when you feel tempted to stay away from the house of God for some foolish reason.—*Southern Churchman*.

"THIRTY-FIVE millions of heathen pass annually in one ghastly, reproachful, mournful procession into Christless graves. We are bound to face a fact like this, and to ask ourselves how we stand in regard to this awful condition of things in the heathen world." So said Mrs. Bishop (better known as Isabella Bird) recently in England. Let Christian people judge for themselves whether this does not furnish sufficient food for anxious thought.