

Somehow the basket fell into a ditch and the berries were most of them lost amongst the nettles, and when they came to the gate in the fence a large crowd was there, and they had to wait a long time before she felt disposed to go away.

This caused them to be very miserably so it was very late when they



arrived home very tired, and having lost their blackberries, been stung by the nettles, and scratched by the thorns, we will hope they were not severely punished for their disobedience.



"I remember now 'bout seein' the crap on your door. I'm awful sorry I was rough. This 'ere linin' in my cap will make that baby a hull dress, and if you won't say nothin' to nobody about how I acted, I'll give it to ye."

Out came the lining with one pull. He laid it down by the doll, and then put two coat buttons down with it. These were all he had in his pockets.—*Selected.*

THE DEVIL'S FOUR SERVANTS.

THE devil has a great many servants, and they are all busy and active ones. They ride in the railway trains, they sail on the steamboats, they swarm along the highways of the country and the thoroughfares of the cities, they do business in the busy marts; they are everywhere and in all places. Some are so vile-looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust, but some are so sociable and plausible that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Among this latter class are to be found the devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

- "There's no danger." There is one.
- "Only this one." That is another.
- "Everybody does so." That is the third.
- "By-and-by." That is the fourth.

When tempted from the path of strict rectitude, and "There's no danger" urges you on, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

When tempted to give the Sabbath up to pleasure, or to do a little labour in the workshop or the counting-room, and "Only this one" or "Everybody does so" whispers at your elbow, do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel.

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive you and cheat you out of heaven. "Behold," says God, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He has no promise for "by-and-by."

SONGS OF PRAISE.

A DEAR lady, who loved the Lord Jesus with all her heart, was in prison. While there she wrote and sang hymns of praise to God. Do you want to hear what she said?

"It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies."

Nothing but sin can keep us from praising God. If we know Jesus our hearts will be so full of joy that nothing can keep us from singing praise to him!

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

God, whose home is in the sky,  
Far above the sun so high;  
Far above the moon so bright,  
And the stars which shine at night;  
Thou art very near to me,  
Though I cannot look on thee.

Yet I know it was thy hand  
Formed the earth whereon I stand—  
Made the grass, the flower, the tree,  
Everything I love to see:  
Thou didst make them all to raise  
Even little children's praise.

Though thy home is far away,  
Thou dost watch me night and day;  
Thou canst hear my feeble tongue  
Sound above the angels' song.  
When they bow their golden wings  
Unto thee, great King of kings.

I would love and praise thee too,  
As the holy angels do;  
Thank thee for thy mercies given,  
Pray to guide my way to heaven,  
And to join the glorious hymn  
Obanted by the Seraphim.

TABB'S DOLLY.

A LITTLE girl, nine or ten years old, sat on the curb-stone, one summer day, in the city of Chicago. They call her Tabb. I suppose her real name was Tabitha. She was so busy with a poor little rag-baby that she seemed not to mind the heat or the glare.

One of the baby's arms had been torn off, and its head fell over on one side, and every time it was moved the sawdust fell out of a hole in its foot. As the child sat there, trying to make the poor baby whole again with a darning-needle and some string, a boy about twelve or thirteen years of age came along, and stopped to look at her.

The boy snatched the dolly out of her hands, in spite of her efforts to prevent him.

The eyes of the poor girl filled with tears, and her chin quivered, as she said:

"Is your mother dead?"

"Not as I knows on."

"But mine is, and she made that dolly for me when her hands trembled so much, and her eyes were so full of tears that I had to cut the clothes for her. That's why the baby looks so bad."