



KITE-FLYING.

A BOY'S SUGGESTION.

People talk about the beauty
Of the lad that never smokes,
And never plays a game of cards,
And always minds his folks:

What a manly-looking fellow
He will make in manhood's years!
With a healthy constitution
And a heart that has no fears.

This kind of talk is good enough
For any one to teach,
If folks would only bring to mind
To "practise what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me
On things like this enough
While with the other hand he'd take
Another pinch of snuff.

And then he'd tell me solemnly,
With a face as long again,
To remember while at play,
That the boys will make the men.

Now to those who're always talking,
With an everlasting noise,
I'd say, to make us good or bad,
'Tis the men that make the boys.

If the people round about us
Set examples good enough,
Boys who now are closely watching
Will not drink nor chew nor snuff.

KITE-FLYING.

"Will you go and fly your kite with me?" said Tom to Fred Walton one day after school on a bright summer day with just enough wind to make them soar to the blue sky; but Fred said no, he didn't want to, and so stayed at home, while Tom and a lot of other boys went off to the open field. Fred could hear their voices and peals of laughter, and wished he had gone, too. So he took up his kite and

marched off to the other boys, who were glad to see him coming. After they were through flying their kites, Fred said that he had such a good time that he would not have missed it for anything, and next time Tom asked him to go he would do as he was asked. Think twice before you speak.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

It was such a poor, forlorn little thing that Farmer Green was going to kill it out of pity, but the children begged hard for it.

"It's only a black sheep it will be if it lives at all. Sure, its own mother won't have a thing to do with it, and you'll find it a deal of trouble. You'd better let me knock it on the head," he said.

But Master Tom set up such a screaming and kicking that the farmer called out:

"Whist, now, me boy, here's your little sheep, and it's a bad sort, I fear, you'll find him."

The little sheep that its own mother wouldn't own was, in truth, a troublesome pet. At first it was almost impossible to teach it to take the warm milk Milly offered it; but after it had once learned to drink, it seemed to be always hungry.

How it did grow! and how mischievous it was! It followed Tom and Milly everywhere; into the house, upstairs, downstairs, out of the gate, and to church, too, if he was not locked up.

One day he followed Tom into the school-room, and in a playful mood began to butt him down. As fast as Tom got up, down he went again. At last Tom grew angry, and seized his slate to defend himself, but the sheep thrust his head through his slate, knocked over a chair and Tom together. Milly laughed until she could scarcely stand, but she did not dare stir for fear the black sheep would turn upon her.

The noise brought up the children's

father, who drove the sheep out of the house. He was soon sent to the pasture with the other sheep, as he was too big and strong to be the children's playmate.

MOTHER'S SUNSHINE.

Something was the matter with Ray's mother, and Ray felt very badly about it. He had never seen her cry like that before, and he did not know what to make of it. It was storming very hard. Perhaps she wanted to go out and couldn't, Ray always cried when it stormed so hard for him to go out on his new little red sled. Yes, it must be the weather, because he knew she wasn't sick, and it hadn't hurt herself.

"Mamma, dear," he said, going up to her, "is you cryin' 'cause the naughty weather won't shine? Never mind, mamma dear, I's your little sunshine."

His mother did not answer.

"Is'n't I your sunshine? say, mamma dear. Please don't cry any more. Sun up your face, or Ray will cry, too."

"Yes, yes!" answered his mother.

"Then smile up your face, and say I's your sunshine," insisted Ray, with a smile as sunny as a May morning on his own face.

"Yes, darling, you are mother's sunshine; the winds may blow and the rain may beat against me, but as long as God spares me my little boy my life will be full of sunshine."

Ray hung around mother all day, a every time she looked sad he said again, "Is I your sunshine; mamma dear?"

WHAT NORA DID.

Nora was a little girl in a large Sunday school class. She was always quiet and good, but her teacher did not know how much of the lessons she remembered. One day she found out in a pleasant way, Nora told her.

After the school had closed one Sunday morning, the little girl waited and sat shyly, but very earnestly: "Ever since you told us that when mamma said I should do anything we must go straight and do it, and not wait or say 'Why?' or anything like that, I've always done it."

"I'm very, very glad that you do, and that you have told me," said the teacher; "it makes me so happy!" and she kissed the rosy, upturned face.

No wonder it made her happy. It was the greatest comfort possible to know that the lessons were not lost, but carried home and lived out even ever so little.

The very first thing for a scholar is to do as Nora did, and remember and do what is taught on Sunday. After that, it would do no harm if more scholars followed Nora's example and told the teacher about it.