



THE BROKEN KITE.

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POOR Tommy Tompkins has met with a serious trouble. His beautiful new kite got torn on a tree, and he brings it to grandpa to mend. His sister Mabel brings the pail and brush, and Toby the dog looks on to see what will come of it. I guess between them they will get the kite fixed up and be made happy all round.

## A NOBLE BOY.

A CRIPPLED beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements and hooting at his helplessness and rags.

Presently a noble little fellow came up and, pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away when a voice far above him said:

"Little boy with a straw hat, look up!" A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly: "God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that!"

As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the old lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

## KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED.

WHERE are we to knock? "I am the door," says the Saviour. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

When are we to knock? "Evening, and morning, and at noon," says King David, "will I pray, and cry aloud."

For what are we to knock? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Heaven in the soul—that is what

we want; heaven must first come to us before we can go to heaven.

How must we knock? We must knock in faith. We must knock in earnest. We cannot knock too loud. Good Jacob said "I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" and he got a blessing. We must knock perseveringly too. The Lord does not always come immediately. "I waited patiently for the Lord," says David, "and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

Here is the command—"Knock." Here is the promise—"It shall be opened." Have you found it so?

## NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"WHAT ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl,  
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;  
"I love him and kiss him and sit on his knee,  
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

"mamma"—her eyes opened wide as  
"Do you like—  
smoke? nasty kisses of 'bacco and  
They might do for boys, for ladies and girls  
I don't think them nice," and she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?  
With kisses like yours, mamma, that's what I mean.

I want to kiss papa, I love him so well,  
But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit,  
And the kisses ain't good and ain't sweet—not a bit!"  
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,  
As she gave her verdict so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen  
That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;  
For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss  
From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

—Selected.

God will give us nothing for our sakes; but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.