

he is tempted once and again to take that which appears to do him good? He does not stop to think of the dire mischief that this will lead to, he only hopes for present benefit, and it is in this way many thousands who die drunkards begin to drink.

And again, *comfort* means *nicely prepared food*. Even a young girl may become expert at preparing properly a few nice dishes, at least; and a poor man's meals should be as delicately and daintily prepared as a lord's. The more simple we live the better will be our health, but simple food need not be tough, or coarse, or without taste. To get nourishment out of our food we must enjoy it. And depend upon it there is nothing so affects the temper as this. Every one needs comfort, and every one ought to have comfort; and the comfort of the dear ones at home depends upon the woman within it.

Let me give you just one more hint. You know that every skilled workman prides himself on the number and suitability of *his tools*; he knows that his skill will go for nought without them. Now in seeking after either the beauty or comfort of your homes, try and get the proper tools round you. Spend your odds-and-ends in securing to yourselves proper tools for your work; get brooms and brushes, proper things for your cooking schemes—a flour dredger, a vegetable cutter, a few nice saucepans, etc.; they won't cost very much and they will be such a help to you in making things nice. I heartily wish that sets of such things were given as prizes to girls leaving school; it would go a long way in helping them to look after the beauty and comfort of their homes.—From "*Friendly Leaves*."

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank Thee for thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

Look down in pity and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve Thee better than on this,

Now, while I speak be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

—Ann and Jane Taylor.

THE BLACK LEOPARD.

You cannot afford to read a bad book however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see if it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright, and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled, and bleeding. O touch not evil even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard.—*Tal-mage*.

WHAT WE MAY BRING.

The wise may bring their learning,

The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.

We too would bring our treasures
To offer to our King.

We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties

We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school at play;

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,

And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

—*Little Helpers*

JUST THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"MOTHER'S cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:—"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby." Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked out into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross;

and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me. I ought to pay it back now; and I will." And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of resolution towards the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething boy. Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting, and smiles dimpled the corners of his mouth. "Couldn't I take him out in his carriage, mother? it's such a fine morning," she asked. "I should be glad if you would," said her mother. The little hat was brought and the baby was soon ready for his ride. "I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired." The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered:—"Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning." What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest. She resolved to remember and act upon her aunt's good words:—"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Churchman's Magazine*.

TEASING.

IT seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when that disposition is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause more unhappiness to others. To be obliged to spend one's life with an inveterate tease, is like living in a bramble bush, or suffering constantly from the torture of innumerable pin pricks. To be sure, one pin-prick is not much, but when one has to bear ten thousand of them, it is quite another matter.

"Pshaw?" says the tease, "I did not hurt you. I wouldn't make such a fuss about nothing. I did not mean anything. I was only teasing."