


A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

 HERE was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright—
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May,
And thrilling with life and joy;
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy!


We wondered how he could play all day
With never a dream of rest;
But once he crept in the dark and slept
Still on his mother's breast!

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There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy;
But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him—
A little bit of a boy!

—Atlanta Constitution.

“YOU NEVER SAID SO BEFORE,
JOHN.”

 WAS called recently to attend the death-bed of an elderly woman, a member of my congregation,” said a clergyman recently, “and came away feeling very sad. “I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught, she painted, she sewed, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, and to give them the same chance which their father would have done.

“She succeeded, and sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home—pretty, refined girls, and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time—she was a worn-out elderly woman, quite, as they thought, behind the age. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The eldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried: ‘You have been a good mother to us!’


“Her face coloured up again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered. ‘You never said so before, John.’ Then the light died out, and she was gone.”

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their very life itself to their children, who receive it

all as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for what has been given them!

Dear children, try to remember all that you owe to your parents, and show some care and consideration for them before it is too late.—*Family Churchman.*

TALE-BEARING.

 EFORE repeating a bit of gossip, it would be well to ask ourselves three questions: first, “Is it true?” second, “Is it kind?” third, “Is it necessary?” This practice would save us many bitter memories and regrets.


The pious Philip Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

“Retrace your steps,” said Philip, “and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered.”

“I cast the feathers carelessly away,” said the woman, “and the wind carried them in all directions.”

“Well, my child,” replied Philip, “so it is with slanders. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back, now, if you can.”

 HE Christian child wants Christ in education. He is the Light of the world, and the child cannot be taught the truths of life except through Christ. He is the Life, on which all true life is to be modelled. Why, then, force the child to live in an atmosphere where Christ is not? Unsectarianism in education is education without Christ, and no Christian can be fed on such Dead Sea fruit. Put Christ in the education of our Christian children. He is the mould in which their character should be formed. The child of Nazareth, and not the good pagan, is the model child.—*Selected.*

If we wait until we have more than we want before beginning to give, we shall die without giving. But if we give out of our scanty portion to those whose need is greater than ours, we shall live as givers, and shall enjoy living. The man who only gives from his surplus never knows the real joy of giving. *Sunday School Times.*