



TOM IN TROUBLE.

"SAY, Tom! Do you know who drew that picture of Miss Thompson on the blackboard? I tell you what, he'll get into a row for it."

This was said by a small boy who, leisurely walking down the yard from the school-house, met one of his friends. "Do you really think he'll get into trouble," asked Tom, rather guiltily. "Let us go and rub it off, Fred, before she sees it." His friend then said, "Oh, it would seem as if you did it yourself! Did you?" Tom said he did, and made his friend promise not to tell, which, of course, he would not have done anyway.

These two boys were "chums," although they were as little alike as possible. Fred was a quiet, truthful little fellow, while Tom was a boisterous, but good-natured boy. Whenever Tom got into trouble with the teachers he went to Fred for advice, but did not always follow it.

"Tom," said Fred, "you had better tell the teacher you did it, and she will let you off easily. What did you do it for anyhow? You are sure to be found out."

Tom could not answer all these rebukes at once, so he contented himself with saying, "You will see if I am found out. I will!"

The bell had just rung, and, some more boys joining the group, Tom did not finish his sentence but walked along with the rest, and took his seat as usual in the class. Miss Thompson stood by the platform till all the scholars were seated, then asked the boy who drew the figure on the blackboard

to stand up. But no one stood up. She asked again, saying that it would be better for him to acknowledge it at once than to wait and be picked out of the class— but with no better result. Then she said she was sorry that there was a boy in the class who was so disobedient as to act a lie. She said, "I am sorry I cannot rely upon the boys' honesty. I will give him one more chance. Will the boy please stand up who drew this. Well, I am very sorry I have to go to this extremity."

Tom began to wish he had not done it, and to feel very guilty when she said this

"I want each boy to hold out his hands while I go round to see if there is any chalk on them." Instantly Tom brushed his hands against his pants to knock off any chalk that might be left, although it was nearly an hour since he had handled any. Of course he was the only boy who

did it, because none of the other boys had touched any. The teacher, looking sharply around, noticed Tom's gesture. This was just what she wanted. She now called him to come up to the front, and after giving him a short lecture made him rub off the blackboard.

Neither he nor any of the other boys know to this day how the teacher knew that Tom drew that picture on the blackboard.—*W. J. W.*

DISOBEDIENCE DOESN'T PAY.

IN the pantry was a basket of delicious pears. Susie knew just how good they were, and she did want a few more so badly; but mamma had said before she went out, "Don't eat any more pears, Susie, you have had quite as many as are good for you." Susie knew very well that mamma knew best, and her little girl ought to obey her, but she let Satan persuade her to do the wrong thing, and soon there were two pears less than when mamma went away. A few hours later, when Susie was so sick, and had to take disagreeable medicine, and had to stay at home next day, while mamma and little brother went to spend the day with auntie, she concluded disobedience didn't pay.

NEVER SORRY.

NOT long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday-school what their idea was of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up

in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees," one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet-voiced Episcopal choir boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy—though one of the smallest in the class answered, "A place where where you're never sorry!"

NOT DARK AT ALL.

A CHILD lay dying; but still her brow was clear:

Sad faces drooped around; but on her own

No shadow darkened. Was the end unknown

To her young heart? And struck with sudden fear

Lest death should take her by surprise—
"My dear,"

Her mother whispered, "thou wilt soon be gone;

But, oh, my lamb will not be left alone;
Thou art in Death's dark vale, but Christ is near."

The child looked wonderingly in her mother's face.

"I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.

"I see the light; it is not dark at all!"

Love, thou didst light Death's valley for that child;

And to the childlike soul that trusts thy grace

Thus wilt thou come when Death's dark shadows fall!

THE THREE WISHES.

A GENTLEMAN, while sitting at the dinner-table with his family had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose." To give you a better chance said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes, what would they be? Be careful Charley!" He made his choice thoughtfully: first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education. His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things are held in general esteem among men. "I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good character, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place" A wise decision.