



REBUILDING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

STONES IN CHRIST'S TEMPLE

A MAN dreamed that he was trying to build for himself a temple to commemorate his name. He wanted a whole temple to himself, and an angel came to show him one that was a model of beauty; but there was one stone missing from its peak, and the man asked the angel where it was. "There has never been one there," replied the angel. "We intended to place you there," but you say that you want a whole temple to yourself, and so the place will be filled by someone else; but you will never have your special temple." Then the man, aroused by his fears, started up from his sleep, crying: "O God, put me in your temple. Put me in, even though I can be but a chink stone. Put me in."

TWO SMART DOGS

ROMEO is a beautiful large black dog. One day he was crossing a bridge over a canal with his master, who stopped to watch a little puppy that some men were trying to coax into the water. At last the men grew tired of coaxing, and they threw the puppy into the canal for a bath. Romeo stood on the bridge and watched until he could stand it no longer. He jumped into the water and swam up close to the frightened little puppy, and guided him to the bank.

Romeo drinks tea and coffee, but his greatest treat is a lump of sugar.

In the same house where Romeo lives there is a dog named Smut, because he has a black mark on his nose as if he had poked it into a chimney. When Smut hears the postman, he jumps up and runs for the letters and brings them in to his master. In the evening, when the young man comes home from his office, Smut gets

his slippers and marches around his chair three or four times, and then places them at his master's feet.

SLUMBER SONG.

CREEP into my arms, my baby dear,
And mother will sing to you soft and low,
A little song you'll be glad to hear,
Of the old moon-sheep and her lamb
that go

Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hills that seem so high.

The moon is the mother-sheep, my dear;
The stars are her little lambs, and they
Follow her, follow her, there and here,
In the wide sky-meadows to leap and play,

Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hilltops by and-bye.

Rock-a-bye, baby, and go to sleep;
The little star lambs will sleepy grow,
And all lie down with the moon to sleep
Till the sun goes down at night, and so

Up the sky
And down the sky,
The moon and her little white lambs go by
Go to sleep,
And mother'll keep
Watch o'er her lamb, like the old moon-
sheep.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

ARTHUR was drawing. And he did not seem one bit happy.

"Teacher said I must draw that house. Can't do it, anyhow, so I sha'n't try. Who ever heard of a little boy no bigger than I, who could draw a house?"

"I did," said a voice behind him.

Arthur jumped, for he had no idea that anyone was near. And there was his drawing teacher.

I read not long ago, of a little boy only eight years old, who took a big book on the art of drawing and studied it so carefully that he drew a large house, not a simple little outline, like this. And not copied at all. It was so well done, that his father wrote under it: "This is really wonderful."

When this little boy was twelve years old, he painted the portrait of a gentleman. He was so poor that he had only a piece of an old sail for a canvas, and common house paint for his colours, but the portrait was so good that people knew that the little boy would become a great artist. And so he did. He was known afterward as the great Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anybody may learn to draw correctly. Come now, and try again, and let your motto be: "Whatever I do, I will do well."

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

"TICK," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick,
What you have to do, do quick:
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

"When your mother speaks, obey,
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick."

A DESPERATE STRAIT.

A MOUSE fell into a beer-vat, poor thing! and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat: "Help me out of my difficulty!" "If I do, I shall eat you," said the cat. "Very well," replied the mouse. "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honour that I may do so."

"Very well; I will give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept into a hole in the corner, where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," said the mouse; "but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

How many promises made in liquor have been broken!—Selected.

GOD will give us anything for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.