

have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me? she said to herself, crossly, "I wish I had bought something else!"

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light them with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil, and went on more proudly than ever, holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am indeed somebody!"

But still she failed to attract attention, and happening to glance at her old dress, it suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself.

"Little Bits of Hymns."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Ruskin, the famous writer and poet, tells a touching story which happened in the Lake District in Cumberland.

He used to visit from time to time the family of a laboring man in a little village on the shores of Coniston Water, and there was one little boy of whom he was especially fond. After an absence of some weeks, he came to the house one day, and, missing the little fellow, he said to the mother, "Where is Harry?" With tears in her eyes, she told the tale how, a few weeks before, the little boy had been taken to his rest.

His big brother was mowing one day in the meadow, and he went to him. He was going very softly and gently to surprise the brother, and the older one never saw him. As he crept behind, the scythe swept round and severed the sinews of the poor little boy's legs, and he fell. His brother found out his presence too late. Hurriedly catching him up, he ran with him to the house, and the doctor was sent for.

Harry lay all night very still on the little bed; but just as the morning broke he began faintly to sing. "What did he sing?" asked Ruskin. "Oh! just little bits of hymns." And he sang on, until as the sun was rising he

stopped, because he had gone where the angels always sing.

Yes, it is just the bits of hymns, just the texts of Scripture that are committed to memory in our Sunday schools which in after years, when the scholars are scattered far and wide on the face of the earth—it may be on the broad waters—will come back to them, and it will be found that they are words which, implanted in the heart and quickened by God's Holy Spirit, "shall not pass away."

Respect for Parents.

If children could realize but a small portion of the anxiety their parents feel on their account, they would pay far better respect to parental wishes. A good child, and one in whom confidence can be placed, is one who does not allow himself to disobey his parents, nor do anything when his parents are absent that he has reason to believe they would disapprove of were they present. The good advice of parents is often so engraved on the heart of a child that after years of care and toil do not efface it; and in the hour of temptation the thought of a parent has been the salvation of a child, though the parent may be sleeping in the grave, and the ocean may roll between that sacred spot and the tempted child. A small token of parental affection, borne about the person, especially a parent's likeness, would frequently prove a talisman for good. A Polish Prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom, and on any particular occasion he would look upon it and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father." Such respect for a father or a mother is one of the best traits in the character of a son or daughter. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, is the first commandment with promise," says the sacred Book, and happy is the child who acts accordingly.

Giving is not Losing.

One day last summer, a clergyman called on a lady who had a very fine collection of roses. She took him out to see them—white roses, red roses, yellow roses, climbing roses, and roses in pots, the gay giant and the modest moss rose—every species he had ever heard of, and a great many he had never heard of,—all were there in rich profusion. The lady began plucking right and left. Some bushes with but a single flower she despoiled. The clergyman remonstrated: "you are robbing yourself, dear madam."

"Ah," she said, "do you not know that the way to make the rosebush bear is to pluck its flowers freely? I lose nothing by what I give away."

The Power of one Good Boy.

"When I took the school," said a gentleman, speaking of a certain school he once taught, "I soon saw there was one good boy in it. I saw it in his face. I saw it by many unmistakable marks. If I stepped out and came suddenly back, that boy was always studying just as if I had been there; while a general buzz, and the roguish looks of the rest showed there was mischief in the wind. I learned he was a religious boy, a member of the church. Come what would, he would be for the right.

"There were two other boys who wanted to behave well, but were sometimes led astray; these two began to

look up to Alfred, and I saw they were much strengthened by his example. Alfred was as lovely in disposition as firm in principle. These three boys began to create a sort of public opinion on the side of good order and the master. One boy, and then another, gradually sided with them. The foolish pranks of idle and wicked boys began to lose their popularity. They did not win the laugh which they used to. A general obedience and attention to study prevailed. At last the public opinion of the school was fairly revolutionized; from being a school of ill name it became one of the best behaved schools anywhere about, and it was that boy Alfred who had the largest share in making the change.

"Only four or five boys held out and these were finally expelled. 'Yes,' said the teacher, 'it is in the power of one right-minded, right-hearted boy to do that. He stuck to his principles like a man and they stuck to him, and made a strong and splendid fellow of him.'"

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