

good unto all men as I had opportunity. All this was said with an air of sincerity and deep conviction which we cannot give to our report of it. And does the experience of the youngest of our readers confirm or contradict the statement? Is there a boy or girl among all of them who can say, "I did a kind act once to my brother or sister or play-mate, and was afterwards sorry for it. I should have been happier if it had been an unkind one?" It is very likely that a kind act has been ill-requited, perhaps misconstrued; but if it was performed with proper feelings, it is as certain to produce happiness as sunshine is to produce warmth.

We counsel our young friends then to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgement of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder, or a heavy wheel will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a seasonable and gentle admonition, and at others a suggestion of advantage to be gained and a little interest to secure it, will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little well-spring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.—*Penny Gazette.*

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give to this question? Who was it watched over you when you were a helpless baby? Who nursed you, and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted

you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you got well? and who carried you into the fresh air to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in you childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, are you kind to your mother?

There are many ways in which children show whether they are or not. Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad?

A NOBLE BOY.

"A boy came to me," says a Michigan Colporteur, "for Temperance tracts. Of this noble, spirited boy I afterwards learned the following fact: A relative of his in a grocery had poured out a dram of liquor in a tumbler to drink. The boy stepped forward and put a temperance tract over the mouth of his tumbler. The man took it up and looked at it, and the first words he cast his eyes upon were, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' He dashed the glass on the floor, exclaiming, 'That is the last of my drinking liquor, God being my helper.' He has kept his resolution."—*Young Reaper.*