



MOTHER'S DARLING.

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SUNNY head alight with curls,  
Rosebud mouth with rows of pearls,  
Eyes that rival violets' hue,  
Clear and bright as heaven's blue—  
That's mother's darling.

Rounded chin where dimples hide,  
Cheeks that shame the roses' pride,  
Little face all bright with smiles,  
Laughter that each heart beguiles—  
That's mother's darling.

Little hands that ne'er are quiet,  
Curls where sunbeams run wild riot,  
Little tongue in motion ever,  
Chattering on and tiring never—  
That's mother's darling.

Little soul to lead to God,  
Feet to guide in duty's road,  
Little heart to love his will,  
Little duties to fulfil—  
That's mother's darling.

May her life be sunshine over,  
Shadowed o'er by sorrow never,  
May she rest in God's dear love  
Till she sings his praise above—  
Bless mother's darling

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves greatest.

## FAMOUS BOYS.

A SWEDISH boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings with his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will not do. I get too much excited over it; I can study so well after it. So here goes!" he flung the book out into the river.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read books like "Locke on the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balance of the clouds, revelled in the clash of the flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. His name was Jonathan Edwards.

## "IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

"IT is not worth while to open a piano for ten minutes' practice, and then all the time I can spare this morning, to hear a little maiden say quite often.

Now, my dear, that ten minutes wasted; and six times makes an hour wasted; and minutes every morning at the piano would do you more good than a whole hour once a week, while you are a little girl and get so tired at school.

"It is not worth while to change your coat to perform this little work," says a careless boy; that is why he never looks as neat as his brother, who does not take it too much trouble to take care of his clothes.

## READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was always finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"O no! I only like to get things ready beforehand, that's all."

And this little thing that had been insisted in by Rose Hammond until it became a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had any idea of more time, too. Ready beforehand—it. As surely as you do faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing things.