

A PRIZE BOY.

He wouldn't burst in with an Indian yell,
And shy his hat up at a peg—

O, no!

He never came near tumbling into a well
While tempting the brink, on one leg—

That's so!

The boy that I tell of is different quite;
He couldn't your feelings annoy;
He never does anything but what is right—
This wonderful, good little boy!

He doesn't drum tattoos on table and pane,
Nor squirm like an eel on a hook—

O, no!

He studies his lessons, again and again,
No matter how hard is his book—

That's so!

The treasure I mention no faults ever hid,
He shines a perpetual joy!

But he doesn't live anywhere here—if he
did,

O, wouldn't he be a prize boy!

THE TEMPTATION.

No person can go through life without having temptation of some sort placed in his way. We may not all of us be tempted to steal, but in one form or another it is sure to come. No doubt this poor boy in our picture feels the temptation very strongly. One of the ladies we see in front has dropped her purse, and this penniless fellow sees it. "If there is money in that purse," he thinks, "I shall be able to get some food for mother and the little ones at home, and have a good meal myself into the bargain." We are sorry for the lad, for it must be very hard to resist. However, we believe that in the end his nobler feelings prevail, and he runs after the ladies and restores the lost article. We feel sure that the kind lady, when she gets her purse back again, will reward him handsomely for his honesty, and that his wants will thus be satisfied.

HINTS FOR CHILDREN.

Hear while others speak. Do not interrupt them till they are done. Fear God. Honour all men. Render thanks for all favours. Revere superiors. Respect equals. Be courteous to inferiors. Do not contradict your elders. Regard religious worship. Do not pry into secrets. Do not tell tales. Do as you would be done by. Love God with all your heart. Love your neighbour as yourself.

SUNSHINE.

There was a poor widow once living on a stony little farm a great way from any neighbours. She had an idiot boy to care for and a great deal of work to do, and but little money and few friends and a great deal of trouble. And you could always see by her face that she was not happy; her skin was wrinkled and she had scarcely over a smile for any one, but wore a dark, sad look all the time that made one feel like crying just to see her.

She didn't get to church very often, partly because she had so much to do and partly because she was so unhappy she did not care to go. One pleasant morning, however, in the summer-time she went, but felt so strange that she sat down in a corner where she thought no one would see her.

But Mrs. Noble saw her in the lone corner; as soon as the meeting was over she hastened with her cheery step to shake hands with her and bid her good morning.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Barnes, and how is your boy? I'm glad to see you out."



THE TEMPTATION.

"Here you come smiling at everybody," said Mrs. Barnes, without trying to answer Mrs. Noble's questions. "You seem just like a streak of sunshine. It does me good to look at you, but I don't see how you manage it, for you've plenty of trouble like other folks. But you never let anybody see it; you hide it all away."

"That's the right way."

"Well, I can't do it," said the poor woman. "I'm just bent double with my burdens, and everybody has to see how I go hobbling along."

"You are not honouring the Lord in that way," said Mrs. Noble. "He invites you to cast your burdens on him."

"I know it, but I can't seem to do it. I wonder if that's the reason you are always like sunshine?"

"It's the only right way for us, my friend. And then she talked to the poor woman about the dear Saviour who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well, I'll think over what you've said, and I'll try," and Mrs. Barnes turned towards her home.

If she does what Mrs. Noble has told her about, she will find the sunshine in her own poor little home as well as in her friend's bright, cheerful face. The sun always shines where Jesus is. He is himself the Sun, and if we will open our hearts and let him come in and live there as he wants to, we may carry the sunshine about with us wherever we go.

THE QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There was once a little brown hen,
A dear little, queer little hen,

Her work was to lay

Just one egg every day;

And she did it, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right there,
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,

Her egg she would lay,

Her one egg every day,

This good little, queer little hen.

'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say,
Lay an egg from a tree every day,

And what good was the egg?—

Just tell that, I beg—

That fell from a tree in that way?

But some people do things just as queer;
I know it; I've seen it, my dear.

They have a good thought,

But it just comes to naught;

From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.

If we do a right thing,

If a good thought we bring,

Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.

THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.

Susie wanted to join a picnic. She wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her go, but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said, "No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see her daughter look disappointed, instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you disappointed," said her mother, much relieved to see her daughter's cheerfulness.

"I have got the 'thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child, sweetly.

No one else can do the work you have been sent into the world to do; others may do some other work, but not your work.

A teacher asked a class of boys in a Sabbath-school what was their idea of heaven. The smallest one answered: "A place where—where—you're never sorry."