

A LITTLE BOYS SERMON.

Two little boys were playing together. Eddie, said Harry, I'll be a minister and preach you a sermon.

All right, said Eddie, I'll be the people.

Harry began, my text is a short one, 'Be kind.' There are some texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. There are a great many heads to my sermon.

First. Be kind to Papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe, Eddie, you know what a headache is, but I do, I had one once, and did not want to hear any one speak a word; and if I heard a noise the pain was dreadful.

Second. Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. Think how tired she must get saying, 'It is time for you to go to bed' half a dozen times over.

Third. Be kind to baby. You have leaved out, be kind to Harry interrupted Eddie.

Yes, said Harry, but you will be kind to me if you are kind to all the others; because you will forget to be unkind. I was saying, be kind to baby, and lend her your red soldier when she wants it.

Fourth. Be kind to Jane, and don't kick and scream when she washes you.

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, But she pulled my hair with the comb.

People musn't talk in meeting, said Harry.

Fifth. Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and not what will make her cry.

O Harry! cried Eddie, with tears in his eyes, don't preach any more, 'cause I will always be kind now.—*Chris. Advocate.*

TEMPTATION.

The serpent has found its way into all the Edens of this world. Never, until this mortal puts on immortality, does it put off finally the possibility of sinning. Nowhere can a man go that temptation will not find him. Temptation possesses a free pass on all the railroads, a free berth on all the boats, a free entrance to school-rooms, and business offices, and playgrounds—and even to the churches. Little escape, for example, does the reforming drunkard find in boarding the express train that, with every moment, puts another mile between himself and his old saloon haunts. Old evil associa-

tions he indeed leaves behind, but not the old evil thirst, the old fierce temptation. That shares his seat in the train his stateroom on the boat, and halts only when he halts. Temptation finds the hermit in his ascetic retirement as readily as though he mingled with the crowd. Temptation climbs the high and bare and guarded wall of the convent as well as the latticed arbor of the pleasure-seeker. Temptation pays no heed to warnings of 'no admittance,' be such warnings moral, legal, or ecclesiastical. Temptation's very power for evil is in this constant presence, which leaves not an unguarded moment or movement of the soul unnoticed. Then what? Then we must be vigilant. If temptation insists, we must resist, and must persist in resisting. If the evil is watchful in attack, we must be watchful in defense. And, above all, if temptation tempts us with that subtlety of temptations—discouragement in the struggle—let us lean hard on the divine promise that our temptations will never be beyond what we are able to bear. God's help would have made Canaan the Land of Rest to the Israelites if they had had faith, even while they found it a land of many conflicts. God's love will give us rest amidst our inevitable struggles—if we will rest upon that love.—*S. S. Times.*

CARING FOR WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, O try, to be no longer a slave to it? You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag, and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged. Therefore if you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it saves you. Roll your burden on him and he will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here I am, a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mould me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it, Just as thou wilt, but I rely on my unchanging guidance during the trial. O, the comfort that comes from this!—*Gen. Gordon.*