

"He Careth for You."

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

Is it true the Master careth,
That he cares for each and all,
That his love in infiniteness,
Extendeth to great and small?
Is his pity everlasting,
Does it reach the whole earth o'er,
From the kingdom of the Orient
To the farthest western shore?

Is it true the Master careth
For his children, every one?
Was it a pledge of love sublime,
In giving to earth his Son?
Will his mercy last through ages,
Unchanged as the years roll by?
Can it be he still remembers
"The young ravens when they cry?"

Is it true the Master careth?
Can we say that we are sure
That no earthly love compareth
With his love so strong and pure?
Oh, answer, my heart, and tell me,
Will his goodness endure for aye?
May I trust his love eternal,
Though all else shall pass away?

Yes, it is true that he careth,
My heart in gladness replies;
His love is as deep as the ocean,
And reacheth unto the skies.
Oh, yes! I am sure he careth,
And I know that it is true,
For my faith hath spanned the promise
That says, "He careth for you."

It is true the Master careth,
And our lives to him belong;
He will make them, if we trust him,
An unending triumph-song.
It is true the Master careth;
Write it in letters of gold,
O soul of mine, for "he careth"—
His love will never grow cold.

CRACKING ICE.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

"MOTHER wants some more cracked ice," said Benny Holt, coming out of the sitting-room where his mother lay on the lounge suffering from a sore throat and feverish cold.

"Well," said Nell, who was busy doing double work in the kitchen, "you take this stout towel and go out to the shed and crack some."

"How do you crack ice?" asked Elsie Noble, who had run in for a few minutes' chat with her friend.

"We put a good-sized piece into a stout cloth, and pound it with a hammer or mallet till it is crushed in pieces, and then fill a plate so Ben can give it to mother as she wants it," said Nell, promptly, feeling that this time she could really give some information to her bright friend Elsie, who so often had been the one to impart new ideas to her.

"I heard of another way not long ago," said Elsie, "and I have tried it myself, so I know it can really be done. You can crack ice with a pin!"

"With a pin!" exclaimed Nell, incredulously. "Yes, with a pin! A good strong pin like a shawl-pin is best if the ice is thick. Press the point down firmly on the ice at the spot where you want it to crack, and as the pin sinks in, the ice will crack and split off at that very place. So you can get just what you want, a little piece or a big piece each time."

"Ben, Ben!" called Nell, from the window, "don't pound that ice just yet. Bring it here first."

Ben brought in a good-sized, irregularly-shaped lump, and Nell, taking a pin, pressed it firmly down on a corner where the ice was about an inch

thick. Almost on the instant there was a little snapping sound, and the piece fell off. Then she tried it where the ice was twice as thick, with the same result.

"You do beat all, Elsie Noble!" she exclaimed, "I would not believe it if I did not see it for myself, with my own eyes."

"Yes, it is wonderful," said Elsie, modestly.

"There, Ben," directed Nell, "take this ice and this long pin right into the other room. You can read your new book while you sit there by mother, and every time she wants ice you can crack off a bit and give it to her. It will last ever so much longer than if it were all crumbled up into little pieces to begin with."

TO BOYS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BE on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body; who falls into no bad habits; who is honest, truthful and industrious; who remembers with grateful love his father and mother; and who does not grow away from his church and Sabbath school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth, and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have money to pay for it, and do not buy what you *can* pay for but do not need. Shun billiard saloons, and bad company, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books, friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.—*Selected.*

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

THIRTY years ago Mr. H—, a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen of a farm-house where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr H—at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with but two or three hundred dollars each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He worked hard, but is still a

poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jim, his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character, is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open, and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*Springfield Republican.*

DAN'S FAIR START.

DAN did not look as if he had ever had very many fair starts in anything. He was born in a cellar, and had taken care of himself ever since he could remember. He had been kicked and cuffed and scolded until he regarded every one as his natural enemy. When he was hungry there were plenty of places where he could "help himself;" he never called it "stealing." At the very moment when he made the most important decision of his life he had on a coat stolen from a dealer in second-hand clothing. His decision was nothing more nor less than a resolve to "make a man of himself," as he expressed it. Some one had told him the story of President Garfield, and it had fired his ambition.

"I don't suppose I shall ever be president," he said to himself, "but I can be somebody decent, and not a loafer all my life. I wonder how I'd better begin? Go to work, I guess, the first thing, and earn an honest living and some good clothes. Why, hello! the coat I've got on this very minute don't belong to me. That isn't a very good beginning. But then I've hooked lots of things before; guess I'll let this go. I'll have to steal my dinner, though, if I don't get a job pretty soon. No, I won't, either; I'll go hungry first. There, Dan Jones, you're really beginning to talk like a man. Shouldn't be surprised if you got to be one some day."

Just then he saw a gentleman carrying a heavy satchel: "Carry your baggage, sir?"

"Yes, I'll give you a quarter to take it to the Central Hotel."

"All right, sir! Saving five cents for his dinner, he invested the rest of his small capital in papers. When they were all sold, late in the afternoon, he stood watching some workmen laying the foundation for a building. As he noted the large stones and the care with which they were placed, he thought, "That's just what I want—a fair start, a good, solid foundation to build on. It's going to be pretty hard work. I know what I'll do, I'll save money to pay for this coat; it was marked a dollar and a half. It will take me a good while, and I'll have to keep at it; so by the time it's done I shall get used to being honest."

Dan kept his word, and before long he found his way into a Sunday-school, where he learned the very best foundation of all for a noble life.

LITTLE Cora heard an older person remark that some one who was in trouble "was in a pickle." Shortly afterward her little brother attempted some difficult feat. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "or you will be in a cucumber!"