

For Girls and Boys.

TWO OF THEM.

Two little girls
Are better than one.
Two little boys
Can double the fun.
Two little birds
Can build a fine nest.
Two little arms
Can love mamma best.
Two little shoulders,
Chubby and strong.
Two little feet,
Running all day long.
Two little prayers
Does my darling say;
Twice does he kneel
At my side each day.
Two little folded hands,
Soft and brown;
Two little eyelids,
Cast meekly down.
And two little angels
Guard him in bed,
One at the foot,
And one at the head.

Canadian Band of Hope.

HOW A SMALL BOY GOT HIS RIGHTS.

Big men are not always just or generous, and many times the small boy is a sufferer at their hands. So sometimes the big man is cross because he has eaten too much dinner—the small boy will understand now how uncomfortable he feels—and as he is too big to cry he vents his ill humor, many times, on the first small boy who comes in his way. Now, you know that some people think that if you eat too much meat you will become savage, and, as this man who was unjust to the small boy was a butcher, perhaps he had eaten so much meat that he had become in part a savage. In one of the police courts up town, in New York, one morning not long since, a very small boy, in knickerbockers, appeared. He had a dilapidated cap in one hand, and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman, with a grin on his face. When the boy found himself in the court room he hesitated and looked as if he would like to retreat, but as he half turned and saw the grin on his escort's face, he shut his lips tighter and meandered up to the desk.

"Please sir, are you the judge?" he asked, in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it.

"I am, my boy:—what can I do for you?" asked the justice, as he looked wonderingly down at the mite before him.

"If you please, sir, I'm Johnny Moore. I'm seven years old, and I live in 123rd street, near the avenue, and the only good place to play miggles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth; but a butcher on the corner," and here his voice grew steady and his cheeks flushed, "that hasn't any more right to the place than we have, keeps his wag n standing there, and this morning we were playing miggles there, and he drove us away, and took six of mine and tur-w them away off over the fence into the lot, and I went to the police station and they laughed at me and told me to come here and tell you about it."

The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh boisterously, and the complainant at the bar trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together.

The Justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk, and quickly brought everybody to dead silence. "You did perfectly right, my boy," said he, gravely, "to come here and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen had as much regard for his rights as you show there would be far less crime. And you, sir," he added, turning to the big policeman, who now looked as solemn as a funeral, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for those marbles, or else arr st him and bring him here."

You see this boy knew that his rights had been interfered with, and he went to the one having authority to redress his wrongs. He did not throw stones or say naughty words, but in a manly, dignified way, demanded his rights.—*Christian Union.*

THE HOOK AND THE BAIT.

He was seated by the little wooden bridge, as I came near, his rod and fishing tackle lying on the grass beside him. He was so intent with his hook and his bait that he did not look up till I said:—

"Ho, ho! Tommy Tucker. So you're playing truant to-day—are you?"

Tommy Tucker looked up, his bright eyes flashing. "No," he said, "we have a holiday to-day; and I came down to the brook to try my luck at fishing. But see!" he went on, holding up his workmanship with pride; "isn't that a cunning way to put the bait on? Won't that fetch 'em?"

I took the hook in my hand, and examined it gravely. "Why!" I said, "you have covered the hook with bait, so that you can't see a bit of it! You didn't need to do that,—did you?"

Tommy Tucker looked very much as if he doubted my sanity. "Of course I did," he said. "Fishes know too much to bite, if they see the point of the hook sticking out of the bait. You don't know how cunning you must be to catch fish."

The little fisher looked very wise as he said this, and stretched out his hand to take the hook from me.

"Ah, Tommy Tucker!" I said, "there are hooks for men as well as hooks for fishes; and the hook is always hidden by the bait. There isn't any human fisher who is half so cunning as old Satan; he knows how to dress up the hook with a bait so pleasant to see that foolish people rush right at it, and get caught on the hook before they know of it. Do you think Satan would show the hook at first? Not a bit of it. He just dangles the bait before the people's eyes; and some remember that there's a hook behind the bait, and keep away, and others seize it greedily and get caught.

Just then a middle-aged man shuffled along the bridge, and went off in the direction of the village.

"He's going to the saloon," said Tommy Tucker. "Is that the kind of bait that you mean, Mr. Earlston?"

"Yes," I said; "that's one kind. Years ago Drunken Sam, as you boys call him, was a bright young man at college. The devil fished for him. The bait he dangled before him was a life of pleasure. Sam began to be persuaded that the Bible was too strict. He wanted to live while he lived, he said. So he neglected his books, and took to drink and to the theatre, and to other wrong things. Then he felt the hook. He was expelled from college. And now you see him, a drunkard, making for the saloon, as if he couldn't live anywhere else."

"He didn't see the hook, or he wouldn't have taken the bait," said Tommy Tucker. Then, after a pause, "I suppose that bad companions and bad books, and everything that draws people away to wrong, are bits of Satan's bait."

"Yes," I said; "and you'll find lots of Satan's baits dangling before your eyes, too, if you only keep your eyes wide enough open to see that they are Satan's."

"I'll look out for them," said Tommy. "And when I feel that I want to snatch at the bait, I'll remember the hook."

And I said "Right, Tommy Tucker!"—*Ernest Earlston, in S. S. Times.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

When is an original idea like a clock. When it strikes one.

A dangerous character—a man who takes life cheerfully.

Instead of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it plaze the court if I am wrong in this I have another point that is equally conclusive."

"Tourist—" I say, boy, what's the name of that hill yonder?" Boy—"Dunno." "Tourist—" Don't know? What! lived here all your life, and don't know the name of it?" Boy—"No; the hill was here afore I comed."