



Young man
and maidens.
Old men and
Children.
Praise the
name of
the
LORD.

Psalm
148
72

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE, sweet wonder in thy baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent, blue eyes
That higher than the stained glass windows
rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies

The people round her sing "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they
die."

To her thus gazing up that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals; she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses
bound—

The place whereon she stands is holy
ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows, as "mother" does, her golden
head,
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the
sky,

Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there too, by-
and-bye.

Pet, may he keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you
pray,

Where all shall have their child hearts
back one day!

"SLOW BUT SURE."

TOM HARRIS was the dux of the school and Ned Fraser was the booby. Poor Ned! no boy was so persevering and pains-

taking as he, learning his lessons conscientiously and slowly. Ah! that was it, Ned was slow, and when Mr. Gray, the schoolmaster, put a question, Ned was always the last to shout out the answer.

Now, as I have said, Tom was always at the top, he was smart, no doubt, but used to make a boast that he always managed somehow, without really learning his lessons at all—picked up a little here and a little there, and, with a great of self-assurance and much guess-work, he kept his place as dux boy. He held slow Ned in very great contempt—booby as he was—and Ned did not retaliate. He said to himself, "Well, I am slow, but I like to be sure."

Years passed away, and all the boys, dux and booby alike, were out in the world, battling and working. Some had gone abroad, and

among that number was Ned Fraser, the booby. He had gone to South America, to some very humble work, but had prospered far beyond what he could ever have hoped for, by sticking to his favourite motto, "Slow but sure."

No one seemed to know or care what had become of Tom Harris; but Ned often used to wonder where he was, and if he was at the top of the tree of success through his cleverness.

One hot day, Slow-and-sure was toiling steadily at work, when a queer little twisted note was put into his hand. All it said was, "Come to the hospital, I am dying." Now Ned was never slow when he could do a good turn to anyone, and five minutes saw him well on the road to the hospital.

On arriving, he showed the porter the note. "Ah!" he said, "that is the accident case." And, opening a door, Ned saw a man lying pallid, helpless, but he knew him in a moment. "Tom Harris!"

Ned grasped his poor, nerveless hand. "I'm here," he said, "to help you."

Tom opened his eyes. "I knew you would come," he said. "Nothing has prospered with me," he groaned out; "I was only half educated, then I took to bad ways, and now I am dying."

Boys, take for your motto "Slow but sure," and you will never regret the choice.

A LITTLE innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place.

"Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-double i-t-e-n," said Mabel.

"Kitten has two i's, then, has it?"

"Yes, ma'am, our kitten has."



ANNOUNCING DAYBREAK.

BY ANNA M. PRAIT.

THE sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on with sweet remark,
To thrush, to bobolink and lark,
The news that dawn had come again.

ZIP.

ZIP was Uncle Will's pet crane and a queer pet he was. He was very fond of music and when the piano was played he would stalk into the house, dance up to the piano and strike upon the keys with his beak. If the tune was a lively one he seemed to enjoy it all the more.

But poor Zip grew too musical. He got up at daylight to sing in the garden. Sometimes he sang in the night when the clock struck. His voice was very loud but it was not very sweet. The neighbours did not enjoy his songs, so poor Zip was sent away to the country, where there were not so many people to hear him.

NELLIE had told a fib, for which her papa told her she ought to ask God's forgiveness when she said her prayer. She was used to asking pardon of her papa and mamma, and of hearing them say, "Certainly, dear;" so, when she asked God she stopped to listen a moment, and then she asked in a disappointed tone. "Will God say 'Certainly'?" She expected to hear him say it. But she soon learned that God has said "Certainly" to all who ask forgiveness for Jesus' sake—has said it in his book, the Bible: "And I will forgive them their iniquities."

SOMETHING FUNNY.

WHEN a boy wants a favour very much indeed, he can generally find a way to express himself. Little Charlie asked his mother to talk to him, and say something funny.

"How can I?" she answered. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?"

"Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."