

## WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

## FIRST GIRL.

Oh, what can little children do  
To make this great world glad?  
For pain and sin are everywhere,  
And many a life is sad.

## SECOND GIRL.

Our hearts must bloom with charity  
Whenever sorrow lowers,  
For how could human days be sweet  
Without the little flowers?

## THIRD GIRL.

Oh, what can little children do  
To make this great world bright?  
For many a soul in shadow sits,  
And longs to see the light.

## FOURTH GIRL.

Oh, we must lift our lamps of love,  
And let them gleam afar,  
For how could night be beautiful,  
Without each little star?

## FIFTH GIRL.

Oh, what can little children do  
To bring some comfort sweet  
For weary roads, where men must climb  
With toiling wayworn feet?

## SIXTH GIRL.

Our lives must ripple clear and fresh,  
That thirsty souls may sing;  
Could robin pipe so merrily  
Without the sunny spring?

## ALL VOICES.

All this may little children do,  
This heavenly world to bless,  
For God sends forth all loving souls  
To deeds of tenderness,  
That this great earth may bloom and sing,  
Like his dear home above;  
But all the work would fail and cease  
Without the children's love.

—Adapted by C. H. Cabriel.

## NO DIFFERENCE.

BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.

Will came in from school in a half-ashamed way, hiding his report-card under the corner of his jacket. Mamma held out her hand, and Will reluctantly gave it up. "What! poor marks again this month? Oh, Will, why don't you study?" "It makes no difference about the marks now, mother. There's plenty of time. By-and-bye I'll show you what I can do." "No difference! Suppose a man intending to build a house thought the foundation of no consequence. What would you think of him? Don't you know it's the foundation you are laying, my boy? Your future success depends largely upon your knowledge of arithmetic and grammar and—"

Will silenced any further "preaching," as he called it, by an emphatic hug and kiss.

"Oh, yes, ma; I know it all. You'll be proud of your boy yet; just wait and see." With a rush and a whoop he was off for

the pantry, from which he soon emerged with bulging pockets.

Mrs. Welles watched him fondly as he ran down the street to join his friends, but I think a little more care on his part would have smoothed the wrinkles gathering on her forehead.

At the end of the school year Will found he was not to be promoted with his class. Another year as senior in the grammar school enabled him to "squeeze through," as he said, and with glowing plans for the future he became a high-school student.

"Welles, you must give more time to your Latin," said the master one day. "you haven't had a fair recitation this week. You have good abilities. With study there's no reason why you shouldn't excel. Haven't you any ambition?"

"Why, yes, sir; but there are so many things to attend to now, and I can't see that my standing here makes much difference. When I go to college I expect to lead my class."

The master's reply was all unheeded, for though Will appeared to attend, and said, "Yes, sir," now and then, he was really planning for the ball match of the morrow.

Four years of high-school, and Will was admitted to college. I cannot say that he was prepared for college, but he was admitted.

"Now you'll see what I can do," he told his mother at parting. "I've been foolish long enough. Now I shall begin study in earnest."

To his surprise he found that his record was known at college. The best students avoided or treated him indifferently. "We always find out the previous standing of a new man," someone told him,

He set to work determined to win for himself a name, but aside from his poor record he found his former habits were like chains to bind him down. In vain he sighed for neglected opportunities.

Near the close of his second year Mrs. Welles died, the property took to itself wings, and Will found himself thrown on his own resources. He looked for employment in his native town. "We need a new assistant," said the high-school master, shaking his head; "I wish your Greek and Latin had been more satisfactory. Another friend spoke of a position in the bank, but the old grammar-school teacher would not recommend him as quick or accurate in accounts. The minister spoke of him as honest. "But we need trained minds as well as honest purposes in our offices," said the business men of the place. At last he accepted a position as porter in a furniture shop. The work was hard, the pay small, but it was employment.

"Don't tell me it makes no difference," he often says to careless boys who are neglecting their studies. "I tell you it does make a vast difference."

## WHY PATSIE PLAYED GRANDPA.

BY MARY LOMBARD BROADHEAD.

MAMMA came into the sitting-room on her tip-toes with her finger on her lip.

Patsie knew what that meant. Do you? It meant, "Hush! Be still as a little mouse. Baby is asleep. If we wake him before he has his nap, his little toothies will ache and he will cry."

Patsie did not feel like being still. She had about half her blocks built into a nice high tower. She wanted to keep on until she had every one of them on the tower. Then she wanted to joggle it and make them all tumble down on the bare floor. That made a nice big noise, and Patsie liked noise almost as much as she liked candy.

But when Patsie was a very little girl, she had been taught a little bit of God's word. I wonder if you know it too. "Children, obey your parents." So it never came into the little girl's head that she could go on with her noisy play. She left her tower standing, and began to play grandpa." She got her little stool and picture paper almost big enough to make a paper blanket for Patsie. Then she sat down with her tiny toes on the hearth and read funny little stories in a soft voice that would not waken a sleepy mouse, to say nothing of a baby.

It seemed to Patsie that she had been playing grandpa a very long while when there was a little "coo" from the next room that said, "Come, sister, I am awake, and I am good. I want to play."

Patsie's feet went flying to call mamma. Then the tower was finished and tumbled down with a splendid clatter. It made baby dance and show his little pearly teeth, and Patsie thought that "tumble-down tower" had never been so much fun. Do you know why?

## TWO FRIENDS.

"Is a Minute," is a bad friend: he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

"Right Away" is a good friend: he helps you to do what you are asked to pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JULY 22.

LESSON TOPIC.—Flight into Egypt.—Matt. 2. 13-23.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in. Psalm 121. 8.

JULY 29.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Youth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 40-52.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 2. 46-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

GOD will give us nothing for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.