



WHICH SHALL BABY BOY BECOME ?

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The story is told of an artist who once painted a beautiful, angelic-looking child and years afterwards wanted to paint a companion picture which would show the greatest depths of degradation which it was possible humanity could reach. He searched the slums and prisons for a model and at last found a thoroughly demoralized, degraded looking man and painted his portrait. When he came to learn his history he was horrified to find that this was the very one whose picture he had painted as an ideal of angelhood. Such awful possibilities are wrapped up in every babe.

There are two paths before each child, that of virtue, religion, and honoured old age; that of vice, depravity, and degradation. On which path shall the boy travel? What is it that can so pervert and degrade the fairest handiwork of God into the most dreadful victim of Satan and sin? Nothing is more deadly and dreadful in this respect than the strong drink. Let each child in our home be early pledged to total abstinence. Let parents as they value the present and eternal welfare of their children train them up in habits of virtue and sobriety. Let them above all seek to remove from their pathway the temptations of drunkenness presented by the wine cup and the saloon.

A little girl was putting a needle in her mouth, when her aunty said: "Don't, dear, you might hurt yourself; and, besides, it will make the needles all rusty, and then I can't sew your little apron." "Why," replied the wee daisel, "has my mouth got rust in it?"

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.

THE LEOPARD CUBS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Out in the offing lay the ship,
One tropic summer day,
That was to bear the teacher home—
Three thousand miles away;
And, gathered for a last farewell,
Around him pressed a crowd
Of dusky fellows, on the beach,
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Upon the surf the native boat,
Waiting to waft him o'er
The white-capped breakers,
churned and chafed
Against the pebbly shore.
His soul was sad with toil
and pain,
So lately had he won
From rites of fetich savagery
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye
was said,
For he must be afloat;
And with a prayer upon his
lips,
He stepped into the boat;
And stopping, heard a cry,
and saw
Come rushing o'er the sand
A lad who held a leopard cub
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' teacher, see!—De
mudder beast,
Me watch her go,—den up
Me creep into de den and
fetch
De little spotted pup;
Dis ebry tizg me hab to
bring
For pay de Captain fee;
Me want to learn big English
so,
Wid you across de sea!

"Mas' teacher! take de boy along!
De pups, dey no shall bite;
Me keep him in me bosom close,
An' watch him day and night.
De 'Meriky man, he buy him glad;
Dollars and dollars pay,
Me know big English,—me go teach
Big English den, some day."

Dim-eyed the teacher left the shore,
And o'er the breakers' swell
He still could see the Grebo lad,
As rose the boat and fell,
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,
Stretched out upon the sands,
While in his breast the leopard cubs
Nestled and licked his hands.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

Mabel and Edith were sisters, and loved each other, as all sisters should. They were also beloved by all who knew them, for they had learned the secret of true happiness: they had given their hearts to the Saviour, and were trusting in him. One day, as they were looking up some of their favourite texts on prayer, Mabel asked: "Edith, what would you do if you should call upon Jesus and he did not answer you?"

"I should keep on asking," replied Edith.

"But suppose he never answered you?" said Mabel.

"Then I should trust him anyway."



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