

DO YOUR BEST.

Have you failed to-day, good heart ?

'Tis no cause for sorrow ;
Try again ; the clouds may part—
Perhaps may part to-morrow.
If you are a brave, strong man,
You will do the best you can.
Do your best, and leave the rest,
Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold ?

That's no cause for sighing ;
One bright hour doth oft unfold
Many a year's denying.
Be not weary or downcast,
"Patience holds the gate at last."
Do your best, and leave the rest,
And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man ;

Wear no gold n fether,
Do the very best you can,
And you'll soon do better.
Every day you do your best
Is a vantage for the rest.
Don't complain ; every gain
Is making your best still better.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1902.

WHAT JESUS WOULD SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear that you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?" Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companions, she replied: "Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me that it

made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor and her school bills were paid by my father, and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible, and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

PHIL'S AUTOMATIC BRAKE.

"Hullo, Phil! your coaster brake works fine!"

"Yes," answered Phil; "you see, at any time of danger it just holds you steady without you thinking of it. By the way, did you notice Brown this morning when the pitcher of the other ball team accused him of having been bribed. I thought he'd knock the fellow down, but he just made no answer. I told Uncle Will about it, and he said that it must be that Brown had a good automatic brake, and I said: 'What has that got to do with his holding his temper?' He said: 'Everything in the world. What I mean is this: A fellow does not come suddenly to such self-control as Brown showed. He begins early to be the master of himself in a hundred small ways, and then when the time of danger comes the brake acts itself, and the man is safe.'—S. S. Advocate.

WOULD YOU DARE TELL GOD THAT ?

Mary is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks, while he speaks and thinks afterwards; and very often, when too late, he is sorry for or ashamed of what he has said.

One day he came home very angry with a schoolmate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Mary about it, and the more he thought and talked of it the angrier he grew; and he began to say terribly rash, bitter, and unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said Mary knew were not true; but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said gently: "Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?"

Ralph paused as if some one had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how quickly and untruthfully he had spoken. "No, I wouldn't tell God that," he said with a red face.

"Then I wouldn't tell it to anybody," said Mary.

"O, that's all right for you to say," said Ralph, "but if you had such a temper as I've got—"

"I'd try to get control of it," said Mary gently. "When it's likely to get the upper hand of you just stop long enough

to think, 'Would I dare tell God that?' and it won't be long before you break yourself of saying such terrible things."—*Young People's Paper.*

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Tired I am; I'll go to rest,
Safe folded in my little nest.
Heavenly Father, may thine eye
Above my bed watch ever nigh.

Forgive the wrong this day I've done,
For Jesus' sake, thine own dear Son;
And may his blood, once shed for me,
From all that's sinful make me free.

Bless parents, brothers, sisters dear;
Bless all I love, both far and near;
Bless all thy children, great and small,
I pray thee, Father of us all.

TWO BRASS KETTLES.

Many years ago the Indians were not friendly with the white people, so that the white children feared them very much.

One day a little boy and a little girl were all alone in the house, their father and mother had gone to church. They played happily about until it was nearly noon, when presently, looking out of the window, they saw an Indian coming. They were very much frightened, and wondered where to hide. It was no use running out of the house, for no one else lived near them.

Suddenly the boy had a bright idea. Upside down, beside the open fireplace, stood two huge, shining brass kettles.

"Quick, let's get under the kettles," said the boy, and when the Indian came to the window he could not see the little boy and girl at all—he saw only the kettles.

But the children heard him pull the window roughly open, and they were so much afraid that they began to cry, and they stirred, so that the kettles moved a little.

Now, the Indian was astonished to see the kettles move, and when he heard the queer noise—for the sound of the children's voices was smothered in the kettles—he thought the kettles must be bewitched, and he was afraid and ran away.

REMARKABLE ANTS.

Bees and ants may be called civilized animals. They live in cities, and understand the value of co-operation. Indeed, they could give men some valuable lessons upon one of the oldest, the best known, and the truest of human proverbs: "In union there is strength."

Ants show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the

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