

that it will be hurtful to us. Trust, then, and with greater reason, His love and His wisdom, when you cannot understand the motive of his dealings with you.

We often ask for things which, if they were granted, would prove to us what the swing was to the little boy; and our disobedience is sure to produce only bitter fruits.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

NOT ABOVE IT.

"Where is Bob? I thought he was going," asked one boy of the other, as they went towards the water.

"Bob is washing his mother's dishes," said the other boy. "Bob is nothing but a kitchen-girl half the time. I would—" but I dare not write what Augustus said he would do if he were in Bob's place.

Pretty soon Bob's steps were heard behind them. "Not going without me, are you? he cried in a gay tone."

"I thought you kept by washing dishes," said Augustus, "It seems to me pretty mean business your mother puts you to. I did not know it was boys' work to do such things."

"It is boys' work to do anything to help at home," cried Bob, with an angry flush upon his cheek; "and if I can help mother by washing up her dishes, I am glad and thankful to do it. One good turn deserves another; and when I think of all she does for us, I like to lend a helping hand to do for her."

"But washing dishes!" said Augustus scornfully.

"Cleaning up is not the worst business in the world," cried Bob, good-naturedly. "I know plenty of worse things."

"You've got the right of it," said Tom. "I only wish I had a mother to wait on."

Yes, Bob is in the right of it. A boy who trains himself, or who is trained to notice things about home,

and bear a hand in little matters which need help here, or need help there, is growing up to be something more than a selfish, noisy, whistling, teasing member of the household, who expects to be waited on from morning till night. Active sympathy with one another's burdens makes household burdens all the lighter. And Bob, I am sure, will make a husband whose wife can never complain of a want of interest in things at home.

"THEN YOU HAVE A FATHER."

Rev. Dr. John King once went to visit the children in an orphan asylum. The children were seated in a school-room, and Dr. King stood on a platform before them.

"So this is an orphan asylum," said he. "I suppose that many of you children would tell that you have no father or mother, were I to ask you."

"Yes sir; yes sir;" said some little voices.

"How many of you say you have no father?" Hold up your hands.

A forest of hands were put up.

"So you say you have no father?"

"Yes sir; yes sir."

"Now," said Dr. King, "do you ever say the Lord's prayer? Let me hear you?"

The children began: "Our Father who art in heaven—"

"Stop children," said Dr. King; "did you begin right?"

The children began again: "Our Father, who art in heaven—"

"Stop again, children," said Dr. King. "What did you say? Our Father? Then you have a Father; a good, rich Father. I want to tell you about Him. He owns all the gold in California; He owns all the world; He can give you as much of anything as He sees is best for you. Now, children, never forget that you have a Father. Go to him for all you