

those baskets again I was looking at yesterday.'

"Oh, yes, Henry, I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I can't spare you to-day, Henry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me; you shall go to the store another time."

"All right," responded the child.

"No matter what request was made of Henry, what wish of his was refused, what disappointment or task it was necessary to impose upon him, his uniform answer was, 'All right.' Not a word of expostulation or teasing was uttered; no 'Why can't I,' or 'Must I,' or 'Do let me,' or 'I don't want to,' was ever heard from his lips. His aunt thought he was a model for all boys.

"This is obedience that is worth something," said she, 'prompt, cheerful, uniform, and unquestioning.'

"Pity all boys and girls were not like Henry.' What a comfort they would be to their parents,—ay, and to themselves too. What a deal of vexation, trouble and sorrow they might save."

A WISE RESOLUTION.

We were left orphans at an early age. There were eight of us, young, unexperienced girls. My eldest sister, but nineteen years of age, was left with the entire charge of the family. Well do I remember many trials we passed through, but One who hath said, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." *He* cared for us, and wonderfully preserved us.

One resolution we made among ourselves I have never forgotten. We always attended church, and sometimes, after we returned, would discuss the dress and appearance of persons we had seen there. One Sabbath we all sat together in the parlour, and some persons who sat before us in church were brought up and spoken of rather freely among us. I noticed one of the sisters did not join in the criticism, and soon she said, very seriously:

"Let us make an agreement that we will not allow ourselves to speak on the subject of a neighbour's dress or appearance on the Sabbath; it will save much idle speaking; whatever we have to say

on that subject let us reserve until some week-day, and then, perhaps by that time, we shall not wish to speak of it at all."

We all felt the prudence and excellence of her suggestion, and all agreed to make the resolution; and from that time forward, I do not remember that we indulged in any idle conversation on the Sabbath day.

Occasionally one of the younger ones would say, "Did you see such a lady's bonnet?" or, "such a person was in black to-day;" but she would be gently chid by one of the others.

"Sister, you forget it is the Sabbath."

It was many years since; the sister band is broken up, and most are married and far away from the old house; but even now I try to keep that resolution, and I never hear any trifling subject brought up for conversation that day, but I think, "You forget it is the Sabbath."

Was it not a wise resolution? Should we not add much to the reverence of the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," if we refrain alike from labour, and *all* that might take from a holy regard of its sacred privileges.

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.

Two boys, John and Willie, were employed by the squire to keep his paths weeded. John contented himself with taking off the top of the weeds, so that soon his path was cleared, and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Willie was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home. But the rain came down in the night, and when the boys' master went to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as ever, while Willie's was clear, and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it perfectly neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly, and very tired he would have been had not Willie good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only *thorough* work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them.