



THE CHINESE BOY.

THIS little boy lives in China, a country that is far away—on the other side of the world. He does not look much like the little boys that we see here in America—does he? Though I think it is mostly his dress that makes him look so different. I suppose one of our little boys would look just as odd to them as this little boy does to us. God loves the little Chinese boys as well as he does us, and he is pleased when we send the story of the love of Jesus to them; for they do not all of them know about the wonderful love of Jesus and how he died to save us. Should we not gladly aid his cause?

FULL OF THE BIBLE.

A BOY went to Sunday-school regularly, and had many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. So a wicked man in a pleasant manner invited him to drink with him.

"I thank you, sir, but I never drink liquor," the boy answered.

"It will not hurt you."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And the boy added, "I think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow, I like you. You are not a child; you are fit to be the companion of a gentleman. It will give me great pleasure if you will drink wine with me."

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

PALM BEARERS.

WHEN Christ, as King, descended
The slopes of Olivet,
The gladdest of all visions
His sacred gaze that met
Were throngs of Jewish children,
That came in singing bands
And pressed about him, bearing
Palm-branches in their hands.

'Out of the mouths of children
Thou perfectest thy praise,"
He said, as their hosannas
Rang o'er the crowded ways.
"Out of the mouths of children,"
The same dear lips may say—
These hosts of happy children
Who meet him here to-day.

We come with songs of triumph,
No doubtful Christ to own;
The Galilean Prophet
Is King upon the throne.
With greater gladness bearing
Our palms than those he met,
That day when he descended
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour! may we children
Strive on, till life shall cease,
To send to all the nations
The palm-branch of thy peace.
And own our service, saying,
As in Judean days,
"Out of the mouths of children
God perfecteth his praise."

THE BRIDLE.

"DON'T go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favourite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we were all teamsters or horse jockeys? No such thing. If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David; and who can do better than follow his example?

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "Poor fellow!" he would say, "he's left off his bridle." The appetite needs a reining. Let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorders. Be sure to keep a bridle on your appetite; don't let it be master. And don't neglect to have one for your passions. They go mad if they get

unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight, don't let it slip, hold it steady. Never go without your bridle.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant—the *bridle of self-government*. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behaviour what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers. They must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practise it with steady and resolute will. It is the fountain of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.

PRAISE THE BOY.

IT often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty, in spite of his temptations to do differently, he deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a half years old recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you mustn't do that," said his father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely: "All right, papa, I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to do something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry: "Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?'"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty, even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is every one's due. Even our Lord himself has promised to say "Well done" to every loved one of his who does well.—*S. S. Times*.

THERE was a great parade of soldiers, and little Mary went to the door with her pet dog, Gyp, to see the procession move by. Gyp was saucy, and began to bark. Mary ran up stairs to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, come down stairs, I'm afraid Gyp will bite the army!"