

ONLY A GRAIN OF SAND.

A man who for years carried an old and cherished watch about him, one day called on its maker and told him it was no longer useful, for it would no longer keep time correctly.

"Let me examine it," said the maker, and taking a powerful glass, he looked carefully and steadily into the works, till he spied one grain of sand.

"I have it," he said; "I can get over your difficulty."

About this moment, by some powerful but unseen power, the little grain suspecting what was coming, cried out;

"Let me alone; I am but a little thing and take up so little room, I can not possibly injure the watch. Twenty or thirty of us might do harm; but I can not, so let me alone."

The watch maker replied: "You must come out, for you spoil my works, and all the more because so small, and but few people can see you."

Thus it is in the home. One cross feeling, one hasty word, one angry look, may mar and hinder the running of the perfect machinery. We may go alone, and with God set again the time-piece, but if we do not trust in his keeping power, how soon the old enemy is on hand to thrust in again the little grain which will impair the works and hinder the wheels, and present a false face to all who are around! Let us, then, look to our Saviour as one who is able to "keep us from falling," and trust him as the God who will deliver from the temptation, and keep the home-watch running perfectly.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalese girl, shows what children in these far off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out in crying.

But another child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my devotions; I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he seized her by the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind, adding: "I can not believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

MELANCHOLY.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of plums on the mantelpiece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—*Sydney Smith.*

THE MASTER ALWAYS IN.

"Johnnie," said a man winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously and said: "My Master is always in."