



BACK TO SCHOOL

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A JOLLY little army—

I seem to hear their feet,
Patter, patter, tread, tread,
Beat, beat, beat!

Here they come, there they come,
From happy hour of play—
Down hill, across dale,
"Back to school!" they say.

A jolly little army—

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
From the seaside cottage,
From the mountain camp;
From the dear old homestead,
Hidden far away—

Down hill, across dale,
"Back to school!" they say.

A jolly little army,

Many thousand strong,
Wild roses on their cheeks,
On their lips a song;
Coming back to school again,
Bright with rest and play—
Down hill, across dale,
"Back to school!" they say.

CHARACTER GROWS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat-of-mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years of age gets up in the morning, works, plays, and studies, and we will tell

you just what sort of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

GOOD NEWS.

THE conversation that follows between a mother and child gives the very heart of the Gospel. "Jesus came to seek and to save the lost," and the people who are good enough already, do not need him—of course not! This idea that, before Jesus will have anything to do with us we must do something to win him over to our side, is a mistake from beginning to end:

"How am I to be saved, mother?" said a little boy.

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son."

"But have I nothing to do?" said the boy. "I thought I must do something; for I was once told that I must be good or else God would have nothing to do with me."

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed, and you are saved by knowing that all is done."

"But I am not good," said the boy; "will God have nothing to do with me unless I am good?"

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"Well, that is good news," said the little fellow. "Oh, how cruel to tell me that God would have nothing to do with me unless I was good."

"Yes it was, You can't be good till you have come and given your badness to Jesus."

SLUMBER SONG.

BY E. ALICE KINNEY.

Run, little brooks, from the uplands brown
Run, run to the sea!
Fly, little birds, when the sun goes down,
Back to the greenwood tree!

Beat little waves, on the rocky shore,
Sing on the pebbly beach!
And teach us the sweet truths o'er and o'er
That you always used to teach.

Crowd, little birdies, 'neath mother's wings,
The night is dark and cold;
Hide, white moon, from all earthly things,
The month is growing old.

Nestle closer, O, baby head,
To the tender, snow-white breast!
Soundly sleep on the downy bed,
Sleep, sleep and rest.

For the years come and the years go,
Hearts of youth grow cold;
The roses bloom, but soon the snow—
The world grows old.

WHAT TIDDIE DAY SAID.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl went one day up to her father's friend, whom she dearly loved, and said, "Mr. Hastings has you dot a new heart?"

He was compelled to answer, "No, Tiddie, I am afraid not."

"Well," continued she, "didn't you know that you tan't go up to the dood heaven and see Dod?"

Mr. Hastings, although an unbeliever in the Bible could not resist the little pleader, and Tid's simple question was the means of bringing him to Jesus. Here was a case in which strength came from the lips of a babe.

THE BROKEN ARM.

ALAS for poor Edwin! He has a broken arm. I will tell you how it happened. He is fond of climbing up on fences, and walking on the top rails. His mamma has often told him he must not do it, or he would fall. Edwin thought he knew better than his mamma. But one day he fell down on the hard pavement, and now he has a broken arm. I hope he will obey his mother after this.