

THE YEARS PASS ON.

WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do—
I'll be great and good and noble and true,
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian and give up the joys
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys.
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares, and doubts, and fears,
"I've been putting off the time to be good
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
And I'm an old woman now."
And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright:
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on

WHY CHARLEY LOST THE PLACE.

WHISTLING a merry tune, Charley came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good-fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt about his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and, like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the

umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on towards the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with a switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenseless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

As Charley turned away crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.

"MOTHER, I wish you'd call baby in; he's so cross we can't play," cried Robert to his mother one day, as he was playing in the yard with his sister and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mother, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of our head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mother. Robbie did, and baby began to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, angrily, giving baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did; and the baby hugged and kissed him back very warmly.

"Now you see," said his mother, "you can have a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just which you choose. But you must teach him yourself." Robbie and all little girls and boys ought to remember the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."