



GOOD FRIENDS.

A GENTLEMANLY BOY.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve;
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the name,
"A gentlemanly boy."

A bright little girl, upon being asked what sort of a spirit that of the Pharisee was, replied: "It was doing a good thing, and then feeling big over it."

GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY L. PENNEY.

Grandma Barton had an early caller. She had scarcely finished her breakfast one morning when in walked Jennie with her hands full of flowers, which she gave to the old lady with a loving kiss. It was grandma's birthday. The old lady loves flowers and pretty things, so why should she not have them as well as young people? Jennie wanted to be the first one to wish her much joy, and "many happy returns of the day." Before she left, her cousin Bessie came with a pretty handkerchief for a birthday gift, and her sister Lucy brought a box of candy.

These gifts pleased the old lady, and the tears would come to her eyes, in spite of the efforts to keep them away. The children love to hear her tell stories and relate what she did when she was a girl. That morning she described the dresses and hats she used to wear, and they said she must have looked "very queer." "No, indeed," said the old lady, "I looked just as nice in those days as you do now, because it was the custom to dress that way. In one hundred years from now your style of dress will seem just as odd to the people who live then as my dresses of seventy years ago seem odd to you."

She spoke of other customs that to the

children seemed very wrong indeed. She said, "Things have changed for the better in some ways, and I am very glad. When I was young the minister always expected to be treated to a glass of whisky punch or wine whenever he called on his people. Whenever there was a death, the friends who called or went to the funeral service were always asked to have some whisky or wine. It was the custom to have a bountiful supply ready for the friends. My mother always had cherry-bounce in the house. She used to make it herself, and always gave it to her guests when she had company. I took some on the sly once and mother gave me a severe whipping."

"I think you deserved it," said Bessie.

"Yes, I think I did. Whisky punch and such drinks are dangerous things to have around where there are children, and I am glad things are different in these days."

"So am I," said Lucy. "We are temperance at our house."

JIMMY'S CHILD.

Lucy Roome was taken up for vagrancy in the great city. The austere judge said "Who claims that child?"

A little boy stepped forward and said, "I do, sir."

"What is your name?" said the judge.

The boy said, "I am her brother."

"Officer, take the girl."

"Oh, judge, do not take her from me; she is all that I have to love in the world!"

"If you will get some good man to be your security you can have her, but I cannot give her to you," said the judge.

The honest little fellow, with tear in his eyes, walked up close to his poor sister, and said:

"Sir, I have no one to give. I did take care of her till the man I worked for died, and while I was looking up a place she begged some bread and they took her up; but now I have a good place, where I get three dollars a week, and I will put her to school. I have no security, but I do not lie, nor swear, nor drink, and I work hard. Judge, will you please let me kiss her before you take her from me?"

The judge wept, and said, "Take her, my boy; I will be your security."

Hand in hand they left the court-room, Jimmy Roome to make a successful and useful man, and his sister to be a most excellent lady.

THE VERDICT OF A LITTLE LADY.

Little Lillie D., just four years old, was looking out of the front window one day, and hearing some of the company around her mark on the handsome appearance of some passing person, gave her opinion in this wise: "I sinks any gemman wid a cigar in his mouth always looks ugly!"