

He recognized that the only safety Emile would have from evil on the one side, and the true good, from which he labored to keep him, on the other, was "no habit."

But we all know this is not possible. A large party of us went through Luray Cavern and saw those wonderful stalactites, formed drop by drop, slowly, imperceptibly, yet surely, by the water percolating through the rocks. Drop by drop, slowly, gradually, but surely, the habits of our boys and girls are forming, whether we will or no. It is ours to see whether they crystallize clear and sparkling, growing upward higher and ever higher, or muddy, tending downward day by day.

Let us see to it then that we help them at this critical period of nine or ten to form habits of daily Bible-reading, which could not be done earlier because they could not read; habits of church attendance, for which they were not previously free agents; habits of systematic benevolence, for which their increased knowledge and wider outlook have now prepared them.

HELPING SOMEBODY

A TRUE STORY

"I want to help somebody, dreadfully," said Martha.

"Well, my little girl helps her mother."

"But somebody outside the house."

"What a rock of a head, mem, she has," said Irish Katy, "always a-thinkin' so hard about others."

The afternoon was very stormy, and the snow lay thick on the ground.

"You and Jack can bundle all up warm, go to the store, and buy me a yeast-cake," said their mother.

"Perhaps our chance will come while we're out," Martha said to Jack, as they trudged along, a large umbrella over them.

They were returning from the store when through the storm Martha saw a young lady get off the train at the station.

"How tired she looks!"

"She's goin' our way," said Jack, excitedly.

"Let's let her take our 'brella," suggested Martha. That was why Miss Barnes, the City Missionary, suddenly felt a covering

over her head, and upon looking down saw two radiant children, too bashful to speak, but so happy from their act of kindness.

"Why children, what does this mean?" her face brightening. "Did you think I would like some of your umbrella? That is just lovely of you!"

"She's a Mish'nary," Jack whispered to his sister. "She's got the gray bonnet!"

"Oh," broke in Martha, "are you a really and truly Mish'nary? Then you can tell me!"

"What is it you want to know, little one?" Miss Barnes looked down into the earnest little face.

"I've been trying all the week to help somebody,—outside our home, you know. Our Sunday School teacher has formed a club. She calls it her Sunshine Club. We promise to make sunshine in the home, and do one thing every week to help the outside world."

"Dear child, you have helped some one already,"—the young lady's eyes were full of tears,—"by your little act of sharing your umbrella with one who is coming home tired, to-night, from work. You children's dear faces will long be remembered by me, and will encourage me to work harder."

She paused at the gate of her home, and looking into the eager faces, said:

"If you want to make sunshine out in the world, do not look for great things, but do the little things like this; you will gladden many hearts and become great blessings to the world."

"Wasn't she lovely?" said Martha as they went home. "How her face did shine! and how lovely her smile was!"

But the little girl did not dream that the smile was the result of her act of kindness.

Oh, children! let us bring sunshine by smiles and little deeds of kindness.—The Mayflower.

BERRIES, NOT BRIERS

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him, "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you