



ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

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BACK in Old Testament times, when wicked Ahab was king of Israel, God determined to punish the people for their wickedness by sending a long drought upon them. He sent Elijah, the good prophet, to tell Ahab what he was going to do, and then told Elijah to go and hide himself by the brook Cherith, which runs into the river Jordan through a deep, narrow valley where nobody would be likely ever to come. Here Elijah stayed until the brook dried up (for the drought lasted three years and six months), and God sent ravens to carry him bread and meat every morning and evening. From there God sent him to Sarepta to stay at the house of a poor widow, whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil never gave out as long as the drought lasted. God takes care of his children.

THE TOW.

THE Hudson river is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. On each side the hills rise in great beauty. Birds may be seen poised in the air or gracefully moving from place to place. On the surface of the water are vessels of all sorts. There is a schooner, and a little beyond there are several sloops. What is that in the middle of the river? It is a tow. Many boats are held together by ropes. These ropes are fastened to a steamboat, and as the steamboat moves they move; where it goes they go, now in the stream, now close to the shore.

I have seen boys and girls who were towed about in very much the same way as these boats. They had not the courage to follow the voice of conscience, but were moved along by some evil boy. "Don't go to church," this evil boy would say, "I know where we can find some birds' nests."

and half a dozen boys would follow him just as these boats follow the steamboat. Another time he would lead the boys to stay away from school, or to be unkind to a playmate. They would be towed about by him.

Do not do evil to please another. Ask, Is it right? Will it please God? Then follow the voice of conscience.

A PLEASING GAME.

It is called "Observation." One of the ladies came into the room with a good-sized tray, which she placed in the middle of a large round table. On the tray was a collection of objects hidden by a napkin. We knew that something was under the napkin, because it was pushed up into little hillocks and depressed into little valleys. We all sat around, each one armed with a pencil and sheet of paper. At a given signal the lady removed the napkin and exposed the contents of the tray to view while she counted ten. Then she hid the tray again with a napkin. While she counted ten we were all struggling to get into our minds what was on the tray, and when the napkin was replaced we wrote down on paper what we had observed. These fifteen objects were on the tray: a toy fan, a cracker, a ball of floss, a pair of scissors, a button-hook, a little bottle of brown stuff (smelling salts we learned afterward) with a red cork, a Japanese lamp-mat, a marshmallow, a nail brush, a glass vinaigrette with tea-leaves in it, a Japanese box, a penwiper, a ball of brown worsted, a thimble, a little match safe. Some of us only caught two or three of the objects, and the winner managed to observe only the first seven. "Observation" is not only amusing, but it is good training for the eye. Robert Houdin, the famous magician, trained his son in some such way as this, so that he could pass rapidly

through a room and afterward accurately describe the furniture, pictures, and bric-a-brac which it contained.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE TERRIER.

A LARGE Newfoundland dog, standing at the corner of a street, attracted the attention of a tiny terrier, which made bold to run up to him and bark; and a little fat pug, passing that way, joined in the chorus. But the noble Newfoundland held up its head, and never condescended to notice the impertinent little things, so that before long they grew tired and walked quietly away.

It will be impossible for boys and girls to go through life without some little dogs barking at them, some little annoyances meeting them, now and then, in the high-ways and by-ways of the world. But the best plan is to take no notice of them, and they will soon pass away.

If we are to fight every little dog that lifts its voice against us, we shall have much precious time taken up, that could be turned to better account. Cultivate a noble spirit, and if you are to fight at all, "Fight the good fight of faith."

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A SWEET and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instrument, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour! and he will hear every child that calls on his name. Every pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I mert two!"