

Winds o'er me blow,
And cool the air where'er they go.
Though wide I roam,
I have my home,
And o'er its bounds I cannot come;
And I obey
God's voice alway,
And where he tells me there I stay."

Samuel laughed.
"I guess you made that all up, father, so I shan't run away any more."
He had a bad habit of running away.
He did not mind his father as he ought to have done and as the seas obey God;

WHICH IS WORSE.

A little girl came in her night-clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying:

"Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back less you've eaten it; and if you have eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."

IN THE DARK.

Many illustrations of faith have been given, but none seems to us better than that given, not long ago, in a prayer-meeting.

A father said that his little girl, who was much afraid of the dark, slept at night in a crib beside his bed. Often had he been awakened during the night by a little voice saying "Papa, it's dark! It's dark, Papa! Take hold Nellie's hand." And when in answer, he had taken hold of the lifted hand, she sank quietly to sleep, all her fears being taken away.

The remembrance of the pleading voice had often helped him to remember in the midst of troubles and distress that he, too, had a Father to whom he could lift his hand and say "Father, it is dark! Take my hand." And is He not "nigh unto all them that call upon Him?"

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy who was sitting at a window,

and looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes."

"Why should I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him a part of the time."

"No he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are. They were going along a road, talking in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world."

"And I wish I had all the cattle in the world" said the other. "What would you do then?" asked his friend. "Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply. "Yes, I would." "But I wouldn't let you. You shouldn't do it." "I should." "You shan't." "I will." And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were.

The children laughed, but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin."

BOYS SHOULD LET IT SEVERELY ALONE.

Dr. G. Decaisne has made some interesting experiments with a view of determining the effect of tobacco upon the organs and systems of boys. He had in his charge thirty-eight youths from nine to fifteen years of age, who were addicted to smoking, and has made known some interesting results concerning his observations. The extent to which tobacco was used varied; and the effects were, of course, unequal; but were very decided in twenty-seven cases. With twenty-two of the boys there was disturbance of the circulation, palpitation of the heart, imperfect digestion, sluggishness of intellect, and to some extent a craving for alcoholic stimulants. Twelve patients suffered from bleeding of the nose; ten had constant nightmare; four had ulcerated mouths; and one became a victim of consumption. The symptoms were most marked in the youngest children, but among those of equal age the best fed were least affected. Eleven boys stopped smoking and were cured within a year.