

THE RESTLESS BOY AT CHURCH.

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide-awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some old hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair,
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still each naughty trick flies
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes?
Yes. His finger he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head,
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes.
That I'm bound to confess;
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise—
He surely wants them in church!

Such children, you know,
Long, long years ago
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though disciples were bored,
So we'll still keep them near him in church.

SIMPLE PIETY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY C. R. T.

A Jewish physician in Kischinew, in Southern Russia, during the summer of 1869, was treating a poor Protestant widow. Her sufferings were intense, but the patience and resignation with which she bore them filled the physician with wonder and amazement. As she plainly grew worse, she asked one day, "Doctor how long will this continue, before the end comes?" The physician told her that she had but a few more hours to live. At the words her countenance brightened, as if at the prospect of a joyous feast. The doctor wondered. She said, "My dear doctor, you have been so kind to me that I would like to leave you a small token of gratitude. You are a Jew, you are also

a sinner. You cannot be happy without the sinner's Saviour. O seek him—look for him in this book," and as she spoke, she gave him her Bible. The doctor took the worn volume home, and laid it aside.

The next morning, as he was going his round of professional visits, he called to see the dying woman, and on reaching her door, was stopped outside by the sound of singing within. The foster daughter of the old lady was softly singing, and as the words fell on the physician's ear, they likewise penetrated his heart deeply. He became convinced of his sins, scales fell, as it were, from his eyes. He repeated to himself the words—"You are also a poor sinner; only the Saviour of sinners can save your soul."

Two months afterwards the physician himself lay dying. In the middle of the night he sent for a Protestant clergyman, to whom he expressed his wish to be baptized. Knowing the events of the physician's life, the minister readily granted his request. On the following day, the pardoned sinner fell asleep, peacefully and calmly, and his last words were, "Only the Saviour of sinners can save your soul."

SOLDIER AND THISTLE.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterwards.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie thoughtfully.—*Sel.*

"GOOD ENOUGH" BOYS.

"I MADE a bob sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously. "I do everything just according to the book, but somehow nothing comes out right."

George smiled as he answered quietly, "I can account for it easily, because I saw you make both the sled and the telephone, and you did not make them according to directions."

"What do you mean?" demanded Fred, flushing up. "Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness," replied George, gravely. "Now don't get angry, Fred, and I will tell you what I noticed. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I know that," admitted Fred; "but I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob, and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled."

"And I broke it up," exclaimed Fred, crossly. "It was no good."

"It was a 'good enough' sled," said George, with a smile. "Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed some and made mistakes in others, and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means not good at all."

Fred turred angrily away from his friend, but he knew he was right.

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.

"Good enough" boys rarely attain more than subordinate positions, and if by any chance they get into a position of trust, they can not keep it. It is the thorough boy, the careful boy, the exact boy, who makes his mark in the world.