

that may be a whole year), unless some good little boy or girl helps to get it off for him.

Now, we can learn a little lesson from this. It is better to stay at home and do what mother and father say, for if you steal away you may get into trouble, and then you will feel so unhappy. Yes, even if they don't scold you but only laugh at you, you will feel unhappy, and perhaps you will get into some kind of trouble that will stick to you for a long time. It is not easy, sometimes, to wipe out the effects of a sin. Make up your mind, then, to obey what is said to you at home, and be satisfied with all that is provided for you there, and try to be a credit and not "a disgrace to the family."

PUTTING HEART IN IT.



HE customer was a prudent matron from the country, careful in her shopping.

"It is a pretty piece of goods," she said, "and just the colour I want; but I am afraid it will not wash."

One of the shop girls behind the counter bowed indifference and turned away. The other said, eagerly, "Are you going to another part of the store, madam? For it is my lunch hour, and I will take a sample to the basement, and wash and dry it for you before you come back."

The colour of the fabric proved to be fast, and the customer bought it and asked the name of the obliging shop-girl. A year afterward she was again in the same store, and on inquiry learned that the girl was at the head of the department.

"She put as much life into her work as ten other women," said the manager.

One of the most prominent business men of New York said once, "I have always kept a close watch on my employees, and availed myself of any hint which would show me which of them possessed the qualities requisite for success for themselves and usefulness to me."

"One day, when I was passing the window of the counting-room, I observed that the moment the clock struck six all of the clerks, with but one exception, laid down their pens, though in the middle of a sentence, and took up their hats. One man alone continued writing. The others soon passed out of the door."

"'Petit,' said one, 'has waited to finish his paper as usual.'"

"'Yes. I called to him to come on, but he said that if this was his own business he would finish the paper before he stopped work.'"

"'The more fool he! I would not work for a company as for myself.'"

"The men caught sight of me and stopped talking, but after that I kept my eye on Pettit, who worked after hours on my business 'because he would have done it on his own,' and he is now my junior partner."

"GOD KNOWS."

On a wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down;
But just outside of the harbour bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds they howled and sea it roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mother's breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live on the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand:
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from steep to steep.
"Give up the dead, O, cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space:
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only a little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept:
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carved words—"God knows!"

KINDNESS REWARDED.

FROM "THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY."



SOME time ago a poor old widow woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passes through a wild district of Western Virginia, in which are very few inhabitants. She had an only daughter. They lived in a log hut near a very deep gorge, which was crossed by the railway bridge. The widow and her daughter managed to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs. In the summer season they gathered berries, and, with other little articles, carried them to market. But it was a long and weary walk to the town where she sold these articles. The railway passed by her cabin to this town; but she could not afford to ride, and so trudged contentedly along on foot. The guard of the train came to know this good old woman. He was a kind-hearted man. He had learned the lesson of gentleness, and loved to practise it whenever he