

A SECRET.

Shall I be like grandma when I'm old?

Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet
No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold
With a little white edging upon it?
Shall I sit in an easy-chair all the day long
With a great ball of wool and a stocking?

Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,
And dirt and disorder quite shocking?

Shall I wear a white cap, full of dear little bows,
And a row of white curls on my forehead?

Shall I keep my face clean and take care of my clothes,
And never be snappish and horrid?

Then grandma laughed just as hard as could be,

And her little white curls went bobbing.
"Was any one ever so naughty as you?
I'm sure that I know of one other."
"Who was it?" I asked. "Oh, please tell me, do."

She whispered, "Your own grandmother."

Now, isn't it strange? But, of course, it is true.

I can tell you just one thing about it—
She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do,
And we'd only be silly to doubt it.

But of course I feel certain you never will tell,

For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
To have people know, who all love her so well,

That grandma was ever like me.

than to rebuild the walls of the ancient city!

For you must know that all these years the walls had been in ruins, nor had any permission been given to rebuild them.

Their homes and their houses of worship they might have, but to fortify Jerusalem and thus make it possible to shut out all enemies and rebels against their Master—ah, that was quite another thing.

The returned Israelites had indeed attempted to rebuild the wall, as soon as the temple was finished, in Zerubbabel's time; but their neighbours were hostile neighbours; and so, working and watching, watching and working, so hard pressed that day and night they did not lay off their clothes, except for washing, they finished the walls in the incredibly short space of fifty-two days!

One of their helps in working and watching I have not told you of, and yet it was the most important of all; without it both working and watching would have been vain. "Nevertheless," says Nehemiah, "we made our prayer unto our God . . . and God brought their counsel to naught." Watching, working, praying—these are the forces that are to make "Thy kingdom come."



LABOUR OF LOVE. (SEE LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER 3-10.)

Shall I think that the Bible's the nicest of books,

And remember the sermon on Sunday?
And not think how stupid the minister looks,
And wish it would only be Monday.

Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said—

I hope that you won't think me crazy;
It happened one day when they sent me to bed

For being ill-tempered and lazy.
She came and sat by me and patted my hand,

And told me, "There's no use in crying;

It's by stumbling, my pet, that we learn how to stand,

And we always grow better by trying."

"Was any one ever so wicked as me?"
I asked her between my sobbing;

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Seventy years the children of Israel were captives in far Babylon, before Cyrus, moved by the prophecies concerning himself in their Scriptures, sent them back with men and means and chartered rights to rebuild "the Temple of the Lord God of heaven in Jerusalem." Twenty years was the temple in rebuilding.

And now another seventy years had passed, and on a certain day all Jerusalem was astir and the housetops crowded with eager gazers to see the new governor, Tirshatha, as he was called, who quite dazzled them by the state in which he came with "captains of the army and horsemen."

This new governor was Nehemiah, who was cupbearer to the king of Persia, but had been granted leave of absence that he might come to Jerusalem for a great purpose. His purpose was nothing less

result was a marked improvement in health.

King Humbert's resolution was taken after he began to suffer, when it was almost too late. Boys, resolve against tobacco before you begin! If you have begun, and are very sure it is not hurting you, and if you are very sure it never will, and if you are very sure you can quit its use as easily as you can continue to use it, now is your time to stop. If your nerves are beginning to twitch, if your sleep is disturbed, if your digestion is disordered, if you have the premonitory symptoms of nicotine poison, it is high time you should quit the use of tobacco in every form—especially in that most dangerous, delusive, deadly form of cigarettes.

Think well of your home; in a very few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.

ROYAL MANLINESS.

Boys have a great notion of being "manly." They like to imitate great people. Well, here is one good example that they would do well to follow before it is too late.

King Humbert, of Italy, known for his temperance in all things (except his smoking), his one great weakness a good cigar, in this respect had abused himself until his nerves had begun to suffer. He could sleep but little, and then had to be propped up by pillows. His physicians told him what was the matter. King Humbert said, "From this day forth I will smoke nothing in the shape of tobacco." The result