

kissed his pa and ma so frantically that they began to fear the drum had made him a little crazy. Then the drum was slung round his neck, and away he marched with a rub-a-dub, dub, to every person in the house, and even to Thomas in the barn. All day long his jolly rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub, was heard; and at night, when, with wearied arms and wrists he went to bed, his drum was hung upon a chair-back close to his crib.

So it continued about three whole days. Then, will you believe it? Master Walter drove his drum-sticks through his drum-head, and told little Nelly she might have the "stupid thing," for he was tired of it, and didn't care if he never saw another drum as long as he lived!

Nelly, sweet, patient Nelly, wondered that her brother was so soon tired of his drum. She was never tired a great while of her dolly, and couldn't see why he should so soon lose his interest in his drum. But she only said "Thank you, Walter," and then, placing the broken drum on her little waggon, she put her beloved "dolly" into its broken head, and took the little dumb thing "out for an airing," as she phrased it.

Now I was a quiet spectator of Walter's treatment of his drum. I was glad to see him made happy by it, and sorry to see him lose his delight in it *so soon*. Yet I was not surprised. I knew that his conduct was very natural. Thousands of boys had done the same thing before him. Thousands will do it again. In fact, men and women are doing the same thing all the time; that is, they are almost crazy with desire to get something they have not, and almost as soon as they get it they lose their interest in it, be it clothes, diamonds, houses, horses, or honours.

Can you guess why this is so, my young friend? *You cannot?* Well, I will tell you. Boys and girls have souls which are capable of enjoying greater and better things than drums, dolls, or playthings of any kind. They can think great thoughts. They can study the wonderful works of the God who made them. They can *talk with God*. They can

love God. They can ENJOY GOD. Now when they give their first and best love to playthings they are not satisfied long, because they need something higher and better to love. It is just so with men and women. They soon find that fine clothes, big houses, jewellery, amusements, in short, everything they own, soon becomes to them like Walter's drum. They get tired of them, and wish for something higher and better.

Now, my children, drums, tops, balls, dolls, and other playthings are all very well in their places. You do right to enjoy them; but to be truly happy you must serve God, and love His Son Jesus Christ. Then you will enjoy all things!

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

OFTEN hear you speak of heaven
Where angels dwell in love,
And when I ask you where it is,
You always point above.

I think it must be pleasant there,
Beyond the clouds and sky,
You say it's far above them all—
It must be very high.

They have no night nor storms up there,
I think I've heard you say,
For God gives light to all around;
And makes perpetual day.

You say its streets are paved with gold,
Its gates are made of pearl;
I think it must be lovely there,
Much brighter than the world.

When I have looked to find the heavens
Far up into the skies,
You say, "You cannot see it, child;
It is where God resides."

I know I've often heard you say
That God is everywhere;
If heaven is, then, where God resides,
It should be everywhere.

Then why is heaven so far away,
For God, you say, is nigh?
I think it might be here on earth,
As well as in the sky.

If we were good as angels are,
And lived as angels do,
Would we be happy all the while,
And this be heaven too?