

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have
Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you're fed.

They take up your dolly
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps,
And haul at her sled;
Are in summer quite white,
And in winter quite red.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants
So trusty and true,
Pray, who would be lazy
Or idle—would you?

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

PRACTICING.

CHARLIE GOULD sat by the window in a brown study. His head rested upon his hand; his eyes were cast upon the floor; his whole attitude indicated deep thought. He sat there for some time, when he arose, hastily exclaiming, "I'll do it!" Going out into the shed he picked up a new ball which lay there, and putting it in his pocket, went out on the street. After going quite a distance, he halted before the home of Richard Graham. It was a tumble-down affair—a home of poverty and drunkenness. Summoning up courage, he walked up to the door and knocked. After a moment's waiting, Richard himself came to the door.

"I've brought you my new ball, Dick—I heard you wishing for one yesterday; and here is a good bat you may have."

"Why, Charlie, how can you give them to me, after I treated you so badly?" said Richard, blushing and looking very much ashamed.

"O! never mind, Dick; we'll forget all about that." And hurriedly bidding him good-by, he started for home.

The next morning when Charlie and

Dick met in the school-yard, a few moments before the bell rung, Dick stopped up to Charlie and said, "I'm sorry I spilled ink all over your books yesterday. It was real mean of me, but I was mad because you got above me in the spelling class; and as I knew you were very neat and particular about your books, I could think of no better way of taking revenge. Will you forgive me? I'm very sorry I did it."

"Certainly, I will."

"How could you take pains to come down last night and make me a present of just what I wished for, after I had treated you so meanly? I have puzzled over it ever since."

"Well, I will tell you. At first I was very much provoked. I felt like being revenged, it seemed so unjust, when I had not tried, in any way, to injure you, but then I remembered about Joseph, how he forgave his brethren, and did them good, after they had sold him to be a slave. I remembered my teacher said that we were to show this forgiving spirit in our lives—not merely learn it in the lesson, but practice it, and I found this a good time to practice."

"Well, I promise you I shall remember the lesson you have taught me, and I should like to become a member of your school and of your class."—*Morning Guide.*

THE WISE SQUIRREL.

As Lucy was taking a walk one day, she saw the prettiest little squirrel sitting upon the limb of a tree. He looked so cunning that Lucy thought, "Oh! if I could only coax him to come down so that I might take him home and keep him for a pet."

Lucy talked as cunning as she could to him. She said, "You dear little squirrel, if you will only go home with me, I will give you such a nice, warm house, and such 'lots' of nuts—walnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, whichever you like best; you shall have as many as you wish. Won't you please go with me?"

The little squirrel looked at her with his bright eyes as much as to say, "Yes, Miss Lucy, you will give me everything but what I want most, and that is my freedom. I would rather have my snug hole in this old tree than the finest house you can give me, and as for nuts, I have enough stored away in the trunk of the tree to last me all winter, and plenty of acorns, too," and with that he whisked his tail and away he went, leaving Miss Lucy to go home without him.

Do you, my reader, ever thank God for placing you in this land of freedom? Do

you thank him that you have a free gospel? Do not forget these things and do not forget those in other lands who are denied them, but pray for them; and as God has blessed you, send the means to provide them with the truth that shall make them free.

TELLING JESUS.

In Tennyson's poem of the child in the Children's Hospital, one little thing tried to tell another young sufferer about Jesus, urging her to ask him to help:

"If I," said the wise little Annie, "were you,

I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for Emmie, you see, It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come unto me.'"

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,

How should he know that's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"

Annie was puzzled, but a moment after she said:

"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—

The Lord has so much to see to; but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

Morning came, and the little thing was dead, with her "dear, long, lean little arms lying out on the counterpane."—*Sunday School Times.*

WILL'S TACTICS.

"Come, boys, stop fighting, and I'll tell you something worth knowing," exclaimed Will Graves, as he stepped between two rough-looking fellows who were glaring at each other like wild animals.

"Out of the way, Will, or I'll knock you into the middle of next week," shouted Dick, angrily.

"It's easy enough to fight," answered Will, coolly, "but you can do better than any of those generals over there in Europe, if you're a mind to."

"You get out!" growled Joe.

"Joe broke my top on purpose!" snarled Dick.

"Your top! Oh, well, I've got a brand new one at home. I'll give it to you tomorrow, if you'll sit down here under the tree a minute."

"Preach away!" cried Joe, rolling over on the grass.

Will took his Bible and read: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."