

WHAT A BOY DID.

MANY years ago when Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the famous writers, visited Ireland, a bright and intelligent boy offered to be their guide. Returning home, Mr. Hall took a flask from his pocket and offered some whiskey to the lad. As he refused, Mr. Hall to test him offered him a shilling, then half-a-crown, then a sovereign, but the boy, though his jacket was ragged, remained firm, and pulling a temperance medal from his pocket said, "For all the money your honour is worth, I would not break my pledge."

The medal had been given him by a father on his dying bed, who used to be a drunkard, but had become a sober man through the Church of England Temperance Society. Mr. Hall touched with the boy's firmness and hearing the true cause of it, determined never to tempt a boy in this way again. He threw the flask into the lake beside which they stood, and both were after devoted temperance men, working nobly for the cause, with voice and pen. The firmness of a boy to say "No" in the hour of trial brought two noble workers into the ranks.

GOOD BY DEGREES.

Do you think you can be quite good all in a minute, even though you have asked God to forgive you your sins, and to send you help to do better?

There is such a thing as growth in goodness as well as in plants; and if you want to be a really strong young tree in the garden of the Lord, you must be content to pass through many seasons, and wait for many suns and showers,

and even then not to have reached your full size.

Do you understand me? You can be a *little* good directly, for you can *try* to be good; and that is the beginning of all. But do not be disappointed if you fail, or sit down to say rebelliously, "I have tried, and I was good for a little while, but now I am naughty again, so it is of no use praying, or trying any more."

Such thoughts are sent by the wicked one to discourage you. He wants you to give up goodness altogether. He hates to see you trying ever so little.

Rather lift up your head again after a fit of naughtiness, and say, "I am still a little plant in God's garden, and though my leaves are soiled with sin and earthliness, He can wash them with his showers, and brighten them with his sun, if I only look up to him, and do not despair and sink into the earth."

"But I want to be very good, a *very* strong young tree in God's garden," says some bright, hopeful child.

Well, it is a good wish; only remember, no hurry! The best fruit takes longest to ripen; and remember you are happier than the fruit tree, in that you can help on your own growth by meekly bending your head under the showers of God's corrections, and thanking him for the sun of his love.—

Selected.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

A LITTLE girl was away from home on a week's visit. We will suppose her name was Ethel. The first night, when she was tucked up in bed and just ready to go to