



CHERRIES RIPE.

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Cherry time
Is a merry time,

says the old song, and these boys seem of the same opinion. That chap on his knees with his mouth open evidently knows what to do with the cherries that the other boy is dropping into his mouth. For my part I would rather feed myself. I suspect the big boy is a practical joker, and has been telling the other to open his mouth and shut his eyes and he'll get something to make him wise.

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT!"

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him some money.

"Now, said he, "I'll have some candy; I have been wanting some for a long, long time."

"Is that the best way you can use your money?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes? I want the candy very much." And off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along; and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his money; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy shop; then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the door and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glow on his cheek and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

ONE pure life will do more toward the conversion of the world than any number of volumes on "Evidences on Christianity."

JULY.

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dreams to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,
And the lilies tall leap over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And the poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Slumbertown is nigh;
When the grass is tall and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.
—Susan Hartly Sweet.

"PLEASE GOD, FORGIVE ME."

BERTIE and Susie, two little four-year old girls, were playing on the grass together, when Susie said something naughty. She immediately looked upward, and said, "Please God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9.

"Though I am sinful, full of guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed,
Crowned with thorns thy sacred head,
Thou, who loved and suffered so,
Ne'er wilt bid me from thee go."

HE who would love his race must first love those of his race who are nearest to him.