

EAVESDROPPING.

BY ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.

'NEATH the trees, in the summer weather,
Sit Mollie and Bess and May,
Golden and brown heads close together,
We'll listen to what they say.

Mollie is fair as a lily bell
Touched with a sunset ray;
Wonderful stories her blue eyes tell,
And the dreams of far away.

"When I am a woman grown," says she,
"I'll dress in satin and lace,
Have shining jewels, and always be
Flitting from place to place.

"I'll drive a pony with golden shoes,
And sit on a golden seat;
I'll be a fairy whenever I choose,
With the whole world at my feet."

Bonnie Bessie has laughing eyes,
And curls of nut-brown hair;
Her loving heart is true and wise,
So she thinks of her mother's care.

"I do not expect a butterfly's days,
Or to reign on a golden throne,
But I hope to be of some use," she says,
When I am a woman grown.

"So we'll love mamma, my little May,
And share each joy and sorrow;
Be happy and gay the livelong day,
And trust for a bright to-morrow."

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY
TO KEEP IT HOLY."

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

"COME on, boys, no use going to Sunday-school this lovely day. I'm in for a row on the river; won't have many nice days like this for boat rides, I can tell you," urged Tom Hinton, as he overtook three of his schoolmates, who were on their way to Sunday-school.

"Why, Tom," said Frank Sheldon, "would you do such a wicked thing as to go rowing on Sunday?"

"Yes," answered Tom, "for a fellow must have some days for his own pleasure. I work hard every hour after school, and on Saturdays, too; so I don't get any time unless I take it on Sundays; and I'm not going to be so strict as to be afraid to take a little row. Come, boys, don't be babies."

"No, sir," answered Frank; "you cannot entice me to break the Sabbath for all the boat-rowing in the world."

But John Harris and Charley Gray were slowly following Tom, though feeling, as Frank did, that it was wrong, yet not having his courage to boldly stand up for the right, and firmly say no. But Frank could not bear the thought of the boys being so wicked, and going after them he tried his best to coax them to come back with him to Sabbath-school. Charlie yielded to his earnest pleadings and returned with him, but Tom succeeded in dragging John with him to the river.

Frank and Charlie enjoyed a very pleasant hour in the Sabbath-school, then, with light, joyous hearts, started for home. Meeting Dr. Sheldon, Frank's father, he took the boys with him to see a sick scholar near the river. As they drew near the banks of the river they heard a terrible outcry, and quickly going in the direction of the sound, saw poor John in the water, trying to clutch at the boat, which was floating bottom upward. Two men were fast rowing to his rescue, and soon he was safe in the boat, though in an unconscious state. He was taken into a cottage close by, and with the doctor's aid he was soon restored.

He said the boat had sprung a leak, but though it kept fast filling with water, Tom would not row to shore, for he said if she did sink they were both good swimmers and could easily get to shore. And the boat did sink, but the moment they were in the water they were seized with cramps. John, being the strongest of the two, managed, by the aid of the boat, to keep himself above water till help came, but poor Tom sank to the bottom to rise no more.

"Oh, Frank," said John, "as Tom was sinking he screamed out, 'Keep the Sabbath.' I shall never forget the terror of those moments, and never will I again break the Sabbath, but oh, poor Tom can never make such a resolution, he is gone!"

Charlie was weeping during this recital, and as they left the cottage, he said:

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you prevented me from going with them. How awful it is! By God's help I'll never even desire to break the holy Sabbath again, for I was so tempted to go with them, and should have gone if you had not begged me to return with you."

Boys, think of the awful fate of Tom; and had Frank and Charlie also yielded to Tom's persuasions, they, too, might have been suddenly called into eternity, with Tom, to reap the Sabbath-breaker's reward. Boys, don't be cowards, but be bold to do the right. When tempted by others to do wrong, may you remember what the wise man hath said: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

HINDU FABLE OF THE BEASTS AND
THE FISHES.

THE beasts and the fishes once came to an agreement that they should exchange places for some time by way of variety. So the fish ranged over the plains, and the hawks, the kites, the vultures, and other animals made dreadful havoc with them.

Most of the beasts that got into the sea, not being able to breathe soon died in large numbers, or were devoured by the sea monsters. The others, with much difficulty, came to the shore, and met the remaining fishes who had just arrived from the interior of the country.

Said the few fishes that remained, "Oh, let us go back to our home, the sea!" and darted into the sea.

Said the few beasts that were still alive,

"Oh, let us go back to our home, the land" and jumped ashore.

A sage, who had been witnessing the scene, said, "When will you change places again?"

"Nevermore! Nevermore!" said both, in sad tones.

Said the sage, "Each doth best in his own element."

ANALOGOUS.

THE Boston Transcript reports a conversation between a little girl and her uncle, who is evidently addicted to quizzing:

"Uncle George," said Mattie, "papa says you were a private in the army. Is that that something very grand?"

"No, Mattie, not exactly grand," answered Uncle George, with beaming modesty; "not grand, but a post of great responsibility. Mr. Halford is, private secretary to President Harrison, and you know that is a position of distinction. Well, I was a private in the army. Do you see, my dear?"

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

HERE is a whole sermon on trust by a little fellow who, after suffering a keen disappointment in finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning, was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude by a very late visit of the Christmas saint. Kind friends sent the gifts, and Arty's teacher told him so.

"But," said Arty. "God must have told them to send the things to us."

"Did you ask him to, Arty?"

"Why, yes," he replied; "didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled?" reasoned his teacher.

"Yes; but I waited for him in my heart, for I thought may be his time was not as quick as ours!"

Oh, if only we could remember, when tempted to fret about delayed blessings, that our Father's time may not be "as quick as ours!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 14.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Draught of Fishes.—Luke 5. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 5. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.—Mark 1. 17.

OCTOBER 21.

LESSON TOPIC.—A Sabbath in Capernaum.—Mark 1. 21-34.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 1. 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.—Mark 1. 22.