

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,  
 And his face is as clear as the sky;  
 And whoever he meets on lanes or streets,  
 He looks him straight in the eye  
 With a fearless pride that has naught to  
 hide,  
 Though he bows like a little knight,  
 Quite debonair to a lady fair,  
 With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite, or ball,  
 Or the prettiest game can slay  
 His eager feet as he hastes to greet  
 Whatever she means to say:  
 And the teachers depend on the little friend  
 At school in his place at nine,  
 With his lessons learned and his good marks  
 earned,  
 All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,  
 This boy, who is not too big  
 For a morning kiss from mother and sis,  
 Who isn't a bit of prig,  
 But gentle and strong and the whole day  
 long,  
 As merry as boy can be;  
 A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,  
 And at present the boy for me.

—Harper's Young People.

## DID SUSIE UNDERSTAND?

A TEMPERANCE lesson was given in the Sunday-school, to which Mattie and Susie Spencer went, and at the close the teachers and scholars were invited to sign the pledge.

"The pledge," said Miss Ward, the infant-class teacher, "is a promise never to drink, or give away, or buy, or sell any intoxicating drink—not even wine, beer, or cider."

Mattie put her name down without any hesitation. She knew her father and mother would not object, and for herself she meant, "as true as anything," never to "taste or touch the poison."

Susie wanted to put her name down, too, but she couldn't write. "Please write it for me; do Mattie," she pleaded.

"May I?" Mattie asked her teacher.

"I think you may," said Miss Ward. "She wishes it so much."

But when the children came home and told what they had done, mother shook her head and said, "I'm afraid Susie didn't understand, she is so little."

"I'm 'most five," said Susie almost crying, "and I do understand."

Her mother didn't say anything more, for she didn't want to hurt little Susie's feelings. She only said to papa afterwards, "We'll teach her so she will understand,

for we want her to be a true temperance child."

The next day the little girls and mamma were in the sitting-room together, and hearing a loud noise, the children ran to the window. A carriage was passing along the road with three men in it. They were laughing and singing, and whipping up the horse at a terrible rate.

"Drunk," said Mattie. "How I do wish there never was any drinking in the whole world."

"So do I," echoed little Susie.

"Well, Susie Spencer, then you look out you never drink," said the older sister with a very important air.

"Why, Mattie Spencer! how could I?" returned Susie. "I've signed the pledge—yes, the cider pledge."

Mother did not doubt any more after hearing that little speech that her little five-year-old understood what she had done when she signed the temperance pledge, and that she meant to keep it.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

## JUST AS FOOLISH.

THERE was a ridiculous story in the paper the other day, which I should hardly think could be true. It said that a man was walking along the street not very far from the place where a great building was burning, and a big cinder fell on his hat. Another man just behind him saw it fall, and hastened to knock it off. I suppose you think the man whose hat was in danger of burning up turned around and thanked the one who took the cinder off. But no! Here is the ridiculous part of the story. He turned around angrily and spoke very severely to the man, who, he said, had no business to touch his hat. Now, I should not have been able to believe that story if I had not seen people quite as foolish. Young people upon whom a disagreeable little habit has fallen which will make them appear more absurd than a man with a burned hat, or no hat at all, will sometimes be very much vexed with one who tries by a kind word of admonition to brush the habit off. Some of you bite your fingernails, make unnecessary and offensive noises with your mouth or your nose—never mind mentioning them now—but most of you do something which is an offence to those about you. When someone speaks to you about it, are you ready with some vexed reply? or can you pleasantly say, "Thank you; I will try and improve in that direction." To be sure, the cinder may be knocked off with needless roughness, and you may find the word of rebuke not

altogether agreeable, yet you can make it so by your gracious way of receiving it, and your cheerful determination to get rid of the cinder.—*Christian Union*

## WORKING FOR JESUS.

WILLIE was a poor little boy who worked in a machine-shop. When he was four years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he commenced to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak, but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farm-house and wanted to sell the farmer a Bible. The man refused to buy, and then Willie asked permission to leave one there.

"You can't leave one in my house; you leave it at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Willie off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Willie cheerily, thank to be allowed to leave it within reach of the household, for in some places the farmer refused it outright and drove him away. "Our Saviour once lay in a manger, and that will be a very good place." So Willie carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read, went on his way.

The farmer, impressed by Willie's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Christ in the manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion, and his conversion led his family to see and find Jesus.

Was Willie wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No, it was Jesus who makes us wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always in the right way.

## CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after, one of the boys in the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me. Now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers were love, faith, and obedience. He said, "Ye love me, keep my commandments."