

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't" said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast a little frightened look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you will pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side, to get off the car, the little boy slipped quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but, no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Youth's Companion.*

#### A LITTLE LOST WORD.

**L**OST a very little word,  
Only the other day;  
A very naughty little word  
I had not meant to say.  
If only it were really lost,  
I should not mind a bit;  
I think I should deserve a prize  
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find  
Again the little word,  
So that no more from any lips  
Could it be ever heard,  
I'm sure we all of us should say  
That it was something fine  
With such completeness to have lost  
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost  
When from my lips it flew;  
My little brother picked it up,  
And now he says it, too.  
Mamma said that the worst would be  
I could not get it back;  
But the worst of it now seems to me,  
I'm always on its track.

If it were only really lost!  
O, then I should be glad.  
I let it fall so carelessly,  
The day that I got mad.  
Lose other things, you never seem  
To come upon their track;  
But lose a naughty little word,  
It's always coming back.

#### USE SALT.

**M**OTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put a little salt in." So said observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"Oh, mother, it doesn't taste a bit nice," said she, after she had tasted the bread.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterwards, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts really hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke roughly to me and hit him again. Why doesn't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you did not put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in, or else it will not taste good."—*Selected.*

WHEN Lazarus was sick they went and told Jesus. Why? Because He loved Lazarus and his sisters. Did Jesus go at once to see him? No; He stayed where He was for two whole days, and, when He did go, Lazarus was dead. The poor sisters thought Jesus might have come when they sent for Him. But He raised their brother to life again, and all was right. So, now, Jesus knows the best time and the best way to answer our prayers. Leave it with Him, and all will be well.