

At the sound of the familiar voice, there came a chirp, from where, do you suppose? Right from the boy's pocket. He had stolen the bird and put it in his pocket. Then he had told a lie in order to cover up his theft. Yet it was all in vain, for the bird itself told just as plainly as if it had been spoken in human language the wrong-doing of which that boy had been guilty.

It is an old saying but a very true one, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Let us be on the watch against that enemy of our souls, sin, and pray God that he will give us strength to resist temptation. Every time we resist temptation it makes us stronger to overcome. Every time we yield however, it makes it just so much harder to do right the next time. So let us be always on our guard.

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TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1902.

THE FLOOD.

Four little boys were talking about the flood. One, on being asked what he would have done if he had been living at the time of the flood, replied: "I would have gone into my mother's bedroom and shut the door." The second said, "I would have climbed to the top of a big tree." The third said, "I would have climbed to the top of a high mountain." The fourth said, "I would have gone to the door of the ark and said, 'Mr. Noah, please let me in.'"

The first three boys, who would have tried to save themselves, would have been lost; and the fourth boy only, who would apply for help, would have been saved. Neither young nor old can save themselves; all who want to be saved must go to Jesus.

HOW MUCH IT COST.

One two, three! Kenneth nestled uneasily. Four, five, six! He bored his tousled brown head deep into the pillows, and tried not to hear the seven.

Lazy little Kenneth! The next time the clock spoke it said "eight" imperatively, and sent him into his shoes and stockings in a panic.

Kenneth hurried bravely; but buttons didn't behave, and where could the other shoe be? Where was the hairbrush? If he'd only got up at seven!

After all, he didn't stop to eat but three muffin bites and a cookie. Then he snatched his lunch-pail from the pantry shelf and was off. Mamma was up in the berry garden, picking currants. It wouldn't do to run up after his good-bye kiss—there wasn't a minute to spare.

He was late to school, anyway, just by an unlucky minute or two, and on his way to his seat he could hear Miss Periwinkle's pencil-point, hard and rasping, tracing his poor little black mark.

Well, it was a sorry morning and a sorry boy in it. Kenneth was too hungry and too crestfallen to study, so his spelling lesson came to grief. He had to stay in at recess to study it.

When noon did come, how he ran for his dinner-pail! It looked so shiny and comfortable, and he sniffed little spicy, consoling smells round the edges of the cover. Didn't he know just what was in there?

"My mother puts up the splendidest dinners in this town," he cried. "The splendidest in—this—town!"

Some of the boys objected; but Kenneth, tugging at the pail cover, was insistent.

"You wait an' see. Any o' you fellows get spice-cakes in your dinner, an' tongue sandwiches—an'—an' cheese. I guess so!"

The cover snapped off. The boys peered into—an empty pail. Empty as poor Kenneth's little hungry stomach. It wasn't his lunch-pail at all. Why hadn't he noticed there wasn't any small worsted bow on the handle? This was mamma's milk-pail, and he got it in his hurry. Oh, dear!

Of course, the boys—being boys—laughed at him loudly; and, of course, Kenneth's face reddened angrily. But he made a big, brave effort and joined in the laugh. There was a great lump in his throat; and it was hard work squeezing the laugh through. It got caught and broke into two pieces. Still, it was a laugh. He put his hands in his pockets and walked off, trying to whistle.

"My mother puts up the splen—," called one of the boys after him; but he didn't get any further.

Benny Brown's grimy little hand was clapped over his mouth.

"No, you don't," Benny said stoutly. "Ken's a brick. I guess you wouldn't 'a'

laughed at yourself. You'd 'a' been hop-pin'."

"That's so. So would I," agreed Emil Smith. "Good for Ken!"

"Let's us make it up to him. Come on," cried Benny, excitedly.

And when Kenneth went back to his desk there was a generous dinner spread out on it, waiting for him. Every boy had shared his choicest bits. So, you see, Kenneth wasn't hungry when he got home to mamma at night except for his missing kiss. But he was ever so much wiser.

"You see, mamma," he confided to her aside, "It don't do to be lazy-bones. It's dreadful 'xpensive."—*Selected.*

AN OBJECT OF PITY.

Pity the boy that never sees
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze

When zephyrs soft are blowing;
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie
Where clover blooms are thick and high,
And hear the gentle murmur nigh
Of brooklets softly flowing.

Pity the boy who does not know
Where all the woodland berries grow;
Who never sees the forests glow,
When leaves are red and yellow,
Whose childish feet can never stray
Where nature does her charms display;
For such a helpless boy I say,
Pity the little fellow!

WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

"Mother, I wish that you would call baby in, he is so cross that we cannot play," cried Robert to his mother one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.

"I do not think that he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mother, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mother.

Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving the baby a push.

Baby screamed, and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said the mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not quite like to do this; but he did it, and the baby kissed and hugged him very warmly.

"Now you see," said his mother, "that you can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother; but you must teach him yourself."—*Our Little Dots.*

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