



### ROBBING THE TILL.

THIS boy runs a great risk of getting into penitentiary. See, while trusted in the office he robs his master's till. I am afraid he never learned that

"Tis a sin  
To steal a pin."

### POLLY'S CLOUDY DAY.

"It looks like rain," said mamma: "I don't think we can go to the picnic to-day."

"But I want to go," said Polly.

"Yes, you all want to go," said mamma; "but if you are to be disappointed, I hope you will try to bear it well."

But Polly had no idea of bearing it well, and cried and fretted about the weather. She pouted and would not listen when her mother spoke of the blessing a good rain would be.

Her sister Ruth looked wistfully up at the sky, and then wisely found something to do to help her forget about it.

About ten o'clock the sun peeped over the edge of a cloud and smiled, as if to say, "I believe I'll have to let those folks have their picnic, after all." So he hurried up into the blue sky and shone with all his might.

You may be sure it did not take long to get ready. And soon the merry party came along in big waggons, and all were off for the shore. They rowed and fished and made camp-fires and cooked plenty of good things.

But through all the fun there was a heavy thought at Polly's heart. She could

not forget how badly she had behaved in the morning.

Don't you think Ruth was glad she had shown a sweet temper when it was hard not to fret and complain?

When we are called upon to bear disappointments let us try to remember how many blessings the dear Lord sends, and let us show our thankfulness by taking the trials cheerfully.

### A TALK ABOUT SHEPHERDS.

"MARY," said Walter one day, "do you want to learn a hymn about the Good Shepherd? It is very like your Bible verse." So Mary nestled into Walter's lap and began to repeat after him:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;  
I feed in "green pastures," safe folded I rest—"

There she stopped.

"But, Walter, 'safe folded'—I don't like that term. I know I am folded safely under the blankets when the winter wind blows cold; but the little lambs—nobody folds blankets about them; they are not safe folded." Walter took from his pocket a pencil and a scrap of paper. He drew a picture of a large pen, with a close, tall fence all around it; the door was standing open, sheep were going in, and the shepherd was standing ready to close the door.

"That yard," said Walter, "is a sheep-fold; the shepherd will fasten it all tight, then the tired sheep sleep; the wolves and foxes may try to reach them, but the sheep are safe in the fold."

"Yes," said Mary, "safe folded they rest."

### A GOOD CHARACTER IS BEST.

"It's a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades, besides the corkscrew," said Tom. "It could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" asked Ted, curiously and suspiciously. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "I gave him my red alley for it, and an old medal. I told him the medal was silver, and the alley was real marble; and he thinks he got a bargain. He's awful green."

"Oh!" said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a dunce as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he

likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."

### THE YEARS PASS ON.

"WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do—

I'll be great and good, and noble and true,  
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—

No one shall ever be turned from my door;  
But I'm only a little girl now."

And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,

"I'll try to do right, and not be afraid;

I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys  
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys;

But I'm only a young girl now."

And so the years passed on.

"Ah me!" sighed a woman gray with years,

Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears;

"I've been putting off the time to be good,  
Instead of beginning to do as I should;

And I'm an old woman now."

And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;

To-day, whether skies be dark or bright,

Make others happy by good deeds of love,

Looking to Jesus for help from above;

And then you'll be happy now,

And as the years pass on.

### LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

ONE day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

In like manner, when love prompts us to work for Jesus, our toil becomes our pleasure.

### HARRY.

HE was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women, and children; a boy six years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thank you," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "Thank you" and "Please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew that he was doing anything at all strange.