

THE SOFT ANSWER.

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a mischievous sailor, seeing her, stumbled against her and upset her basket, and then stood to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. She merely picked up the apples without resentment, and, giving him a dignified look of sorrow and kindness said: "God forgive you, son, as I do!"

That touched a tender chord in the heart of the jack-tar. He felt self-condemned. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pulling out a lot of loose "change," he forced it upon the old black woman, exclaiming, "God bless you mother, I'll never do so again."

Sowing and Reaping.

We are not done with life as we live it. We shall meet our acts and words and influences again. A man will reap the same that he sows, and he himself shall be the reaper. We go on sowing carelessly, never dreaming that we shall see our seeds again. Then, some day we come to an ugly plant growing somewhere, and when we ask: "What is this?" comes the answer "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew into me." We shall have to eat the seed that grows from our sowing.—*L. r. J. R. Miller.*

To The Heathen Children.

O dear little children whom we cannot see,
At home or abroad, where'er you may be,
We love you, and so we have made a fine
plan:

We're going to help you as fast as we can!
Your dear little faces are looking this way,

Your dear little brown hands reach out to
us to-day,
And this is the secret we'll tell far and
wide—

With you our best things we are going to
divide!

We'll send you our Jesus—He's your Jesus
too;

We wish all your mammas knew how He
loves you!

We'll send you our Bible, then, when you
are grown,

You never will worship those idols of stone;
The light that shines here you will see by
and by.

If to send it in earnest we little folks try.
So we're saving our pennies and praying
each night

That we may help make your lives happy
and bright.

A young girl sat at the window, unhappy
and discontented. She was looking at the
landscape, but could see no beauty in the un-
dululating hills in the distance, clad with the
fresh green of spring, or the young shrubs
budding forth under her window; for it was
the first of May, when nature is at her best,
not tired or scorched by the heat of summer.
The mind must be at peace to thoroughly
enjoy nature. A friend of the young girl's
mother, coming out of the house, looked at
the face so drawn by unhappiness. She
stopped and said:

"I am afraid, dear girl, that you have not
weeded out your garden."

The girl answered, "I have no garden to
weed. We hire a man to do such work."

"It is impossible for you to hire anyone to
weed your garden; you only can do it."

The girl, with a surprised look, said: "I
do not understand you."

"Well, my dear, it is the garden of your
life that I am talking about, and if you want
beautiful flowers you must pull out the
weeds. Envy, jealousy, anger, pride, selfish-
ness, are some of the weeds that grow very
fast."—'Christian Intelligencer.'