



GOING TO SCHOOL.

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LITTLE Nellie is on her way to school, and very cheerful and happy she seems about it too. In one hand she carries her slate, and in the other a bunch of flowers for her teacher. How beautiful and sweet and pure are God's fair handiwork, the flowers:

As if on living creatures,
Where'er my eye doth fall,
On Bluebells and on Daisies,
I say "God bless you all."

Take the summer blossoms
From the hills and fields;
See what bounteous treasures
Mother Nature yields.

Take them with thanksgiving
From the grassy sod,
Always with remembrance
That they come from God.

Take them to the children
In the city street;

Take them to the crowded lanes
Where the lowly meet.

Take them to the reeking haunts
Of foul, wicked men;
They may turn some sinful heart
To the right again.

Take them to some darkened room,
Where, on humble cot,
Some poor, lonely sufferer
Thinks herself forgot.

Take them as an offering,
From God's loving hand;
Let them breathe their fragrance
Over all the land.

So shall many weary ones
Look up, and be glad;
So shall many saddened ones
Be less darkly sad.

So shall many wicked ones
Get some hint of good,
And God's June run round the world,
As he meaut it should.

SQUIRE ANDREW'S GOD.

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," sang out sweetly and so clearly from the little church on the green, that both tones and words floated in at the open window of Squire Andrew's big house, into the very room where he was busy. The table was piled with books and ledgers, and he was counting his gains for the week.

So he could lay aside a portion for the Lord, "according as he had prospered him?"

Not at all.

"I wish they'd stop that singing!" he said, at last. "I was a fool to build my house so near the church!"

And then, as the pastor gave for his text, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," he said:

"I wonder if he knows I'm here, and is preaching at me?" and then he angrily rose to close the window. But, somehow he stayed and listened till the sermon was ended, and then got up and walked the floor.

"So, then, I am serving Mammon; making money my God, and have been all my life."

Then he looked in the glass. His hair was gray, and his face wrinkled.

"It is now or never," he said. "If I would worship the Lord, I must stop serving Mammon."

For three hours the squire walked and thought. Then he sat down and wrote, in a bold hand:

"From this time on, I do promise to give to the Lord one-half of my income. So help, me God. RALPH ANDREWS."

That was the beginning. That very evening Squire Andrews was at the prayer-meeting. Mammon was no longer his God. From henceforth he would "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

CORRECT.

"WHAT is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy in Sunday-school.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

"What is bearing false witness against thy neighbour?"

"It is telling falsehood."

"That is partly true; and yet it is not exactly the right answer—because you may tell a falsehood about yourself."

A very little girl then said, "It is when nobody did anything and somebody went and told that he did it."

"That will do," said the teacher, with a smile.

The little girl had given a curious answer; but underneath her odd language there was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.