

## HEART-WEEDS.

NOW, Georgie, I can't play any longer with you; I must go in and read." So said the elder brother, as he and Georgie were playing on the porch in the bright Florida moonlight.

"Oh! do play longer."

"No; I can't this time."

"Well, I'll break this flower, then," said Georgie, at the same time catching hold of a fine rocket standing near the porch, and in his anger bending it down near the ground.

The next morning, when mamma found her rocket prone on the ground, and asked, "What broke my flower?" papa said, "The wind, I expect;" but Georgie said nothing.

Somehow finding the truth of it, mamma took Georgie aside, and said, "Do you know anything of my broken flower?"

"Yes, ma'am; I took hold of it last night, and pulled it a little; but I don't think I broke it like that. I didn't mean to."

"Ah! Georgie, I understand it. You were angry with your brother, and wanted in some way to pay him back, or get revenge, and so you thought to frighten him, and in your anger pulled the flower harder than you intended, and broke it. Do you know that is an old, mean weed Satan has planted in your heart-garden?"

"No, ma'am."

"It is; and its name is 'revenge.' Anger is another. And unless you go to God, and let him take these roots out of your heart, they will seed after awhile; then you will have a large patch of revenge and anger in your garden, and it will hinder the good seed of kindness and love that God has planted in there; and after awhile, instead of being a kind and loving boy, you will be full of revenge and unkindness."

I wonder if any of the little children who read this story are cultivating anger and revenge, or any of the ugly weeds, in their heart-gardens.

The Lord has promised to make our hearts like well-watered gardens, if we will let Him.—Mrs. Eva M. Watson, in *Christian Standard*.

## BUTTER AND HONEY.

IN a small upper room furnished in Oriental style, we sat on the floor with our legs crossed under us," writes a minister who was visiting in Syria. "It was nearly noon, and as I looked out of the door I saw the black smoke coming out of the mouth of the oven, and I could see my host's wife preparing the sweet bread for our midday meal.

After a while the daughter brought a large tray made of woven straw and laid it on the floor between her father and me. The fresh warm loaves of bread lay upon the edge of the tray and the dish of food in the middle.

"After a word of prayer we each took a sheet (loaf) of this thin bread, and breaking off a piece, dipped it in the central dish and proceeded to make a good meal.

"After a few moments, my host called out, 'Oh, Gazelle!' 'What, father?' 'Gazelle, bring a plate of butter and honey.' 'Yes, father.' Soon she came to the room, bringing a plate of strained honey, in the centre of which was a large lump of delicious native butter.

"Dipping a piece of the fresh bread into this butter and honey made a most dainty morsel. It was the first time I had ever seen this way of serving honey, and I understood as never before the meaning of the words found in Is-7: 15.—Ex

## CONTENTMENT.

"It ain't so hard to be contented with the things we have," said the old woman dolefully, "it's being contented with the things we haven't that's so tryin'."

"I don't know about that; I don't know," said Uncle Silas. "When we begin to look at the things our neighbors have and we haven't, we always pick out just the things we want. They live in a nice house, we say, and we have only a little one; they have money, and we need to count every penny; they have an easy time, and we have to work. We never say: They had typhoid fever, but it never came near us; they have a son in the insane asylum, but our brains are sound. Staggering feet go into their grand door, but nothing worse than tired ones come home to ours at night. You see when we begin to call Providence to account for the things that don't come to us, it's only fair to take in all kinds of things." —Religious Review.

"We can hold safely and tightly down the biggest quarrel we ever have just by shutting our lips upon it, and keeping it behind them."