



TIME ENOUGH.

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Two little squirrels out in the sun:  
One gathered nuts, the other had none;  
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,  
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:  
He roused him at last, but he roused him  
too late.

Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white  
shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were  
placed,

One always perfect, the other disgraced;  
"Time enough yet for learning," he said:  
"I'll climb by and by from the foot to  
the head."

Listen, my darling: their locks have  
turned grey;

One as a governor is sitting to-day;  
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of  
yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:  
One is at work, the other at play:  
Living uncared for, dying unknown,  
The business hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have  
taught

The lesson I long to impart to your  
thought;

Answer me this, and my story is done:  
Which of the two would you be, little one?

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Francis was the four-year-old son of a Methodist pastor, who, at the time of this incident, was supplying a mission in this city. A church enterprise had been started and lots secured. These lots, naturally, had figured largely in the family councils, and had thus become an object of great interest to the child. One night, having finished the prayer taught him by his parents, the lad improvised as follows: "Help little brother to be good to me, and help me to be kind to him, and not pinch him; bless mamma and give her strength, lots of strength; don't let her be afraid to ride in a buggy; give her strength, so she can tend to little brother. Bless the church and bless the church lot. Bless the man that tends to the church and locks the doors. Don't let it thunder so loud. Don't let it rain a great storm; just little sprinklings; not any big rain at all. Don't let the weeds grow so big; we lose

our ball. O Saviour, you save us all, bless us every day, and bless the meeting, and bless the church lot. Amen." The little fellow has since passed into the beautiful kingdom, where the angels of such as these do always behold the face of the Father.

## A QUICK TEMPER.

What did I hear you say, Theodore?  
That you had a quick temper, but were  
soon over it; and that it was only a word  
and a blow with you someti. mes, but you  
were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the  
way with Cain. People almost seem to  
pride themselves on having quick tempers,  
as though they were not things to be  
ashamed of, and fought against, and  
prayed over with tears. God's Word does  
not take your view of it, for it says  
expressly that "he that is slow to anger  
is better than the mighty;" that "better  
is he that ruleth his own spirit than he  
that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth  
in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about  
with him is much like a man who rides a  
horse which has the trick of running  
away. You would not care to own a run-  
away horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising,  
do not speak until you can speak calmly,  
whatever may be the provocation. Words  
do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps  
you, that you will imitate our Saviour,  
who was always gentle, and when he was  
reviled, reviled not again.

## THE BEST-LOOKING BOY.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is fair to see,  
But still there's nothing pleasant  
About that face to me;  
For he's rude and cross and selfish,  
If he cannot have his way,  
And he's always making trouble,  
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is plain to see;  
But that we never think of,  
So kind and brave is he.  
He carries sunshine with him,  
And everybody's glad  
To hear the cheery whistle  
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see, it's not the features  
That others judge us by,  
But what we do, I tell you,  
And that you can't deny.  
The plainest face has beauty  
If its owner's kind and true;  
And that's the kind of beauty,  
My girl and boy, for you.