

He Loveth Best.

He loveth best within whose breast,
The love of Christ is shed;
His grateful heart doth love impart,
As one gives daily bread,
And for the gracious one distilled,
"An hungered one" his heart has filled.

He loveth best whose soul hath pressed
The sweet from bitter cup,
In love accord with his dear Lord,
Who stooped to drink it up,
Grown strong and brave, his heart of need
The Master's tender love doth feel.

He loveth best who with request
Doth wait upon his God,
So all alone with tear and moan,
His pleading bends the rod,
For love he doth each burden bear
With radiant look as angels wear.

He loveth best with holy zest,
Whom nigh hath been forgiven;
The wicked sin that entered in,
Jesus the bond hath riven,
Low kneeling at his sacred feet,
To do his will is joy replete.

Who loveth best doth patient rest,
Through suffering on God's Word,
And e'er abide close to his side,
With supplication stirred,
Pain's arrow keen doth lose its sting,
When love, through death, is crowned king.

He loveth best who cherished guest
Is father, Spirit, Son,
God loveth all, both great and small,
His love hath victory won,
Now hope, with love's believing eyes,
Beholds the gleam of Paradise.

POLLY PERCY'S PRIZE.

BY BERTHA E. BURNHAM.

"If I were not trying to be a Christian," soliloquized little Miss Polly Percy, "I could try for that prize. Oh dear! I most wish I wasn't. N-no; I don't mean that, not exactly, but—well, it would be lovely if I could get the prize. I guess—yes, I think I will try for it. Any way, don't papa and mamma expect me to be the very best scholar? If they were at home, they'd tell me to, I know, and of course I ought to obey. And that watch is the loveliest thing! I've wanted one for ages, and now—I declare I most wish that there wasn't any Kitty Lowe; for then I could try for that prize—Why I didn't see you before, grandma."

"You do not use your eyes to as good advantage as I do my ears," smiled Mrs. Percy. "But what is the trouble, my dear? Perhaps I can tell you what to do, as mother is not here to advise. Well, Polly?"

"It's a prize," began Polly, eagerly. "Mr. Roberts, one of the committee, has offered it, and he said—it's the very dearest little watch, grandma,—he said that if there were two best scholars the rest of the term, he would divide the money that the watch is worth between them, and if there was only one best scholar, he would give her either the money or the watch. I'd take the watch, grandma,—wouldn't you?"

"I see no reason why you should not try to win the watch, darling," said grandma; "that is, provided you are honest in your endeavours."

"I didn't tell you the reason," explained Polly. "I—you see, Kitty and I are both best scholars; she is No. 1 one week, and I'm No. 1 the next. But she's dreadfully poor, grandma, and so I lend her my books, and we study together,—and—you see—if—we—study together any more, we shall both have the prize,—and I don't want fifteen dollars, I want the watch,—and it will be selfish if I don't study with her, and—"

Grandma smiled sympathetically as Polly paused. "You know what you ought to do, Polly," she said; "now tell me what you will do."

"I don't know," Polly confessed, shaking her head mournfully. "I don't want to be selfish, for it is horrid; and besides, it doesn't please Jesus,—and I do want to please him. But O grandma! you don't know how much I want that watch! It's any quantity prettier than Caddy Hollandson's ever thought of being. Grandma, don't you suppose our Lord was ever selfish—just the least bit, you know—when he was a little boy?"

"Even Christ pleased not himself," quoted Mrs. Percy softly.

"Well," sighed Polly, after a long silence,— "well, I rather guess, grandma, that I shall try to be willing for Kitty to win the prize. I know she will if I don't, because the other girls don't care about having good lessons; and I wish you'd pray that I may be willing that she should have the whole prize, instead of only half."

"That's my brave girl!" said grandma, approvingly.

Ever so many weeks after, Mr. Roberts handed scarlet-cheeked Kitty three bright gold eagles as the reward for her patient study. Then Miss Kidder, the teacher, said: "Polly Percy deserves honourable mention; had it not been for an unlucky spelling-lesson, in which she mis-spelled one word, she would be entitled to half the prize."

And Kitty, her arms thrown about Polly's neck, whispered, "You are the loveliest girl! I know you missed 'elocution' on purpose that day, and I wish you hadn't,—only now I can buy lots of medicine for mamma, and shoes for Baby Rob."

After all, grandma's praise was best: "Darling, yours is the 'prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'"

HOW TO TREAT PETS.

Most boys and girls love pets, and are anxious to have them for their own.

Birds, kittens, dogs, squirrels, rabbits, lambs, anything almost that is young and playful, is a joy to the heart of a child. What comfort is taken with these little companions! They cannot talk, to be sure, but they are able to make many of their wants and feelings understood, for all that. And then, as a rule, the boy or girl can talk enough for both.

Pets should be kindly treated always. Simple thoughtlessness often causes a great deal of suffering among the innocent little creatures who have no words in which to make complaint. The little master or mistress is busy with lessons or play, and forgets to give food and drink to the pet, and real suffering follows. We once knew a boy who could not rest until he had a pair of rabbits. But in a very short time they had lost their charm, and he forgot to look after them, thus leaving them to suffer from hunger and thirst. They lost their beauty, moped, grew sick, and finally died.

This was cruelty. He had no right to take God's beautiful rabbits, shut them up, and put them to a slow death!

And in doing so he left an ugly stain upon his soul.

Take good, loving, constant care of your pets. Do not fail to give them food and drink, and a clean, sweet place to live in. And always be gentle in your treatment of them.

If you find that you have not time to take the best kind of care of them, then give them away at once to some one who will love them, and who can afford the time to care for them.

FOUR DRINKS.

POLICEMAN number sixty seven was an older and more thoughtful man than is usually found on the municipal force. He was retained, in spite of his gray hairs, because of his staunch integrity. He was apt, in his leisure moments, to look below the misery and crime which came in his way, to find their cause.

"I was once standing in front of Tuft's saloon," he said one day, "when the bar-keeper set down a blue bottle on the counter, and said, 'There are just four drinks in that.' It occurred to me I'd like to trace up them four drinks where they went and what they did.

"Well," continued the policeman, "a woman, got the first glass. She wasn't an old woman, nor used to whiskey, about thirty years old, had been pretty once, and accustomed to having a gay time, I suppose. She was on her way home now from a day's hard work, tired and cold, and the whiskey was a temptation. It would take the place of the dance and theatre and fun. She turned down into a by-street, and stopped at the door of a snug, little house.

"I knew her husband, Crafts, the carpenter, a cheerful, hard-working fellow. He opened the door, and her baby ran to meet her. She struck it down to the ground with an oath. Her husband looked at her, and fell back as though he, too, had been struck. Then he picked up the child and carried it into a pretty, warm room. I saw the mother lying stretched across the hearth as though she were dead.

"The second drink out of the bottle, the bar-keeper told me, was given to old Stacy. He is nigh seventy, and soaked with liquor; blood, stomach and brain is poisoned by it. There's not a healthy atom of flesh left in his body, not a good feeling in his heart nor manly thought in his head. The drink only helped, with all the liquor that he has drunk to kill him surely inch by inch.

"By this time I had got back to the saloon, and in a few minutes I saw a young man named Waters stop for the next. He had been drinking already. I called to him. I used to know Waters, a young clerk with a good salary, had a nice little home, and pretty wife and babies. He's quarrelsome in drink and a glass or two upsets him.

"Waters, I said, don't drink that, you've had enough.

"But he laughed, took his drink, and went down the street. A few minutes later I heard a row going on and followed him. He had picked a quarrel with one of his friends and shot him dead. Waters was sentenced to ten years; his home is broken up, his wife takes in washing to keep her children from starving.

"There was one drink left in the bottle. An hour later a young lad came in, a bright-faced boy, the son of Dr. Bunker. He's about sixteen now. I've watched him grow up since he was a baby in his pretty lace dresses. I know what he is to his mother. They have but this one child. I think they never heard of a good or great man that they do not fancy Jim will be like him.

"He tossed off the drink, and went down the street, with a red face and leering, stupid eyes. He is on the same road as Waters and old Stacy. They are a little ahead of him.

"I only traced up those four drinks; but I know there is not a drop of liquor which goes out of Tuft's saloon which does not help to carry discomfort, ill-temper, misery, disease, poverty and disgrace into some wretched, unfortunate home."—*Youth's Companion.*

A good conscience is more to be desired than earthly riches.