

BE KIND TO EVERYTHING.

SOFTLY, softly, little sister,
Touch those gaily-painted wings.
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Twirl you limber, hazel twig;
Little hands may harm a nestling
Thoughtlessly, as well as big.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog;
Let your unmolested mercy
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide is God's great world around you—
Let the harmless creatures live;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

It is not the walls of the building in which you live that makes your earthly home, but the company of those you love.

A little boy about four or five years old, was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming as he hung his hat up in the entry.

"This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlour. She said to him:

"Willie, the house next door is just the same as this, suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as well as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly. "It would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause, he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said:

"Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love, which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which the dear Saviour has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sunday-school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I am going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked his teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child. This dear child loved Jesus.—*Young Reaper.*

"I WILL," AND "I WILL NOT."

LITTLE words, but O, how full of meaning! One boy determined to have his own will and way in everything, makes himself very disagreeable to his companions.

A loud and angry, "I will have it!" or, "I will do so and so," is often heard from his lips, but when it comes to real work or study there is a cowardly yielding of the will and a petulant, "I won't do it! You must, Charley, you've nothing to do."

And so gentle and obliging Charley is made to do his elder brother's work. In study it is about the same; Fred is ever ready to exclaim: "This lesson is too hard, and I won't learn it, there!" And so he shirks all he can of the real duties of life, while he is a self-willed bully among his companions.

Not so with Charley, who has learned to make a better use of these little words. He early sees that they have great power for good or evil. And daily asking in prayer to be guided right, he knows when to yield his will to others and when to be firm in carrying out a principle. He works and studies with a will that helps him to climb the ladder of knowledge, strength, and Christian manliness.

The little word "Will not" is rarely used by him, and only in resisting what he sees will lead to evil. And what makes the great difference in these two boys? One acts upon his own ungoverned self-will. The other is guided by the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer.

You cannot too young, dear children, ask for this guidance, or strive too early to become followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who gave up his own will to do that of his heavenly Father.

A GOOD JOKE.

MANY are fond of playing jokes, as hiding a boy's cap or a girl's bonnet at school. Such things may sometimes be done for amusement, or to confer pleasure, but never to any one's serious inconvenience.

In one of our colleges, a professor, who made himself very social and familiar with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a corn-field. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke: "I will hide his shoes, and we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and see what he will do."

"No," said the professor, "it would not be right. You have money enough; just

put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the labourer had finished his row of corn, he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something had taken it off and found the dollar. He glanced around him, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He examined it and looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground, and returned thanks to God for the blessing which had thus been conferred upon him. The listener learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven. The old man now returned home with a cheerful and gratified heart.

"There!" said the professor; "how much better this is than to have hid the old man's shoes!"

The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another joke on any one, except in kindness. Would not something like this make a good Christmas joke? Suppose you try it.

IMPROVE YOUR TALENTS.

GOD entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my own I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
That to me was given.

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers:
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.