

ROVER.

"Now, Rover, I am very sure
There is no reason why
You shouldn't talk as well as not
If you will only try.

"You're big enough and old enough—
Say, do you hear me, sir!—
To be an educated dog,
And not a common cur.

"Come, do not be so lazy now;
Speak out—speak out, I say!
Just try how easy 'tis to talk;
Why—I can talk all day.

"Now, tell me, when you scratched and
scratched,
And made a dreadful hole
Among the pansies yesterday,
Was it a rat or mole?

"Why did you chew up Lula's doll?
And then my rubber shoe,
Where did you hide it? won't you tell?
Well, that is mean of you'

"But say, old fellow, was it you
That ate the candy up,
That night we set it out to cool,
And didn't leave a sup?

"You won't? Well, I'm ashamed of you!
Go off, and snarl and growl,
Like any other stupid dog,
Just fit to bark and howl."

—Companion.

ANGLING IN FORMER DAYS.

If you set yourself to look for all the notices of fishing in the gospels, you will be surprised to find how many there are. You remember, I dare say, the account of the two miraculous draughts of fishes, and of the coin found in the fish's mouth; and you could tell me the names of those of the disciples who were fishermen, and how Jesus promised that if they followed him he would make them "fishers of men." And my readers, if they seek his help, may be fishers of children—of their schoolfellows, brothers, sisters, cousins, playmates, or the poor little uncared for children they meet in the streets or roads. Try to draw them into the gospel-net, and you will bring glory to your Lord and Master. Remember the promise to those who "turn many to righteousness," that they shall shine as "the stars forever and ever." If you go thus a-fishing, you may be sure that some others will say, "We also will go with thee."—*R. R. T.*

HAD AN EYE ON HIM.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I've heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds it. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sunday, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day, and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bells never drew the merchant to the prayer-meetings, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer, "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself, "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true; if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its calculating eye on you to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The Master's loving eyes are on you, also.

MARION'S EXTRACT.

EVERYTHING had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place, breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister, Allie, had accidentally upset her cup of coffee, and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry and rushed up-stairs to change her dress. Some words which her Sunday-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood, a few moments later, with her hat and cloak on, ready for school, she

remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it.

What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move in prayer?

She stood a moment committing the lines to memory, then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract she rose, and, with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly,—

"The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or, we may make them stepping-stones to be,
Of grace, O Christ, to thee."

—Selected.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

It was for his name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he stopped smoking for Jesus' sake, and gives the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in the Sunday-school, though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress she hardly knows how to spare the time, but she says: "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then sister Mollie wanted a new sack this winter, and had a nice one picked out at Smith's; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not get work or enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell, "wear that one?"

"Yes," said Molly, "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy-pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well to mind baby for mother when he's cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus?

A SECRET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

As soon as you see this, without waiting a moment, and without saying much about it to any one, look about you, and see if you can find something to do for somebody else. To your surprise you will probably have a chance inside of two minutes. No matter what it is, or how trifling or unpleasant it may be, do it. Keep this up until bedtime, and you will find that you have had the pleasantest day of your life.