



A QUEER TEAM.

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THE boys in Belgium often employ a dog to pull a cart; but those in the picture have improved on that plan by employing a goat. We think that with all the pushing and pulling and coaxing the boys have to do themselves they don't get much benefit from the goat. But they get lots of fun out of it which, I suppose, is what they want. I don't think the load is as heavy as it looks. It is probably charcoal, which is very light.

A BOY'S SLING.

It was not exactly a boy's sling such as you use in your play, though the chief difference, perhaps, is that it was a little larger and stronger.

That was before the days of guns, you know, and the sling was a weapon of war. It would look very funny to see a body of soldiers marching out armed with nothing but leathern slings, but had you lived in those days, you might have seen it.

But these were only the common soldiers who could not afford armour. Have you ever seen a suit of armour in a museum? It is a suit of clothing made to keep out—not the cold or rain—but the weapons of the enemy.

Then in those days, too, it was not the man who could shoot the straightest who was the best fighter in war. It was the man who could strike the hardest blow—the largest and strongest man. And this was the kind of a man against whom David went out to fight with nothing but his sling.

How could he win, then, if he were not the stronger and had not the best weapons? He didn't win. I have never read it in

that way—that David won that fight with Goliath.

Behind David, but invisible to all the rest, was another who aimed and threw the stone, and who could see, what no one else could, just the right place to have it strike, and put force enough behind it to make it go right through a man's skull. "Who was this other man behind David?"

It was not a man. I did not say that. It was God. God is always behind the man or boy who tries to do right, and helps him.

God is always behind the man or boy whom he has given some work to do, and who goes straight ahead to do it, though there are giants in the way.

There are giants nowadays as terrible to some boys as Goliath was to the Israelites. Do you know any of them? The giant Ridicule is a terrible fellow in the eyes of some boys. If they would just march right into his face once, as David did into the face of Goliath, God would give them the strength to overcome him once for all. But they stand off and dread him, and let him make his brags in their very faces, and they dare not do their duty because of him, when it is so easy a thing as praying in the presence of the boys, before they retire, or confessing Christ in the meeting.

Boys, giant Ridicule is a great coward and one determined blow at him in the shape of duty nobly done, will crash through his brain, and he will never open his lips to you again. God will march behind you.—*Selected.*

If a man saw himself occasionally as others see him, he would cut his own acquaintance on the spot.

OUR LIGHT.

JESUS bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness;
So we must shine—
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for him,
Well he knows and sees it,
If our light is dim;
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine—
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine.
Then, for all around.
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound;
Sin and want, and sorrow:
So we must shine—
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Selected.

LILY AND VIOLET.

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard where they had strung some twine for a clothes line, and were washing their dolls' garments in a diminutive tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Jack, a juvenilo tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line, and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once.

Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peacemaker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought of her mind; so she said, soothingly, "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

HE wasn't a tramp, though he had no home, no money, and no friends. I mean he didn't want to be a tramp, though he'd walked a long distance; and it would be a long walk yet, before he reached anybody who knew him.

Alvan and Alma saw him leaning against the tree, standing close to keep some of the rain-drops off. Alma was a little afraid of him at first; but Alvan said: "I guess he's somebody's father." And, taking a shining little coin that he had in his own pocket, he put it into the poor man's hand.

I think these two children are the kind of givers whom "the Lord loveth."