

"How different from my last birthday!" thought Tom. "Then Tiger had just come, and I was so happy, though I didn't like him half as well as I do now." Tom sighed heavily; then added more cheerfully, "Well, I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I have begun to conquer myself; and, with God's help, I shall never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger."

But while Tom was thinking, and gazing up into the blue sky through the delicate green leaves, he heard a hasty, familiar trot—there was a crushing among the bushes, and with a quick bark of joy Tiger himself, the brave old dog, sprang into Tom's arms!

"Tiger, old fellow!" cried Tom, trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, "how came you to run away, sir?"

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom's hand.

Tom opened it, and read in Major White's trembling hand:

"MY DEAR CHILD,—Tiger is pining, and I must give him change of air. I wish him to have a good master, and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern *themselves*, I sent him to you. Will you take care of him, and greatly oblige
Your old friend,
MAJOR WHITE."

And then Tom read through a mist of tears:

"P.S.—I know the whole story. Dear little friend, 'be not weary in well-doing.'"

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WHAT SPOILED A PICNIC.

"Did you have a good time at the picnic?" said Nelly White to her friend Agnes the day after a picnic in the woods, from which Nellie had been kept by a fit of the toothache.

"No," said Aggie, "we didn't enjoy ourselves one bit."
"Why, Aggie!" exclaimed Nellie; "how could that be?"

"None of us enjoyed it because Milly Gray was there and wanted to have her own way in everything. I declare I'll never go anywhere with Milly again. She always spoils everybody's pleasure."

Do you hear that, Milly Gray? You are a nice-looking little miss. Your blue eyes and brown ringlets are pretty enough in their way, but nobody likes you for all that. You have often wondered why you have so few friends among the girls. Now you know, for Agnes has let the cat out of the bag. And an ugly cat it is. You want your

own way too much, Milly Gray. Mark that, Milly! and if you wish to be loved by the girls learn to give up to their wishes once in a while at least. Do you hear, Milly Gray? Will you mind, Milly Gray?

THE LAMBS OF JESUS.

CHILDREN who love Jesus are his lambs. He loves them very dearly. He watches over them by day and by night, leads them through the ways of life, protects them from danger, comforts them in their sorrows, makes them strong to resist evil, lifts them over rough places in his arms, and finally gives them a home on the banks of the beautiful river under the trees which bloom in unfading beauty. Isn't it a nice thing to be one of Jesus's lambs?



OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

How are you, my corporal? What has become of your friend, Q-in-the-corner?

"Q is a queer, quick, quizzing little fellow," replies the corporal. "Here is a note from him. He says:

"The other day I was walking slowly along the street of a village in which you have a hundred readers, when the clock struck twelve. A troop of girls and boys rushed out of a schoolhouse yard who looked as if they 'snuffed' not battle, but good dinners not far off. Among them was a sweet little miss with a thin, pale face, who was lame. She limped very badly indeed, and I pitied her very much, for I judged from the iron-bound boot she wore that she was most likely lame for life. Judge, then, of my pain and grief when a rosy-cheeked boy, to whom God had given straight feet and good health, planted himself in front of the pale child, and imitating her gait, said, 'Aint I an elegant walker? Haven't I got a splendid little foot? Don't I wear a pretty boot?' The lame girl's face flushed a moment, then grew paler than before. I saw that she felt wounded and hurt, for a deep sigh escaped her and a big tear rolled like a pea down her cheek. I felt just like tweaking that boy's ear, but just then a burly-looking man who was passing grasped the boy by the collar, twirled him round as if he had been a cabbage, and plumped him down on the next door-step, saying, 'Sit there, you mocking bird! Why should you make sport of that child's misfortune? You may have rosier cheeks and prettier feet than she has, but I'm sure your soul isn't half as beautiful as hers. In fact, I doubt if you have much soul any way. If you had you wouldn't make fun of that dear child's misfortune.'

"This rather stern speech struck the boy into a heap, and I really believe if he had been a snail he would have crept into his shell out of sight. What do you think of him, Mr. Corporal Try?"

"Think of him? I think him sillier than any goose I ever saw, as cruel as the boy who tears off flies' wings, and quite as wicked as any boy I ever knew. A healthy boy mocking a sickly little girl! Pshaw! How mean and cowardly! He thinks himself smart. Perhaps he is in some things, but I would rather see a boy half as dull as a donkey and half as slow as a wheelbarrow than to have his sort of smartness. He's got a bad heart. Don't you think so, Mr. Editor?"

Yes, my corporal, I do. If he grows up he'll never be like the young man who, when writing to his mother in a far-off land, was asked to inclose his letter in the envelope

of a friend who was writing to another person in the same town. "No," said the young man; "if it be sent separately it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear.*"

"That was a beautiful thought!" exclaims Mr. Forrester. "It was the blossom of a loving heart—of such a tender love as I wish all my children to cherish for each other and for all their friends. O if they would all study to be *tear-preventers* and *smile-makers* how much good they would do!"

Tear-preventers and smile-makers! I like that, squire, and I hereby appoint the reader "tear-preventer and smile-maker" to his or her mother, father, brother, sister, companions, and especially to every sick, lame, and sorrowful child within his or her reach. Who accepts the appointment?

"Here is Q's answer to his puzzle in our last:

"(1.) Elymas, Acts xiii, 8. (2.) Paphos, Acts xiii, 6. (3.) Ephron, Gen. xxv, 9. (4.) Nobah, Num. xxxii, 42. (5.) Ed, Joshua xxii, 34. (6.) Tola, Gen. xlvi, 13. (7.) Ulai, Dan. viii, 2. (8.) Shuah, Gen. xxxviii, 2.—*Epenetus*, Rom. xvi, 15.

"Here is a Scripture enigma for my company to work out or be reproved in a general order:

"I contain eighteen letters.

"My 1 is the third letter in the name of a king of whom little is known but his name.

"My 2, 7, 10, 13, and 17 is the fourth letter in the name of a notorious transgressor who died a violent death.

"My 3, 6, 12, and 14 is the middle letter in the name of an ancient city situated not far from Jerusalem.

"My 4 is the sixth letter of a sound heard by the Jews only twice in a hundred years.

"My 5 is the third letter of the name of a city in Moab.

"My 6 and 14 are the fifth and sixth letters in the name of a Jewish tribe.

"My 9 and 11 are the third and fourth letters in the name of a tower built by Solomon.

"My 16 is the middle letter in the name of a chief who disputed with a Jewish prince.

"My 18 is the last letter of the name of a city in Canaan famous as the scene of a heavenly manifestation.

"My whole is the name of a celebrated prophet's son.

"A W— boy sends me some verses which he calls poetry, but I am afraid if I were to print them my little folks would say that the boy's poetry machine is rickety, that it needs to have a grammar and spelling cog put into it, and that, in short, this dear boy had better wait a while and study hard before he tries to write verses again. What do you think, sir?"

That you are right, my corporal. That boy *may* write a good poem ten or fifteen years hence, but, plainly, he can't do it now. What next?

"ELLA and FANNIE write:

"We have a pleasant little school numbering upward of two hundred scholars. Our superintendent, Brother Burnham, is a very good man, and does all in his power to make our school interesting, and what is of more importance, to win our souls to the Saviour. During the year quite a number of our school through his influence have been induced to embrace the Saviour and have connected themselves with the M. E. Church, and we are happy to say we are among the number, and our earnest prayer is that we may ever live faithful to that Saviour whose cause we have espoused. We would like to join your Try Company if you deem us worthy of occupying such an honorable position."

A very sweet and modest note, corporal.

"Very. Ella and Fannie have begun right. They went to the Saviour before enlisting in my company. I have faith in their endurance. By trusting in Christ they will be enabled to hold out to the end. May Jesus bless them!—WILBER N. says:

"We don't have very good singing sometimes in our school, but that don't make the Sunday-school go down by any means. We get along with the singing some way. We have a very good preacher here. We have a large Sunday-school, but some of the scholars don't come because it is winter. I think they are foolish, don't you? It shows that they are afraid of getting cold. I don't think they will learn much good. We have not many teachers, but a good many scholars. This is too bad, but we can't help it."

There are some good ideas in Wilber's head and some fine feelings in his heart. If the "Sweet Singer" was used in his school the singing might improve. The corporal says he won't have those scholars in his company who are afraid of the cold. He wouldn't give a fig for ten thousand recruits who haven't pluck enough to face the winter's cold for Christ's sake. I believe the corporal is more than half right.