

the waves beating against the shore continually ; and God smiled, and the world was filled with light and there was no evil, no wrong in all the world, only love and beauty and goodness.

Just then I felt teacher kissing my lips and I awoke.

HEROISM.

There is one danger in reading stories of heroic lives. They may sometimes make us feel as if we were also heroes, when, perhaps, there is very little that is heroic in our lives. We think what we would do if some great occasion offered, and it does not occur to us that we are cowards in the little occasions that meet us any day.

A boy, for instance, walks along the streets, thinking of the knights, the story of whose exploits he has been reading. He wishes that he could have lived in those old times, and thinks what a brave knight he would have been, how he would have protected oppressed ladies, and would have fought the cruel and false knights in the face of any odds. As he thinks about all this, he sees a boy tip top over the table of a poor apple-woman by the sidewalk, and then run away and jeer at her from a distance. Now the boy that was dreaming about the knights-errant, pities the poor old woman, and would like to stop and help her pick up her apples, but he does not, for he is afraid that he shall be laughed at. So he passes on and gives no sign of the pity or anger that he feels. I hope, however, that he does not imagine himself any longer to be a brave knight of the olden time, for he has shown that he is nothing but a coward.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him, "You never will amount to much ; you never can do much business ; you are too small."

"Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that ?" they asked.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

BOYS HELPING.

Never admit that any kind of necessary work is degrading ; never admit the false sentiment that makes it anything but manly and honorable to lighten the mother's work by sharing it with her. I believe in a broad and fundamental difference between masculine and feminine nature, but not in the finical distinctions that are the result of our own training. There is no reason why the boy should not be taught to wait upon himself instead of being waited upon. Why should his mother or sister put away his boots, hang up his cap, sweep up the mud he brought in, and go to the storeroom to bring him a slice of bread and butter, while he smears the window with his fingers or lies on the floor and teases the cat ? Rather teach him to be perpetually a burden bearer for the weak, and train him to that noblest manhood that is quick and helpful in its sympathies, and set before him the model of character held up for the Knights of the Round Table : "To be brave as men, tender as women, and pure as the saints of the Lord."—*Congregationalist*.

IN THE DARK.

Hannah Whitall Smith, related the story of how her little girl overcame her fear of the dark.

"Mother, how do you put your care on Jesus?"

"I go to Him in prayer, tell Him my trouble and ask Him to help me."

"Do you think He'd hear a little girl?"

"I'm sure He will."

A few nights after this the child said to her mother, "Mamma, I don't want any one to stay by me to-night ; I won't be afraid any more, I've laid my 'fraid on Jesus." Then she added, "Oh, I'm so happy, mamma ! may I turn just one somersault?"

After this sometimes she would come out of a dark corner in the day time and explain by saying, "I just went in there to show myself I'm not afraid of the dark any more."

A boy was afraid of thunder-storms, and one night came down from his room during a storm, pale with fear. The father, who had been through many varied experiences and proven the Heavenly Father's care, did not punish the lad, but drawing him tenderly upon his lap taught him the text, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in the Lord." Then the boy was put back into bed. The next morning when asked if he had any more fear, he said, "No ! I just said those words over two or three times, and then I fell asleep."