

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head,
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
Beautiful land and beautiful seas:

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light,
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merrily sing!

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,
Beautiful night and beautiful day,
Beautiful all the plants that grow,
Beautiful winter, beautiful snow!

Beautiful everything around,
Beautiful grass to deck the ground,
Beautiful lakes and woods and fields,
Beautiful all the green earth yields.

Beautiful bud and beautiful leaf,
Beautiful world, though full of grief,
Beautiful every tiny blade,
Beautiful all that the Lord hath made!

CARELESS BILLY.

"BILLY, be sure to shut the gate!" called mamma from the pantry.

"Yes'm, I will," answered Billy.

He ran into the house for a string, and out again to the group of boys waiting for him. But he forgot all about the gate, and left it standing wide open.

A little later Mrs. West heard Bridget give a loud cry.

"What's the matter, Bridget?" she asked.

"Sure, mum, it's the pig! It's in the yard, the crathur is, ateing up all yer jeraniums, shure! Whoop, here, ye bastie!"

And Bridget was darting out of the door, but her mistress called her; "Stop, Bridget! It was Billy left the gate open when I told him not to. He must come back and drive the pig out for his carelessness."

Billy was yet with the boys digging bait to go fishing, Mrs. West could hear them in the barn-yard. She went to the porch and called Billy.

"See the mischief your careless ways have caused," said she. "Now get the pig out before you go, and don't leave the gate open again."

Well, the boys were just ready to start, but Billy went back to drive the pig out. Anybody who ever tried to drive a pig knows what that means. The pig was like some boys; when he was wanted to go one way he was sure to go the other, and long before Billy had him out the boys got tired of waiting and went off without him. So he lost his fishing that afternoon through his own carelessness, and nobody felt very sorry for him.

A TRUE LADY.

I WAS once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said she, "I'll hold the gate." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."



BIRDIE SET FREE.

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THERE, dear birdie, go and join your friends up among the branches of the trees. You have made me glad with your sweet songs. But I know you will be happier with your bird companions.

YOUR WORK.

GOD does not love lazy people, nor stingy people, nor selfish people. He gives everyone of us work to do, and expects us to do it. (Of course we cannot all do the same work, nor the same amount of work, but we can all do something.)

It is a great work to be a missionary and carry the blessed Gospel to the ignorant heathen beyond the sea; but we cannot all be missionaries. If, however, those

who stay at home did not work to raise and give the money for the support and help of those who do go, would their going do any good? So you see, we must be up and doing in the missionary cause, though we never go a mile from home.

And then we may find the heathen; yes, plenty of them, right at our own doors. We must care for them, too, and if we have not thousands to bestow, then give mites with a loving prayer and a cheerful heart, and God won't measure his blessings by our gift.

We cannot be all teachers and preachers, and give our lives to leading men and women to Christ, but we can give our warm prayer and our little bounties to every good cause, and all that God demands is to do our best, be it much or little.

God will bless the little work that in your simple way, wherever you find a chance, you do for love of him; the tiny amount that you give in a meek and lowly spirit, far more than the heavy purse of gold which the millionaire drops in to be seen of men and praised by them.

Only be sure you find your work, and then do it, and God will take care of the rest.

What a sweet but simple answer? I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus? Have you come to him to receive pardon? If not, oh, come to him now! for he is waiting to receive you. Do not put it off any longer, to think that you will be a Christian when you grow older, for the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if he tarry, you may be called to die. Think of it now, dear little reader, before it is too late; take God at his word, and accept Christ as your Saviour.

A BOY'S TEMPTATIONS.

YOU have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle. But one old soldier said, "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About night-fall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day and the next. By-and-bye the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through.

Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptations you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them.—Prof. Hammond.