



BROUGHT TO GROUND.

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CAUGHT at last. That is what old Sport thinks to himself, as he keeps his eye on the pretty wild duck. What a pity to kill such a pretty bird. The duck has been pleading for its life, but Sport will not listen to its pleas. He is so delighted at having served his master, and is now waiting for him to come up and claim his prize, when Sport will get a hearty pat on the head which he likes better than his dinner.

## TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.

MY rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it.

It is, "Begin when the hour comes."

I once belonged to a model Sunday-school, in which there was but little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter, until the old plan was suggested and restored.

Boldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musicians and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercises, or even its whole character. You can pray, and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singers when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve.

Some will always be late, but if it is not known exactly when school really opens, a great many will be late.

## IF I WERE YOU.

WHAT would I do if I were you?

First thing I'd make a rule  
To put my hat and books in place  
When I come home from school.

What would I do if I were you?

I wouldn't pout and cry  
Because I couldn't have my way  
About a piece of pie.

What would I do if I were you?

I'd speak a pleasant word  
To this and that one in the house,  
And not be sour as curd.

And when a body asked my help

I'd try to do a favour  
So that it should not always have  
A disobliging flavour.

If I were you, my little friend,

I'd try to be so good  
That my example all round  
Might follow, if they could.

I'd go to Jesus now and give  
To him my naughty heart,  
Ask him to make it new and pure,  
And his own love impart.

## BE CONTENT WITH A LITTLE.

Two little cousins sat talking together under an oak tree one warm afternoon.

"Oh, dear!" said the elder, in a very disconsolate tone, "I wish I did have pretty things like other folks; Ida Smith can have every thing she wants; she has two lovely white dresses, a pink and a blue sash, and oh, so much jewelry, gold bracelets, rings, chains and lockets, and here I can't have even a string of beads or a yard of ribbon. I declare, I think its too hard to be so poor!"

"Don't be so 'sconsolate, Rosy," said her little comforter, soothingly, "My mamma says folks must be content with their lot."

"But, Lily, suppose they havon't a lot?" inquired Rosy.

The other thought a moment and then said, "Well, if they havon't a lot, they must be content with a little."

Dear, happy little Lily! What a lesson of contentment you teach us! Don't complain because you do not have great blessings, but be thankful for the small ones.

## LIKE MOTHER.

WE have all read and been touched by the story of the little boy who told his mother that when he grew up he was going to marry a lady just like her. I think the following incident is equally touching and beautiful:

Little Arthur B——, a three-year-old child watching his mother at her household work, and looking up affectionately at her remarked, "I hope I'll grow up to be a lady!"

"Why," said the mother, "do you like ladies better than men?"

"Ye-es!" was the answer.

"Well," said his mother, "if you grow up to be a man perhaps you can get some nice lady to come and live with you; that is the way men do."

He looked up with a bright face and said: "Will 'oo come and live with me when I am a man?"

## OPENING THE HEART.

BY THE REV. J. G. CUNNINGHAM.

I KNEW a little boy—he was, my own brother, in fact,—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered, "I would say, 'Come in.'" She then said to him, "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made my father ask, "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied, "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said to the Lord Jesus, 'Come,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."