



SAMSON AND THE LION.

THE LAZY BOY.

SAY, what will you come to,
 Lazy boy, lazy boy,
 If your bright, golden moments
 In play you employ?
 You'll come first and surely
 To hunger and rags
 The life of the idler
 In poverty drags.
 You'll come next to mischief,
 For Satan, 'tis true,
 Finds sin always plenty
 For idlers to do.
 You'll come then to sorrow,
 No home and no friends,
 No blessing from heaven
 On idlers descends.
 And—last woful misery—
 Death at the end;
 The steps of the idler
 To soul-ruin tend.
 I warn you and urge you,
 Lazy boy, lazy boy,
 Leave the bees and the flies
 To their work and their joy,
 Run quick to the school-room,
 Your books and your slate,
 If you would be saved from
 So dreadful a fate.

THEY DON'T TRY.

A LITTLE girl four years old was playing busily with her numerous family of dolls. At length she said: "Auntie, my children are coming to see you. They are very full of mischief, and will spill water on your floor, and do lots of things. I try to make

them do better, but I don't seem to succeed. They say their prayers too, but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and so her auntie helped her along by saying: "Do they leave out that part of the prayer asking Jesus to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they are that; they ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some little girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly, and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I do try, don't I?"

WHO ARE THE HAPPY CHILDREN?

CHILDREN'S Day calls out crowds of bright-faced, happy little people. Birds and flowers and sunshine and children ought to make bright faces. Don't you think so? But some faces are brighter and some hearts happier than others. The boys and girls who have been saving and sacrificing and denying self, so that somebody might be helped—these are the happiest of all.

Here is Willie Jones. How his eyes do shine! He has been saving his pennies a good while for this Children's Day collection. He has had to shut his eyes sometimes when he went past a candy-store, but he will forget all that in the joy that will fill his heart when he drops his shining fifty-cent piece into the basket, and listens to the pastor as he tells how this money will help poor boys and girls to do earnest work for God and humanity.

Now look at pretty Ruth Brown. She

does not look sad, does she? And yet she gave up a great pleasure so that she might help on in this grand work.

"Which will you have, Ruth's," said papa "the pleasure trip, or the money for Children's Day?" And Ruthie made her choice.

Ah! dear children, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

May this be the very best and brightest of all the Children's Days we have yet known!

THE CAPTIVE AFRICAN BOY.

FIFTY years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. Poor fellow! First he was sold for a horse. Then his buyer thought him a bad exchange for the horse, and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for so much rum. This was called another bad bargain by the man who had bought him, and again he was returned, to be sold for tobacco, with the same result.

Nobody wanted the poor miserable slave boy, who was on the point of committing suicide when he was bought by a Portuguese trader, and carried away in a slave-ship. Ah, how little that wretched boy, as he lay chained in the hold of that crowded slave-ship thought what the future had in store for him, or what great things God would yet do for him. One day an English war-ship that was clearing the high seas of the slavers, bore down upon the Portuguese vessel, and rescued the captives. The African boy was placed under Christian influences, baptized, and educated, and today he is Bishop Crowther, England's black Bishop in Africa, where he has founded a successful mission.

It would be a long story to tell all he has done for his poor people in Africa, how he has fought the slave trade, preached to cannibals, been taken prisoner again and again, and how the Lord has kept him safe in every danger. Twenty-five years after he was made a slave he found his old mother, and she became a Christian, and died under the hospitable roof of her son's episcopal residence.

A NAUGHTY HABIT.

ANNA JANE has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in the next room she thinks they are saying something that she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. Persons who do this are called eave-droppers. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice.