

high white walls of the tub. A hurricane would send them flying when Dick fanned too hard; then they would stay quiet waiting for a breeze.

Supper time came, and Aunt Polly rang the bell at the bathroom door. "I'll be back in a minute," thought Dick, looking at the boats in the tub.

But his custard was so good that the little boy stayed a long time at the supper table; then mother said there was time for a chapter of "Uncle Remus" before bedtime.

Out of doors the wind was rising. Presently a great gust came in the open bathroom window.

"What fun!" sighed the naughty wind, as he tossed the tiny boats to and fro.

Presently there was not a single gleaming white-sail left on top of the water.

"Bedtime, Dick," said mother.

Then Dick remembered his boats.

"Will you please come to the bathroom with me, mother," asked the little boy. "I'm very sorry I left my boats in the tub."

But mother did not scold when she saw how the wind had punished careless Dick.

"Sailors never leave their boats in the open sea, boy dear. And when a storm is rising don't you know how the boatmen hurry to a safe harbour?"

"I s'pose they're all ruined," sighed Dick, gazing sadly at the torn, wet paper. "It would be too much trouble for you to cut new sails, mother!"

But that night, after Dick was fast asleep, a row of little boats, with clean, dry sails, stood on the mantelpiece and waited patiently for the little boy to wake.—E. T. Crittenden, in S. S. Times.

FORBEAR TO SPEAK HASTILY.

From the beginning of the day to nightfall we need to say, not to our neighbour, but to ourselves—*forbear*; and again, *forbear*. Seldom do we regret silence, often must we lament speech. Our hasty words, impetuously spoken, linger in wounded memory, and leave scars. One question whether affection is again the same after an unjust or brutal attack has flawed its perfect arc. In the home realm, where relatives meet in the unrestraint of daily intercourse and the social guard is down, there is always

occasion for the exercise of forbearance. Wait a little; repress the impulse to censure; drive back the spirit which is bitter and bristling, and wear the look and speak the language of amiability. Recall the assertion of a certain old book, that "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." If the small son or daughter has transgressed, forbear the reproof until assured that the error was intentional; that the accident was due not to innocent misunderstanding, but to wilful mischief. If the friend fails to do what in given circumstances is expected of her, forbear the unkind reflection, and give her the benefit of charity. Most wrongs right themselves and most frictions are smoothed if only forbearance directs the domestic engineering.—Harper's Bazaar.

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ROGER'S NICE, LONG BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"Must I have a party, mamma?" asked Roger, watching his mother as she tried to pick out the very prettiest invitations.

"Why, dear, don't you want a party?" asked his mamma in surprise.

"Yes, but not the kind I always have," said Roger. "I'd like to have all the things and then not ask the boys and girls. I could have a nice long party all by myself that way, but now it's all over in one day."

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"Would you really like to do that, Roger?"

"Indeed I would, said the little boy. "Just think how long the candy and nice things would last."

Mrs. Millbank did not say anything more about what kind of a party it would be, but Roger noticed that she was very busy all the time until the birthday came. Once he asked her if she had invited the boys and girls, but she said she had not, and she told Roger to run away and play, as she was very busy.

On the morning of Roger's birthday he was very much surprised to find a table set just for him in the dining-room instead of his usual place with his papa and mamma. There were flowers and candies and oranges on the table and a great, splendid birthday cake with seven candles, and so many nice things that Roger could only open his eyes very wide and stare at them.

"You may have all these things for your own, Roger," said his mamma. "You are to have a nice, long party all for your own, and eat them whenever you please."

Roger took a large slice of cake and an orange for his breakfast, and all

morning he kept running to the table for candies or nice things when he felt hungry. At noon he did not care for very much dinner, and at supper time he had a headache and could not eat at all. During the afternoon several children came in to play, but Roger carefully closed the dining-room door for fear they might want some of the goodies, and he even forgot to offer any to his papa and mamma and grandmother.

But a very strange thing happened next day. A lonely little boy begged to come back to his place at the table and have his bowl of bread and milk, for he said he was tired of having cake and candy and pop-corn and oranges all the time. "Please may I ask the children to come this afternoon and have some of my birthday things?" he asked. "I am sorry I was so selfish."

So the boys and girls were glad to help dispose of things and they had a very merry afternoon. "No more long parties for me," said Roger, looking at the empty table. "This kind suits me best."—S. S. Times.

"NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises, Mr. Mann was asked:

"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all the expense and labour would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand—but "my boy," it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world round to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was

stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "My boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter in her days of childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity in the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost, when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

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