

Somehow the basket fell into a ditch and the berries were most of them lost amongst the nettles, and when they came to the gap in the fence a large cow was there, and they had to wait a long time before she felt disposed to go away. This caused them to be very miserable. So it was very late when they



arrived home very tired, and having lost their blackberries, been stung by the nettles, and scratched by the thorns, we will hope they were not severely punished for their disobedience.



### DICK'S DISCOVERY.

It was one of Dick's crooked days, when nothing would happen quite straight, or else whatever happened it looked crooked to him. In the first place, the boys did not come down to the boat as early as he had expected; then, when he was just ready to push off, his little sister Jessie ran down and wanted to go with him.

"O, we don't want any girls," said Dick. "We are off to play 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Three of us?" laughed Charlie. "I guess you had better call it 'Swiss Family Robinson.'"

"Well, then, I can go, for there was a Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson," declared Jessie; and Charlie helped her into the boat.

By the time he had pushed across the pond, he discovered that Fred had brought his little boat along, and that he and the others were more interested in finding a good place to sail it than in discovering a suitable spot for a desert island.

Usually, Dick would have been interested, too, but just now he did not like the idea of any one having plans but himself. He felt cross, and the whole day seemed likely to be spoiled.

"I want to play we are on a desert

island," he said crossly. "The boat is mine, and I brought you over here, but it seems I can't please myself."

"Can't, eh? Better give it up, then, and try to please somebody else," said Fred.

The remark was made teasingly, but it almost seemed to Dick that another voice than Fred's had spoken it, so suddenly did it recall the last Sunday's verse: "Even Christ did not please himself." Dick looked soberly down at the water for a moment or two while he thought about it, and decided to accept the advice, however it had been given. Then a shout from Jessie and Charlie told him how beautifully the tiny vessel was sailing, and he forgot everything in watching it. After awhile they concluded to build a little canal for its accommodation, and, that completed, somebody devised the scheme of adding locks: and the hours flew so busily and happily that it was time to go home before any of them had thought of such a thing.

When Dick's father asked laughingly at the table if the "exploring expedition" had made any important discovery, Dick promptly answered, "Yes, sir."

But it was only to his mother that he afterward whispered: "I discovered that

when a boy stops thinking about just having his own way, and tries to please other folks, he will have a good time before he knows it."

### MY GOOD-NIGHT.

BY H. K. P.

Now, mamma dear, the day is done,  
School-time is over, lessons learned;  
I'm through with frolic, games, and fun,  
My precious twilight hour is earned;  
And I can sit beside your knee  
And feel your hand upon my head,  
And hear the voice so dear to me  
Before you send me off to bed.

The sweetest hour of all the day  
Comes just before the time to sleep,  
When books and work are put away,  
And to your folding arms I creep,  
To tell you every tangled thought,  
Each foolish dream and vain desire;  
To make confession, as I ought,  
And take an onward step and higher.

To treasure every word of praise  
That crowns each effort for the right,  
And understand love's sweet delays  
That linger when rebuke must smite.  
And when the hour is overpast,  
The tender good-night kiss is given.  
I wonder how my life could last  
Were I alone and you in heaven.

### THE SOFT ANSWER.

Speaking of the soft answer which turns away wrath, a little Irish boy was recently reproved by his teacher for some misdoing. "I saw you do it, Jerry," said the teacher.

"Yes," replied the lad, "I tells them there ain't much you don't see with them purty black eyes of yours."—Exchange.



THE HIGH PRIEST.