



PRESS IN A CORNER

#### BABY'S TOILET.

My Rosy, my po-y.

My little Blue Eyes,  
The bright sun is shining  
Way up in the skies

My neat one, my sweet one  
Is just out of bed,  
With golden curls dancing  
All over her head.

This way, and that way,  
I'll brush them, just so,  
And make all the frizzes  
Stand up in a row.

I wonder, and wonder,  
While thinking it o'er,  
If ever there's been  
Such a baby before?

#### GEORGE BENNET, THE BOAT MAKER.

GEORGE BENNET was only a wee little boy when he first began to make what he called little boats. Some of them were only chips, which he sailed in a basin of water. As he grew older he added sails and rigging. And a very proud little boy was he when he climbed up to the top of the rain-water barrel and sent a real little sail-boat across its surface by blowing its sails full of wind. When he was a good deal older he made a handsome little boat to sail on the pond. Sister and little brother and some friends came down to see it launched, and all declared her trial trip to be a grand success.

Many a day after that they did have fine

sport watching her sail. Sometimes sister put her doll in the little ship, and tied a string around her fast to the mast to keep her from falling, and then they would say she was going on a sea-voyage. I think, if he only could, George would have liked to have gotten in it himself. He had a friend who had a big sail-boat in which he used sometimes to go, when the water was very smooth and calm. He liked to sit rudder in hand, and watch the sails rounded out by the wind, as his boat glided gently along over the sparkling water.

#### WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A LITTLE girl sat at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that, perhaps, you might die before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"Oh," thought I, "how many of us wait till 'the dark comes,' in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to 'act good'! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then 'when the dark comes,' as it will in a measure to all, we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

#### A LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

ONE Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney-sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?"

"Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it?"

"You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only

half awake when we leave the house. I

think about God, but can not say that I

pray then." "When, then?" "You see,

sir, our master orders us to mount the

chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to

rest a little when we are at the top. Then

I sit on the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?" "Ah, sir, very

little. I know no grand words with which

to speak to God. Most frequently I only

repeat a short verse." "What is that?"

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

#### DOING THINGS WELL.

"THREE," said Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush, "that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter—what cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed, while his father continued "My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine. When you have finished come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes, his father said: "I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a gentleman's family, and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased, and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands he went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man, and anxious that his son Harry should practise the rule that made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to black boots and wait at table, and do any service that was required of me. By doing little things well I was soon trusted with more important ones."

#### ROOM FOR JESUS.

A CHILLY night, and stars are white and cold as marble. In house and inn there is no room for a Baby born at Bethlehem. Only a chance to lie in a stable-manger. Would you have taken the child-Messiah in? It is not too late. When you give up some selfish love you make room in your heart for Jesus. When you say, "I will serve him better, and, helping self less, help others more," then you make room for him. He would rather go to your heart than go to a palace.

#### A TEXT.

"MOTHER," said a little girl on coming home from the Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Do you know which is my best text?"

"Tell me, my dear," replied the mother.

"Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my little text has just seven words in it, and this is it, 'It is time to seek the Lord.'" (Hosea x. 12.)