

A PRIZE BOY.

He wouldn't burst in with an Indian yell,
And shy his hat up at a peg—

O, no!

He never came near tumbling into a well
While tempting the brink on one leg—

That's so!

The boy that I tell of is different, quite:
He couldn't your feelings annoy;

He never does anything but what is
right—

This wonderful, good little boy:

He doesn't drum tattoos on table and
pane,

Nor squirm like an eel on a hook—

O, no!

He studies his lessons again and again,
No matter how hard is his book—

That's so!

The treasure I mention no faults ever
hid;

He shines a perpetual joy!

But he doesn't live anywhere here—if he
did,

O, wouldn't he be a prize boy!

THE TEMPTATION.

No person can go through life without having temptation of some sort placed in his way. We may not all of us be tempted to steal, but, in one form or another, it is sure to come. No doubt this poor boy in our picture feels the temptation very strongly. One of the ladies we see in front has dropped her purse, and this penniless fellow sees it. "If there's money in that purse," he thinks, "I shall be able to get some food for mother and the little ones at home, and have a good meal myself, into the bargain." We are sorry for the lad, for it must be very hard to resist. However, we believe that, in the end, his nobler feelings prevail, and he runs after the ladies and restores the lost article. We feel sure that the kind lady, when she gets her purse back again, will reward him handsomely for his honesty, and that his wants will thus be satisfied.

THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.

Susie wanted to join a picnic. She wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let

her go, but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said, "No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see her daughter look disappointed; instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you disappointed," said her mother, much relieved to see her daughter's cheerfulness.

"I have got the 'thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child, sweetly.

NOT QUITE A QUARREL.

The grown folks didn't care for music, so they left the little folks to themselves. Robbie Chandler visited Hazel Adams every day when Hazel didn't visit him. They were neighbours and great friends. Robbie was a real gentleman, though he forgot to remove his cap that morning. It was because of the flute.

"Where did you get it?" said Hazel, with wonder in her brown eyes.

"Uncle Rod comed last night and gived it to me, and teached me how to play. I can mos' play a tune. See?"

Robbie set his feet on the chair, puffed



THE TEMPTATION.

out his cheeks, and blew hard. Sure enough. Hazel hadn't words for her delight. It was just then that the stupid older people ran away.

"Could I do it? May I try it?" Hazel asked timidly.

"Y-e-es. Your fingers won't go right first time.

It seemed a doubtful thing to give his dear flute into other hands. But Robbie did it like a little man. Then, O! some way it had dropped, and some way Hazel had stepped upon it; and it lay a poor, flattened flute, with the music crushed out of it.

"Oh, dear!" screamed Robbie; "you've broken my flute—you—you!"

The two mammas, who were also great

friends, rushed to the door, but halted. They saw this picture: Hazel crying, cowering before Robbie, whose eyes flashed, whose fist was clenched to strike.

"Stop!" the mammas whispered. For as they looked they saw Robbie controlling himself by an effort which shook his small frame. His face softened, his fist relaxed.

"There, there, it was an accident; you didn't mean to do it."

"No, I didn't, Robbie; and I'll buy another; I've got forty cents. Do you s'pose it would cost more than that?"

The two mammas slipped back unseen, thankful that their children had already learned lessons of self-control, justice and generosity.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I guess this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose that you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing, but you are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pouring. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face. One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day."

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty. After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went down-stairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day, that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine, and will you not help to make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones?

HINTS FOR CHILDREN.

Hear what others speak. Do not interrupt them till they are done. Fear God. Honour all men. Render thanks for all favours. Reverence superiors. Respect equals. Be courteous to inferiors. Do not contradict your elders. Regard religious worship. Do not pry into secrets. Do not tell tales. Do as you would be done by. Love God with all your heart. Love your neighbour as yourself.