



THE TIGER-CUB.

A PLEASANT pet is your tiger-cub, young man, but the day will come when you will not be able thus to fondle and to hold him. The full-grown tiger, with muscle, paw, claw and fang, will be too strong for you. Beware of that day!

And you, young man, who are playing with the fascinating temptations of the world and the flesh, beware! The little indulgences so pleasing to you now, the sins that are so agreeable and so easy to drop—as you suppose—before you know it will be too strong for you. The impure thoughts, the secret reading of debasing books and papers, the dallying with bad company and with strong drink, the nibbling at dishonesty, the beginnings of gambling,—these pleasant tiger-cubs will soon have you in their power. You will not control them; they will overpower and rend you. Beware of petting tiger-cubs!

RUTH AND DICK.

DICK had been ill for a long while. His little sister Ruth had been very kind to him.

"I will read to you all day and all night, if you wish me to do so," she said.

Dick laughed at this speech. He was too weak, though, to laugh very loud. Tears came into Ruth's eyes when she saw how pale he looked.

"Ask Jesus to make you willing always to help your sick brother," said Ruth's mother.

"Oh, mother, I need not ask Jesus to

do that. Of course I shall be glad to help Dick."

But one day, while Ruth was having a fine play with her paper dolls, her mother looked in, and said.

"Ruth dear, will you go up stairs now, and talk with Dick for a little while?"

Ruth sighed. To tell the truth, she was a little bit tired of being in a sick room. Then she thought of Dick's pale face, and of what her mother had said.

"I had better kneel right down now, and ask Jesus to keep me sweet and kind to my sick brother," she said.

Then she pushed her paper dolls into a box, and ran up to Dick. They had a nice talk. Dick said:

"Oh, how much better I feel for your visit, you dear, good little thing!"

He never knew how hard it was for Ruth to come to him that afternoon. But Ruth had found that we need

help from God to keep us loving to our friends.

ENLISTING SOLDIERS FOR JESUS.

A LITTLE boy went to his pastor with the question: "Is there anything a boy like me can do for Jesus?" The pastor asked him if he had a boy-friend especially dear to him. He said he had. He was told to pray earnestly that his friend might become a Christian, and then tell him he was praying for him, and invite him to give his heart to God. Soon both boys were rejoicing together in the love of Jesus and ready to work for him. This gave little Harry an idea of how he might win souls, and he set about in real earnest and soon had enlisted a large number of recruits in the army of Jesus.

Nothing will do more to strengthen your own purpose and make you a brave, true soldier, than trying to induce others to join you in Christian service. Certainly nothing will be more pleasing to your Captain than such work. He will put in your mind thoughts of the friends you may win, and give you right words to say to them, if you begin as did little Harry, by praying for them. Every one of you little readers, has at least one associate who is usually ready to do as you wish. God has given you this influence over your playmates and friends, and he wants you to use it in this way. Will not every one of you, dear children, become a recruiting officer for our glorious Captain, and begin at once to try to enlist soldiers in his army?—*Rev. J. H. James.*

"SAFE."

BABY knelt on her little bed;

The soft light gilded her wavy hair;
And she clasped her hands, and closed her eyes,

And raised her innocent face to the skies,
Where the angels silenced their symphonies
To hear her lisp her evening prayer.

Mother bent o'er the little bed,

And sealed the lips with a loving kiss,
Then, as she lingeringly turned away
From the place where her sleeping darling lay,

In an earnest whisper I heard her pray.

"God bless my baby, and make her his."

Baby lay on her little bed,

The soft light gilded her wavy hair,
Clasped were her hands, and closed her eyes,
And her innocent face was raised to the skies,

Where angels chanted sweet melodies

In praise of him who answers prayer.

Mother wept o'er the little bed;

The lips were sealed that she bent to kiss;
Yet, as bitterly mourning she knelt to pray
In the place where her sleeping darling lay,
"Thank God!" through her sobbing I heard
her say,

"Who has blessed my baby and made her
His."

"IT MAKES ALL WRONG."

"PLEASE, father, is it all wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's Day? My teacher says it is."

"Why, child, perhaps it is not exactly right."

"Then it is wrong, isn't it, father."

"Oh! I don't quite know that; if it is only once in a while."

"Father, you know how fond I am of sums?"

"Yes, John, I'm glad you are; I want you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures; but why do you talk of sums just now?"

"Because, father, if there is one little figure put wrong in a sum, it makes it all wrong, however large the amount is."

"To be sure, child, it does."

"Then, please, father, don't you think, if God's Day is put wrong now and then, it makes all wrong?"

"Put wrong, child—how?"

"I mean, father, put to a wrong use."

"That brings it very close," said the father, as speaking to himself, and then added: "John, it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath. He has forbidden it, and your teacher was quite right."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Kind Words.*