



CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

BAD TO-BACK-ER.

ONE day at school
 I told the boys
 'Twas wrong to chew tobacco;
 A six-year old,
 Grown very bold,
 Presumed to give his veto.
 Says he: "I saw
 A fellow chaw
 Because he had the toothache."
 'Taint never wrong
 For anyone
 To chaw that has the toothache.
 The school agreed
 With him; indeed,
 His logic charmed the urchins.
 Quite puzzled, I
 Could scarce reply
 At first to his assertions.
 A happy thought,
 However brought
 Relief from Greely's namesake:
 "Horace," I said,
 "If a girl instead
 Should chance to have the toothache,
 And want to chew,
 What should she do?"
 Like older ones by time unschooled,
 He scratched his head,
 And then he said:
 "She orter have the tooth pulled."

HIDDEN JEWELS.

A CERTAIN nobleman, for political reasons, was banished from the kingdom. On the eve of departure, he called his steward, and gave into his keeping a casket of small, but very precious jewels. Years went by, and still the nobleman was wandering in foreign lands. The steward, in failing health, still faithful to his trust, sought a place of security for the costly and precious stones. Accordingly, he cut into a tender tree, and beneath its bark hid the treasure. Many years later the nobleman was permitted to return from his long exile. The

steward was gone, but his lord knew well the secret of his deposit. Where the young tree once stood, now towered the thrifty oak, with its bark hardened and roughened by time. But well it had kept its trust. Though the firm wood had closed over it, and no eye could divine its hiding-place, it was still secure. The tree was felled, and in its very heart the gems were found, not a point broken. They flashed in the light with the same brightness as in former days, and rejoiced

the heart of the owner.

Is not each lesson of truth deposited in the mind of the young, like that hidden treasure? Is not the teacher like that faithful steward? When our Lord—now banished from his rightful realm on earth—shall come again to seek his own, may not the precious jewels which the true preacher quietly and faithfully hid, be found beautiful as ever, to the joy of their rightful owner.

GLADNESS OF HEART.

"WELL, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action of her life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and he took me."

She meant that she felt that she had no power to advance towards Christ; that she could only yield herself, and he must take her where she was, and as she was.

There was a pause, and then the mother asked once more:

"And how do you feel now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad—so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalms occurred to the mother—

"Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many sources of joy in the world. Some children are glad simply because the sun shines, the birds sing, and the air seems full of gladness. Some rejoice in other pleasures, and the blessings of home. Perhaps the saddest sight on earth is a child in whose life there is no joy. Others are mad enough to rejoice in "the pleasures of sin for a season."

But this little girl had learned the only

secret of lasting joy in being able to say "Jesus is mine and I am his."

Dear young readers, enjoy the blessing God has given you as much as ever you can, but fail not to seek first his favor and forgiveness in Christ Jesus.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room put in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things can not be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

"I AM NOT MY OWN."

LIKE the child with the stalk of grapes who picked one grape after another from the cluster and held it out to her father till, as affection waxed warm and self-faded, she gayly flung the whole into her father's bosom and smiled in his face with triumphant delight, so let us do until loosening from every comfort, and independent of the help of broken cisterns, we can say, "I am not my own." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

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