

QUITE TOO INNOCENT.

What is that boy who is standing with his back to the steps thinking about? He looks altogether too innocent for anything mischievous. Perhaps he is a budding Newton endeavoring to discover the answers to puzzling questions that have defied philosophers since the world began. Perhaps he is a young philanthropist studying how he can make the lot of his school fellows happier. Perhaps he is thinking over his last Sunday-school lesson, or wondering how he can help his mother in her daily work. Perhaps he is frozen solid to the stairway, he stands so stiff and so still, or he may be a carved figure, or perhaps he has been sent on an errand in a hurry and is thinking how long he can take to come back, as it is said boys do sometimes. Perhaps he is running over his lesson in his mind so as to have it perfect when he goes to school, or perhaps he is playing triant.

But I think it is none of these. I think I see something like a snow-ball behind his back and an expression about his face as if that snow-ball would be thrown at the little boy who just now feels half safe on the less dangerous side of his sister—for it is quite evident that the little mischief with the snowball is not so unmanly as to throw a snowball at a girl. I think this is the explanation of it all and that the little girl and her brother understand all about it, too. But when they get past I am pretty sure that he will join the other boy who has just appeared from behind the post and that they will throw a couple of soft balls that will miss their mark and all will jog along together to school.

SAVING THE PRINCE.

The following extract is from an address attempting to make children understand the meaning of such expressions as "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you!"—

In a dreadfully cold winter, many years ago, an army was flying from Moscow, a city in Russia. With this army there was a German Prince and a few German soldiers. The land was covered with snow. They tramped through bitterly cold days, with little food, rested through more bitterly cold nights without even a roof for shelter. One by one the marching soldiers had fallen down by the way, and perished of cold and hunger. At length only a mere handful of them remained alive, the prince and a few common soldiers, and these were all nearly spent. The bitter day was ended, and the night winds had begun to blow, when they came up to the storm-rained remains of a hovel, once built to shelter cattle. But in the wild, snow-covered waste they did not despise it; the little shelter from the sheet and wind of the coming night which this tumble-down shed could afford, even the child of a palace was glad of; and there, hungry, weary, and cold, he and his men lay down to sleep. The men were rough, stern-looking fellows, yet when they saw the prince, so delicately brought up, used to comforts they had never known, spent, heart and body, come to such want, glad to sleep in such a place, they were moved with compassion; and the sight of the worn man asleep, with no bed, no covering, sleeping, perhaps, his last sleep, was more than they could stand, and without a word they stripped off their own cloaks, and laid them all gently on him, one by one, lest they should awake him. He would not be so

cold with these—perhaps he would live with their warmth. Then they threw themselves down to sleep. The night passed, and the prince awoke. "Where am I?" was his first thought. "Am I at home, in bed?" He was so warm, and he turned over and raised himself up to look about. He was not at home. All around was snow, and all was silent save the wind, which whistled through the planks of the broken shed. Where were his men? He stood up and looked, when lo! there they lay, huddled together to keep warm, not yet awake. He spoke, but they answered not. He advanced and touched them—they were dead! Without their cloaks, too! Where were their cloaks? A glance toward where he had lain, and all was plain. The prince burst into tears. His men were dead; they had died to save him. Those poor fellows had done easily, quietly, and naturally a

together in the parlor, and had a kind of a Sunday-school. We did not take the regular lesson. Among other things papa described Bible scenes, and made us guess them. Harry did the best of all. He reads the Bible a good deal, I know, though he can't bear to have people know that he ever does right things. I am going to send you some of the scenes to guess, as well as I can remember them. Of course some of them you will find very easily. Here they are:

A small circle of men and women are sitting in a room. In front of them is a man who is tying his feet together with a belt. Looking a few minutes later, we see his hands are tied also.

On the top of a mountain is a man looking out toward the sea. A little cloud is in the sky. Lower down is a roughly-dressed man

We see a great crowd of people. A number of oxen are standing near, and garlands are in the hands of some of the crowd. One man is standing in the midst, looking as if he were adorning the others near him, whose clothes are torn and who seem to be speaking with great excitement.

A short distance from the house is a company of young women, who are going out to meet a powerful-looking warrior. They are dancing to the sound of instruments. The soldier is tearing his clothes, and looks in great distress at a young girl in their midst. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

STRIVE TO BE THE BEST.

Seek after that place in life where you can be most useful, where your peculiar talents, if you have any, will find their most fruitful exercise. It is not certain that one of the professions is to be your calling because you have had what is called an education. You are not educated. You have only learned how to learn. Your education will go on day by day, as you find by experience how very little you know, and how much more there is to learn than you ever supposed.

Any pursuit is honorable that has usefulness as its main purpose, and you will dignify or disgrace the pursuit according to the measure of your ability to do good or evil. But the gist of what I want to tell you, my boy is this: If you decide to go into business or to be a lawyer, doctor, engineer, editor, or teacher, go in to be the best man in that business, or to be as good and as great a man as there is in it. The highest and best is no higher and better than you ought to be. God has given you no faculty which may not be wrought into active and efficient service in the life work now before you.

The great difference in men is the result of more or less energy. Given virtue and sense, your success or failure will come from energy or laziness. "The world owes me a living," says the lazy man. But, pray, what did you, lazy man, ever do for the world? It owes you nothing, and if you get anything you must work for it, and work hard too. There are always idle men in the marketplace, and if you do not work there are twenty men waiting for your place, and you can starve at your leisure.

Now go with faith in God and yourself. Place no dependence on patron, or parent, or influential friend, but keep steadily in mind that the best help you can get is in your own head and heart. There is great truth

and sound sense in the old adage of God helping those who help themselves. All the friends in the world cannot make a man of you. You can be a man without a friend to help you. —*Freeman, in N. Y. Observer.*

A RECEIPTED BILL.

Ofiling not this receipt away.

Given by one, who trusted thee.

Mistakes will happen every day.

However honest folks may be.

And said it is, sure, twice to pay—

So, cast not this receipt away.

Ah, yes; if, at some future day,

When wethis bill have all forgot,

They send it in again for pay.

And say that we have paid it not,

How sweet to know on such a day

We've never cast receipts away.



HIDING HIS TIME.

noble and beautiful deed, a deed in its kind and in its manner full of grace. So 'grace' in men's dealings with one another is a deed which is in itself good, very good and which is done in the quietest, nicest possible way. When we see such deeds we cannot help admiring them, as we admire the motion of a swan or the form of a bluebell. As long as men do deeds as those soldiers did, there will always be something by which we may rise toward an understanding of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." —*W. A. H.*

NELLIE TO AMY.

....Last Sunday it was so stormy that none of the boarders went off to the little church. We had, instead, a service in the house. A Presbyterian minister preached. In the afternoon papa got all the children

sitting on the ground, with his head bowed very low.

We see a city surrounded by horses and chariots and a great company of men. Two men stand at a little distance. One, of much humbler appearance than the other, has a very strange look on his face—as if he were not looking at the city, but at something in the air.

A night scene. A man is knocking at the door of a house. If we should look through one of the windows we should see a company of men and women praying; that is, they look as if they had been having a religious service. And now, they are listening to a young girl who is standing by the door talking. Her face is full of joy. The faces of the rest are full of surprise.