

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky:
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye.
With a fearless pride that has naught to
hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonnaire, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite, or ball,
Or the prettiest game, can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say:
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks
earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong and the whole day
long,
As merry as boy can be;
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

—*Harper's Young People.*

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

A CITY missionary, one Saturday night, was going home with a basket of provisions on his arm. Meeting a policeman, he asked him if there had any families moved in the bounds of his beat during the week. He answered, "Yes;" and pointing to a building up an alley said, "A woman and some children are living there now."

The missionary went to the house, rapped at the door, and was admitted. The woman was sitting by a small light, sewing. In the corner of the room were two little girls, apparently from nine to twelve years of age, playing.

The missionary said, "I am here to see if you will allow your girls to attend Sunday-school to-morrow morning."

"I would; but what you see on them is all the clothing they have, and you would not wish them to go as they are now."

"The Lord will provide. Have you no money?"

"Not yet, but I have committed my case into the hands of the Lord."

"Have you anything to eat?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"What will you do for breakfast?"

"Oh, sir, I once had a husband; he provided when he could. These children had a

father; he supplied their wants; but he is dead now. Yet my Maker, even God, is my husband, and he has promised to be a father to the fatherless. We have committed all to him, have called upon him in this our day of trouble. I am trusting in God to take care of a poor widow and her children in a strange place, and I know he will provide."

"Thank God for such faith!" said the missionary; and handing her the basket, said, "Here is your breakfast, and you shall have the clothing for your children."

With tears streaming down her face she replied:

"Oh, thank God for his faithfulness! He heareth and answereth prayer. May he bless you!" And, said our dear brother to us, "I felt the promise was sure, for if she was blessed in receiving, I was more so in giving."

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHAIN IS IN ITS WEAKEST LINK.

A DOG was barking furiously at a stranger and making frightful tugs upon the chain which enabled the visitor to elude him.

"No danger, honey," said the old negro at work in the inclosure. "Dat chain's a very strong bit of iron."

The visitor trusted him, the chain yielded; there was a fearful experience for a few minutes. When at length order was restored, an investigation showed that there was one weak link.

"No matter how strong might have been the rest of the chain, its real power lay in that link," said the visitor, who had been so startled. "And we all know that a chain can be no stronger than its weakest link."

Let our readers take this thought and apply it to the chains they may be forming. Here is one boy who has determined to be an obedient scholar in future. "A will," says he, "obey every rule the teacher requires except one. He has utterly forbidden the use of translations in the school. Now, I cannot see how I can do without these helps. I will obey in all other matters."

Look at the weak link in your chain of obedience, and remember its power decides the strength of the chain:

"I have fully resolved," says another, "to obey my father except in that one prohibition about the ice."

Another weak link!

How few of us determine to be Christians without making some exception, never realizing that this one exception tests the strength of the chain which binds us to the Saviour!

WHO WAS MOST FRIGHTENED.

"WHAT shall we play at?"

"Oh, I know," said Reginald, thinking of his last present, a fine drum, which made a great noise, when well beaten with both sticks, "we will play at soldiers."

"So we will!" exclaimed Arthur, and little Katie, eager to begin.

"First of all we must practice in the garden, to get into good order, and then we will go into the stable, and let Skye hear the music."

Skye was a very favourite donkey, who was the children's playmate, and quite one of the family.

After a few minutes' drill, Reginald led the way to the stable. "I hope we shall not frighten Skye," he said.

On they marched, Reginald looking round to see how his followers were behaving, when Skye's head suddenly appeared at the door, making Reginald jump so that both his sticks fell to the ground!

"Ha! ha!" laughed Arthur, "instead of frightening Skye, the old fellow has frightened you!"—*Our Darlings.*

WHAT A CHURCH MEANS.

A CREW of sailors who, to use their own phrase, "did not take any stock in missions to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough experience changed their minds. Cruising among one of these Pacific groups, their vessel struck a reef and foundered. There was no alternative but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information, it was a choice between the sharks and the natives. That part of the coast where they landed happening to be uninhabited, they hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length one of the boldest ventured to climb to the top of a hill, where he could look over into the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet and swing his hat, shouting, "Come on, boys! I see a church!"

"DID HE GET IN."

LITTLE Charlie listened eagerly to his father read the third chapter of Revelation; but when he came to the twentieth verse—"behold I stand at the door and knock"—he could not wait, but ran up to his father, eagerly asking, "Father, did he get in?" I ask this question now: Has Christ got into your heart? Let him in now, and this will be the happiest day of your life.