

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course!"

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No I'll not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I met them."

The worldly auntie brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly:

"Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said:

"Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart!"

And we too said, "Bless his dear heart!"—*Peoria Call.*

#### "IT IS MY BOY."

THROUGH Rochester, N.Y., runs the Genessee River, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river and dark recesses. A gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the street with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied, "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, and struggled with him to the shore, and, as he wiped the water from

his dripping face, and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "O, God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else, and saved his own.—*Selected.*

#### "BY HEART."

FRED said he knew his Sunday lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred!" said Cousin Mary, quietly, "you surprise me!"

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller, as he replied with a show of humility:

"It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that! Only ten verses."

"Oh, it was not the *length* of the lesson but the *breadth* of it that I was thinking of, my dear boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you declare a few moments ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his head and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But Cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

Was Cousin Mary right? Do we ever really *know* a thing until we *do* it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive," by just forgiving Ralph, in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that the words of Jesus were meant to be *done* and not *said* merely, he honestly set about doing them.

This must be the way then to learn a lesson "by heart," "to *put it into practice*!" We don't always do that, when we learn a lesson by *head*.

Jesus *must* have meant something very practical when he said:—

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not do the things which I say?"—*Selected.*

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