

THE "COMING MAN."

A PAIR of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes:
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways:
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Hidden within their clasp?
Though now 'tis but a tuffly stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah! blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store.
God bless the "coming man!"

—*The Examiner.*

IF ONLY.

It was a lovely afternoon in summer when two merry-hearted girls, but little over fourteen years old, sprang with buoyant steps into a trim little boat on the margin of a pretty little lake. Their cousin, Willie Gray, was in the boat, standing in its bow with an oar in one hand, ready with the other to assist his cousins to pass astern. Alfred, his brother, having pushed the boat out from the beach, leaped quickly on board, and the boys were soon seated and rowing vigorously towards the middle of the lake. The calm water sparkled in the bright sunshine, a gentle breeze fanned their cheeks, and the beauty of the scenery along the border of the lake raised their spirits to the height of innocent gaily. Lively chit-chat and merry laughter gave expression to their gladness, and their excursion seemed likely to prove as delightful as the music of a chime of bells.

Presently by a false stroke of Willie's oar, the boat tipped slightly on one side. One of the girls—it was Alice—uttered a little scream. The boys laughed at her idle fear, and Alfred who took foolish delight in teasing his cousin, at once sought to increase her alarm by rocking the boat. Alice screamed louder, and cried, in a tremulous voice:

"O, Alfred, 'se don't!"

But with a rocking laugh, Alfred rocked the boat more and more violently, until its

edge almost touched the water. Then Willie, seeing that both girls were becoming affrighted, grasped his brother's arm, and in somewhat angry tones said:

"Stop your fooling, Alf!"

"Let me alone!" replied Alfred, angrily, as he tried to unclasp his brother's hand. This brief struggle caused the light little boat to capsize. In a moment all of them were struggling in the water. The boys being good swimmers, though shocked, did not lose their self-possession, but began, as soon as their eyes were freed from water, to look after their cousins. Alice was not to be seen. She had sunk out of sight, but they grasped Ellen, and, by holding on to the boat which lay bottom upward, they sought to swim with the almost senseless girl unto the shore. Fortunately a man in another boat came to their assistance, and they were saved from the fate which had so suddenly overtaken the timid but lovely Alice.

When Alfred looked on the pale face of his dead cousin, he shuddered and exclaimed, with a deep groan, "If only—"

He finished this sentence by adding to it in thought only, so that it became, "If only I had not been such a fool, such a wicked fool!" He said this not once or twice only, but times without number. Whenever for years afterward he thought of Alice, he still groaned out that sad, burning phrase, "If only."

"If only!" How many erring youths who began life under the sweet influences of home and mother's love but subsequently went astray, have uttered those bitter, agonizing words! There is not a prison cell on earth in which this cry is not constantly uttered; nor is there a heart which is stained with the guilt of sin that does not breathe it. No; for even when God has forgiven the sin, the guilty one cannot forgive himself; but always when thinking of his first wrong step, will sigh and whisper, "If only." Beware, therefore, O joyous girl, O merry boy, of doing any act which when done, will cause you in coming years to say, "If only."

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

TAKE time; it is no use to fume, or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes, and rattles it about the lock until both are broken, and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking glass. Laugh at it, and it laughs back, frown at it, and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind, and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge.

A BOY'S RESOLVE.

I WILL not swear,
I will not dare
God's holy name to take.
I will not lie
But I will try
The truth my guide to make

I will not steal
For I should feel
Degraded and ashamed.
I will be kind,
My parents mind,
Nor as a fighter named

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

THE children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that shed such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the backstairs of life on a diet of meal and fish.

The parents seldom punish the children, for they are very docile. When they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Pleasure is expressed by a smile—among the girls often by a broad grin, with an abundant show of the teeth—but a hearty laugh is a rarity.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

AUGUST 5.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Baptism of Jesus.—Mark 1. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 1. 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Mark 1. 11.

AUGUST 12.

LESSON TOPIC.—Temptation of Jesus.—Matt. 4. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Matt. 4. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.—In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin—Heb 4 15

ONE Monday morning Dorothy volunteered to superintend the family washing. When Nora put the clothes on to boil, the little overseer gave one astonished look, then ran to mamma, exclaiming in great excitement: "Oh, mamma! mamma! Nora's cooking the clothes."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE invitations of Christ are to every one. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." The water gushing from the hillside is an invitation to every thirsty, weary one passing by to stop and rest and be refreshed. Just as free to all is the water of life offered in the invitation of Christ.