

Boys' and Girls' Corner.**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.***International. Institute.*

Apr. 4...Acts ix. 32-43...Heb. ii. 14-18
 " 11...Acts x. 30-44...Luke xix. 28-44.
 " 18...I. Cor. xv. 12-26. Matt. xxviii. 1-10.
 " 25...Acts xii. 5-17...Luke xxiv. 13-35.

A PRAYER.

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter ;
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing !
 If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter ;
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleetier ;
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love and care and strength,
 To help my toiling brother !

—Selected.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

"Mamma, what is 'cessively?"
 "What is what, dear?"
 "'Cessively? What does it mean?"
 "Excessively? Is that it?"
 "Yes, mamma; I want to know what it means."
 "Well, it means 'very,' only a little more so. Is that plain?"
 "It means very, very, then?"
 "Yes."
 "And what does plain mean?"
 "Clear—so that you will understand."
 "Not that kind of plain. If you are plain."
 "Oh, yes, that means not pretty—homely, we say. What next?"
 There seemed nothing else, and after a little time Mrs. Jordan turned from her work to see what caused her daughter's unusual silence. There were generally so many kindergarten tales to tell, at home-coming, that mamma was surprised; and more surprised when she turned to see a flushed face, quivering lips, and dark eyes full of tears.
 "What is it, Jessie? Come and tell mamma."
 "I like pretty folks. Everybody does—I want to be pretty." Tears would come, and the little face was hid on mamma's shoulder.

"We can't all be pretty, Jessie, and pretty folks are not always the best nor loved the best. But we can be so good that people will not stop to think how we look."

"But I don't want to be homely. Am I very, very, mamma?"

"Why, no, dear! What makes you ask that?"

"She said so, mamma, and I heard her."

"Who said so? Maybe she didn't mean you."

"Yes, she did. It was Miss Oram, the new teacher. I had run in at noon to see the Bailey twins, 'cause they know me, and they're new and so bashful. As I went out, I heard her ask Miss Glenn who that 'cessively plain child was. Miss Glenn said, 'Jessie Jordan' and something else—but I ran away so I wouldn't hear any more. She won't ever love me, mamma."

The tears broke forth again, and mamma's eyes filled, too. She was grieved that Jessie should have heard the careless remark. Was her child so very, very plain? Not to mother eyes, at least; and she held her close, while thinking just what was best to say.

"Miss Oram doesn't know you, dear. She doesn't know what a kind heart belongs with the plain face. When she does she'll love you just the same. Be your own sweet self and never mind what you heard."

Mamma's words and kiss brought comfort to the wounded heart and the trouble was soon forgotten—or so it seemed, for Jessie did not mention it again, writes Ida Kays, who tells this pretty story in the *Young People's Weekly*; but no one knew how many times the plain face flushed at the remembrance of its plainness, nor how she avoided Miss Oram, thus losing many an opportunity for kindness to the little ones.

No other of the last-year kindergartners was so ready to pet and protect the little first-years as Jessie Jordan was. No other child in the whole school was so unselfish, so thoughtful, so sympathetic and kind. It was a pity she could not be her own free self among Miss Oram's babies.

And what a happy chance--or was it chance?—that she should

overhear a bit of another conversation that took place some weeks later!

"I used to think Jessie Jordan quite plain," said Miss Oram, as Jessie sat soothing a little tot whose bruised finger she had just bandaged, "but now I think her almost beautiful."

"I told you so," said Miss Glenn, in a tone of loving triumph.

Jessie's face flushed—roiser with pleasure than it had ever been with shame—as she stole away with her little charge.

"She loves me now!" said Jessie, recounting to her mother the day's occurrence, "and she doesn't mind my face. 'Almost bee-yu-ti-ful.' O mamma!"

"Quite beautiful, darling, to mother, who knows you best. A loving heart will shine through the plainest face," said Mrs. Jordan, with a tear and a smile.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

"FLIP."

"Stand, Flip! stand, sir! Now listen well to what I say. This is the second time that you have put your little nose in my lunch basket, and eaten up my buttered roll."

Here Flip came down on all fours, wagging his bushy tail, evidently well satisfied with his moral character.

"Stand, Flip! stand this minute, sir! I'm not done scolding you by any means. The next time that you do me such a mean trick I'll tie you up and thrash you well! Do you hear, doggie? Well, sir."

Down came Flip again, as well pleased with himself as before. Philip heard an unexpected sound of footsteps on the other side of the hillock, and sprang to his feet. Presently Brother Joe's broad back was seen moving across the meadow, and Flip was soon at his side. Philip wondered if Brother Joe had heard Flip's scolding; but if he had, nothing was said about it; nothing, at least, on the walk. But that evening, before the lamps were lighted, as the family gathered in the twilight, Philip was startled to hear the familiar sound: "Stand, Flip! stand, sir! and listen to what I say!" It was Brother Joe, sit-