

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule,
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things chiefly I despise—
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would too,
If I were you.

AN OLD STORY OF A LION.

ANDROCLE'S, the slave of a noble Roman, was doomed to die for a crime he had committed. The slave escaped to the deserts of Numidia, where he wandered among the sands, almost dead from heat and hunger. Suddenly he came upon a cave, and creeping in, found a place at the other end to sit down and rest.

But after a time a great lion came to the mouth of the cave, entered, and went straight to him. Androcles was sure his hour had come; but the lion came up to his side, laid his paw on his knee, and making a sort of cry began to lick his hand. Then Androcles saw that a sharp thorn was festering in the lion's paw. The slave pulled out the thorn, and squeezing the paw gently, relieved the fester.

The lion then left him, and soon returned with a fawn which he had just killed. For some days Androcles was kept from starving by the lion, but at last, in desperation, he gave himself up to his master.

His master was making a collection of large lions to send to Rome, and coolly ordered that Androcles be sent with the lions as soon as a certain number had been obtained. The slave was then to be exposed to fight with the lions in the amphitheatre.

One day Androcles stood in the arena awaiting his fate. The gate was opened, and a huge lion leaped out. Suddenly the kingly beast fell to the ground, and crept to the slave's feet with gentle, caressing motions. The lion was Androcles' old friend.

The authorities, on learning the story, ordered Androcles to be pardoned, and gave him the lion. Cassius tells us that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, crowds gathering about him, and repeating to one another: "This is the lion who was the man's guest; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

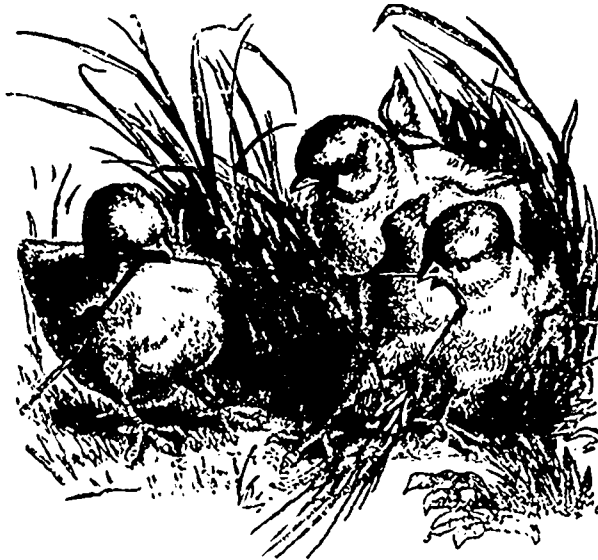
Lions can be tamed if taken young enough; but they may at any time break out with all their native fury, though seldom hurting their friends.—*Forward.*

TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

THERE is an old saying that lazy folks take the most pains. When I was very young I used to wonder how that could be true, for I knew some very lazy folks, and it seemed to me that they never took any pains at all; but I learned after awhile how it was that people who were too lazy to do things as they ought to be done, and at the right time, made themselves so much trouble that in the end they had to take ever so much more pains than if they had done the right thing at first.

A little girl was once too lazy to go to the house after a glass to drink out of. "It's too much trouble to go all the way to the house for a cup. I'll just tip up the pail and take a drink," said she. And so she did tip up the pail, but she didn't get a drink. She tipped it a little too far, and down her neck poured the whole pailful of water!

Dear! dear! How she did jump, and gasp, and sputter, and scream, as the great



THE TUG OF WAR.

stream of cold water ran into her face, down her neck, and all over her! She ran to the house gladly enough now, and as nurse changed her clothes, scolding her all the time, and rubbed her very hard with a crash towel to keep her from taking cold, she wished with all her heart that she had run to the house after a cup and saved herself such a disagreeable wetting.

THE TUG OF WAR.

HERE is an exciting scene, surely! Two little chicks fighting for a straw! Well, after all, silly as it seems, and useless to them as is the possession, the quarrel is just about as sensible and weighty as those creatures of the rational order often engage in. Do we not often see boys and girls, and grown people, too, wrangling and striving over things of little more consequence or worth to them when the battle is gained? See that you don't fight for straws, little friends, or for anything else, for that matter; for things worth winning are never so gained.

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them. "Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two. "Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" promptly replied sister. "Ah! that's not safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!" Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out: "Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"

VERY HAPPY.

CLARABEL is always happy. I have never heard her fret nor cry nor complain of anything. She sits on the rug and plays with her blocks. She goes out with Susan for a walk, or with brother Tom for a ride. She laughs so merrily when she hears the birds sing, that the birds might almost think she was one of their bright family. I do love Clarabel, for she is such a lovely child.

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had only numbered five summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?"

The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love anybody?"

With a look of surprise the child answered: "I love you; I love my father, my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands."

The child's face looked bright with a new thought.

"And you ought," continued his mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother, and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever,"

AS early as a child can be made to understand that he is his mother's child he can understand that he is God's child, that he has been given to God, and that God has accepted him.

GIVE Christ your burdens to carry; for they are too heavy for you.