



THE NEW FIDDLE.

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LITTLE Tommy Tomkins had a present of a new fiddle at New Years. He could not play much, but he got great pleasure in trying too. His dog, Carlo, don't seem to like it very much—see how he yawns as if he were tired of it.

"BOB WHITE"

WHOSE voice is that that wakes me from sleep

As soon as the day begins to peep,
Now under the wall, now in the hay,
Now in the meadow piping away?

Why, that's "Bob White."

He seems as fond of his common name

As humans' who've attained to fame,
But he isn't conceited, not a mite,
Tho' he wakes us up before 'tis light,
To call "Bob White."

Our Robert has just two notes, that's all,

But many a bird might envy his call,
So rich and full, so joyous and free!
For a martin singer there's none to me

Like dear "Bob White."

Let me give you a warning, Robert, dear,

A man with a gun is drawing near,
He wants a quail to put on toast,
Or else a nice tid-bit for a roast,

Fly away, "Bob White."

Ha! ha! he's off! and the gun goes down;
You think yourself smart, my man from town,

But your toast will wait and your oven cool;

I know one bird who is not a fool,
And that's "Bob White."

THE POCKET-PIECE.

"I wish I had a thousand dollars," said Jennie Lee. "I could buy so many nice things then; and I would give something to the poor little lame girl who comes to school looking so pale and hungry."

"How much money have you, Jennie?" asked her mother.

"Only this silver dollar, mother," replied Jennie; "the one Aunt Kitty gave me last Christmas for a pocket-piece. I don't keep it in my pocket, though, for it is nicer in my pretty box. See, it is just as bright and new-looking as ever."

"But it has not grown, my daughter," said Mrs. Lee. "Money does not grow just as seeds do, but the people who own thousands of dollars have many ways of making them increase. We should all make the most of what God has given us, and even one dollar may buy something to make the little lame girl more comfortable. The Bible says: 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.'" (Prov. xi. 24)—*Exchange.*

NAUGHTY JIMMIE.

JIMMIE does not behave well in Sabbath-school. I will tell you what he does, and what he does not do. He crowds the boy who sits next to him, snatches his cap or book, pinches him when teacher is not looking, and whispers loudly every time he gets a chance. He does not listen to what the teacher says about the lesson; he does not sing or pray when the others do; he does not recite the Golden Text or Tiny

Text, and he does not learn much about God and good things. And all the time God is looking at Jimmie—*Our Children*

THE MANLY BOY.

WHAT is it makes a manly boy? It is not size or weight, for there are some large, heavy boys that are anything but manly. We saw one once—a big, burly fellow about fourteen years old, with fist like a small sledge-hammer, and a voice as loud almost as that of a mule. But we did not think he was very manly when we saw him pick up a small boy who was quietly playing with a little wooden waggon, and lift him above his head, while he screamed in his ear as loud as he could, and then set him down. The little fellow was pale with fright, and cried, the big fellow laughed aloud, and went his way, laughing as he went, and no doubt thinking he had done a very fine thing. But he was not manly.

Nor does the power to smoke cigars without getting sick make a manly boy. Some boys think so, we know. We have seen even small boys, nine or ten years old, pick up stumps of cigars which men have thrown into the gutter, and puff away at them, holding up the head and stalking along, as if to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, look at us. We are men, we are." But they are not men.

A manly boy is one who shows some good, manly qualities. We do not expect him to be as large as a man, as strong as a man, or as wise as a man; but he will be honest, truthful, and well-behaved. He will not be ashamed to have it known that he leaves both his father and his mother; nor will he be afraid of the ridicule which silly boys may heap upon him because of this love. They may call him "a baby," and say what they please about his being led by the mother's apron-strings.

THE TRUE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"Now for a grand time, coasting," said Tom Roydon, a day or two after New Year's, as he looked at the new sled that had been among his New Year's presents. So he took the sled, and started off for the hill where the other boys were having a fine time. That is, most of them were. Harry Grayham was there, but he was only looking on. He was a poor boy, and had no sled. After awhile, Harry turned sadly to go home; but Tom called him back, and told him he could use his sled for awhile. Then they "took turns," and both of them enjoyed it very much. The best way to be happy yourself, is to try to make other people happy.