

## EVENING HYMN.

Now the golden beams of day  
In the west are fading;  
Evening tints of sober gray  
Fairer scenes are shading:  
Sweet repose on all around  
Silently is stealing,  
Hushed is every busy sound,  
Softened every feeling.

Glad to Thee our song ascends,  
Gratitude expressing  
For our health and home and friends  
And each varied blessing.  
Lord, thy love we still would share  
As the day is closing;  
Guard us with thy gentle care  
While we are reposing.



A FAITHFUL PROTECTOR.

## TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish that I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrongdoing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like the rest of us: he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong, forgive me," is a hard thing to say; but the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it." So he went to the one that he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had greater respect for him, because he had been brave enough

to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

## A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can

the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a moment to jeer, and loaded him with their insults. Poor boy, he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of! Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart prompted her to stay and say a word to the boys who were jeking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?" He removed one black fist from his eye, and looked up. He recognized her. She had taught him at the Sunday-school. "O ma'am, I'm so bad!" She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visited him kindly and frequently.

A year passed. There was a fire one night. A dwelling-house was in flames. The engine had not yet arrived. The inmates would not be rescued. A boy looked on. Suddenly he shouted, "O she lives there!" then he climbed up the heated, falling stairs. He fought against the suffocating smoke. He hunted about until he found what he sought. She had fainted, was dying perhaps. No! he would save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she was safe in the cool air. The by-standers were struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walked away muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt." O friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

## SOMETHING FUNNY.

When a boy wants a favour very much indeed, he can generally find a way to express himself. Little Charlie asked his mother to talk to him, and say something funny.

"How can I?" she answered. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?"

"Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."

go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—O no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father tenderly, "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry to old Peter my orange that I saved from my dessert."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks only give him cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to Peter's, and wait till you have done