

A LITTLE LIGHT BEARER.

To the little heathen children
Afar across the sea
We send the light of Jesus
That is known to you and me.
And, though I'm but a little boy,
I know full well 'tis true
That we should always bear a light
To shine for Him. Do you?

Sometimes we let our light grow dim
When we're at school or play;
We're just like grown-up children,
And forget that every day
We should watch and see 'tis burning
With a flame so clear and new,
That all the world about us
Can see it shine. Do you?

Perhaps you think that boys and girls
Can't shine so very far;
Jesus can make a little child
Outshine the brightest star.
And when I get to be a man,
Whatever else I do,
I'm going to lift aloft my light
And let it shine. Do you?

Dayspring.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Fred Lewis's teacher had offered a prize to the pupil that recited the best Latin lessons until the end of the session. Every one had started out with perfect lessons, but, as time wore on, one and another dropped off, until it stood between Fred Lewis and Willie Graham. Each was determined to win it, as each said.

The school always had an hour's recess, and Fred always studied his lesson then.

It was the last week, and they were still together, until one day Willie told himself he could stand it no longer, and he determined in some way, whether fair or unfair, to get ahead of Fred.

He watched Fred closely, and, when Fred left his seat, Willie took Fred's book out of the desk and tore the leaves of the lesson out, and then put the book back. All of the pupils had left their books at home, so Willie knew that there would be no possible way for Fred to get his lesson, and so, therefore, would get a failure.

When Fred went to study his lessons he found, to his dismay, the leaves out; he

did not know any one had taken them out. He went to the teacher and told her the leaves were torn out, and he could not get his lesson. The teacher asked him why he hadn't learned his lesson before. Fred told her he was in the habit of getting his lesson in recess.

"You should have gotten your lesson last night, or when you got your last lesson looked to see if all the pages of your book were in; but, as you cannot borrow a book, you will have to get a failure, as we are compelled to finish the course in a certain time, and cannot if we miss a single lesson, but I am real sorry for you, you must be more careful hereafter."

Fred went away sorrowful, and, when the lesson was heard, he of course missed his.

After school he was walking slowly home, when he heard his name called, and, turning around, he saw George Johnson running toward him: "Fred," he said, when he came up to him, "I have got something to tell you, and if I were you I would pay him back."

"Pay who back?" said Fred.

"Willie Graham, he tore the leaves out of your book when you left your seat; I saw him do it, and I was looking for you in recess to tell you, but I could not find you."

Fred turned and looked at George. "Did Willie tear the leaves out of my book, sure enough, George? Why, I didn't think he would do such a thing."

"He's mean enough to do anything, and, if I were you, I would tear his out to-morrow to pay him back."

"I have a great mind to, and make him miss his lesson," and the way Fred spoke showed he was angry.

They walked on, talking it over until they got to Fred's gate, and George's parting words were: "If I were you, I would do it."

When Fred was eating his dinner, his mother said: "How did you come out to-day?"

"All very well, except my Latin, and I missed that right out and out."

"Why, Fred, how did that happen? You must not have studied it."

Then Fred, with flashing, angry eyes, went on and told the story. When he finished, he said, "I think I shall serve him just so to-morrow. He is so sure of the prize, I think I will put him down a little."