

## THE BEES.

Watch the bees, my children all,  
 Busy artisans so small,  
 With what ceaseless labor they  
 Seek for honey day by day.  
 They their life's work ne'er abate,  
 Busy, happy, early, late.  
 Should I idly live? Oh, nay!  
 But more busily than they  
 Since my God has given me  
 Understanding. Henceforth be  
 Happiest hours of my life  
 Those with useful actions rife.  
 Not for selfish ease was given  
 Precious time by God in heaven.  
 From His hand on me doth fall  
 Life and skill and knowledge. All  
 Must be wisely used. At last  
 Comes reward when life is past.—*Sel.*

## LITTLE WIDOWS.

Two little girls in India attended a school taught by English ladies. The school was supported by the children of a Sunday-school in Cambridge, England. One of these little girls was eleven and the other was five years old. But, will you believe it? they were both *married*. They lived at home, each with her parents, and knew nothing about the husbands they were expected to go to some future day. Both these husbands died the same year. The girls were taken away from school, and their lives became perfect blanks. Their people think that they are so very wicked that the gods took away their husbands to punish them. As soon as they are sixteen, they will have to fast every eleven days, as all widows in India do. On a fast day they can have no food and no water. If a widow were dying on a fast day, no one would give her water if she begged for it ever so hard. These poor little widows are cruelly treated. They have but one meal a day, have to wear plain clothes, put away their jewels, and eat the poorest food. Are we as glad and grateful as we ought to be that our own dear little girls were born in Bible lands, where everybody knows better than to treat them so?—*Sel.*

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they to be pitied and not blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing,

## NEVER TOUCH LIQUOR IN ANY FORM.

That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but is worth putting in practice. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and probably will come in this way: You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all this life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—*J. G. Holland.*

## A LITTLE WORKER.

I'm not very big, and I'm not very wise, and I'm not very rich. But I can grow, and I can learn, and I can work. I can pray too. Teacher says that is better than all the rest.