

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE
INSIDE.

The following story is by Rev. Charles Garrett. Mr. Garrett says:

"One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street; and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

"The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

"He then quickly printed, in large letters,—

"SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE."

"He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud, '*Specimen of the work done inside.*'"

"In a very short time a crowd assembled; and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper; and then demanded, in an angry voice, 'Who did that?'

"'Which?' asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. 'If you mean, what is on the paper, I did *that*; but if you mean the *MAN*, you did *that*! This morning when he arose, he was sober; when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your gin-shop, he was sober; and *now* he

is what *you* made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?'"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On Christmas Day, far, far away,
A little Baby slumbering lay;
Starlight was shed upon His bed
And round His fair and lowly head.

The angels sung, the blue sky rung,
And all the earth looked bright and young;
'Twas God's own Son came down alone
To make our little souls His own.

Dear Lord above, teach me Thy love;
Make me Thy gentle, spotless dove—
To find my nest within Thy breast,
And there in peace and safety rest.

WOODEN SWEARING.

There's a kind of swearing, dear children, which many people are given to when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. It is practically the same thing as swearing, springs from the same kind of feelings exactly; but avoids saying those awful words; they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.

SOWING A NAME.

We have seen a young child express the greatest surprise and delight on discovering in a flower-bed its name written in the green of young plants, the seed of which had been sown in that form by a fond father or mother. But by and by, dear children, you will see your name or character as it has been planted by yourself, springing up in the opinion people entertain of you, and it will be exactly as you have sown it. Be careful, then, how you sow. Do not spoil your name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is a seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world. — *Sel.*