

THE BOY THAT DREW THE BABY'S PICTURE.

There was once a little American boy named Benjamin West; when he was only seven years old he was watching the beautiful baby, daughter of his eldest sister, in her cradle, when she seemed to him to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and he ran and got some paper and drew the picture in red and black ink. The likeness was said to be an excellent one and from that time forth his mind ran on nothing else than being an artist. His father was a Quaker farmer and had not the money, even if he had the wish to give his son the education necessary for an artist; but still Benjamin West worked on making his first paint brushes out of the hairs of a cat's tail, and painted away from his seventh year of age to the time of his death. His birthplace was in Springfield, Pennsylvania, and he went from there to Philadelphia where he received some instruction in his art and there and in the neighboring towns and New York, practised it chiefly as a portrait painter. In 1760 when twenty-two years old he went to Italy where he remained for three years, gaining very remarkable success, and then went to dwell for the rest of his lifetime in London, England. Here he received the highest honors that can be given an artist, being made president of the Royal Academy, and for nearly forty years he was the friend of King George the Third who was proud of being his patron. But still Benjamin West made one great mistake as an artist, which Samuel Smiles in *Self Help*, a book that everybody should read, refers to in those words; "West might have been a greater painter, had he not been injured by too early success; his fame though great, was not purchased by study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring."

THE PARROT'S MEMORY.

A parrot was once the pet of a beautiful Spanish lady, who caressed him daily, and taught him her musical tongue. At last she sold him to an English naval officer, who took him home as a present to his wife.

For some time the parrot seemed to be melancholy beneath the gray skies of England, where men and birds spoke a tongue unknown to him. By degrees, however, he learned some English sentences, forgot apparently all the Spanish he ever knew, and regained health and spirits.

Years passed away, and the parrot still lived as the pet of the whole family; he grew to be very old, could only eat pap, and could scarcely climb his pole, but nobody had the heart to destroy him, and so he grew weaker and

weaker. One day a Spanish gentleman called, and was shown to the room where the parrot lived.

A lively discussion arose in Spanish between the visitor and his host. It was the first time since his arrival in England that the bird had heard his native language, and it must have reminded him of his sojourn on the Peninsula. With wild delight the parrot spread out his wings, repeated hurriedly some of the Spanish phrases learned in his youth, and fell down dead. The joy of hearing the sweet accents he had learned when he was the senorita's companion was more than he could bear.—*Harper's Young People*.

him, "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed, "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large, hazel eyes opened on me, and his cheeks flushed as he slowly said, "Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "God wants us to trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and He knows that as soon as we trust Him we shall begin to love Him. This is the way to love God, to put your trust

his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to.—*Word and Work*.

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

Many there are who stand hesitating on the threshold of a Christian life, unwilling to commit themselves by taking a first step lest they should not prove able to hold out in the new way. To such the following narrative from *Early Dew* may prove a helpful suggestion. We give it as we find it, commending it to their earnest attention:

"George Manning had almost decided to become a Christian, one doubt held him back. 'How can I know,' he said to himself, 'that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?' He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision and unhappiness he one evening sought the house of his favorite professor—for he was a college student at the time—and they talked for several hours upon the all absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of decision.

"When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and, observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and, handing it to his young friend, said,

"George, this little light will not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step and you will reach your home in safety."

"It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path brightened by the little lantern the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

"Why can I not trust my heavenly Father," he said to himself, "even if I cannot see my way clear to the end, if he gives me the light to take one step? I will trust him; I do trust him."

"He could hardly wait till he reached his room to fall on his knees and thank God for the peace and joy that filled his soul. Early next morning the professor was summoned to the door. There he found George Manning. With beaming face he looked up to his teacher, and as he handed him the lantern said significantly; "Doctor, your little lamp lighted me all the way home last night."

A CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE.

A Christian man, working hard for God, was told by the doctor that he must give up all work if he would save his life.

His answer was, "I would rather spend two or three years in doing good than exist for six in idleness."



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HOW TO LOVE GOD.

In a beautiful New England village a young man lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. His heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines. One day I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave to me. I said to

him, "My boy, you must trust Him first of all." Then spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent Him that we might believe in Him, and how, all through his life, He tried to win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men would not believe in Him, and every one who believed came to love without trying at all. He drank in all the truth, and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour; and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of