

### THE CHILDREN.—FROWNS OR SMILES.

WHERE do they go, I wonder—

The clouds on a cloudy day,  
When the shining sun comes peeping out,  
And scatters them all away?

I know—they keep them and cut them down  
For cross little girls who want to frown.  
Frowns, and wrinkles, and pouts—oh, my!  
How many 'twould make one cloudy sky?

I think I should like it better

A sunshiny day to take,  
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—  
What beautiful ones 'twould make!  
Enough for all the dear little girls  
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,  
To drive the scowls and frowns away,  
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

—St. Nicholas.

### LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE Mary had just come from the window, where she had been gazing out with evident pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at papa's feet.

It was just at sunset; a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure.

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?"

"No; what do you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't he have beautiful veils, papa, to hide him from us?"

"True enough, little one," thought I. "The clouds which veil him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them, if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth."

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's and does it not remind you of the time when the veil shall be parted, and he shall come with the clouds, and every eye shall see him?

### LOST OUR WAY.

WHEN I was a boy, I and a number of my playmates had rambled through the woods and fields, till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found ourselves far from home—we had lost our way. It happened that we were nearer our home than we thought, but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some

very surly answer. Just then came along another man, who, with a smile on his face, said. "Jim, a man's tongue is like a cat's it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand paper, just as he likes to use it, and to make it. You seem to use your tongue for sand paper." And then he pleasantly told us the way home. Try the velvet, children —anon.

### THE TRUE STORY OF FRANKIE SMITH.

ONE night, when he was three years old, Frankie said his prayers and went to bed. He was not sleepy, so his sister began to talk. "If you did not speak your prayer right out of your heart truly, it was not any prayer at all," said she. "Wasn't it? Well, then, I have not prayed. I'll begin now." So Frankie folded his hands and spoke truly to "heavenly Jesus," for so he called the Lord. Now, Frankie had been a very wilful child. His high temper had made his friends afraid. But, only think: from that time he became good and gentle; and he grew up to be as sweet as he was bright and cheerful. Jesus helped him as soon as he prayed truly. Try that way of prayer, dears. It is the one right way, which God answers.

### THE CHANGED TITLE.

Who ever heard of a saloon-keeper being called Mr? Instead of this he is almost always called Pat or Bill or Dan or perhaps Old So-and-so. People, you see, haven't the least bit of respect for the man who sells liquor.

In a little town in New Hampshire there was a tavern-keeper, the only one in the place, who went by the name of Old Burns. He never drank the liquor himself, but he made it his business to get other people to drink until he had gotten all their money away from them, and then he would clear them out of his bar-room quick enough. He had been arrested ever so many times for the bad things he had done, but he had plenty of money and would pay his fine and go right on with his wicked business again.

At one time the people held temperance meetings in the town for a whole week. Every evening there was a meeting. All the ministers were interested and the people, young and old, went. Some one persuaded Old Burns to go. He was willing enough.

"I never drink the stuff," he said; "I don't approve of it."

"Then why do you sell it?" some one asked.

"Oh, there are plenty of fools that will

have it," said he, "and I may as well sell it as anybody else."

But after he had been to several of the meetings God's Holy Spirit touched his heart and he began to see that his business was wrong and he gave it up. But he did not really become a Christian for some time. That followed, however, and then the man began to study the Bible in earnest. How he loved it!

Once in a meeting he said this: "You have all looked upon me as a very wicked man, and so I was, but let me tell you that during all these years of sin I never lay down upon my bed at night without kneeling and saying the prayer my mother taught me when I was a child, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

So we see it is a good thing for mothers to teach their little ones this prayer. They do not know what a hold it may have upon them when they are grown up.

This man now became Mr. Burns. His name, you notice, or his title was changed as soon as he began to lead a respectable life. And after a few years it became Rev. Mr. Burns, for he went into a new business, that of trying to win souls for Jesus. Before he had tried to lead souls to destruction. How sorry he felt for it now and how earnestly he prayed that he might lead them from this time in the ways of truth!

### GOOD ADVICE.

"You ought to be very happy and contented, Dolly. Look at that trunk full of lovely things, and think what good care your own mamma takes of you all the time. I'm sorry to see that you do not seem to think about these things. I'm afraid I shall have to put you in a closet, and leave you to yourself for awhile. Now, I will tell you what I think, Dolly. I think that a little girl who has everything she wants to eat and drink and wear, and a good, kind mamma to take care of her, and plenty of kind friends to love her, ought to be a happy little girl, and not fret and worry one bit."

This is Susie's advice to Dolly. Don't you think it is a very good advice?

### SHORT GRAVES.

ONCE a young prince asked his teacher to tell him how to prepare to die.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," answered the teacher.

"No!" answered the prince. "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves: and many of them are shorter than I am."