

be far lower than it is even now, if all were as solicitous about their neighbors' and subordinates' well-being as they are jealously careful of their own privileges, and sensitively alive to their own convenience. The mad rush of business becomes always madder, and Mammon always grudges more and more the day of rest as so much time practically thrown away. But the wisely prudent and the politically far-seeing will, on this very account, be the last to do anything which would cut our country adrift from our Sunday rest and its inestimable privileges—*C. B., in London News.*

MAKING SUNDAY PLEASANT.

The responsibility of making Sunday a pleasant day for the children ought not to fall upon mothers alone. Fathers often excuse themselves on the ground that they have worked hard all the week, and need rest on that day, forgetful of the fact that their wives have also been working through the week. In a certain family Sunday is called "papa's day," because he then devotes himself almost exclusively to the children. He takes one hour for rest, but the remainder of the time is given to them. The mother joins in the plans, but does not assume any care, and thus finds the relief from the watchfulness which she has exercised over them all the week.

In pleasant weather the family take a quiet walk together. This is far better than allowing the boys and girls to go off with companions of their own age. In this household those who are old enough to attend Sunday-school study the lesson together and talk about it at the breakfast table. The hour before the little ones retire is spent in singing hymns, ending with a simple devotional service, in which one of the older children reads the Scriptures, and each member of the family offers a short prayer. In this home the children consider Sunday the shortest and pleasantest day of the week.—*Congregationalist.*

Divine charity overcometh all things.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
May 2. Acts xiii. 1-13. . . . St. John xvi. 6-15.	
" 9. Acts xiii. 26-39. . . . St. Mark x. 13-16.	
" 16. Acts xiv. 11-22. . . . St. Mark x. 19-27.	
" 23. Acts xv. 1-6, 22-29. St. Matt. xxi. 33-46.	
" 30. James ii. 14-23. . . . Acts i. 1-11.	

LULLABY.

The light is fading out,
Baby dear, baby dear;
My arms are round thee close,
Do not fear.

Within our pretty room
Shadows creep, shadows creep;
Love watches over thee,
Go to sleep.

When darkness covers us
Love makes light, love makes light.
God's arms are round us close
In the night.

The light will often fade,
And shadows creep, shadows creep;
Love above watches thee,
Go to sleep.

—Selected.

KEEPING BACK A PART.

"Say, Ted, let's earn some money."

"How?"

"Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?" and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. "That's in front of Mrs. Lange's house, and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter."

"But likely the man himself is going to put it in."

"Oh, no, he ain't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away. Come, let's hurry," and Jim rushed down the street, followed by his companion.

They paused to take breath in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house with his offer.

"Why, yes," said that lady pleasantly; "I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off."

So, armed with shovels and pail, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was hard work for such little fellows; they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal shed was, but they went at it bravely,

and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said:

"Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even."

"No more it won't," was the reply.

"Twelve for you and twelve for me," Ted went on; "but what about the other cent?"

"I don't know," Jim said, thoughtfully; "we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to one any more than to the other."

"There's your baby," suggested Ted.

"Yes, but there's yours, too, and they can't both have it, and giving it to one more than to the other wouldn't be even."

"I say, Jim!" Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, "there's the old blind man, corner Manhattan Avenue."

"That's so," said Jim, "and he's both of ours. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to you any more than to me. We both kinder own him, don't we?"

"Yes, we both helped him pick up his money the day he slipped, didn't we?"

"Of course; so he'll have the extra cent."

Having arranged that important matter, says a writer in an exchange, the two little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

"Now we're done," cried Jim triumphantly.

"Yes, we're done," echoed Ted.

But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least half a pail of coal, and Jim was asking himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along and saw, too. Looking at Jim, he read his thoughts and said:

"Oh, pshaw! let's don't bother about that little bit; we're both too tired."

"There's the dust on the sidewalk, too," remarked Jim slowly; "the putter-in always cleans that off."

"But we're not regular putters-ins," argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.