

ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

Thus you will see that the temple of God is your own body, and if you desire to have the presence of the living God come in and dwell there, you must keep the temple pure. The building must be erected on a solid foundation—even the Rock Christ Jesus. It must have Truth for its corner-stone, Love for its walls, and Honesty for its roof. Then there must be adornment for the interior, such as Charity, and Peace, and Humility and Forbearance. And whatsoever you do, you must do it as to the Lord.

Little folks, this is the kind of a temple I hope you are erecting to the Lord,—something that will give tangible evidence that the Spirit of God is dwelling within you. Then, if God spares you to live to a good old age, you will have erected a temple that will be pleasing in the sight of God and an honor to yourself. Old age may find you poor in the things this world has to give, but rich in the possession of an inheritance that is incorruptible and eternal.—'Little Folks' Paper.'

He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to note that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

'Why, Jimmy,' said one, 'you can't run, you know.'

'Oh, hush!' said another—the tallest in the party; 'never mind. I'll run for him,' and he took his place by Jimmie's side, prepared to act. 'If you were like him,' he said aside

to the other boys, 'you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time.'

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—'Ram's Horn.'

The Lost Bird.

Pet was a canary bird. He belonged to Marjory, a gentle little girl. He had a pleasant home in a gilded cage, but one day when the door was open he flew away to the bushes. But there he saw strange sights and heard strange sounds, and soon the poor birdie was lost. A cat kept watching him and tried



to catch him. How frightened he was!

He began a pitiful little peep and fluttered about, longing for his home.

Just then he heard Marjorie whistling for him, and he answered loudly. She came near and he fluttered into her hands. Pet was very glad to get back to his home, and Marjorie was delighted that he was safe in her keeping.

Puzzle Corner.

Have you ever been in it? It is close by Lesson Lane and near the foot of Difficulty Hill. Most boys and girls find themselves there sometimes, often by way of some provoking sum or knotty rule of grammar. Some prefer to call it Sticking Point, for it is a hard corner to turn. The many different paths by which boys and girls reach this troublesome spot are not so important as what means they use with which to get past it—that is the all-important question. And here is just the point where boys

and girls differ, and some succeed while others fail. One puzzled girl begins to cry, but tears never wash away difficulties. Another boy gets cross, and perhaps dashes down his book or slate in a temper, because he can't understand his next step; but such impatience never helps him round. A third scholar does what is worse still—when confronted with the puzzle he never endeavors to get beyond it, but leaves the hard question and turns to something easier.

This is how to stick at Puzzle Corner. The boys and girls who get round it keep their heads cool and their tempers unruffled, trust in God and do their best, and by dint of patience, perseverance, and hard work they unravel the mystery and get past Puzzle Corner.—'Band of Hope Review.'

The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little chubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's coming man.

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul

Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—

So sticky, small, and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems

To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be

Reserved within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a toffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!

And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
Which has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the coming man!
—'Children's Treasury.'