

MAMMA!

It's "Mamma!" here and "Mamma" there,
Till I am like to drop;
It's "Mamma! Mamma!" all the time,
Oh, will it ever stop.

"Its 'Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!' till
It would wear out a saint!"
Ah, poor, tired mother! thus I hear
You oftentimes make complaint.

But when the quiet night descends,
And every voice is still,
Oh, does no vague but haunting fear,
Your gentle bosom fill?

Oh, does no sudden heart-throb make
You seek the children's beds,
And call heaven's blessings down upon
Their precious curly heads?

Their little hands make mischief, and
Their little feet make noise;
But oh, what could you do without
Those naughty girls and boys?

WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the ground for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on a make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but, after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, D., how silly you are! how can I have two masters? The one would say, 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your master. Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

—Scattered Seeds.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

MR BROWS wanted a boy—Charlie Jones wanted the place. He was told to put a screw in the gate-hinge.

"Oh, yes, I can do that!" And he seized a hammer and gave the screw two or three hard whacks.

"Stop! stop! that is not the way!"

"That is the quickest way."

"But the quickest way is not always the right way. I want no boy who puts in screws with a hammer."

There are a great many boys who drive screws with a hammer, and a great many places that do not want them for that reason. There are Charlies and Marys who will learn their lesson the "quickest way" instead of the right way. And in everything, whether it is running an errand, sewing a seam, or, as they become older, doing more important things, they are not content with the slower but surer way of one patient turn after another. They skim over the lesson, and try to make brilliant answers in class, or double the thread and take one stitch where there should be three, or dash off before they half understand what it is about or how or what they say is going to sound. No boy or girl who drives screws with a hammer can succeed.—*Selected.*

ANNA CLARK.

THE Clark family was thrifty and well-to-do; indeed they were termed wealthy in the place in which they lived. Only one daughter blessed their household—a proud and worldly-minded daughter, though born of noble Christian parents. Every day these good people prayed for their daughter's deliverance from the bondage of sin, but it all seemed to be to no avail. But the Lord is never deaf to the prayers of those who love and fear him; and he takes his own and the best way of answering them.

One Sunday evening while sitting in their room praying and reading words of blessed comfort, the intelligence that their daughter was hurt reached them. It was a sad hour to the parents of the injured girl when she was brought home from Sunday pleasure excursion, having been thrown from a carriage. The doctor pronounced her a cripple for life, if she ever lived over her injury. For a long time her recovery seemed doubtful, but God in his infinite mercy remembered the parents, and did not cut down the stalk that had never borne one blossom to his glory. She lived, but it was a changed life—a noble and a grand life, as free from sin and error as an earthly life can be. And Anna Clark's name is the household treasure of a hundred families.—*Exchange.*

LITTLE JOHNNIE TWOBOYS

WHEN Johnnie's mother dressed him in the morning she always buttoned up two boys inside of his jacket. One was named Good, the other Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one and sometimes the other. When his face was being washed, Bad would call out, "You don't want to be washed, it's clean enough." And then Johnnie would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble.

Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnnie all day long, but at night, when he was going to bed, Good would say, "Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty?" And Johnnie would promise to try to do better just before he said his prayer.

One day Johnnie had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it too," said Johnnie's baby sister.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it too!" cried baby again.

"Well I won't give it to you—it's mine," answered Johnnie, giving it a toss. Baby cried. "Its mine, I tell you!" shouted Johnnie stamping his feet.

"That's right," said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came, and Johnnie was sent out of the room.

"It's your little baby sister," said Good.

"I don't care," said Johnnie.

"She put her two little arms around your neck and hugged you just now," said Good. Johnnie felt rather ashamed, so he didn't say anything more.

Pretty soon Johnnie's round face peeped in the nursery, and two little rows of teeth showed themselves while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had his way that time.—*The Mayflower.*

"HOW LONG?"

How long does it take to be converted? said a young man to his father.

"How long," asked his father, "does it take a judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have declared him 'not guilty'?"

"Only one minute."

When a sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and is sorry for it, when he desires forgiveness and deliverance from sin, and believes that Christ is willing and able to save him, he can be converted as speedily as a prisoner can be discharged by the judge. It does not take God a long time to discharge a penitent soul from the condemnation and power of sin."