



COASTING.

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OUR little friend's seem somewhat frightened by their coasting adventure. The little girl hugs her brother as tight as she cau. I hope they will get to the bottom of the hill all right. If they should run into a bush or stone they might get badly hurt.

## AMOS AND THE NAILS.

"AMOS, here is a hammer and a keg of nails; I wish every time you do a wrong thing, to drive one of these nails into this post."

"Well, father, I will," said Amos.

After awhile Amos came to his father and said, "I have used all the nails; the keg is empty."

His father went to the spot, and found the post black with nails. "Amos," said he "have you done something wrong for each of those nails?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Amos," said the father sorrowfully,

"Will you not turn about and try to be a good boy?"

Amos thought a moment and then said, "Father, I'll try."

"Very well," said his father. "Now take the hammer, and every time you do a good act, or resist a wrong one, draw out a nail and put it into the keg again."

After some time the boy came to his father and said, "Come, father, see the nails in the keg again. I have pulled out a nail for every good act, and now the keg is full again."

"I am glad my son," said the father, "but see, the marks of the nails remain."

## GOD HEARS.

From the far blue heaven,  
Where the angels dwell,  
God looks down on children,  
Whom he loves so well.

He will hear their praying,  
In the day or night,  
And with gentle kindness  
Guide their steps aright.

## A KISS FOR MAMMA

The car was all ready, the aeronaut saying  
A few last words ere he sailed away  
To the far, blue sky, where the sunbeams  
straying  
Made perfect the glorious summer day  
While thousands and thousands were  
gathering nigh,  
To wish him good journey, and bid him  
good-bye.

A wee little maid with her sunny hair  
falling  
Back from her beautiful childish brow,  
Sprang away from her nurse, her baby voice  
calling;  
"An please Mr. Man, may I do now?  
I want to do up wiv 'oo in 'e sky  
To find my own mamma an' tiss 'er dood-  
bye."

He kissed the sweet face, while the tear-  
drops were shining  
On many a cheek hardened with care,  
He unclasped the arms round his neck  
fondly twining  
And sailed from the little one standing  
there;  
But a sweet voice rose to him, clear and  
free,  
"Tell mamma I's dood dirl, an' tiss 'er fo'  
me!"

—Wide Awake.

## A SHEPHERD-BOY'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he too would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, D, and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes saw the little fellow kneeling, with folded hands and closed eyes, saying "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"

The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew he would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The prayer that goes to heaven comes from the heart.—*The Sunday Hour.*