

Trust.

Strength for the day is all that we need,
 As there never will be a to-morrow;
 For to-morrow will be but another to-day,
 With its measure of joy and of sorrow.
 Then why be forecasting the trials of life,
 With so sad and so grievous persistence—
 Why anxiously wait for the coming of ills
 That never may have an existence?
 Far better to trust to the wisdom and love
 Of the Providence ever beside us,
 With no anxious thought what the future may
 bring,
 For He guides all events that betide us.

A Band of Mercy Boy.

[If we cannot do miracles of healing as Peter did we can show the same kind spirit. "Such as I have give I thee."]

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market-street, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I suppose he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed whistling I said, "Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said:

"Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—
School and Home.

Home Circle.

The Clay.

Within their tiny hands my children hold
 A ball of yielding clay,
 And, as they try some dainty form to mould,
 I hear them softly say,
 "What shall we make? an apple or a vase?
 Some marbles, or a vase?"
 One little boy, a smile upon his face,
 Says, "I shall make a man."

Straightway, with lengthened face, he, at his task,
 Begins and 'neath the hands
 Unskilful, weak, and yet, to proud too ask
 For aid, a form expands,
 Crude, and yet not too poor to show the man
 Hid in the maker's thought,—
 How different yet if some skilled artisan
 The ball of clay had wrought.

To-day within my hands my children lie,
 I shape them as I will,
 And seek for aid from Him that is on high,
 That He may with His skill
 Teach my weak, willing hands to rightly mould
 The clay that I have sought,
 That in true forms of beauty may unfold
 The Maker's highest thought. —*Transcript.*

Those Boys.

I once heard a motherly-like woman, plain in every way except in the lovely face, apologize for her ignorance of society and society ways, by saying: "I always keep so close at home. I had four boys, and I felt as if I wanted to do so much for them that I never had the time to go, as many mothers did; but I do not see any boys like my boys, and since they have grown up, I feel amply repaid." After I had seen the boys, I felt as if she had done much more with her life than if she had devoted herself to any claims of society. Her husband, though, had risen to a prominent position, and she felt keenly the difference between herself and the other ladies with whom she was thrown.

I daily hear young mothers complain that their children are taking all their time—all the best part of their lives. But do you not think if you were to interest yourself more in the things that interest your boys, you would keep them with you longer? A street education does not improve your boy, and just look around on the many who are raised that way.

It is pitiable when we come to think the house is too good for the boys; it seems to me bare floors would be more preferable than the fine carpets shut up and away from the boys entirely. "They are so noisy and rough!" Well, need they be so, any more than the gentlemen who visit your house are so? I think the city boys are most to be pitied, for there seems no place for them but the street. But still, with the gymnasiums, the public libraries, the parks and the various industries carried on, they can employ their time very satisfactorily, if they choose to do so, without going into evil of any kind.

If school begins to grow irksome, it is much better to put the boy to some good business or trade. Looking around upon the men who have done the best for themselves, you will find they were the boys who were put early to the wheel, and not the boys whose parents clothed and coddled them and furnished them with abundant spending money, till grown into manhood. On every side you can see the boys who are ruined by having too much money to spend that did not come by the sweat of their own brows.

Where boys show a decided talent, it should certainly be well cultivated, as anyone does better with a specialty. It is your duty to plan employments for him, and not leave him to do as he pleases, and then blame him for the evil he is sure to fall into.

I heard a mother say this: "My boys have been perfect pests these two holiday weeks. I wish there never was any vacation during the year." Another said, "Why, mine have been so busy, I do not know what has become of the time." Ah, that was it. The boys kept busy were no trouble, and the mother had planned it all. Count all your time well spent that goes toward making your boys grow up to be good men and respectable citizens.—*Ladies' Home Companion.*

Be noble! and the nobleness which lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
 —*Lowell.*

Always think twice before the boy is set to a task you would not do yourself.