

help your mother. This you all can do by not pulling things out of their places. And when you have done with anything, be sure to put it where it belongs.

"John might bring in some of the small wood, and pick up those sticks which are lying by the door. Sarah may put the room in order while her mother is busy, and amuse little George, who is too young to do anything.

"Now, I should like to have you all try my plan for to-morrow; and when we come to the supper table to eat our good bread and milk, I think my children will own they have had a happy day."—*Selected.*

AT A TURNING-POINT.

As Thomas Bent was walking along the street one day, he saw a gentleman drop a purse on the side-walk. Thomas quickly picked it up, slipped it very slyly into his pocket, and walked on, saying to himself, "I'm a lucky fellow. This purse feels as if there was a good lot of money in it. Hurrah for Tom Bent!"

Just then the boy's conscience woke up and whispered, "What are you going to do with that purse? It is not yours. If you keep it you will be a thief. Remember the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Thomas paused a moment to think. Then with flashing eyes he ran after the gentleman, and handing him the purse said, "If you please, sir, you dropped your purse. Here it is."

"You are an honest boy," said the man, and he took the purse, and, smiling pleasantly, handed him five shillings.

Thomas walked home feeling finely, as he had good reason to do. He had escaped a great danger. When he picked up that purse he was standing at a point where two roads met—one was the path of the thief, the other of the honest man. Had he kept the purse he would have entered the first path, and most likely have been brought up at last in a prison; by restoring it he entered the way of honesty and right. So, you see, he was at a turning-point in his life, and he turned it safely. Happy Thomas Bent!

Children, you now see what is a *turning-point*. Whenever you are met by a strong temptation to do a wrong act,

you are at a turning-point. Let the temptation conquer you, and you will find yourselves in the wrong road. Conquer the temptation, and your feet will stand in the right way. Look out for turning-points. — *Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

DEACON COLE'S PARROT.

In an old farm-house in Swansea, Mass., there once lived an excellent deacon by the name of Cole. He had a son named Stanton who followed the sea. On one of his voyages he obtained a parrot which proved such a wonderful talker that he brought it home as a present to his parent. Among its many accomplishments, the bird could sing. The good deacon used to hold conference and prayer-meetings at his house in the long winter evenings. At one of these social meetings, Polly chanced to be left in the room. The good people commenced singing,

"When I can read my title clear,
to which pious strain, Polly seemed to listen with wonder and delight. She at last seemed to think that it would be a good time for her to improve her gifts and not be backward in showing her approval of a cause that made people happy. The hymn ended, and Polly began,

"Hey, Betty Martin!"

The good deacon looked amazed, the young giggled, and the old found it difficult to retain their wonted soberness. Presently Polly began again,

"Hey, Betty Martin,

Tip toe, tip toe!

Hey, Betty Martin,

Tip, toe, fine!

Couldn't get a husband

To please her—please her—

Couldn't get a husband

To please her MIND!"

The deacon put an end to Polly's voluntary by removing the cage at once, the poor bird not being able to comprehend why her well-intended effort failed to be appreciated.

The young man, Stanton, who brought home the bird, went again to sea. Eight years passed, and as nothing was heard from him during the latter part of this period, it was supposed that he was