

He preserveth the souls of His saints.

Psalm xcvi. 10.

taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his play-mates are standing by to join in the laugh against him.

"Be a man, and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are old enough now to think and act for yourself."

"Came, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a good time. It won't hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John, "I shall mind my father. The Bible says, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will, starting off, "don't stand listening to his preaching." On he went, and the boys quickly followed.

John went home, and in preparing his lessons for the next day and joining in the home pleasures he had forgotten all about the boys.

The next morning, on his way to school, he heard that the boys had been arrested and sent to gaol for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxiously their parents must have been waiting all through the night for their boys to come home. And then to be told that they were in gaol! How it must have surprised and pained them!

Don't be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm can come of it.

If those boys had minded their parents and stayed at home, they would have made different men. *Not one of them turned out well.*

Hundreds of boys have been ruined through being every night in the streets.

NOT YET.

"**N**OT yet," said a little boy. "When I grow older I will think about my soul."

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

CRACKED.

I WAS a set of Resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written,
In letters broad and dark,
(To look as grand as the others),
"Miss Baby Grace, X her mark!"

*We'll try all ways to help our mother ;
We won't be selfish to each other ;
We'll say kind words to every one ;
We won't tie Pussy's feet for fun ;
We won't be cross and snarly, too ;
And all the good we can, we'll do."*

"It's just as easy to keep them,"
The children gaily cried ;
But Mamma, with a smile, made answer,
"Wait, darlings till you are tried."
And truly, the glad, bright New Year
Wasn't his birthday old,—
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are *your* resolutions ?"
We asked of the baby, Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face,
Quick came the merry answer
She never an instant lacked,—
"I don't fink much of 'em's broken,
But I dess 'em's 'bout all cracked!"

Lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil.

Luke xi. 4.