



STUDYING THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

WHO IS THE TRULY BRAVE?

Who is the truly brave?
The boy with self-control,
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,
And, though he may be big and strong,
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who can forgive,
And look as though he had not heard
The mocking jest, the angry word;
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy whose daily walk
Is always honest, pure, and bright,
Who cannot lie, who will not fight,
But stands up boldly for the right,
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who fears to sin;
Who knows no other sort of fear,
But strives to keep his conscience clear,
Nor heeds his comrade's taunt or jeer,
If he hath peace within.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who dares to pray,
And humbly kneeling, seeks the face
Of God, and asks supplies of grace
To help him run the Christian race,
And walk in wisdom's way.

"E INSTEAD OF I."

A LARGE class of scholars in a country school were standing up to spell. A hard word was missed by the scholar at the head of the class, and passed to the next, and so through the class, until the last scholar—a little fellow—spelled the word, and went "up to the head," passing above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. The teacher then turned around and wrote the word on the blackboard, so they could all see it. No sooner had she written the word out than the little boy at the head exclaimed, "O! I didn't say so, Miss W.; I said *e* instead of *i*." And he walked to the foot again quicker than he went to the head.

That boy was an honest boy who would not take credit that did not belong to him. How much more honourable he was, and how much happier he felt at the foot of the class than at the head when he knew

he did not belong there. An *e* instead of an *i* does not seem to be much, but honesty instead of trickery, and honesty instead of falsehood, is a great deal in a boy or in a man.

A HUBBUB IN FACE-TOWN.

THE first to notice anything wrong was neighbour Nose, who, living just across the street, and on a hill, couldn't help seeing that there was something awful going on over the way.

So he called to Mr. Chin, who lives on the edge of the town, just back, to look and see; and Chin declares that he could scarcely see the smooth top of neighbour Nose's head for the frightful actions of the Lips, just between them.

Then the Mistresses Cheek heard the commotion, and, it is said, grew pale with alarm at what they saw, and ran back to the Ears to tell them, causing them to stand on tiptoe to see the dreadful sight.

On the other side of the street Nose blew his trumpet to sound the alarm; Masters Eye were awakened out of a sound sleep by it, and, looking down that way, were horrified to see two strange red objects, just around the corner from Nose, which they had never seen before.

They called to Eyebrows, and they arched themselves to get a better view of the startling sight, while Forehead wrink

led himself until he almost went into fits over it; and it is said that a number of Hairs wanted to stand straight up, so that they could look over at the frightful doings in Face-town, which no one could explain or understand, until the Tongue came out of his door, through two rows of little white, scared Teeth, and told them not to be alarmed, it was only their little mistress *pouting*—*Our Morning Guide*.

THE HUMBLE TEACHER.

A LITTLE violet grew down in a deep dell, beautiful for its fragrance, beautiful for its trust. It was shut in by high banks so that it saw naught of what was passing in the great world around it. It could only look up to the blue sky so far above its head, which the tall banks on each side seemed almost to touch, and trust.

"I am only a little thing," it would say, "but I do what I can." And it sent its fragrance far and near, so that passers-by easily found it, though it was small. They loved it for its beauty and sought it for its fragrance. Day after day it used its one little talent till it seemed multiplied tenfold. All the summer it grew and blossomed, and when it died people said, "We miss the fragrant life of the little violet and the lesson of trust it taught us."

A PLEA FOR FUN.

A LITTLE simple fun, if it has no sharp stings of discomfort about it, makes home delightful to the small people, and although older ones are not so willing to show their enjoyment of it, there is good evidence that it does them good. Living is serious business; death, with all its solemnity, is at our neighbour's door, and, perhaps, at ours, and there is no time for unseemly trifling; but because every power of our nature, every energy of body, and mind, and spirit, are demanded for the task given us, we are bound to take all the helps which are mercifully provided to enable us to make the best use of our powers and our energies. To cut off humour from our lives is to cripple us in the race; to allow us no "fun" is to deprive us of a needed food.

THE BABY BIRDS.

LUCY, a mite of a girl, roaming around the orchard with her brother Tom one day in June, found a nest with some very young birds in it. "O mamma!" she exclaimed, running in, "there's a nest out there in the apple tree, and it's got a whole lot of baby birds in it, and the birds haven't any leaves on 'em."