

A DISASTROUS RIDE.

Some little Drops of Water
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But oh! there were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses,
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

DON'T.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log-cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakspeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day, they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian. — *Christian Advocate*.

UN-WRITING IT.

Nina was told never to make pencil marks in books; and trusting her to obey, papa often loaned her his pencils. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her that it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank leaves of one of papa's books than on the paper he had given her. When she saw the mark, though, she remembered what papa had said; then she thought that just the other day she had seen papa make marks and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil.

"I'll un-write it again, as papa did, and then no one will know it."

So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil-marks disappeared, great, dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before it was written on, and the indentation of the pencil-point was still plain in the paper.

She learned that "un-writing" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words; you can never rub them them out so perfectly that they won't leave some mark on the character. — *Morning Star*.

BLOSSOMED OUT FOR HEAVEN.

The grandpa of a little girl over on Baggs street died recently, and the family made the request that no flowers should be sent. This grieved the child, who knew her old friend was very fond of flowers. She pondered the matter in her wise little head, and at last took the house-maid into her confidence.

A short time before the funeral she ran to the family much excited, and begged them to come into the parlor; with her own little hands she had arranged the pretty white flowers she had obtained, and formed a crown for the silver head that reposed there.

"Isn't gan'pa lovely?" she lisped sweetly. "He's all blossomed out now for heaven." — *Ex.*