

Boys' and Girls' Corner.**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.**

July 1.—St. Matt. xiv. 22-33.
 " 8.—St. John vi. 22-40.
 " 15.—St. Mark vii. 24-30.
 " 22.—St. Matt. xvi. 13-27.
 " 29.—St. Luke ix. 28-36.

St. Paul wrote to Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Do the mothers and grandmothers of to-day see that their Timothys are diligently taught the Holy Scriptures?

TAKE CARE.

Little children you must seek
 Rather to be good than wise,
 For the thoughts you do not speak
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
 Cross and cruel, and look fair,
 Let me tell you how to see
 You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
 And some ugly thoughts contrive,
 And my word will come to pass
 Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
 All the same as what you wear,
 You will see reflected back;
 So, my little friends, take care!

And not only in the glass
 Will your secrets come to view,
 All beholders, as they pass,
 Will perceive and know them too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
 Every root of beauty starts;
 So think less about your curls,
 More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
 Evil thoughts and feelings far;
 For, as sure as your alive,
 You will show for what you are.

—Selected.

THE LESSON MAX TAUGHT.

Nell and Jack had begged Horace to go to the woods with them for wild-flowers. Horace was getting over a long illness, so he sat still on a stone and read, while the children ran about gathering their treasures,

with Max, their little dog, frisking about them. Max was quite a new little dog, and Horace said that he had not been well trained, he was so disobedient, and promised the children that when he grew stronger he would take him in hand. He behaved pretty well that afternoon, till suddenly he saw something moving among the bushes. In an instant he darted away and disappeared.

"Come back!" cried Harry.
 "Here, Max, Max!"

But though Max answered with a sharp little bark, he did not come back, and Harry was obliged to go and fetch him. "Naughty little dog," he said, very sternly.

Max fawned at his feet, and looked up into his eyes as though promising to be the best of dogs, but the very moment the children had turned away he was off again. This happened two or three times, and at last he went so far that Harry could not find him, and just then Horace called them to go home.

"But, Horace," pleaded Nell, "we cannot go and leave Max; he will be lost."

"I do not think so, dear," said Horace.

"Well, any way, he will be dreadfully frightened when he comes back and finds us gone; and his heart beats so fast when he is frightened."

"Yes, I expect that he will be very much frightened," said Horace; "but he has been a very disobedient little dog, and needs the lesson it will give him. He could have been with us if he had minded, Nell."

So, very reluctantly, and often turning back, tender-hearted Nell left the woods. For some time she walked on by her brother's side without speaking, but finally she looked up, and said:

"Horace, is it wicked to be put in mind of the Bible by only a dog? You see," she went on, without waiting for an answer, "when Max kept running away, and we kept bringing him back, and giving him little punishments to make him remember to mind, and then by and by you said that we must leave him in the dark woods because he would not mind,

or come when we called him, why then I could not help, thinking of our Sunday school lesson. It seemed like the Golden Text, you know, 'Because ye have forsaken the Lord, He hath also forsaken you.'

"You know that is why God let the people of Israel be carried away into a strange land, Horace, because they would not be good and do what He told them to; and we did not leave Max till we had called him lots of times, and waited and waited for him. Do you think it was wicked of me to think of it when Max is only a dog?"

"Not at all wicked, dear Nelly," answered her brother; "you know our Saviour often told stories about animals when He wanted to help the people understand what He was teaching them, and I am very glad if our naughty Max has helped you; but there is another lesson it teaches, dear. Though we did leave our little dog, did we do so willingly, and are we glad to know that probably at this moment he is a very lonely and frightened little Max?"

"Oh, no, Horace, I have been so sorry for him every moment since we left him, poor little doggie!"

"Of course you have, dear; and God felt just so to His disobedient people all those long years ago, when He allowed them to be carried away captive; He loved them and was very, very sorry for them, but they had to be taught the lesson, just as we have to teach it to Max."

"Well," said Nell, with a long breath, "I do hope Max will come home all safe; but, Horace, I don't believe I should have known half so well about the lesson if he had not run away."

"Then I am very glad that he did," said Horace, stooping to kiss her; "but look there, Nell."

Nell turned and looked, and there, close behind them, with his tail between his legs, and looking so ashamed, was naughty Max.—
The Child's Hour.

POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

Polly was a dear little girl who lived on a nice, large farm, with