

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP a watch on your words, my darlings,
 For words are wonderful things,
 They are sweet, like the bee's fresh honey,
 Like the bees they have terrible stings.
 They can bless like the warm, glad sun-
 shine,
 And brighten a lonely life;
 They can cut, in the strife of anger,
 Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchal-
 lenged,
 If their errand is true and kind,
 If they come to support the weak,
 To comfort and help the blind.
 If a bitter revengeful spirit
 Prompt the words let them be unsaid;
 They may flash through the brain like
 lightning,
 Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
 Under bar and lock and seal:
 The wounds they make, my darlings,
 Are always slow to heal.
 May peace guard your lives and ever,
 From the time of your early youth,
 May the words that you daily utter
 Be the words of beautiful truth.

—Baptist Weekly.

TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MARY HAY EARLE.

"Oh! oh! look at that spot!" exclaimed
 papa.

"Just where it can be seen most dis-
 tinctly!" cried Alice.

"It is too bad!" scolded Jack.

"I am very sorry," said mamma.

"How did it get there!" asked Aunt
 Emily.

It was a great grease-spot on the parlour
 paper that had called forth all these ex-
 clamations; and this is the way it got
 there.

A few young folks had been spending the
 evening with the children. Bob Grant had
 his hair cut just before coming, and,
 without thinking, he had carelessly leaned
 his head against the wall as he sat upon the
 sofa.

Bob was a real little gentleman, and
 would have been mortified had he known
 what an unsightly mark his shining locks
 had made, besides, too, the trouble he had
 caused his friends in trying to clean it.

Benzine removed the grease, after re-
 peated rubbing with a soft cloth, but left a
 light mark of its own, which would not
 come off.

And here let me whisper to the little

folks a few things to remember when they
 visit their young friends:

First—If your shoes are muddy clean
 them before going into the house.

When you are seated, do not scratch on
 the furniture with your finger-nails, or a
 pin, or rest your knees on the chairs, or two
 of you crowd into the rocking-chair.

Do not pull at the tassels or fringes of the
 furniture or curtains.

If cushions are on the sofas, do not make
 foot-balls of them.

Never tip back your chair, or put your
 feet on the rounds.

Don't handle the cards in the basket,
 unless you are asked to look at them.

Do not throw anything on the floor, and
 —never lean your head against the wall.—

The Lutheran Observer.

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

WHEREVER you go in China little children
 swarm about you like bees. Many of them
 are very pretty. They are peculiarly timid,
 because they are trained to believe in
 ghosts and spirits, which they feed some-
 times, and at other times frighten away by
 letting off crackers. They are very curious
 to see foreigners, and yet run to hide from
 them. They suffer, some more and some
 less, from the heat and from the bites
 of mosquitoes. Some, too, have very painful
 diseases—their heads covered over with
 boils, which show the more when their
 heads are shaven. The filth and dirt in
 which they are often left is very distressing.
 They have not much to cheer them; so they
 get some little toys, made of paper and
 mud, to imitate lions, tigers, cats, cocks and
 hens, with nodding heads and tails. They
 easily break. But God has not forsaken
 these poor little children. Through you he
 sends to some of them the Gospel, and they
 are learning of Jesus, who loves little
 children, and who says, "I love them that
 love me, and those that seek me early shall
 find me."

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE other day I saw a little girl, not
 grandly dressed, with a very old, worn-out
 dolly, walking along a dirty road, and I
 heard the child say, "No! dolly mustn't
 walk, she'll get her feet so wet." And I
 once saw a well-dressed, grown-up woman
 giving a little baby in her arms some gin
 out of a bottle, saying, "There, you young
 varmint, that'll keep you quiet," and soon
 after that little baby went off into a drunken
 sleep. Why! was not that mother worse
 than a brute? Was there not far more
 motherly care and tenderness with the little

girl and her doll than with that grown
 woman and her living, loving baby? The
 one picture was so beautiful that it made
 me glad and happy as I went along life's
 journey; the other so sad and wicked that
 it made my heart ache and my blood boil.

WHAT I LOVE.

BEFORE all causes, East or West,
 I love the temperance cause the best;
 I love its cheerful greetings;
 I love the tales the speakers tell,
 The songs we sing while echoes swell
 At our cold-water meetings.

Before all laws, or East or West,
 I count the law of love the best;
 Its accents mildly spoken
 Will harmless make the poisoned bowl,
 Bind up the wounded, and control
 The heart that's almost broken.

Before all people, East or West,
 I love the temperance men the best—
 I love their noble spirit!
 In generous deeds, not words, they deal;
 They have at heart the poor man's weal;
 All praise their efforts merit.

To all the world I give my hand—
 My heart is with that noble band,
 Cold-water army brothers.
 God speed and prosper every plan
 That strives to bless poor sinful man,
 But this above all others.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is a very touching little story told
 of a poor woman with two children, who
 had not a bed for them to lie upon, and
 scarcely any clothes to cover them. In the
 depth of winter they were nearly frozen;
 and the mother took the door of a cellar off
 its hinges and set it up before the corner
 where they had crouched down to sleep,
 that some of the draught and cold might be
 kept from them. One of the children whis-
 pered to her, when she complained of how
 badly off they were, "Mother, what do
 those dear little children do who have no
 cellar-door to put up in front of them?"

Even there, you see, the little heart found
 cause for thankfulness.

YOU HAVE A PART.

"I CAN do nothing to make my home
 happy," said a little girl. But stop! Did
 you ever look into the inside of a watch?
 There you saw some very tiny wheels, as
 well as large ones. But what would happen
 if these little wheels were taken out? The
 watch would be of no use to keep time.
 So also you have a great part to do in
 making a good home, if you are very small,