

## A WARNING.

"Now do be careful, Johnny!  
The garden path is narrow;  
You'd better take this flower-jar,  
And let me wheel the barrow."

Up to my open window,  
Clear comes the childish warning;  
For sturdy John and prudent Bess  
Are gardeners this morning.

"I know you'll tip it over!"  
Still anxious Bess is fretting,  
A crash! A silence—has it come,  
The prophesied upsetting?

No! safe is Johnny's barrow;  
But lo! 'mid fragments scattered,  
Poor Bessie stands, and at her feet  
Her flower-jar lies shattered!

"O anxious Bess!" I murmur,  
"Life's garden paths are narrow;  
Watch you your little jar, nor fret  
About another's barrow!"

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## HOW A CHILD CAN REPENT.

To repent is to be sorry for bad actions, stop doing them, and to do what we can to undo the evil. If you have been disobedient to father or mother, you must do those three things in order to fully repent. First, you must be sorry for your disobedience; second you must stop disobeying; third, you must do what you can to stop the bad effects of your former disobedience. Suppose your example had made brothers and sisters disobedient; you are to set such an example that they will be inclined to obey. You are to confess your sin to father and mother, to confess it to God, to be sorry for it, and to determine not to do the like again.

Some children think it is enough just to be sorry; but it is not. They may be sorry now, and do just the same thing at some other time when they are tempted. At any rate, if they stop doing the bad thing, they may let the mischief done by it stand, instead of trying to cure it. We should seek the forgiveness of God, in the name and through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then the Holy Ghost will come to cleanse us from our sin and to give us the comfort of feeling that we are forgiven.

## LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BERT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland, and his voyage across the ocean.

He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

Before the close of the school the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten."

When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Bert, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night, if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his own account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks, the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener

than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than ever, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales; but somehow it made the boys feel ashamed of themselves, just the feeling that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth beside the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list.

When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was General—, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy, the one really most conscientiously perfect in his deportment among you. Who shall it be?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list, had made truth noble in their sight.

## WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

"Oh! oh! Afraid, hey! Plenty of grapes, and too much of a coward to get them!"

"I'd rather be a coward than a thief, any day," and Harry Denton passed on.

Not ten minutes after you might have seen a hatless boy dodging around the corner, sneaking away under an old shed, and peeping through a knot-hole to see if Dr. Burt had passed on.

Which was the coward?

## SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

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