



SIMON THE CYRENIAN BEARING THE CROSS.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

In the Master's harvest-field
There is work to do;
Gleanings we may gather
Though there be but few.

Little golden clusters
Gathered in the field
By the busy gleaners,
Will a harvest yield.

Toiling in the morning,
Toiling through the day,
Using every moment,
Ere they pass away.

Gathering, gladly gathering,
As the moments fly,
Toiling for the Master—
Resting by and by.

THE TOILET OF THE FLY.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking-glass, he brushes himself up and wabbles his little round head, chock full of vanity, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and little round body all soiled with syrup and

butter and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wings his way to the clean white cord along which the morning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider who is practising gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clean. Then he pushes the two legs along his body under his wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting upon his hind and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide.

Some of his motions very much resemble pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when it is finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but floppy is himself again, and he bids the morning glories a very good evening.

THE PET FOX.

A fox had been eating the chickens, and Julius and David set a trap to catch him. They did not catch the old one, but one morning they found a young fox in their trap.

"We won't kill him," said Julius; "we'll keep him in this barrel, and chain him so he can't get away, and we'll teach him good manners."

"Yes," said David, "we'll train him up to behave well and not meddle with the chickens."

The boys were very kind to the baby fox. They fed him every day and played with him and taught him tricks, and by and by thought they could trust him out around the yard. For awhile all went well, but as the little fox grew larger and his sharp teeth came, he began to act out the fox nature. He was tempted one day to catch and eat a chicken, and when he had once got a taste he made sad havoc in the barnyard.

The boys were grieved, and their father said, "He must die! we'll shoot him; he is not a safe pet to have among the fowls."

We can't change the nature of an animal. A fox will be a fox, a pig will be a pig, a tiger will be a tiger, no matter how much pains you take to train them.

And what does this teach us? It teaches us that sin will always be sin, and God says we cannot of ourselves get sin out of our hearts. But God can change our sinful nature, and he will if we will let him. He sent his dear Son into the world to save us from sin. "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," said the angel when Christ was born. Yes, Jesus can take the sinful nature out, he can put his own spirit within, and then we can live pure and holy lives.

STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE.

Little Johnnie's papa is forgetful. One day his wife asked him the name of a cough medicine that she wanted him to get for her. He answered: "I declare, I can't remember. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see, I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago."

Little Johnnie spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, pa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."