



THE JAPANESE DOLL.

OUR HEROES.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
 To do what he knows to be right;
 When he falls in the way of temptation
 He has a hard battle to fight.
 Who strives against self and his comrades
 Will find a most powerful foe;
 All honour to him if he conquers,
 A cheer to the boy who says "No!"
 There's many a battle fought daily
 The world knows nothing about;
 There's many a brave little soldier
 Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
 And he who fights single-handed
 Is more of a hero, I say,
 Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
 And conquers with arms in the fray.
 Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
 To do what you know is not right;
 Stand firm by the colours of manhood,
 And you will overcome in the fight.
 "The right!" be your battle-cry ever,
 In waging the warfare of life;
 And God, who knows who are the heroes,
 Will give you the strength for the strife.

children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits are formed.

Probably you do not.

A BRIGHT little girl aged two years and a half said: "When I get so I can behave myself, I am going to Sunday-school." Many of the little boys and girls who are old enough to go to Sunday-school do not behave themselves very well while there. They take more pleasure in whispering to their companions, and gazing about them, than in listening to what the teacher or superintendent may be saying. They forget that they are in God's house, and, while there, should behave as if they could see God looking directly at them; for his eyes see all our actions, and he knows our every thought.

TAUGHT EARLY.

HE was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "thanks" and "please" were so much a matter of course to the child, that he never knew that he was doing anything at all noticeable.

"How cunning he is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw anything so sweet. My

DOLLY'S LESSON.

"It is very hard that I should have to learn that nasty, dry spelling, instead of going out to play, this lovely morning," and Dolly threw the book on the floor and turned her back on it.

A swallow darted past the open window. "Come and play with me, little bird," said Dolly; "I'm so dull."

"I have no time to play," said the swallow. "I am building my nest, and it takes up every minute of the day."

A bee settled on a plant that was nodding to Dolly through the window, only she was too cross to notice it.

"Stop and play with me, little bee," she repeated.

"I play! I never play. I work from morning till night. I—"

But the end of the bee's speech was lost, for it had gone into a snap-dragon blossom and the door had closed behind it.

"Do stop and play with me," said Dolly to the butterfly that lighted on the window-sill.

"I can't," said the butterfly, mournfully: "I have to find food suitable for my children to eat when I am dead and gone. I had just got the right thing when a cruel boy struck at me with his hat, and I barely escaped with my life. I am terribly bruised and exhausted, or I should not be waiting here."

"Well," said Dolly, "if everybody else has to work, I suppose I must, too."

So she turned away from the tempting sunshine and took up her book. She was surprised to find the lesson was not nearly so hard as she had thought.

A RESCUE BY A DOG.

THERE was a steamer on one of the western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail, leaning over and watching the water, when she lost her balance and fell into the waves. The lake was very rough. The mother cried, "Save my child!" There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up into his master's face as if for orders. His master said, "Tray, overboard; catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck, and the mother ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace and went and lay down as though he had accomplished nothing.