

A PROBLEM.

SANDY and Ned were brothers:
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy,

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish hook
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
'Twas a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces,
And their quite unequal length,
And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength,

And at last, he said. "O Sandy"
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem,
And distributing the candy,

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'Twas the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it.

DAVID ASKING TO GO AGAINST
GOLIATH.

AND David said to Saul, Let no man's
heart fail because of him: thy servant will
go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not
able to go against this Philistine to fight
with him, for thou art but a youth, and he
a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant
kept his father's sheep, and there came a
lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the
flock;

And I went out after him, and smote
him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and
when he arose against me, I caught him by
his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

Thy servant slew both the lion and the
bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine
shall be as one of them, seeing he hath
defied the armies of the living God.

David said moreover, The Lord that
delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and
out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver
me out of the hand of this Philistine. And
Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be
thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour,

and he put an helmet of brass upon his
head, also he armed him with a coat of
mail.

LIVING IN THE FUTURE.

"How long the day is!" exclaimed Ina
White, as she threw herself upon a low
couch in a weary attitude towards the close
of a summer's day. "Why does it appear
so?" I asked.

"Thinking of to-morrow," she replied,
with a gesture of surprise. "Will it never
come?"

I then remembered what had escaped me
at first, that a party of pleasure had been
arranged for the next day, to which the
young people looked forward with extreme
delight.

"Find something to do," I returned, "busy
yourself in some way; I do not say, let your
heart be less glad in the prospect before you,
but I do say, let not the anticipation of it
make you weary and dull to-day."

Ina was a dear girl, and easily convinced
of right, so she followed my advice. Presently
I saw her at her mother's feet, assisting
with some sewing needful for her younger
sisters.

"Right!" I thought. "To-day's duty is
the best preparation for to-morrow's joy." In
spite of this effort to do right, however,
as I passed Ina's room that night, her door
ajar, I heard a gentle murmur from the wake-
ful girl:

"Oh, how long the night is!"

As I passed on to my chamber I thought:
"There's a very bright to-morrow before me
in the sunshine of my Saviour's presence. Am
I looking forward to it, and does the time
appear long until I am in its full enjoyment?
Yet am I seeking to follow out my own
advice, and employ it well until the Master
comes and calls for me? Am I living for
the future while working and waiting in the
present?"

I confess I had to answer these questions
with shame to my own soul. My young
readers, how would you answer them?

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

THAT was a beautiful answer of a little
girl who, on being asked by a lady if she
had given her heart to Christ, replied, "I
do not know just what that means; but I
know I used to please myself, and now I
try to please Christ." It is said of Jesus,
"For even Christ pleased not himself." His
mission of mercy to the world implied that
he sacrificed his own pleasure and submitted
to humiliation and suffering. They who are
like Christ will cultivate the same spirit of
sacrifice, and seek to please others rather
than themselves.

DIDN'T WANT TO GROW UP BAD.

OF all the spectacles of neglect and want
in a "cold world" none is more pitiful than
of a child begging, not for charity, but for
Christian care and moral training. A case
of this kind was recently given by the
New York Times.

A bright little boy twelve years old, who
said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went
alone into the Jefferson Market Police
Court last evening, and said to Justice
Morgan, "Judge, your honour, I want to
give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I ain't got
no home, and I don't want to live in the
streets, and become a bad boy."

"Why don't you stay at home?"

"I ain't got no home. Father's been dead
nine years, and mother died before that."

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my aunt. She lives in Forty-
first street. But she gets drunk, and she
won't let me stay in-doors. To-day she
chased me out, and said if I ever came
back, she would do something awful to me.
I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home.

"Nobody will take me in, because I ain't
got good clothes, and don't look nice. I
can't get any work, and I can't get anything
to eat unless I beg or steal it; then the
cops'll take me in. I don't want to get
arrested. I don't want to steal, nor to be a
bad boy. Won't you please send me some-
where where I can learn something, and get
to be a man? There's places like that, ain't
there?"

The justice told the boy there were such
places as that for good boys, and taking the
little fellow under his protection, promised
to find him a home in some good institution.
—Selected.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

ONE summer evening, after Harry and
his little sister Helen had been put to bed,
a severe thunder-storm came up. Their
cribs stood side by side; and their mother,
in the next room, heard them as they sat
up in bed and talked, in low voices, about
the thunder and lightning. They told
each other their fears. They were afraid
the lightning would strike them. They
wondered whether they would be killed
right off, and whether the house would be
burned up. They trembled afresh at each
peal. But tired nature could not hold out
as long as the storm. Harry became very
sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness
in his voice, he said, as he laid his
head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to
trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute
longer thinking it over, and then laid her
own little head down, saying, "Well, I de-
s I will, too." And they both went to sleep
without more words.