



TOBY AS A TEACHER.

TOBY AS A TEACHER.

PATSEY was a boy, and Toby was a dog. I knew them both.

While Patsey sat eating a great piece of currant cake, Toby sat watching him. Grandma saw them both, and said :

"I think Toby is a good teacher."

"How, grandma?" said Ralph, "he can't read or spell a bit!"

"There are different kinds of teachers, my dear; they don't all teach reading and spelling. Toby teaches something better than all these; he teaches self-control."

"What is that, grandma?" asked Ralph.

"To control means to rule, to be master over. Now, Toby is very hungry, I am sure, from the way he looks. He could snatch the cake from Patsey in a moment, and eat it up. Although Toby is only a dog, he knows this is not right, and does not do it; so, I say, he controls, or masters, himself. We might all learn a lesson from him in not doing those things which we know are wrong, even though we want to very much. This is what makes good temperance men and women," said grandma.

"How? I don't see," said Ralph.

"Those people who like wine and other strong drinks, and do not take them because they know it is not right, have learned self-control: but those who take it, let their desires control or master them," said grandma.

"I see," said Ralph, thoughtfully; "and, grandma, I'd rather be the master than let the wine be," added he.

Wise little Ralph!

WHAT A TIMELY SMILE DID.

GERTRUDE WHITE, a sweet girl about nine years old, lived in a red brick house in our village.

She was a general favourite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement: "Mother, I can't bear this any longer! Will Evans called me 'Old Towhead' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now will my little

daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will Evans that he was too much surprised to call after her—if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying, "I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect

upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.

—Dr. Newton

SING OF JESUS

Oh, sing to me of Jesus
And of his dying love,
Sing how he came to save us
And raise our souls above,
Sing of the great salvation
He purchased on the tree;
Oh, glorious, welcome tidings,
He died for you and me.

He left the starry mansions,
His Father's home on high,
And came to earth to seek us
While doomed in sin to die,
Oh, tell the wondrous story
How Jesus came to save,
And wretched, guilty sinners
To ransom from the grave.

Ye children, bow and worship,
With angels sing his praise,
And sound aloud the anthems
Of his redeeming grace.
Oh, sing to me of Jesus,
Tell his amazing love;
He came to earth to save us
And raise our souls above.

D. S. F.

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A SWEET and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready to let the doctor do what he could to cure her eye.

"No father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then, kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will hear every child that calls upon his name. Every pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.—*Episcopal Recorder.*