



LOT'S WIFE

'AND when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. . . . Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.' Gen. xix. 15 17; 24 26

A QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

"I THINK," said Aunt Mary, "that to-day will be a good time to get those flower-pots in and paint them, ready to put my slips in."

Maidie heard. "Oh, can't I help?" cried she.

"You may try," laughed Aunt Mary. "Put on your long-sleeved tier."

Aunt Mary herself tied on a big kitchen apron that came to the bottom of her dress. "We'll bring the pots into the shed out of the sun first," said she. "You can't help about that, dear."

That wasn't really what Maidie had hoped

to help about. She wanted to paint. But she put on her sunbonnet, and went out with Aunt Mary to where the flower-pots were piled in one corner of the garden. Aunt Mary had left them there when she set out her plants in the spring.

One little stack had tipped over on its side. Aunt Mary stooped to straighten it up.

"Why-ee!" she cried. "Maidie, Maidie, come here and see what this is!"

Maidie came in a hurry. She peeped into the flower-pot lying there with the others in the grass.

"Oh, o-oh!" she cried. "Oh, Auntie May!"

For there was the cosiest little bird's nest with three speckled eggs in it. The little mother-bird was chip-chip-chipping among the plum trees.

"I s'pose she's 'fraid we'll touch 'em," said Maidie, "but we won't for any-

thing."

"I guess we won't," laughed Aunt Mary. "The flower-pots shall wait for their new coats, dear, until Madame Sparrow gets done with her house." And so they did.

A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

BE kind, gentle, and true, and always do to others as you would have them do to you. Have you never noticed how much happier and beloved some children are than others? There are some people you always like to be with, because they are happy themselves and you share their spirit. There are others whom you always prefer to avoid. They seem to have no friends, and you know no person can be happy without friends. But you cannot expect to receive affection unless you also give it. Others are not likely to love you if you do not love them. If your companions do not love you it is most certainly your own fault. They cannot help loving you if you are kind and friendly. It is not beauty, it is not wealth that secures true friends. Your own heart must glow with kindness. For example, you go to school on a cold, winter morning, and find the stove surrounded with boys. One of them steps back, and says pleasantly, "Why, John, old fellow, you look cold; here, take my place." Will you not think more kindly of him? Begin to act upon this principle when a child, continue it through life, and you will never lack for friends. Which of your companions have the most friends? I'll venture they are the ones that are kind-hearted and true. The Bible says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

A QUESTION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LITTLE children, happy children,

With your bright and winsome ways,

Faces glowing with the radiance

Of your happy early days;

Little tender-hearted maidens,

Merry boys with sunny brow,

I would ask you one short question

Answer me, I pray you, now.

Life is lying all before you,

With its pathways yet untrod;

One that leadeth to destruction,

One that leadeth up to God:

Each of you must choose a pathway

For your little feet to go:

Upward to a home in glory,

Downward to a death of woe.

Little children have you chosen

What your future life shall be?

Have you tried to look beyond it,

Or its far-off end to see?

Jesus Christ the children's Shepherd,

Waiteth long to know your choice.

He alone can safely guide you;

Listen to his warning voice.

"JESUS HAS FOUND ME."

A CITY missionary was one day talking with a number of little girls on the love of Jesus until the group seemed affected. The youngest of the number led him to the door. Her little hand trembled, and her whole frame shook with emotion. At parting he said, "Mary, do you love the Lord Jesus?" Bursting into tears, she cried, "No, no; my heart is so hard it won't love him at all. Do pray for me."

A few days after he called again. Mary was calm, and her little hand rested peacefully in his. "Well, Mary, have you found Jesus yet?" "I think Jesus has found me," she replied.—*Selected.*

LOOK OUT FOR THE VOICE.

You often hear boys and girls say words when they are vexed that sound as if made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often expresses more than the heart feels. Often, even in mirth, one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life. Such persons get a sharp voice for home use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest-voice at home." Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to the hearth and home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.