



THE SKYLARK.

THE SKYLARK

HARK! the lark is singing
In the clear blue sky,
Now I see ere can see him,
He has flown so high.

Yet his glad song floating
Downward still to earth,
Shows his little heart is
Full of joy and mirth.

Little lark, what is it
Makes your heart so gay?
Do you love the sunshine
This bright sunny day?

Do you know who made us,
And the earth so fair?
Have you flown to thank him
For his love and care?

A TRUSTY BOY.

I ONCE visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform the master said, "This is a boy I can trust, he never failed me." I followed with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat at recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character that boy earned! He had already gotten what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best firm in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. I wonder if the

boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favourable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere. He who is faithful in little will be faithful in much.—*Band of Hope Review.*

MANNERS BETWEEN BOYS.

THERE is a great deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another that is not really intended as such, but is not, therefore, any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of excessive high spirits. But the very best good-humour, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility.

We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well."

It is well if we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is really intentional, they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well, and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth.

The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearings toward other boys will be such as a man toward men, and all his life will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.

EIGHT O'CLOCK

EIGHT times the clock has struck,
The stars peep out o'erhead;
Across the air there comes
A sound of marching tread,
In city and village and town
The children are going to bed.

With footsteps soft or slow,
With faces grave or bright,
By twos and threes they go,
All robed in gowns of white,
And each, with a backward glance,
Calls cheerily out, "good-night!"

"I TAKE CARE OF MY LAMBS."

A GENTLEMAN in England was walking over his farm, one day, with a friend, and was taking great pleasure in showing him his orchards, his crops, his herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. The visitor was very much pleased with every thing that he saw on the farm; but nothing pleased him so much as the splendid sheep which this gentleman had. He had seen the same breed of sheep before, but these were the largest, and finest-looking he had ever seen. With great earnestness, he said to his friend, "Do tell me how you manage to raise such splendid looking sheep as these." His answer was:—

"I take care of my lambs, Sir."

But no shepherd ever took such tender care of his lambs as Jesus does. And when we know how much he loves us, and how tenderly he feels toward us, we need not fear to trust him for anything that we want.

NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

POOR Joe has had a long spell of sickness, and is just becoming convalescent. During the weeks he had been suffering with fever, no one, not even his brothers and sisters have been admitted to his room—no one except mother, for who is like her?

Have you ever thought, children, how much these words mean? No one like mother? No indeed! She is always ready in every emergency. It is her tender hands that minister to you when you are sick, no matter how worn and tired she may be herself. And when you are well who is it that plans so many enjoyments for you? Night and day has his mother watched beside Joe's bedside, until now he is out of danger. She reads to him at times, and sometimes tells him stories to while away the tedious hours. To-day, she has been reading to him of One who, when he was on earth, miraculously cured many who were sick of fever. Do you know his name?—*Old and Young.*