

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"BY AND BY" is a very bad boy:

Shun him at once and forever,
For they who travel with "By and By,"
Soon comes to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward—

A boy that is half of a man,
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honours—
"I Can."

"No use in trying"—nonsense, I say—

Keep trying until you succeed,
But if you should meet "I Forget" by the
way,

He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys,
they're a pair,

And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care," and 'twould be
"great matter"

If our lives should be spoiled by such
faults.

MY BROTHER.

A HANDSOME, stately youth of sixteen
years passed through the play-ground of a
public school.

"There goes brother Robert," cried out a
little girl in the midst of a group of scholars.
"Isn't he handsome?"

"Why? Why?" cried out several voices
at once.

"Oh, he is so good! He never swears,
nor chews nor smokes tobacco, neither does
he ever drink any liquor. I am so glad
I have such a brother." The children all
looked again with admiration upon the
youth, when one of them earnestly re-
marked, "I hope my brother will be like
him."

The next day two young men in a buggy
drove rapidly past the same children. One
of them had a cigar stump in his mouth,
and he was so drunk that he could scarcely
sit up. As the buggy went by the children
they heard him utter a terrible oath.

"That is Will Burton," said one of the
children; "he tends in a saloon, and he is
drunk the greater part of his time. I would
be ashamed to have such a brother."

None of them noticed that a little girl
ran away and hid herself. In a few
moments her playmates missed her, and
hunted her. They soon found her weeping
and sobbing as if her heart would break.
She refused to tell the cause of her trouble;
but it was soon clear to them, as a little
girl whispered to another, "That drunken
boy was her brother."

Boys, see that your actions and lives may

be so that your sisters may be proud of you.
Never give them cause to be ashamed of
you—*Words of Cheer.*

WHAT KIND OF FEET HAVE YOU?

SIDE by side sat two little girls in an
infant school. Jennie's father was rich, and
she had on nice kid boots, which made her
feet very neat and pretty to look at. Lucy's
father was dead, and her mother was very
poor; so her shoes were coarse, and not at
all pretty.

"What ugly feet you have!" Jennie
said, scornfully, as she drew her dress away
for fear it would become dusty. Jennie
did not know that the teacher was near
her; but she was, and heard the unkind
remark. So she told them this story:

"One day recently I was walking along
the street, and I saw a dear little girl whose
name was Lucy. Just before I reached her,
another little girl fell down on the pave-
ment, and upset her basket of apples, that
were almost heavier than she could carry.
Lucy ran quickly and asked the little girl
if she was hurt, and told her not to cry, and
picked up her apples for her. Lucy did
not see me; and I stopped just then to
talk to a friend, and I watched her go down
the street. Before she was out of sight,
she opened a gate for an old lady, and gave
a piece of her candy to another child.

"Somebody has said:

'Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.'

and the Bible says 'How beautiful are
the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.'
Now don't you think little Lucy's feet must
have been very beautiful in God's sight,
when they took her to do these kind
things?"

Our little Lucy blushed and hung down
her head, for she knew the teacher was
talking about her. And Jennie blushed,
too, and looked ashamed, as I think she
well might.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.

HAS it ever been a part of your work to
cleanse and polish a lamp chimney? If so,
then you can scarcely have failed to notice
how easily deceived one is as to when the
work is thorough and complete. We look
at the glass, and it seems quite bright and
clear, with not a blur or blemish. But
wait till evening comes, and the bright
flame is lighted within. Ah, how many a
blur before unseen, how many a blemish
unnoticed, how much less clear and stainless
than it appeared in the ordinary daylight!

And is it not just so with the heart?
We brighten it hastily, as it were, with the

usual daily devotions and imperfect self-
examination, and glancing at it think it
does well enough. But when something
suddenly touches a match to the wick of
conscience within, and there flames up the
clear steady light of God's pure law, how
many a blur, and spot uncleansed, how
many a stain stands forth revealed, ob-
scuring the perfect holiness which should
shine forth in those who are as lights in the
world.

Then, if we should know when our work
is pure and perfect, let us light that flame
within, oftener, and be not satisfied with the
polish which is only in outward appearance.

A SURPRISED FATHER.

A FINE looking man, of noble physique,
and clad in overcoat, gloves, and stout boots,
was walking out the other day, with his little
three-year-old daughter, a pale-faced child,
with bare neck and arms, and morocco
slippers. A neighbour, meeting them, be-
gan to ask, with great apparent concern,
after the father's health, adding:

"But I am glad your little one does not
inherit your feeble constitution."

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the
astonished parent. "Why, I was never
sick a day in my life; while, as to my
daughter, we fear she has her mother's con-
sumptive tendencies."

"Indeed!" replied his friend, with a sly
twinkle of the eye, "you take extra care to
protect yourself from the cold, while she
goes bare-necked and in pasteboard shoes.
I inferred that it was you that inherited
the mother's consumptive tendencies, and
not she."

A WISE REPLY.

SOME years ago, during the time of the
Father Matthew excitement, one of his
converts had scarcely lauded in New York
when an old acquaintance invited him to
drink.

"Arrah, Pat," said he, "I am glad to see
you in this free country."

"But," said his friend, "this is not
Ireland. This is a free country, and you
can do as you please."

"Faith," replied brave Pat, "do you think
I have brought my body here and left my
soul in Ireland?"

A CHILD'S LEGACY.

A LITTLE girl six years old was a short
time ago called home to God. About a
year before her death she had a small
writing-desk given her. After her death
her mother unlocked it, and found this
writing: "I will mind my father and mother
always. I will try to have my lessons
perfect. I will try to be kind, and not get
cross."