



TIME ENOUGH.

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Two little squirrels out in the sun.
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him
too late.

Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white
shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were
placed,

One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said;
"I'll climb by-and bye from the foot to
the head."

Listen, my darling their locks have
turned gray;

One as a governor is sitting to-day
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and fills his days as of
yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day.
One is at work, the other at play
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The business hive hath over a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have
taught
The lesson I long to impart to your
thought;
Answer me this, and my story is done:
Which of the two would you be, little one?

A WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

It is often worse to read bad books than
it is to keep company with bad boys.
Actions grow off our thoughts, and a bad
book can in a few minutes damage us for-
ever.

One of England's greatest and best men
says that when a boy another boy loaned
him a bad book for just fifteen minutes.
It sent a deadly dart to his soul. He
never could get away from the vile im-
pression made upon his mind by that book
in so short a time. He shed many bitter
tears over it, and tried to forget it, but
the shadow lingered. God forgave him,
but he could not tear from his soul the
memory of that evil book.

My young friends, if you will hear the
voice of age and wisdom, do not read bad,
trashy books and papers. They feed un-
holy, lustful thoughts and lure to dark
deeds. They poison the mind and corrupt
the morals. They are worse on the soul
than liquor is on the brain. If you fill

your mind with the rubbish of nonsense
and the filth of vile thinking, there will
be neither room nor relish for the choice
gold of truth and the diamond dust of pure
thought. In the Bible you will find the
loftiest sentiments expressed in a clear and
captivating style. It is a fountain of pure
thought and clear English. Read it much,
love it more, and live out its blessed
teachings forever.—Pacific Methodist.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Francis was the four-year-old son of a
Methodist pastor, who, at the time of this
incident, was supplying a mission in this
city. A church enterprise had been
started and lots secured. These lots, natu-
rally, had figured largely in the family
councils, and had thus become an object of
great interest to the child. One night,
having finished the prayer taught him by
his parents, the lad improvised as follows:
"Help little brother to be good to me, and
help me to be kind to him, and not pinch
him, bless mamma and give her strength,
lots of strength; don't let her be afraid
to ride in a buggy; give her strength, so
she can tend to little brother. Bless the
church and bless the church lot. Bless
the man that tends to the church and
locks the doors. Don't let it thunder so
loud. Don't let it rain a great storm; just
little sprinklings; not any big rain at all.
Don't let the weeds grow so big. we lose
our ball. O Saviour, you save us all, bless
us every day, and bless the meeting, and
bless the church lot. Amen." The little
fellow has since passed into the beautiful
kingdom, where the angels of such as
these do always behold the face of the
Father.

A QUICK TEMPER.

What did I hear you say, Theodore?
That you had a quick temper, but were
soon over it; and that it was only a word
and a blow with you sometimes, but you
were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the
way with Cain. People almost seem to
pride themselves on having quick tempers,
as though they were not things to be
ashamed of, and fought against, and
prayed over with tears. God's word does
not take your view of it, for it says
expressly that "he that is slow to anger
is better than the mighty;" that "better
is he that ruleth his own spirit than he
that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth
in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about
with him is much like a man who rides a
horse which has the trick of running away.
You would not care to own a runaway
horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do
not speak until you can speak calmly,
whatever may be the provocation. Words
do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps
you, that you will imitate our Saviour,
who was always gentle, and when he was
reviled reviled, not again.