



THE LAME MAN HEALED BY PETER.

RACIE'S DREAM.

Racie's work every morning was to get up early enough to dress herself, and then dress Wilfred, before the prayer-bell rang.

Mamma was busy getting breakfast, and papa was out seeing the cattle fed on the farm, and the two little folks had the upstairs to themselves.

Sometimes it was a nice time, and sometimes it wasn't. When Racie did not dawdle too much over her own dressing, and then hurry too much over Wilfred's, they had merry laughs and "pretends."

But for some mornings Racie had been staying in bed a while after mamma called her, and that put her in a fluster, and put Wilfred in a fret, and the times were growing stormy.

One morning sister dressed herself very quickly, and then said, "Come, Billy boy, get up, up, up, right quick, quick, quick, and get in the tub, tub, tub."

"I don't want to get up," said Wilfred ;

"you'll wash me too hard, and pull my hair."

"Just try me," said Racie, "and see if I don't dress you as nice and easy as mamma."

This got Wilfred up in a jiffy, and sure enough, dressing was good fun that morning.

"Don't you want to know what makes me so nice to-day?" asked Racie, as she coaxed the comb through the baby's tangles.

"Yes ; what ?"

"Well ; I dreamed last night that God sent his angel to take you up to heaven, and when I found you were gone I cried and cried because I hadn't let you play with my blocks yesterday. So when I woke up and found you asleep in your crib I was as happy as anything, and I made up my mind to be real nice to you."

"But I don't want to go to heaven yet," said Wilfred, looking troubled.

"Oh dear, no," cried Racie ; "dreams don't mean that. But I guess Conscience got tired talking to me in the day-time, 'cause I wouldn't listen, and she just put that little dream in my head at night."

"And I can play with your blocks to-day?" said Wilfred ; he didn't know much about Conscience, but he could understand blocks.

"Yes," said Racie, with a little sigh ; she thought Conscience was rather hard on her about the blocks, "but Conscience must know best," she said to herself resolutely.

BOYS, BE WORTHY BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys !
The liar's a coward and slave, boys ;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys ;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys ;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light ;
Be open, above board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys ;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys ;
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys ;
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming" ;
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

THE GREATER LOVE.

There was an Arab sheik who lived in an oasis in the desert. He had everything in his tents that heart could wish. He did not know for himself what thirst and hunger meant. But one morning a servant came and said : "Master, yonder, ten miles distant, where the caravan path crosses the desert, we have found a man dead from hunger and thirst and the scorching heat." That night the sheik could not sleep. Early the next morning he sent his servants to the spot where the man had died. They bore two leather bottles of water and a basket of figs and grapes. The next thirsty traveller who crossed the desert found a small tent which sheltered two water-bottles sunk in the sand. Beside them was the basket of fruit. On a scroll he read : "While God gives me life, each day shall a man be as springs of water in a desert place." God's beloved Son saw our need, and could not rest in heaven, but came himself to our help.

If we would have our Lord abide with us, we must solicit his presence ; he tarries only where his presence is desired.