



GOING OUT RIDING.

BE POLITE.

HEARTS like doors will open with ease)
To two very little keys,
Put don't forget the two are these,
"I thank you sir," and "if you please."
Be polite boys, don't forget it
In your wanderings day by day,
When you work and when you study,
In your home and at your play.

Be polite boys, to each other—
Do not quickly take offence,
Curb your temper—you'll be thankful
For this habit seasons hence;
Be respectful to the aged,
And this one thing bear in mind;
Never taunt the wretched outcast,
Be he helpless, lame or blind.

Be polite, boys, to your parents,
Never let them fail to hear
From their sons the best of language
In the home you should hold dear,
To your brothers and your sisters
Speak in accents kind and true—
Be polite, 'twill serve you better
Than a princely gift can do.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

ONE summer evening, after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunderstorm came up. Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could

not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well, I dess I will, too." And they both went to sleep without more words.

WHERE GRACIE FOUND HELP.

GRACIE is a bright, intelligent child, now nearly six years old, the only child of her parents and a great pet with all her friends.

Gracie has heard something about the strikes among workmen which have been so frequent of late.

Gracie's papa is connected with a large business house where there has been much trouble with strikers, and sometimes when the dear papa has been late of an evening in coming home the child has been made to understand that it was in consequence of such difficulties.

The dear little girl is affectionate and thoughtful, and it has grieved her tender heart to go to bed at night without seeing her papa, and yet she kept her grief to herself, only wondering over the matter. At length a thought came that brought comfort, and in this way mamma discovered the fact. One evening she put the darling to bed and turned to leave the room, but looking back she was surprised to see Gracie upon the floor in a kneeling attitude. "Why, Gracie," she said, "what are you doing? You have said your prayers."

Gracie looked up in a sweet childish fashion and answered, "Mamma, I am asking God to make the men be good, so that papa can come home."

This shows that Gracie has learned when to take troubles, although she is so young, and we trust that all dear children may know that the Lord alone has power to help in trouble. He says, "Vain is the help of man." And he loves to hear the children's prayers. Be like little Gracie; take your trials to the Lord.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

THE ACTED LIE.

ONCE upon a time a little girl, named Julia, was playing all alone in a room, when she thought she would take her mother's vase from the mantel to play with. It slipped from her hands, and broke into many pieces. Julia was frightened. She thought that if she told what she had done her mother would say, "You knew that you were not large enough to handle the vase safely," and perhaps would punish her. Julia was not so much sorry that she had broken the beautiful vase, over the loss of which her mother would grieve, as she was afraid she would be found out. She did not want to tell an out-and-out lie, but she did what was wrong, she stood and looked all around the room to think of some way to deceive her mother. Besides herself, no one was in the room but God, and she forgot him. The parrot was strutting in his cage, and a wicked idea entered Julia's mind. She stepped to the cage and loosened the fastening. Then she slipped quietly out of the room, and ran skipping and singing through the house and the garden, trying to pretend that she was a good and happy little girl.

It was some hours before the mother went into the parlor, Julia following her.

"O, Poll?" said the lady to the bird "how did you get out of your cage? I could not have fastened it properly."

Just then she saw the broken vase and exclaimed,

"Ah—! Poll has broken my beautiful vase! It is too bad—too bad!"

She gathered the pieces, Julia helping, but not confessing a word of what she had done. And the parrot did not say a word either. Some parrots talk, but this one could only sing,

"Pretty Poll, pretty Poll."

Now you see that little Julia did not actually tell a lie. But she acted a lie. This was doing just the same as Ananias, and it was hateful in the sight of God.

Love thy father, little one,
Kiss, and clasp his neck again,
For the time, alas! shall come,
He can answer not again.