



MASTER CHARLES AND HIS HORSE.

MY BOY.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
To the depths of disgrace and sin,
Down to a worthless being
From the hopes of what might have
been;
For the brand of the beast besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure,
My poor, weak boy went down.

A KIND VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and griefs, and falls

like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.

THE PICTURE.

Papa was away off on the big ocean, and he could not come home for three years, so mamma said she wanted to send him something to help him remember his four little children. So she took them all down to the place where they take pictures; and the man made them stand in a pretty group and told them to look right at a queer box on long legs. They stood still. The man squeezed a rubber ball that was fastened to a box by a rubber cord, there was a little click, and the man said:

"That is all. You may go now."

"Where is my picture? I want to see it," said little Baby Paul.

"You will see it next week, little one," said the man.

Sure enough, in ten days there came home a dozen pretty pictures. There was Grace with her doll, and Ned with his red fez cap upon his head—only it wasn't red in the picture—Helen with her hand up to her fat cheek, and Baby Paul with his cart and dolly, looking as if he expected the picture to come right out of the little round hole he looked into.

Captain Papa, as the little folks called him, was very glad indeed to have this

picture to look at when he was far away from his dear little children. But papa was not likely to forget his little ones even if their pictures had not been taken. He loved them so well that their picture were in his heart; it was not possible to forget them.

WHAT LOVE IS.

"One afternoon," writes a teacher, "just after school had closed, as I was locking my desk preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed up on the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me. 'I love you, teacher,' he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" asked.

"It's what makes us good to folks," he replied."

Was that not a good answer, and as true as it was good? It was our Lord's love that made him so good to us in living and dying for our sakes. Let us all try to get a great deal of the love that makes us good to folks.

A WILL AND A WAY.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"O yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"O yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"O I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"O I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors which he passed as they went through the city. The teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the sign-boards of the houses. What may not be done trying? "Where there is a will there is a way."

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If you have anything to do, do it once. Don't sit down in the rocking-chair and lose three-quarters of an hour dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first.

Keep this motto: Be on time in small things, as well as great. The boy who behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life.