



OLD TRIM.

BRAVE OLD "TRIM."

HERE'S brave old "Trim." I once with
him

Was walking near the docks;
He heard a cry, both Trim and I—
A cry that always shocks.

"Help ' beat aboy ' See there's a boy!
Make haste ' he's going down!"
"There watch him, Trim ' in after him!
Oh ' do not let him drown!"

Through foam and splash Trim's quick eyes
flash;
He strikes out to the place;
And round and round with eager bound,
He watches for a trace.

A little hand comes paddling up,
A face so wild and wan;
"Ah! Trim, he's there! make haste, take
care!
Oh! save him if you can!"

Oh! brave and bold he seizes hold;
His teeth are firmly set;
Now hear him near; there is no fear;
The boy is breathing yet.

"Bravo! good Trim!" All welcome him,
And clasp him round for joy;
Then homeward bear, with tender care,
The poor half-conscious boy.

Oh, faithful Trim! "Would I sell him?"
Inquired a curious elf:
"What, sell," I cried. "a friend so tried.
I'd rather sell myself."

A CHILD was asked the question, "What
is faith? She answered, "God has spoken,
and I believe it."

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE

THERE is no such thing as a trifle in the
world. So accurately is the dust weighed
in the balances of creation that a portion of
matter more or less might disturb the solar
system and send it crashing to wreck. No
microscopic gaze can detect the shooting of
the cell which determines whether the oak
shall be a shapely tree, fit for the mast of
some gallant admiral, or the stunted Caliban
of the forest; or if the child's brain will yield
genius and blessing or erratic failure. In
morals and in practical affairs the truth
comes still closer home. Who has not had
the plans of months, or perhaps of a life time,
upset by some petty neglect of a heedless
friend, or *employe*, or dishonest tradesman?
A letter loses a post because an errand-
boy was so taken up with his fun that he
failed to see how time was passing, and
your contract is lost, with the possibility of
doing a great good, which depended on it.
A servant neglects to have a room in order
and a valued guest goes away with an
unpleasant impression and never comes
again; or some one misconstrues a jest,
and it is the beginning of a breach which
spoils society in your little circle.

An important case was lost one day by a
lawyer stopping to talk in the street two
minutes. One of the parties had said to
the other, "Be here by ten o'clock with the
papers, and you shall have what you want."
The poor man was at his lawyer's office to
get the papers an hour before the time, wait-
ing. The two rushed around, only to enter
the other man's office two minutes late, and
to meet a flat refusal on the ground that
they had failed to be there at the appointed
time.

Everywhere men and women are losing

their best chances by a hair's breadth, or a
moment, or they are losing them for others,
which is still more cruel. To be faithful in
that which is much, it is ever essential to be
faithful to that which is least.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

LITTLE Alice lived in the country. She
was a bright, golden-haired little girl of
four years. One summer day, when her
papa took a walk over the fields, she wanted
to follow him; but her mamma told her
not to go. After a while her mamma heard
a little voice, a long way off, crying, and
she knew her little girl had disobeyed, and
was in trouble. She went to see what was
the matter, and there, almost in the middle
of a large wheat-field, she saw the golden
hair just showing above the ripe, yellow
grain. Alice was all alone in the tall
wheat. She was lost, and could not find
her way home. What could the little girl
do but cry? What do you suppose her
mother did? Though Alice had been
naughty, she ran to her, took her in her
arms, carried her over the rough ground to
a path in which the little feet could walk,
and then led her gently by the hand.
Don't you think Alice was sorry for dis-
obeying such a kind mother?

Just as this mother did, our kind
heavenly Father does when we are sorry
for doing wrong. He comes to us and leads
us back into the right way. Oh, try never
to wander from this loving heavenly Father!

I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT.

LITTLE Henry had been very sick. When
he was slowly recovering, and was just able
to be up and moving about the room, he was
left alone a short time, when his sister came
in, eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother
had told him he must eat nothing but what
she gave him, and that it would not be safe
for him to have what the other children
had till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the cake
looked inviting; he wanted very much to
take a bite of it, and his kind sister would
gladly have given it to him. What did he
do?

"Jennie," he said, "you must run right out
of the room away from me with that cake,
and I'll keep my eyes shut while you go, so
that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a boy of seven
years to get out of temptation? I think so.
And when I heard of it, I thought that
there are a great many times when children,
and grown-up people, too, if they would
remember little Henry's way, would escape
from sin and trouble.