

THE RESTLESS BOY AT CHURCH.

The following is a real life picture and applies to pert and ungovernable little boys as well as the small boy.]

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide-awake boy in church.

Then earnest and still
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some old hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still each naughty trick flies
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes?
Yes! His fingers he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head,
And still we take him to church.

He is troublesome? Yes!
That I'm bound to confess:
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise,
And he surely wants them in church.

Such children, you know,
Long, long years ago,
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though disciples were bored;
So we'll still keep them near him in church.

SAYING AND DOING.

MARY and her father were left at home for a few days while the rest of the family went on a visit. Some of Mary's young friends came in the afternoon with a request for her to spend the evening with them. Papa came home from business not feeling very well, and looking forward to a quiet evening with his daughter. She told him of her invitation, and spoke of some special reasons why she desired to accept it. Her father did not want to deprive her of the pleasure she anticipated, and yet he did not exactly want to pass the evening alone, nor to sit

up as late as would be necessary if Mary went out. So he put the matter wholly in Mary's decision, saying, "My daughter, you must do as you think best. I will not say you cannot go."

"I don't want to leave you alone, papa," said Mary—but all the same she went.

Now I do not mean to say that she did anything wrong. Her father was glad that she should have the pleasure of meeting her friends. There was nothing special that she needed to do for him if she stayed. But she would have been company for him, and her staying would have been proof of unselfish affection.

The thing that struck me when I heard of this little incident was its illustration of the difference between saying and doing. Mary said she did not want to leave her father alone for the evening, and I dare say she did regret doing it. But she did leave him alone. So what she said, you see, went for very little against what she did. Her actions spoke louder than her words.

This is true all through our life. We must be judged by our actions rather than by our words. It is easy to make promises and protestations, but by no means so easy to act always in just the right way. Children as well as their elders sometimes cheat themselves into thinking they are better than they are, because they talk so glibly about their right feelings—their sympathy, their affection, their desire to be of service. But the question is not what they say, but what they do.

"I am very sorry for A—," said one, speaking of a man who had met with misfortune, and who was in pressing need of aid. "Yes," said the friend spoken to, "I am sorry for him five dollars; how much are you?" He did not mean that his sympathy should be more words.

There is another matter in which we are very often tempted to let words take the place of something better. We try—is this true of you, dear reader?—to put God off with promises. We try sometimes to make fair words to take the place of a Christian life. How foolish is this! We can not deceive God. He understands us through and through. When he says to any one, "Give me thy heart," he is not deceived for a moment when the reply is, "Yes, Lord, I will," but no corresponding action follows. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is his way of judging, just as it should be ours.

Dear children, let us learn not to put mere empty talk in the place of the things our heavenly Father would have us do.

TESSA'S COMPANY MANNERS.

"TESSA, I'm going to have a little niece staying with me, won't you come and see her?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered little Tessa, "if mudder lots me"

And about an hour later as Miss Alice looked out of her window, she saw little Tessa pattering up the walk hugging a big hat box.

"Oh Tessa, dear," she cried, raising the window. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner, but Midget won't be here until next Friday."

Tessa declined the invitation to come in, and with a disappointed air, hugged her box of paper dolls, clothes, furniture, etc., back down the walk.

Friday next at twelve o'clock, Tessa was again on hand. This time Midget was expected in a half hour, so Tessa and her paper dolls staid to receive the company.

But when the carriage drove up and Midget appeared she was nothing but a baby? She couldn't play paper dolls at all! Tessa at first felt like crying; then she felt like picking up her dear dolls and flying home. But for fear she might hurt Miss Alice she stayed, and, would you believe it? she had a perfectly splendid time! Midget was a little darling, and played being Tessa's little girl far better than the old stupid paper babies. Tessa really hated to go home when the time came.

"I was so dlad I didn't cwry," she said, "and so dlad I didn't wun home." "Yes," said mother, "I promise you'll always be glad when you have done what is kind and polite."

BERRIES AND BRIERS.

ONE of the surest ways to make home happy is to look on the bright side of things. The boy in this incident not only cheered his mother, but preached a bit of a sermon besides.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket full of such nice ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, "she always seems mighty glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that henceforth he would hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.