



A STRANGE ANIMAL WHAT IS IT?

MOTHER IS "GOAL"

BY MARY B. BRUCE.

The weather is cross, the children say,
Or else forgets it's a holiday.
Down in torrents the cold rain pours,
No chick or child may peep out of doors.

Good little scholars, the whole week through,
On Saturday pant for something to do.
And when the fun begins to flag,
What is so fine as a game of tag?

Over the carpets go nimble feet,
Boyish laughter peals loud and sweet.
"Mother is goal!" the racers cry.
To mother in turn the racers fly.

Dear little sons, in life's real race,
When hardest you struggle to win your place,
Press'd by pursuers that mean you ill,
"Mother is goal," be your watchword still.

SWEET ALLIE IN GOD'S COUNTRY.

ALLIE WAYNE is quite a little girl, but she has been taught that God gives her every good thing that she has. She is just learning to talk, and if "practice makes perfect," it will not be long before she is a perfect talker, for it is nothing but "jabber" with her from morning till night.

Not long since, Allie was taken to spend a few days with her grandma in the country. She had always been used to city sights, and the strange beauties of the country made her the happiest little girl you ever saw.

When sweet Allie, as her parrot always called her, was first taken out into the fields, the sweet scent of the clover and the flowers, and the bright, rich clothes of the trees, astonished her greatly, and she said, "Oh! oh! oh! mamma! mamma! 'it is so sweet—so nice—so good! Ain't 'is Dod's tountry!'"

THE BOY WITH A STRAW HAT.

A CRIPPLED beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice from above him said, "Little boy with the straw hat, look up!" A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my

little fellow! God will bless you for that!" As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little boy with the straw hat.

KEPT FROM FALLING.

ONE day I watched some little children coming back from a long walk. The road was rough, and the poor tired little feet stumbled; whilst all the time their nurse kept calling out, "Mind you don't fall." But she gave them no help; she did not even try to uphold the little trembling steps.

As I looked at them, I thought of Jesus and how differently he dealt with his tired children, as they walk with him along life's rough road. The Bible says of him that he is "able to keep us from falling" (that means sinning); and when he sees his little ones weak and weary, he just stoops down and lifts them up in his arms. "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Oh, what a beautiful thought, the little tired children nestled in Jesus' bosom, and thus kept safe from falling into sin.

Dear little friends, are not you often doing naughty things, and then saying, "I'm tired of trying to be good?" I think you are; and I want you to go and tell Jesus all about it, and ask him to carry you; and then you will not be tired any more.

This Friend who is "able to keep you from

falling," is so strong, so kind, so tender. He loves you with a love that "passed knowledge."

"The love of Jesus—what it is
None but his loved ones know."

Do you know the love of Jesus? Have you tested its sweetness? If not, then do go to him and say, "Dear Lord Jesus, send the Holy Spirit to teach me to understand thy great love for me, and to make me love thee."

And the next time that you are going to do anything wrong, remember that he is "able to keep you from falling," and will "carry" you safe through the temptation if only you will "ask" him. He is always so close to you that the very softest whisper will reach his loving ear.

TRUE HEROISM.

A FEW years since, in Illinois, a German boy, a Sabbath-school scholar, was urged by his companions to join them in an act of theft. He refused. They persisted. At length, finding it impossible to allure him into their thievish designs, they tried threatening. They dragged him into the water, and after plunging him in and holding him under as long as they dared, they raised him up and asked him if he would join them. His reply was, "No." Down he went again. This was repeated several times until, with life almost gone, he declared: "Boys, you may kill me, but I will not steal."

The heroism of this boy was greater than that of the world-renowned Imperial Guard of Napoleon, who, after the defeat at Waterloo, when commanded to lay down their arms, replied: "The Old Guard can die, but they never surrender."

DOING THESE THINGS.

"WHAT is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to a friend.

"Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the other. "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody."

Ashton looked George in the face. "Began to-day? What do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, by God's help, and so grow to be a Christian man," said George. "I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood; and it is in the power of every boy to reach that. Every boy cannot be rich; every boy cannot be a king; every boy cannot be a lord; but God asks you all to Christian manhood.