

them to my soul. As a consequence I have become more convinced of the absolute need of God in the world. I have come to believe that you may as well try to cover the earth with beauty and fragrance without the sun, as attempt to purify and enoble mankind without God. Realizing the value of the summer's experience to me, as a future minister of Christ, I am, yours in the work.

For the Young.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world; the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening in the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is a "dainty dish to set before a king."

The king who is represented in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun; while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, the day-dawn; and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. We have the whole day—in a pie.—*Selected.*

DON'T READ THEM.

"There's a tip-top book, Ellis, you can take to read if you want to. I've just read it, and it's a splendid story."

"Then I should like to read it. I don't very often get a chance at a new book. But I think books are best of anything, and when I'm a man I mean to have stacks of them. Mother and I read together, and then we talk over what we've been

reading about; so it's twice as good as if I read it alone."

"Is that the way you do?"

"Of course it is. Why shouldn't I? Mother and I are all the family there is left, and we do everything we can together. I tell you, my mother is the best company I ever had. She is just jolly, besides being as good as she can be. She goes singing round the house making a fellow feel rich, no matter what he has for dinner."

"Ain't she old?"

"No, and it wouldn't make any difference if she was; she'd be my mother all the same."

"To be sure she would. But if you take this book, you must keep it out of her sight and read it on the sly."

"Why must I?"

"Because she won't like it. My mother'd make a great fuss if she knew I read such a book."

"Then what do you read it for? What's the matter with the book? You said 'twas splendid."

"So it is, but your mother wouldn't think so."

"Then it ain't so, for I tell you mother knows. I won't read anything on the sly. I don't do business that way, and I advise you not to. My mother knows best."

"If you think so, I don't suppose its of any use to try to make you think different."

"No, sir, it ain't; and I advise you to do as your mother wants you to. You've got a bad book, or you wouldn't talk about it as you do, and you'd better burn it up."—*Well Spring.*

ONE OF MOODY'S STORIES.

Some time ago Mr. Wannamaker told me that he knew a boy in his school who was the worst boy he ever knew, and that he had made up his mind he must do what he very seldom did, he must expel him. He was wicked, he was obscene, he was corrupting the whole school, and though there was nothing between him and destruction, still he must turn him off. He told the teachers that next Sunday would be his last day. There was among them a rich young lady, who felt that she was not living enough for Christ, and who desired to do a little more for Him. She said, 'Let me have the boy, I think I can make something of him.' She put him into her class and tried to interest him every way, but in vain. At last she had to rebuke him before the rest, and he spat in her face. She coolly took her handkerchief and wiped her face, and asked him if he would walk home with her, as she had something to say to him. No, he would have nothing to do with her. 'Then will you let me walk home with you?' 'No, I would n't be seen with you.' Then, she thought there was just one more chance, as she was going away for a week. 'If you will