

MY BRAVE LADDIE.

TAP, tap, along the pavement, tap,
It came, a little crutch.
A pale-faced lad looked up at me,
"I do not mind it much,"
He answered to my pitying look,
"It might be worse, you know;
Some fellows have to stay in bed,
While I quite fast can go.

"Oh, yes, I used to run about,
Perhaps I may again;
The doctors say it's wonderful
I have so little pain;
It hurts me now and then of course,
Well—ever since the fall,
But I'm so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."

Tap, tap, the little crutch went on,
I saw the golden hair,
The brown eyes wide, and all aglow,
The noble, manly air;
And somehow tears a moment came,
And made my vision dim,
While still the laddie's cheerful words
Were sweet as sweetest hymn.

"I am so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."

Why, that's the way for us to feel
When troubles may befall.
There's always blue sky somewhere, friend,
Though clouds around you meet,
And patience will the Master send,
If sought at His dear feet.

MIND THE DOOR.

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street door is?—how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a firm lock? If there was nothing of value in the house or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house—our heart may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah! I know him. It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it were too mean for his notice. No, sir; we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine suit to wear and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door, here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in? We must unbar the door for you.

O if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and come out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad. We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your heart—*Sunday.*

WORDS THAT STAIN.

A SMALL brush of camel's hair had been dipped into a fluid in which was some nitrate of silver, or "caustic," as it is sometimes called. The brush was wiped upon a white sheet. Pretty soon there appeared a black stain upon a white surface. It did not look very dark at first, but the action of the light seemed to deepen the colour, until it was an ugly spot that could not be washed out nor bleached out in a whole summer's sunshine.

A bright boy heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and they left a stain that could not be washed out by all the waters of this great round earth.

Do not allow yourself to think of vile, "smutty" stories, or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and bad books, it is our duty to take care what we listen to and what we read. A bad story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory and inflames the fancy.

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous

kisses" of the crocodiles seen in DeQuincy's opium dream. If, by chance, you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts, as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.

THE ADORATION OF CHRIST.

ANGELS from the realms of glory
Wing their flight o'er all the earth
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God and man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear!
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

AFTER SCHOOL.

"THE lake is frozen again, and the ground is covered with snow. Now we'll have some fun when school is out," said Georgie Cooper, one morning. "Yes; and there's Bessie Green, who never has had a sled in her life; let's take her with us!" said Georgie's brother Roy. "And maybe her little brother can go too, if he's all wrapped up," added Arthur, who was scarcely more than a baby himself.

So when school was out they went to Bessie's house with their sled, to ask her to go out on the pond with them. Bessie was very much surprised; for she was a poor little girl, and not many people thought of her. But she was glad to go, and both she and her little brother had a nice ride. When the boys went home afterward, Arthur said he "felt just as if he had sunshine in his heart," and Georgie answered: "That is the way people do feel if they have Jesus there; for he is the Sun of Righteousness." If we follow him he will make us happy.