

If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I was the town I would give the boys a good, spacious playground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees, and fountains, and broad space to run and jump and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would let them go home.

HOME POLITENESS.

! A boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impressions which we make in society, coveting the good opinion of others and caring too little for the good opinion of those who are in a sense part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening of our daily life—"Keep me, my God: for my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide"? Keep me, my God, keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. "My boat is so small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of his loving-kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity, and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except Thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "Thy ocean is so

wide"—the journey is long, and the days and the years are many. "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in Thy righteousness."

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS,

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in this life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us above the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

When Queen Ranavalana, of Madagascar embraced Christianity the national idol was two pieces of scarlet cloth, each about a couple of inches wide and a yard long, with a bit of wood, the size of one's thumb, between them. The people declared this idol could not be burned when the officers took it in hand. "Not if he is a god," said the officers. When the toy was in ashes the people sent to the Queen to know what they should worship.

The little island of Atafu, in the South Seas, is said to be the only purely Christian country in the world. Every adult on the island is a member of the church on confession of faith.

Galveston has a vigilance committee that threatens to make the climate of Texas warm for gamblers.