

something is troubling you, and you feel sorrowful. But, if you see a funny picture, or if something happens to make you feel merry and glad, the little muscles pull your face into smiles, and dimples, and you look just ready to burst out into a broad laugh.

But when we do wrong, bad and wicked feelings are at work pulling these strings. Anger pulls one set of strings, and then you know what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a moment. Pride pulls another set of these strings, and so does vanity, or envy, or deceit, or discontent; and each of these brings its own peculiar look or expression over the face. And the worst thing about it is, that, if the strings are pulled too often, the face will not return to what it was before, but the strings will become stiff, like wires, and the face will keep wearing the ugly look it put on all the time. By giving way to sin, or by indulging bad feelings, some people get their faces worked up to such a dreadful look, that, when you meet one of them in the street, the moment you see him, you can tell what his character is.

You know, dear young reader, the Bible tells us that sin is a reproach, or a disgrace, and, if we consent to it, or give way to it, it will pull those strings in our faces that will cause our very looks to be disgraceful. Do not let anger, nor pride, nor passion, get hold of the strings, or they will make you appear so ugly that no one will love to look at you. But let love, and gentleness, and good-will, and truth, and honesty, have hold of the strings, and they will make your faces beautiful and lovely.—*Mother's Magazine.*

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

FOR RECITATION.

May be given by one boy, or divided among five.

We greet you, dear friends, in the kindest way;
We are glad you are here, for we've something to say
Some questions to ask, for we're all puzzled, quite;
We wish you to answer, to give us more light.

You send us to Sunday-school year after year;
We are taught to abhor both the wine and the beer;
We are told there is poison in every drop;
If to drink we begin, 'twill be hard then to stop.

God's word tells us, too, that sorrow and woe
Are the portion of those to the wine-cup who go;
That misery and pain in this world shall be given,
And when life is ended no entrance to heaven.

We wish to inquire if this can be true;
If all that God says you believe he will do;
If Ruin is the fiend we are taught to believe,
Who lieth in wait all our hopes to deceive?

And if it is true, all these boys wish to know
What your license is for, with its sin and its woe?
Why you've planted a rum-shop on every street,
And spread such a net for our unwary feet?

We love you, and thank you for all that you teach,
But we ask you to practice as well as to preach.

—*Temperance Banner.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

VEGETABLE POETRY.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent to us from Sarlinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth.
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.

The onion travelled here from Spain,
The leek from Switzerland we gain,
Garlic from Sicily obtain;
Spinach in Syria grows.
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er.
And Southern Europe's sea-coast shore
Beet root on us bestows.

When good Queen Bess was reigning here,
Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
The South of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt.
But turnips, carrots and sea-kale
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
Which pens might abler describe,
Are also ours, I understand.

—*English Magazine.*

A button is one of those events that are always coming off.

"Will you join me in a cup of tea, Mr. Simkins?" Mr. Simkins:
"Ah, thank you: but wouldn't it be rather crowded?"

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?"
"No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping the dirt and leaving the room."

"Oh, for a thousand tongues!" sang a little urchin who had
crawled inside a huge sugar hogshead.

An Irish magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. "No,"
replied the man. "Then," replied his worship amid peals of laugh-
ter, "It is a good thing for your wife."

"Britannia rules the waves, eh?" said a passenger on his first
ocean voyage. "Well, she must rule them with a zigzag picket fence,
judging from their looks."

"John Smith has gone and tied a knot in my horse's tail," com-
plained a stock-yards man to a lawyer. "Now, what can I do about
it?" he demanded. "You can go and untie it," laconically replied
the lawyer, "and pay me \$5 for legal advice."

No Norwegian girl is permitted to have a beau until she can
bake bread, and the consequence is she is an adept in this culinary
art long before she masters the art of dancing, painting frightful
looking objects on plaques, and spoiling brass by hammering it.

Another coroner's verdict. It was rendered at Pekin, Ill., on the
body of a man found in the river, and declared "that the deceased
had come to his death by a blow on the head, inflicted either before
or after he was drowned."

Two little Misses of perhaps three and five years of age, whose
mother has taught them wisely of the terrible results of drink,
were dining at the house of a neighbor, where wine was used at the
table. The lady of the house, feeling somewhat poorly, was advised
by the husband to partake of some. The little girls watched pro-
ceedings with manifest interest, and at last the younger, stretching
her little neck to get a fairer view of the wine glass which was ob-
structed from view somewhat by intervening dishes, said in astonish-
ment and alarm, "You drink wine? If you don't look out you'll
have snakes in your boots."

Robert, a bashful young student of Cupid; recently summoned
up enough courage to escort a young lady home. At the breakfast
table next morning his father said:

"Well, my son, did you go home with any of the girls last night?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Who was she?"

Robert hesitated, but finally blurted out:

"I thought it was Annie Warren; but when we got to the turn
of the road she went into Ella Ham's house."

"But I should think you might have told by the sound of her
voice," said his father.

"Neither of us said a word," said Bob, blushing and stammering.
—*Detroit Free Press.*