

children may be brought safely, one by one, to shine like precious jewels in the Heavenly Kingdom.

Two Little Folks.

(By Maud Maddick.)

Two little folks of tender age,
Two little hearts so full of rage,
That love forgotten lies,
And kindly thoughts are all asleep,
While looks that make the angels
weep,
Are in two pairs of eyes.

Two little tongues that try to say
Such words of bitterness to-day,
Instead of happy mirth,
That mourning fills the air above,
Where angels dwell in peace and
love,
And wish the same on earth.

Two little faces hot with shame,
Two little whispers — 'I'm to
blame,'
Some tears that follow this;
And then a rush of little feet
That rosy mouths may quickly
meet
To have a loving kiss!

Two little folks who smiling stand
Now heart to heart and hand to
hand
Obeying love's dear voice.
Methinks I hear some fluttering
wings—
A heavenly voice that softly sings,
'The angels now rejoice!'
—'Home words.'

Lesson for a Boy.

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older.

While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said: 'Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?'

The boy looked up in surprise. 'Why, I want him to be good for something.'

'But he likes his own way,' I objected. 'Why shouldn't he have it?'

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. 'I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has

his own way!' he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

'And as for working,' I went on, 'I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse.'

'Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt—' Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—'Union Gospel News.'

Little Runaway.

(By Alonzo Ames, in Congregationalist.)

It's half in earnest, half in play
When Tommy tries to run away.
He pulls so hard that Sister Nan
Must tug and hold him all she can.
'Whoa! Whoa!' she cries, 'my
pony, O!
How hard you pull, how fast you go!'



Suppose Nan wearied of the fun,
Let go her hold and let him run.
Suppose he tripped and fell—suppose
He bumped his precious, *precious*
nose!

O then, I think, our little man
Would turn and run to Sister Nan.

Couldn't.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him, says the 'Kindergarten Magazine.' At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, whose throat

swelled and forth came nature's plea: 'A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet a-no-sweet. I know it I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it,' etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we inquired: 'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home.' The little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame, half sorrow, he replied: 'Couldn't, 'cos he sung so.'

Never Again.

The story goes that an Italian showman once had a monkey that rode on the back of a hound while four dogs danced. One day the little show was passing through a park where there were some deer. The hound saw them, and, true to his instinct, he tore after them. Poor Mr. Monkey was chained to his collar, so he had to go along, much as he wished not to. He chattered and screamed, but all in vain. The hound kept up the chase until the showman finally succeeded in stopping him and took the frightened monkey off his back. No coaxing or threatening could ever induce the monkey to get on that dog's back again.

We once read of another monkey on board a ship that the sailors induced to drink whiskey until he became very drunk; but after he had sobered off, when they brought out the bottle again, he instantly skipped away to the very top of the mast, and could not be induced to come down as long as the bottle was in sight. Would that men and boys had as much sense in this regard as monkeys.—'Temperance Record.'

Keep On.

One step won't take you very far,
You've got to keep on walking;
One word won't tell folks who you
are,

You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall,
You've got to keep on growing;
One little seed won't do at all,
You've got to keep on sowing.