



THE STURIOUS BOY.

industrious and is resolved to make the best use of every advantage that is offered. His eyes are closed, but that is only because he is trying so hard to think out his problem. A boy like that will make a man of himself in the truest sense. He will be a man not only in body, but in a much higher sense. Others have done it, and he will. He is on the road to success.

The only difference between these two boys is that one is trying to make something of himself while the other is not. The industrious habits and firm resolution to be somebody will show themselves for good in the man in the one case, while the laziness and recklessness will make a loafer and a worthless vagabond of the other one.

Boys, which of these two pictures represents you? Can you read the prophecy of your manhood in them?

VIRTUE is a garment of honour, but wickedness is a robe of shame.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

IT was for his name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he will stop smoking for Jesus' sake, and give the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in Sunday-school, though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress she hardly knows how to spare the time, but she says: "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then sister Molly, she wanted a new sack this winter, and had a beautiful one picked out at Smith's; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not get work or enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell, "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly, "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy-pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well to mind the baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus? If you do it cheerfully and without pouting, Uncle Frank thinks it is.—*Our Children.*

THE SAND FORT.

My children at the seashore
Were playing on the sand,
"Let's make a fort," cried Bertie,
"Broad and high and grand."
"I'll bring the sand," said Elma,
"Bertie'll pack it tight;"
And little May stood gazing
To see if all went right.

They heard the wild waves roaring,
Breaking on the shore;
The tide they never heeded,
Rising more and more.
They were so busy building,
Of course they would forget,
But quick enough they scampered
When their feet were wet.

"We'll run and get dry stockings,
And come again," they said;
"We'll have our castle builded
Before we go to bed."
They were so sure, the children;
But when with setting sun
Back to the spot they hastened,
Behold! their fort was gone.

For oh, my dears, the water
Had washed it all away;
Sand-houses never tarry
Longer than a day.
Since all our earthly pleasures
Are houses built of sand,
We'll seek for something better—
Something that will stand.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out-of-doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rang. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one; "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented, but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

Was not that a noble answer? Think about it, children, when you are asked to do wrong.