

if you do this, you will be able, by-and-by, to come and tell me that God has answered all three of your prayers.'—*Kind Words.*

### WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR.

'Children,' said Mr. Brown, 'what is my watch good for?'

'To keep time,' the children answered.

'But suppose it can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?'

'It is good for nothing,' they replied.

'And what is this pencil for?'

'To mark with,' said the children.

'But suppose it has no lead, and will not mark, what is it good for?'

'Good for nothing.'

'Well,' said Mr. Brown, 'what is the use of my knife?'

'To cut,' answered the little ones.

'Suppose it has no blade,' he asked again, 'then what is the knife good for?'

'Good for nothing.'

'Tell me now,' said Mr. Brown, 'what is a boy or girl good for? What is the chief end of man?'

'Oh, that's Catechism,' cried Willie Brown. 'To glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever.'

'Very well. If a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, what is he or she good for?'

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound, 'Good for nothing.'

Dear boys and girls, if you are not seeking 'to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever,' is it not just as if you were 'good for nothing?'

### LEARN WHILE YOU MAY.

A Romish priest in Ireland one day met a little boy coming across a field from the parish school with a Bible in his hand.

"Do you go to that place?" asked the priest, pointing to the protestant school.

"Yes your reverence," replied the boy.

"I thought so," said the priest, "by the book you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's Word," said the boy, "and it teaches us the way to love God, to be good, and to get to heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest

The boy did so, and on entering his study the priest took the poor boy's Bible and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again"

said the priest, "It is a bad book; and mind I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The Bible was soon in flames, and the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more and more angry, and told him there was an end of all now the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the priest.

"I can't help it," said the boy.

"I insist upon you telling me why you laugh," said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence couldn't burn those ten chapters I've got by heart."

Happy boy! He could say with good King David, 'Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.'

### "CHICKENS ON THE LINE."

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." Did you ever think of this? Is it not a wonderful thing that the loving God, who watches over all girls and boys, care also for every little feeble chirping sparrow, such as I see in the big, smoky town where I live. Does not this teach us how great God is, and how loving and kind he is to living things, whether strong or weak, whether girl, or boy, or bird.

One day I was riding home on the top of a tramway car. The car was going rapidly down a hill in one of the long streets, and where it was difficult to bring the car to a stand still. Away ahead on the line I noticed a mother hen, surrounded by six or seven tiny downy chickens, all busy looking for food, and unaware of the approaching car. The mother hen did not seem to be much disturbed either, for she stalked about *clucking* as if she had a right to be on the tramway, and as if she thought the car had no right to be there. As the car got nearer and nearer to them I wondered if they would get out of the way. But no; on they pecked and chirped quite earnestly. Will the horses and car just pass over them? Ah, no! The driver has managed to stop the car just in time, for the chickens are quite near the horses' feet. But they did not hurry. The driver had a pleasant smile on his face, and when at last the brood went off the line he started the horses briskly, as he hummed a cheery tune. Perhaps he had some little ones at home. I don't know; but I went home