

I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways ;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days ;
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed :
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing ?

Then let me try each day and hour,
To act upon this plan ;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-by.

—*Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

MANY people try hard to be happy. They indulge in all fashionable pleasures, gratify their bodily appetites, mingle in pleasant and social circles, and make it the business of their lives to seek happiness. Yet they fail to find it, and are often burdened with murmuring and disappointed hearts. The trouble is, they live for self, and by a mere law of Providence, selfishness defeats itself, and fails of reaching the objects it covets. The following incident suggests a surer and more excellent way:

"Bessie, there is a peach for you, the finest I have seen this season," said Mr. Kohler to his little daughter.

It was very beautiful—so ripe that it looked just ready to burst through the thin skin, and a painter might have attempted in vain to rival the colour. It was very tempting, for it was the first one Bessie had seen this summer, yet she stood with it in her hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"May I take it to cousin Mary? She is sick, and nothing tastes well to her, and she has been wishing so much for a peach."

"Yes, if you like." And away flew Bessie on her errand of love. She went softly into cousin Mary's sick chamber, laid the peach before her, and quickly glided from the room.