

Boy's Conquest.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

It was Roy's birthday, and the table was covered with his gifts, though one would have said that he had everything that heart could wish before.

'You have had a very happy day, haven't you?' said mamma, as she sat down by Roy's bed for their usual good-night talk.

Roy smiled assent.

'But I have been thinking all day,' continued mamma, 'of the little boys who do not have such happy birthdays. Just think of all the books and toys and games you have, and then try to imagine how it must seem not to have any at all.'

'Not a single one, mamma?' cried Roy. 'Why, there isn't any little boy but has some, is there?'

'Yes, dear,' answered mamma, 'I saw one yesterday, I went to see his mother, to get her to do some work. The street where they live is narrow and dirty, the houses old and shabby. Mrs. McGowan lives in a little room on the fourth floor. They have only that one little room, Roy, and there is only one window in it, and it was so hot and close! And, laddie, there is a little boy just your age shut up in that dreary little room, where he cannot see anything but the roof of another old house. He has some trouble with his back, and has never walked. His mother is gone all day long most of the time, and this poor little boy hasn't any books, or toys, or games. Aren't you sorry for him, and wouldn't you like to give him some of yours?'

Now you would suppose that Roy would say yes at once, wouldn't you? But, do you know, instead he began to wonder which he could spare, and, somehow, he could not decide upon the one he wanted to give up. He was sorry for the little boy, ever so sorry, but—

'Doesn't my little boy, who has so many things, feel willing to give this poor, sick little boy anything?' asked mamma, sadly.

'Why, yes, mamma, only I don't see what. I couldn't give him anything you or papa gave me, and grandpa and grandma would feel bad if I gave their presents away, and I like to keep everything Auntie and Uncle Will gave me, so what can I do?'

'Very well,' said mamma, gravely. 'You must decide for yourself.

We should understand why you gave our gifts away, and be very glad to see that you were trying to make some one else happy. What was your Golden Text last Sunday?'

'Freely ye have received, freely give,' repeated Roy, rather reluctantly.

'Remember that, dear. God wants us to share our good gifts of all kinds with others. I think it grieves him when we refuse to do so. And now good-night, my dear little son!'

Somehow, Roy felt very uncomfortable, and could not get to sleep for a long time, and the next day it was just the same. He did not enjoy even his new playthings, for he kept thinking of that poor little boy alone in that dark, dreary room. What if he had to change places with him? Oh, dear, that was too dreadful even to think of for a moment!

'I guess I should just hate any horrid, stingy little boy who would not give me anything,' he thought.

By and by he went and got out all his prettiest and choicest treasures, and looked them over.

'If I didn't have anything, and I knew a boy who had lots, I should think he might give me some of his very best things, specially if I was sick and all,' was Roy's next conclusion. And so, presently he chose some of the things he liked best of all, and carried them to mamma.

'I want the little boy to have these,' he said bravely, 'and some time when he gets tired of these I will give him some more.'

'Thank you, dear,' said mamma, with a very happy smile; and do you know Roy was sure that he had never been so happy before in his life? Can you tell why?—'Christian Work,'

The Model Little Girl.

Frisky as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl—
Everyone rejoices in
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
Everyone will love.

—'Sunday Hour.'

The Missionary Pig.

'If you'll feed him and keep the sty very clean, changing the straw every day, you shall sell that pig for your missionary money,' said papa.

So the boys called it the missionary pig, or 'Missy,' for short. Every day the sty was made clean, and every day the pig grew bigger. He knew the boys very well, and ate his meals quite like a gentleman,—for a pig. One day in the fall, papa said: 'Boys, I can sell that pig now, if you want to.'

Very sober faces met this, for the boys found they had grown fond of the pig. But they knew papa was wiser than they were about it, so the pig was sold, and the money all given for books for those lonesome Western Sunday-schools.

The boys had said, 'Pity they can't have Sunday-school books to read! They haven't got much else Sundays.' And so they are able to help.—'Mayflower.'

When I Am a Mau.

'When I am a man, I'll not worry
and scold,
Or growl at the weather if too hot
or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine
or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure
to keep clear.
I'll try for the good of others to
plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I am
a man.

'When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of
noise,
I'll feed the beggars who stop at
my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing
and poor;
I'll strive to be honest, and do what
I can
To make the world better, when I'm
a man.'

Said grandma: 'Why wait till you're
grown? Right away
Commence your reform. Begin with
to-day;
You may never be old, nor rich, nor
yet great,
And many a blessing you'll lose
while you wait.
Strive to be and to do the best that
you can,
And life will be sweeter when you
are a man.'

—'Temperance Banner.'