



### WHICH WAS THE WISER?

Our picture illustrates the manner in which goats pass each other when they meet in a narrow mountain pass where there is only room in the path for one goat to pass. One of the goats has lain down in the path and the other is walking safely over him. How they made each other understand what to do, is more than we are able to say. Perhaps they have some kind of language by which they make each other understand. But the most wonderful part of it is how they came to an understanding about which one should lie down and allow the other to walk over him.

We once heard of two men who were enemies. They hated each other very much, but they met in a mountain pass like the one in our picture, where the path was only wide enough to allow one person to pass at a time. If they attempted to pass each other side by side one of them would be crowded off the path, and would fall hundreds of feet down the mountain side, and be dashed in pieces. Each wished the other to lie down and allow the other to walk over him, but neither would yield. At length they began to fight, and the result was that both of them were hurled from the path, and were dashed in pieces on the rocks below. How much better for both of them had one yielded, and allowed the other to walk over him as the goat in the picture has done. The spirit of Christ is a yielding spirit, and for the want of it many have lost their lives.

### HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

JOHNNIE lives out in Western New York, near the famous Silver Lake camp-ground. One day at Sunday-school the minister talked to the children about the duty of their making a right start early in life, and showed them what a safeguard the temperance pledge would be. He had a supply of

triple-pledge cards on hand, and Johnnie with many others very gladly gave his name. He carried the card home to his mother, with his name written on it in his very best style, and proudly showed it to his mother and father. His good mother was very glad of his act, but his father only laughed. Said he:

"Why, Johnnie, you don't understand this. You are too young to know all it means."

"No, I ain't, papa," said Johnnie. "I understand all about it. It means, if I always keep that pledge, I'll never come home as drunk as you did last Fourth of July."

His father said no more, but concluded that Johnnie knew more than he gave him credit for.—*Selected.*

### JOHNNY'S LIE.

"He told a lie about me, so he did—Bo! Ho—eh!" stamping his feet in a passion, all the time keeping watch of his mother's face to see if he might detect any chance of her approval.

Johnny was not a bad boy at heart, but his mother knew full well he had one great fault—that was, always throwing the fault of any wrong act on some one besides himself; and she suspected this time the fault really lay in her own little boy. So she looked at him for a moment and said: "Well, Johnny, take off your things and stay with me; then you will not be blamed for something you did not do."

As some of our severest storms are soonest over, so it happened in this case. The tears were soon dried, and he came coaxingly up to mamma, and said: "You can't trust little boys who lie, can you?"

"No; who has been telling a lie?"

"Why, Jim; he said I threw mud at him."

"How do you know he said that?" said his mother.

"He said he was going to tell you I threw mud at him, and you sent for me to come in. He told a lie, now—"

"Did you do anything to make him think you would throw it?"

"No, ma; I only took up the mud and pretended I was going to throw, and he came and told you."

"Then you put up your hand, so"—showing him how he would do—"and made him think you would throw when you really had no such thought?"

"Yes, ma."

"Then really you intended to deceive, and if you made him think so he only told what he supposed to be true, did he?"

"No, ma."

"Then who did tell the lie?"

"Oh, mamma, I did! I did not think I did, though."

"No, my son, I know you did not; God knows; and be very careful how you try to blame another, or try to make another think, will you? A lie does not always come from the lips."—*Sabbath Reading.*

### SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY crawls into mamma's bed  
Just at the break of day,  
Smuggles up close and whispers loud:  
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,  
Never once shuts the door;  
Scatters her playthings all around  
Over the nursery floor;

Climbs on the fence, and tears her clothes  
Never a bit cares she—  
Swings on the gate, and makes mud pies  
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes  
Up through her tangled hair;  
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then  
Somebody doesn't care."

### WHAT SHE COULD.

EVELINE CARSON wanted to do something for Jesus, but she said there was nothing she could do. She felt very sorry, for she forgot that Jesus only wanted her to do what she could, and not what she could not do. One day she sang, in her sweet dear little voice, a hymn that she had learned at Sunday-school. It was—

"Is my name written there?  
On the page white and fair,  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?"

A man was going by on horseback who had hurt his arm and carried it in a sling. He heard the song and asked himself whether his name was written in God's book. As he came back he stopped at the door and asked for a drink of water. Eveline gladly gave it to him, not knowing how she had influenced him. He afterwards learned to love Jesus through his song and her bright face, and she thanked God that he had given her something to do for him.

SUFFER not your thoughts to dwell on an injury, or provoking words spoken to you. Learn the art of neglecting them at the time. Let them grow less and less every moment until they die out of your mind.