

SUNDAY.

O SWEET Sabbath bells !
A message of musical chiming
Ye bring us from God, and we know what
you say ;
Now rising, now falling,
So tunefully calling
His children to seek him, and praise him
to-day.

The day we love best,
The brightest and best of the seven,
The pearl of the week and the light of our
way ;
We hold it a treasure,
And count it a pleasure
To welcome the dawning and praise him
to-day.

Oh sweet Sabbath rest !
The gift of our Father in heaven ,
A herald sent down from the home far
away ;
With peace for the weary,
And joy for the dreary,
Then oh let us thank him and praise him
to-day.

PRAY OVER IT.

Two boys were disputing about a little ship which had been given by their teacher to both, and which, like many such presents, had become a source of quarrelling instead of pleasure.

"I must have the first sail, because I am the elder," exclaimed Hugh, sturdily.

"No," returned Jackson ; "Mr. Erard handed the ship to me, and he looked at me."

"But he said 'both of you,'" persisted Hugh.

"I know that," argued Jackson. "One would think, to hear you talk, I was a cheat or a liar, and wanted to have the boat all for myself."

"I did not mean that," said the elder ; but I shan't give up my rights because you choose to lose your temper."

Now, when a person is angry, it only makes him angrier to be told of it. Jackson's wrath blazed anew. The matter was trifling, but the seeds of discontent and passion were sown, and the boys looked at each other with scorn and hatred, while their hands were clinched as if ready to strike.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer ; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," said a deep and solemn voice, as their father suddenly emerged from the coppice.

The boys were silent for a moment, and then began to speak both together.

"Hush!" rejoined their father ; "come with me." And he drew them into a shady retreat. "Now, before I hear your story, let us pray over it."

He bared his head, the lads following his example, while in a few earnest words he sought guidance for himself and a more Christ-like spirit for his children.

"Now, Hugh," he said, in the silence that succeeded, "tell your story."

"We differed as to which of us should have the first sail," replied the elder ; "but, father, I do not want it now."

"Nor I," added Jackson, "and I spoke wrong words, for which I am sorry."

"Then the matter is ended," said the father, cheerfully. "Come on, lads, to the pond, and I will have the first sail. But remember for the future, when you want to end a dispute well pray over it."

STEAMBOATS.

PEOPLE always were inclined to laugh at those things which they don't understand or have not been used to seeing. We are told that the man who carried the first umbrella was stoned in the street. So the first steamboat that was ever made caused much ridicule. It is not seventy years since steamboats began to be used to any extent, all boats being moved by oars or sails. The ocean was crossed by vessels with nothing but great sails, driven by the wind, taking often three months to make the same trip that a steamer now makes in nine days. Over three hundred years ago a man of Biscay made a boat which was moved by power received from a caldron of boiling water. This was thought a great wonder. Robert Fulton was the first successful steamboat man of America. Even he, in 1807, launched his first boat on the Hudson river amid the jeers of the crowd on the banks.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

A CHILD of five years, overwhelmed with the loss of a gold locket, which contained a lock of her dead mother's hair, cried out,

"If God will not help me, no one else can."

She feared her father's anger, and hoped to avert it by finding the locket. She knew that she might pray for this, but thought that, to be heard, she must pray in church. The Sunday came at length ; and in her pew she prayed for the return of the locket, ending with, "If you do not help me, no one else can." She returned home, and found that the lost treasure had been returned by the thief. This is one of the first incidents in the life of that well-known writer for the young, Anna Shipton.

LET JESUS IN.

A WEE little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sang and talked as if she was a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After awhile she looked toward the door, and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus : "Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."—*Our little People*.

A "TRY" BOY.

A GENTLEMAN travelling on the railroad made acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, who with his wife and little son occupied seats adjoining his own. The boy was a good-tempered, frank little fellow, whose bright ways and childish talk were very entertaining. He was busily engaged in trying to untie the knot of a parcel, which his new friend suggested he could not do, and offered to cut the string for him, but his prompt and well-pronounced reply was : "Thank you, sir ; but my papa never allows me to say I can't. I belong to the try company."

A GREAT WONDER.

ONCE when the great missionary Henry Martyn was telling a boy in Persia about the high-priest who struck Jesus on the face with his hand, the boy asked : "And, sir, did not his hand dry up at once?" The boy thought it could not be possible for one to sin so greatly against the Lord and not be punished at once. But this only shows how great is his love and pity and patience. But it does not prove that he will never punish us if we go on in our sins. If we much longer refuse to hear him, he may turn from us and leave us to ourselves.

"PAPA HAS NOT ASKED THE BLESSING."

THERE were visitors at the house, and Mr. Black was ashamed to ask a blessing before them. After they began to eat, one of them said to his little girl, "Why are you not eating, Nettie?"

"I am waiting while papa asks the blessing," was the answer ; and then he had real reason to be ashamed.

I wonder if all my little readers are careful to wait "till papa asks a blessing" before they begin to eat.—*Anon*.