

found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball. His companions very good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another, the tallest in the party. "Never mind; I'll run for him"; and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—*Ram's Horn.*

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"Why, I would be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to those who were trying to tempt him to do a wrong act one day.

"Oh, you need not tell her; no one would know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother. I tell her everything."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl! The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

We like that. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell mother.

Christians, claim your full privileges. In temporal things men are beginning to do this. Suppose the son and heir of some wealthy deceased man was told

by certain trustees that he was left with only three or four hundred dollars a year, and that the rest was left in their hands in trust, he would go along on that three or four hundred dollars only so long as he was obliged to. Some one tells him that the whole fortune is left to him, and he goes to some lawyer's office, and asks to see his father's will. As he reads the will the whole truth comes out, and he says, "I have been living on three hundred dollars a year when I have a hundred thousand. I am going to come into possession of what I have, and live proportionately to my wealth." Thousands of us are yet living on two or three hundred dollars that might live on the exceeding riches of God's glory.—*Bishop of Huron.*

THE BOTHER.

"Dear, dear! what a bothersome baby." The care-wearied mother sighed out, As she looked at the books and the play-things

That were everywhere scattered about; At the great, dingy spot on the carpet, Where he'd let grandma's medicine fall, And the marks that the fat baby fingers Had left on the windows and wall.

"Such a baby for getting in mischief! I can't keep him tidy and sweet; Though I'm busy from daylight to bedtime, The room never seems to be neat."

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I never catch up with my sewing;
I've never a moment to rest";
And she sighed, as she threaded her needle,
With life and its worries oppress.

A slow, muffled sound on the pavement,
She looks through the mist-clouded pane
And sees, almost under her window,
A hearse going by in the rain,
There's a little white casket inside it,
And then by swift tears it is hid,
As she thinks of the household whose darling
Lies under the small coffin's lid.

She goes to the bed of her baby,
And kneels by the sleeper in tears,
And the prayer that goes up, mute and wordless,

The great, loving Father-Heart hears.
No longer the child seems a bother,
As she thinks of the hearse in the rain,
And the mother-arms, aching and empty,
Where the little dead baby has lain.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

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