

boy; and Willie's aunts and cousins, whenever they enter the church, will think of the Temple above, where his glorified spirit mingles with the shining throngs in praising God day and night.

IF I WAS A MAN.

If I was a man, do you suppose I'd beat
My faithful horse up and down the street?
No! I'd feed him so well, I'd have to say,
He would go so fast, "Hey! pony, hey!"

If I was a man, should they scent me far
By the puffing smoke of a dirty cigar?
No! I'd choose some other pleasure than this,
And keep my lips clean for the girls to kiss.

If I was a man, do you suppose I'd dare
In the face of my Maker to curse and swear?
No! I never would give to good people pain
By a habit that brings neither pleasure nor gain.

If I was a man do you suppose I'd think
For a moment of tasting the drunkard's drink?
No! it only brings a man trouble and woe,
And I'll be a temperance man wherever I go.

The above is a boy's production. We hope the author and all the boys who read this will neither drink, smoke, swear, nor be cruel to animals, and then each, if spared, will be a MAN indeed, worthy to be respected—and kissed too.

We will be glad if some more of our young friends will forward some original poetry, or letters, or selections. The following has been sent in:—

POWER OF THE BIBLE.

A Bible distributor going through a place where they were building a railroad, gave some copies to the men. A Romish priest, hearing that one had been left at an Irish dwelling, told the father that it was an improper book to read and ordered him to burn it up. The man thought he would look into the book and see what was dangerous about it. He read in the New Testament and had his eyes opened. He left off his Romish ways and joined (with his whole family) the Protestant church.

W. S. BROWN.

TIME.

"Time is—thou hast; employ the portion small;
Time was—thou hast not, canst not it recall;
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee."

ETERNITY.

"Eternity! ah! know you what it is? It is a timepiece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only in the silence of the tomb—NEVER! NEVER!—EVER! EVER! and FOREVER!"

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