

THE CHILDREN'S TRIUMPH

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The sunbeams come to my window,
And said, "Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossoms on the tree."

But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired sunbeams' call,
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they
laid;

I drew it away to the curtain shade
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The robins came to my window,

And said, "Come out and sing!
Come out and join the chorus
Of the festival of the spring!"

But never a carol would I trill
In the festival of May;
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the robins flew away.

The children came to my window,

And said, "Come out and play!
Come out with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!"

Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away.
When the children called me what could I
do?

The robins might fail, and the sunbeams
too,
But the children won the day.

THE CROSS-BOX.

It was a rainy day, and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing, and Johnny wanted to set up a wind-mill he had made. Susie wanted to get her flower-seeds, and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barn. So all were disappointed, and before night had become cross and peevish and snappish. Mamma called all to her and talked very gravely. They were quiet for awhile after it. In half an hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had got a little hole in the top, just large enough to let a penny through, and under it was the word "cross-box."

"Look, mamma," he said, "supposing whenever any of us speak cross, we make ourselves pay a penny for a fine. Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box longest."

Mamma laughed and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it; but if they did agree they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie; "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned.

"No, we'll buy a whole lot of sweets," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you don't do as I want to, I'll pitch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it in the box.

Mamma thought the box really did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep the ugly words from coming through. When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later mamma was putting a room in order one Saturday.

"Here's the cross-box," she said.

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen pennies. That's enough to buy oranges and nuts. Let's do it."

"Oh!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say," whimpered Pet.

"I won't," whined Johnny.

"I —"

No one knows what Ned was going to say, in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth, and, with the other, held up a warning finger. "Look out," he half whispered, "or there'll be more pennies in the cross-box for Jimmy."

CHIVALROUS.

CHIVALRY is getting to be a rather old-fashioned word; but the thing itself has not yet gone out of existence. The *Christian Advocate* cites a "modern instance."

Mary and Willie, aged respectively six and four years, were sitting together in one large rocking-chair near a window during a heavy thunder-storm.

As the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder more terrible, Mary, who sat nearest the open window, began to be greatly frightened, whereupon her little brother very promptly said, "Let me sit on the thunder side."

WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

WE commonly speak of him as one who carries the good news to the heathen, and makes them good and glad. Every boy and girl should be a missionary at home, making their little brothers and sisters good by setting them a good example, and making their fathers and mothers glad by obedience, kindness, and love. By thus following Jesus, and being little home missionaries, you will become better fitted for being big missionaries by-and-by.

A SMALL boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.

ONE LEFT

AN Irishman can no more help being witty than a duck can avoid being a good swimmer, and it is apt to fare ill with those who provoke the Irish wit in repartee.

When Lord Thurlow first opened a lawyer's office in London, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own.

One day an Irishman entered, "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he had," tartly responded the lawyer.

"And what do you sell?" inquired the Irishman, looking at the solitary table and a few law-books.

"Blockheads," responded Thurlow.

"Begorra," said Pat, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business; ye ain't got but one left."

GOOD MORNING.

Do not forget to say good morning! Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers; and say it cheerfully and with a smile, and it will do your friends good. There is a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning" it is also of all kind, heartsome greetings. Let no morning pass that you do not help to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

A DESERVED NOTICE.

MICHAEL FENWICK, who used to travel with John Wesley as guide and valet, once complained because his name was never inserted in the preacher's published journal. In the next number appeared the item, "Preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 30.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.—Mark 1. 15.

OCTOBER 7.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus at Nazareth.—Luke 4. 16-30.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 4. 16-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.—Heb. 12. 25.

THE only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.