

A MODEL OF VIRTUE

YOUNG Master Ebenezer Brown
Is quite the model of the town;
He never made a single debt,
Nor smoked a nasty cigarette.

He never robbed an apple-tree;
No melon patches entered he;
He never went a-courtin', though
To him the girls would favours show.

He always early went to rest,
And rose at day break with a zest;
Although his appetite was good,
He ne'er in pantries stole his food.

But Master Ebenezer Brown,
Who is the model of the town
Is a-o, if the truth is told,
A baby yet—just one year old.

THE YOUNG GARDENER.

(See next page.)

PERHAPS there was a garden plot known as his, which, aided by a suggestion or two from his father, he carefully cultivated. Any father would be proud of such a son as "The Young Gardener." The faithful, affectionate dog, gambolling by his young master's side, seems to take in the whole situation, and rejoices in his master's joy. Woe be to any one who shall dare to interrupt him, or take anything off his barrow. Look at it again, and if you see, as your Editor sees, you will then agree to the following:

1st. It is suggestive of healthfulness. That boy is the picture of health. You may be sure that he goes to bed early, and gets up early. He don't chew nor smoke tobacco, nor use intoxicating drinks; none of your home-made cider or wine for him, his nose would be offended if you put whiskey near it. He eats his share of porridge and other wholesome food, and drinks plenty of good milk and water, and keeps his skin clean by the use of plenty of soap and water. He is none of your poor, thin little boys the wind mustn't blow upon; but a real healthful little fellow.

2nd. It is suggestive of industry. If the contents of his barrow is a specimen of his crop, then you may be certain that his garden is the very opposite of what King Solomon describes, when he says: "I went by the field of the slothful . . . and lo it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof." It had been well digged, carefully planted, and the hoe had not been allowed to get rusty, and where and when he could not well use his hoe, then he hand-pulled the weeds. It would be quite a delight to look on it. See

how he has filled his barrow, notice the way he has taken hold of the handles, see the way he steps. Off jacket and vest, roll up his shirt sleeves, and at it with a will! What pleasure to see a man or boy work after that fashion. Doubtless he can swim as well as the next, at the proper time, and with suitable companions, but he don't believe in all play.

3rd. It is suggestive of cheerfulness. Some boys and girls have the unfortunate habit of looking rather sour when they are at work; just as though they hated it. They are cross and don't half do it, unless they are watched all the time. Our Young Gardener looks to be real happy. Perhaps he is a little proud of his crop, and as he hastens to the door, he is thinking what his mamma will say when he calls her to look at what his barrow contains. Or it may be that is what he calls the minister's portion, and his young heart is so happy it shines out all over his face while he thinks of the surprise he'll give the minister. However that may be, he looks very cheerful.

Healthful, industrious, cheerful; these, with true religion in his heart, make him just such a boy as the world needs. If he lives to manhood he'll help to make the world the better for his abode in it; and in the judgment of the great day, the Lord Jesus Christ will say unto him, "Well done."—*Ensign*.

A TRUE STORY.

"ONCE upon a time," began Daisy. "Oh! I just love stories that begin that way!" interrupted Dot. "Do not interrupt; it isn't polite," said Miss Daisy. "A little girl didn't mind her mamma, and went out to swing"—"that's me," said Dot—"and the swing broke, and she got a great bump right on the back of her head." "Now, Daisy Marsh, I just b'lieve you are making up that story about me. I'm going."

THE BAND OF HOPE.

A LITTLE boy in San Francisco was accosted by a workman on one of the cable roads and the following dialogue ensued, which a lady overheard, and reported to me:

"See here, little boy, what's your name?"
"Johnny," was the reply.
"Where do you live?"
"Up there, on the hill."
"Well, Johnny you run to the grocery yonder and get me a glass of beer, won't you?"
"No sir!" said Johnny.
"Why not, are you afraid of your mamma?"
"I won't tell."

"No, sir, I'm a Band of Hope boy and don't buy beer for anybody," said the brave little fellow.

Another little soldier in the grand army one day went out among his acquaintances and secured twenty-three names for the Band of Hope. Seeing his mother put her cloak over her Band of Hope badge he said, "Mamma, I never cover up my badge. I wear it outside for everybody to see."

LITTLE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself the Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child,—
I a child and thou a lamb;
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day, it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

GOD makes the very waves that threaten to engulf us the pathway of his rescuing love.