

## A NOBLE COWARD.

I KNOW a little hero,  
Whose years are only ten;  
A brave and manly fellow,  
This boy whose name is Ben.  
I will tell you of his bravery  
And how he won the fight,  
As you may when you are tempted  
To do what isn't right.

"Such a jolly lark," his comrades  
Said yesterday to Ben;  
"No fun like this all winter  
If things work well;" and then  
They told him of some mischief  
They were planning out to do.  
"Rare sport," the name they gave it,  
"Of course you'll help us through."

Ben stood and thought a moment,  
And then he shook his head;  
"No, boys, you are quite mistaken,"  
This little fellow said;  
"I cannot help you in it"—  
And then his face grew bright  
With the courage of a hero—  
"Because it isn't right."

His comrades were indignant.  
"That's a good excuse!" they cried,  
"You're afraid, that's all the reason!"  
Then my little man replied,  
"You may say that I'm a coward,  
If you like, but I won't do  
What's not right because you dare me  
To take part in it with you!"

Nobly spoken, little hero!  
He's a coward who would do  
Wrong for fear of being laughed at;  
To your manliness be true.  
He is brave who in temptation  
For the right takes sturdy stand.  
Give us many more such cowards,  
For their cowardice is grand.

## FUN IN WINTER.

THE ground was white with snow. The sky looked black, as though another storm was coming. The day was very cold; but the tough boys and girls did not mind the cold weather. They were out to have some fun.

Their rubber boots and thick coats and mittens kept them dry and warm. One of the boys, though, had come out bare-headed. He was the boy who never could find his cap when he wanted it. His name was Tom.

"Now look here, Tom," said his brother Sam, a sturdy little chap, who was always trying to keep Tom in order; "this isn't

do. You go into the house, and get your cap. Go quick or you will get this snowball right in your face."

"Fire away!" said Tom, dancing around, and putting up his arm to keep off the snowball.

"I'm going to have a hand in this game," said Joe, aiming a snowball at Sam. "Look out for yourself, old fellow."

"Clear the track," cried Bill and Ned, rolling a huge snowball down the hill.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, who was just going up the back steps to ask for cold victuals, looked around to see what was going on; while Charles had his own fun in dragging his little sister up the hill on her sled.

Some children when they are having pleasure in picnics, or gathering berries and nuts in the country, or in boating and bathing at the seashore, wish that summer would always remain.

But when winter comes, bringing its share of sports in the coasting and skating, the sleighing parties and Christmas gifts, they are quite as earnest in their desire that it would always be winter.

Well is it that God orders the seasons with their blessings and pleasures. We should ever remember him as the author of all these things, and who faileth not to keep his covenant, that "summer and winter, seed time and harvest, day and night, shall not cease."

"He causeth the grass to grow on the mountain, and covereth the valleys with corn;" so also does he "bring the cold out of the north, and saith to the snow, 'be thou on the earth.'"

## OBEDIENCE.

JOSEPHA was not in a very good humour that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not a chance to get any little present ready for her. It was true that it was only put off—the present was to come—but still Josepha felt out of sorts; and when mamma called her to get her Bible verse, she broke out in a reluctant pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humour, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a sermon instead. 'Once there was a little boy who used

to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again.'"

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All? Why, I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it's a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that," exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come?'"

"'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,'" repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said the listener, slowly.

"Of course, we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident, I am sure they do it promptly, I am sure they do it cheerfully, I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text on the nursery wall. "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give any verses to-day," she said, gently, "but I will give you this little sermon to learn by heart. Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Phila. Presbyterian.*

## A BOY'S CONFIDENCE.

A LITTLE boy came to his father looking very much in earnest and asked, "Father, is Satan bigger than I am?" "Yes, my boy," said the father. "Is he bigger than you, father?" "Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your father." The boy looked surprised, but thought again and then asked, "Is he bigger than Jesus?" "No, my boy," answered the father, "Jesus is bigger than he is." The little fellow, as he turned away, said with a smile, "Then I am not afraid of him."