



CUTTING HIS NAME

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

Looking upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Towards the heavenly places.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

Lord, so pray we every day:
Hear us in thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To thy Holy City.

—The Young Evangelist.

GROWING A NAME.

Little Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Should you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother.

"I never saw a name grow," said Luke.

Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth. Then she sowed mignonette seed all along the letters. "Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name, "Luke Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.

A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

A queer little fellow indeed was Tommy Dick. Why, he would give away the last marble he had, if a boy wanted it. He would run on errands all day long, and never grumble. He would always give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and feel so honestly glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he really forgot all about himself.

Don't you see he was a very queer little fellow?

But, somehow, everybody liked to have the "queer little fellow" around. Grandma always smiled all over her face when she saw Tommy coming. Aunt Lois, who was a very busy woman, used to say: "Well, now you've come in time, Tommy. Run, and —"

When Tommy went to spend the day with grandpa or Aunt Lois, the folks at home all missed him. One would say: "Where's Tommy? I wish he would come home." And another: "Now if Tommy were only here."

You see, Tommy was one of the unselfish helpers; and what a tiresome world this would be if there were not a good sprinkling of such people!

Are there any Tommies at your house? It wouldn't do any harm if there were more than one, you know. Indeed half-a-dozen boys and girls with the spirit of Tommy Dick would make home a very pleasant place.

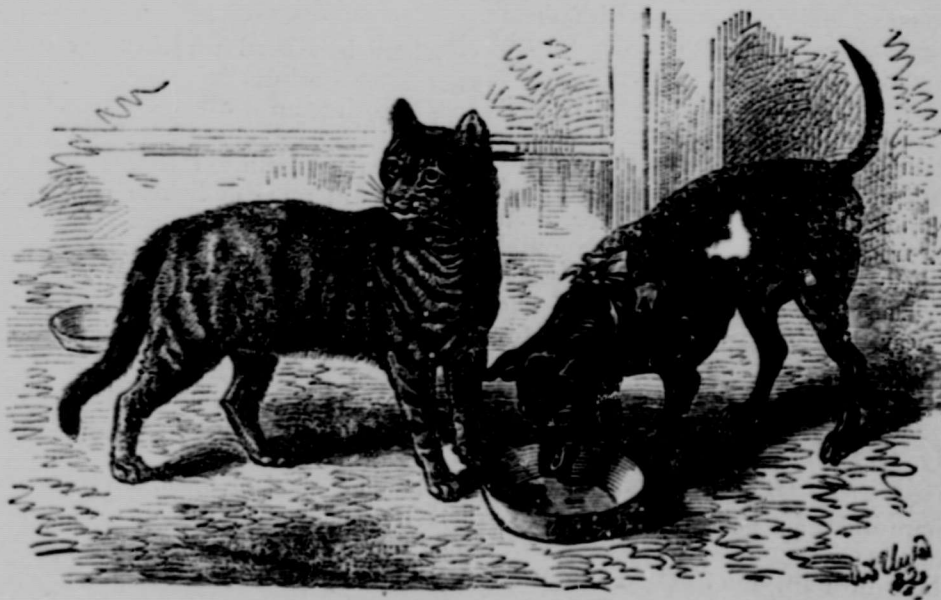
"TRY."

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near. As the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One

little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days, you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up. Try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel; and he did become a fine scholar. It was Adam Clarke, who became the eminent Wesleyan minister and commentator. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy, try."

Writing to a young girl on her birthday, a good man said: "By being always humble, you will be always young. Humility is a 'little child,' this is Christ's picture of it. But pride is old, as old as that old serpent, the devil. If you indulge in pride, you'll make the pretty face of your soul old and wrinkled. And faith too is a 'little child,' and makes you and keeps you always young. And hope is young, and love is young, and joy is young, and generosity is young; but sin is an ugly old hag, and so I hope that you will be dressed afresh to-day in the beauties of holiness and baptized afresh into the dew of youth."

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.



GOOD FRIENDS.