

the false gods to whom he prayed could do him no good; but if he could only hear of the true God, and believe in him, the little maid felt sure that his leprosy might be cured.

The prophet Elisha was then living in Samaria, and the little girl thought that if her master could be persuaded to go to him he might be restored to health. She did not think that it would be of much use for her to speak to him about God's power. She was only a little waiting-maid, and it was not her place to teach her master; but she thought she might tell her mistress about the great prophet, and then perhaps Naaman might think it worth while to go to Samaria, and ask for Elisha's advice.

So one day, when she was with Naaman's wife, she said, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy.' And some one who heard what she said went to Naaman and told him of it, and before long the little girl's words were repeated to the King. Then the King, who was very anxious that Naaman should be made well, desired him to take a present with him, and go to Samaria to the King of Israel, and see what could be done to cure his leprosy.

Do you not think the little maid must have felt very pleased when she saw her master driving away with his train of servants, and knew that he was really going into the land of Israel? She must have waited very anxiously for his return. But after several days he came home again, and the news soon spread through the house that he had seen the great prophet, and that the God of Israel had healed him of his leprosy.

The Bible tells us no more about the little maid, but I think we may feel sure that both Naaman and his wife would be very grateful to her for her kind words, and that as long as she lived with them they would do all they could to make her happy.—'Sunday Reading.'

How Many Times.

'Come straight home from school, Albert,' said mamma, and Albert promised. But he forgot, and went off to play with the boys, coming back very late. His mother talked seriously to him about disobeying, and Albert promised a second time to do better. The next morning

mamma said again, 'Come straight home,' and Albert obeyed. So he did for several days. Then came an afternoon when he went off with Fred Smith and was very late in coming home.

'You didn't tell me this morning,' Albert said excusingly, when his mamma reproved him.

'How many times must I repeat a rule after I have made it?' mamma asked. 'You do not find the arithmetic rule on every page; once writing is enough, the book-maker thinks. When I make a rule I make it for all the days, and you have disobeyed me just as much to-day as if I had told you this morning to come straight home. You must remember that the rule stands, and you must keep it without expecting me to say it over and over. You can repeat it yourself, when you are tempted to break it.'

This is something that others beside Albert need to remember. It is not fair and it is not right to expect to be told each time what to do, or to have rules repeated every day. Short memories will stay short, if they are never stretched. They must be stretched by using them.—'Churchman.'

A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street

A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health and gladness
Sweet,

To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half
sad:

'I can't—I promised mother.'

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not a moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

'Go where you please, do what you
will,'

He calmly told the other;
'But I shall keep my word, boys,
still;

I can't—I promised mother.'

Oh! who could doubt the future
course

Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggles, gain
and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast
will,

Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter
still,

Because he promised mother.

—'Christian Observer.'

Would You Dare Tell God That?

Mary is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks, while he speaks first and thinks afterwards, and very often he is sorry for, or ashamed of, what he has said when too late.

One day he came home very angry with a school-mate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Mary about it, and the more he thought and talked of it, the angrier he grew, and he began to say terrible, harsh, bitter and unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said Mary knew were not true, but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said gently:

'Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?'

Ralph paused as if someone had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how wickedly and untruthfully he had spoken.

'No, I wouldn't tell God that,' he said, with a very red face.

'Then I wouldn't tell it to anybody,' said Mary.

'Oh, that's all right for you to say,' said Ralph, 'but if you had such a temper as I've got—'

'I'd try to get control of it,' said his sister, gently. 'When it's likely to get the upper hand of you, just stop long enough to think, "Would I dare tell God that?" and it won't be long before you'll break yourself of saying such terrible things.'—'Children's Paper.'

A Word.

One day a harsh word rashly said
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and
woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the
pain,
And friends of old are friends
again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and
peace.

—'Forward.'