

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.
Psalm xxxii. 1.

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him ;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding
stone

With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the statue shone,
He had caught the angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us—
Waiting the hour when, at God's com-
mand,

Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding
stone

With many a sharp incision ;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

A PUZZLE.

CAN it be possible to take 45 from
45, and let your remainder be
45? Yes, for example :—
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 = 45.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 = 45.
— — — — —
8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2 = 45

GOD IS HERE.

AH, Frankie, is no one here but
you?" said a mother one day
to her little son, whom she
found playing all alone in the
nursery.

Frankie looked up, his face bright
with happiness, and said, "Yes, mam-
ma; God is here."

At another time he was in the garden
with his mother, when a fierce gust of
wind swept suddenly over it. Thinking
his mother shared the alarm he felt, he
looked up into her face and said, "God
is with us, dear mamma."

That little boy had learned to know
that God is everywhere present.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

EDDIE," said Harry, "I'll be
minister and preach you a
sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and
I'll be the peoples."

Harry began:—"My text is a
short and easy one—*Be kind*.
There are some little texts in the
Bible on purpose for little children, and
this is one of them. These are the
heads of my sermon :—

"First. *Be kind to Papa*, and don't
make a noise when he has the head-
ache. I don't believe you know what a
headache is; but I do. I had one once,
and I did not want to hear any one
speak a word.

"Second. *Be kind to Mamma*, and do
not make her tell you to do a thing
more than once. It is very tiresome to
say "It is time for you to go to bed,"
half a dozen times over.

"Third. *Be kind to Baby*,—" "
"You have left out 'Be kind to
Harry,'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean
to mention my own name in the ser-
mon. I was saying *Be kind to little
Minnie*, and let her have your red sol-
dier to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth. *Be kind to Jane*, and don't
scream and kick when she washes and
dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed,
and said, "But she pulled my hair with
the comb."

"People mustn't talk in Meeting,"
said Harry.

Fifth. *Be kind to Kitty*. Do what
will make her purr, and don't do what
will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon nearly done?"
asked Eddie. "I want to sing." And
so, without waiting for Harry to finish
his discourse or give out a hymn, he
began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

But did not Harry preach a capital
sermon?

Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall have mercy.
Proverbs xxviii. 13.