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

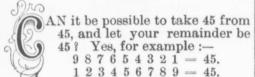
With many a sharp incision; In Heaven's own light the statue shone, He had caught the angel vision.

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

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

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

A PUZZLE.



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GOD IS HERE.

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

Frankie looked up, his face bright with happiness, and said, "Yes, mamma; 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 manma."

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

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

DDIE," said Harry, "I'll be minister and preach you a sermon."
"VVell," said Eddie, "and

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 headache. 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 sermon. I was saying Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your red soldier 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?