

in her class. She is very old-fashioned in all her ways, and seems fond of us all.

It was a great change for poor Sukia to come to kind people and bright girls.

When the girls carried her off after her first meal with Mrs. Haegert, she asked them, "Is this lady God, and is her little boy Jesus?" The girls had a good laugh at her, and told Sukia that God was in heaven, and could not be seen by mortal eye, but that He loved us all, and cared for us all, and wished to do us good; and that He had sent Jesus to tell us of His love, and how much Jesus had suffered to save us, and that God pardons and blesses all who believe in His Son.

Since then Sukia has learned many things—to sing beautiful hymns of praise to God, to pray to Jesus, and we sincerely trust that she is one of His lambs.

The Lord be praised for the kindness shown to this and other orphans, and may they always be mindful of His gracious dealings with them.—*London Christian.*

ABOVE US.

A thoughtless deed, done in a moment
Of passion and angry pain,
But the wound it made will take long to heal,
And the scar will always remain.

A bitter word, thoughtlessly spoken,
Just spoken for something to say,
But it pierced the depths of a breaking heart,
And the mark will be there for aye.

In our weakness we can but remember
What caused us the cruel pain,
Ah, well for us all, the dear Lord forgives,
For we wound him again and again.

"Stop," said one little boy to another. "Don't go into Sabbath-school yet; wait till it opens, and we will just go around the square." "No," answered the other, "I can not. Don't you know punctuality is necessary to make a real good Sabbath-school scholar?" Yes, and it is necessary to make good everything else.

GOING AGAINST NATURE.

BY MRS. M. W. LEWIS.

Jack was thirteen years old, and consequently thought himself a man—at least that he ought to do everything he pleased, whether he always pleased to do right or not. His uncle surprised him one morning by inquiring:

"Jack, did you ever see a fish trying to eat a cabbage?"

"Of course not, uncle," Jack replied, indignantly.

"Why not?" pursued his uncle. "It might taste good to them."

"Because they are aqueous mammals," replied Jack, "and not nanny-goats."

"Because they find it does not agree with their stomachs, Jack," replied his uncle; "and it is just as silly for a boy to try to drink beer, when this he finds is the case, as it would be for a fish to taste cabbage-heads."

Jack was silent. His mother was a widow and did not control him very well, but this old uncle had a way of finding out everything. He had seen Jack tasting the beer (just out of curiosity) when Jimmy (the man who jobbed for his mother) offered it to him, and heard him declare it to be good; though a few minutes afterward it made him violently sick.

Jack made up his mind that there was nothing so manly after all in making-believe, and resolved to let beer alone in the future.—*Temp. Banner.*

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

Papa, I got weighed at Uncle Will's. How heavy do you think I am?" asked Harry. "Give it up," said papa. How heavy are you?" "I weigh forty-nine and a half pounds." "And I weigh thirty and a half pounds," chimed in his little brother. "So papa has eighty pounds of boys. But are you sure that Uncle Will's scales weigh right? I once read of a king who thought himself very heavy. But when God weighed him in his scales he weighed nothing." Who can guess who this king is? Whom must we take with us in order to be full weight?—*Sel.*