

The Road to Manville

W. S. WHITACRE.

The road thro' Pabytown is bright, And strewn with sweetest flowers...

The road from Babytown leads on Thro' meads and grassy dells, and reaches Eoyville when the dawn of life is past...

The Youthton road leads further up Among the higher hills, Where happy travelers dine and sup...

From Youthton on the way is steep, And travelers bear a load, and some do not their footing keep...

Along the Manville road, But all who take the Manville road, With Love and Truth to guide...

How the Lee Boys Reformed. BY MARY SWEET POTTER.

'Now, boys,' said Mrs. Lee, as she sat the dining room with the baby on her arm to soothe him to sleep...

The three boys, finishing their breakfast, started out with the intention of obeying their mother...

'I didn't know you were going away,' said George. 'Neither did I know you were going,' said John.

'And I didn't know you two went,' said Martin. Then they poked the chips with the toes of their shoes...

'We'd no business, any of us, to go away till we knew every single chore was done,' he said.

'That's so,' agreed George. 'That's so,' echoed Martin.—Chris. Work.

'Go and Do Thou Likewise.' This is a true story about an unselfish little girl.

Nellie was very poor. Her mother had to work hard to earn bread for her children. Little Nellie never had any money of her own...

So she carried it carefully in her hand; and when she reached the school she placed her treasure carefully under the desk...

Now it happened that the subject for the Scripture lesson that morning was, 'The Good Samaritan.'

Throughout the lesson little Nellie's eyes had been first fastened on the teacher's face, and then on that luscious fruit under the desk...

No further words passed between them, but with Johnny's help Mrs. Lee succeeded in reaching the sofa in the dining room...

The boys looked in their father's face in fear and trembling when he came home at night, but he had a talk with mamma first...

It was a mild and merciful way, but yet a whipping would not have hurt so much.

'So it seems that I cannot trust you to take care of mamma while I am away at work,' he said very gravely...

Not one of the three had a word to say. They were busily thinking of the times they had been guilty of doing just as they had to-day...

Still, now that it had all come out, they were, it seemed, to receive no further punishment than those few reproachful words.

And they were enough. They went out into the old wood shed and talked it over together...

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'Please, will you send this to the Indians?'—while the little thin hand held up the orange.

Great was the child's disappointment when she heard that India was so far away that her orange would either be rotten or lost before it reached its destination...

Several other little ones, stirred by Nellie's noble example, now brought out halfpennies from their secret hiding-places...

THE CLOCK'S TWO HANDS.—'Come, hurry up!' said the second hand of a clock to the minute hand...

THE BOY WANTED IN BUSINESS.—'What kind of a boy does a business man want?' was asked of a merchant.

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