

The Little Arm-Chair.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair; It stands in a corner dim; But a white-haired mother gazing there, And yearningly thinking of him, Sees through the dusk of the long ago The bloom of her boy's sweet face, As he rocks so merrily to and fro, With a laugh that cheers the place.

Tom and the Ten-Cent Piece.

There was a bright, new ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau close to the fluffy lamp mat. Mamma was making button-holes in Tom's new trousers. Tom was dusting the bureau, that is, was making queer-looking T's on the woodwork with the tip of his forefinger before Nelly came with her dusting-cloth. That was a most enticing ten-cent piece. It looked at Tom as if it wanted to belong to him.

Tom made a fresh T and gave the little ten-cent piece a shove that sent it half-way under the fluffy mat. Then he made another and the ten-cent piece slipped completely out of sight. Did it ever take so long before to walk to school? There was nothing to talk about. Tom felt so ashamed, and yet so happy that he had told the truth this time. The other boys each thought to himself: "It must have been tremendously hard to have told that. I don't believe I could have done it. That Tom Martin's got real grit, anyway. I'd trust him with a thousand dollars, if I had it."

Told in the Dark.

Leo was in bed. He had said "Now I lay me;" then he had asked his mother to turn down the light. Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what mother called his conscience—the little knight of right.

Ants.

Of all very small creatures, the ant appears to be the most gifted with intelligence. At least, it certainly appears so to me. One of the proofs of this is the way in which, in a battle, they carry off their dead. This they do as carefully as real soldiers, caring for them at the rear, out of danger. They will help each other fight, and never mistake friend for foe, even in the dark. They march in a regular army way, and have officers, and I have no doubt, give orders in some way. Another thing found out about the ants is that they keep pets. The pet is a kind of cat or dog of the family—a very small ant not a quarter as big as the usual sort. Sometimes they get on the backs of the others, between their legs and all around and about, and remind us of kittens or little pups that our children have to play with. The ant loves fun; he takes

you put it. That T you made didn't stand for Truth, it meant Thief. "Oh," said Tom, "well, I didn't tell the boys that I found it in the mud." "But they thought you told them so. You made them understand you that way." "Tom," asked mamma anxiously that night, as she waited for her little son to get into bed, "what's wrong about you? You don't seem like yourself at all." "I'm all wrong, mamma," cried Tom, making a motion as if to throw himself into his mother's lap, then drawing back. "No, no, don't touch me, don't kiss me. You couldn't if you knew."

Little by little mamma heard the whole shameful story of Tom's wrongdoing, then she held him in her arms, her eight-year-old boy, and he could feel hot tears drop on his head. "I'm sorry, Tom, so sorry, but I forgive you wholly. There is some one else you must tell, some one who is far more grieved than I am. Do you know who?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, and kneeling by his bedside, alone in the moonlight, he made full confession to the One who is always ready to hear and to forgive, and before he closed his eyes for the night, the peace of God filled his repentant heart. Was that the end? Not quite. There was another test for Tom.

Ned, Raymond and Tom were joined by Walter Brown on their way to school, Monday morning. "What do you think, Walter," asked Ned, as they crossed the street, "Tom found a ten-cent piece here in the mud, Saturday."

Something came up in Tom's throat and almost choked him, but he managed to blurt out: "I didn't find that money. I put it there myself. I took it from mamma's bureau."

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really couldn't mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three, mother!" Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said. Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked: "But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—and such eyes!" Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied: "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"

Something for Boys to Think About.

On one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of L—. Dinner was just over, and I was left in the commercial room with but one other gentleman. We had not been long in conversation, before a youth was ushered in who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message and was on the point of retiring he was asked the question: "What will you take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select; rum, brandy, port, sherry, etc. The boy was even now more bewildered, and mechanically said, "Brandy, please, sir," which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, Mind your own business! Duty seemed to say, speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin. I waited until the brandy appeared, and just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak. "My boy, before you drink that brandy, I should like you to hear what I have got to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered to you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply.

Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment that that which this gentleman has been kind enough to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that and drinks of a similar nature, till our prisons, poorhouses and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks than from any other cause;" and, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I say correct?" he replied, "I am not in a position to deny it."

Then speaking to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world, and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say, don't you think it the wisest policy to have nothing to do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room. Three months afterwards, I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets, I saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed on me. When we met he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, my boy," I replied; "you seem to know me, but for the moment, I don't remember you; have you met me before?" He heartily, and with boyish sincerity said, "Yes, sir; don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, and I think something I said to him prevented him from drinking a glass of brandy. Was it you?" "Yes, sir, it was; I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Band of Hope at our Sabbath school. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it."

"A word in season, how good it is." —Exchange.

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another ant up in his arms, carries him a while, and then flings him down all in a heap, and then they go on their way as happy as two school boys who have had a wrestle. The ants keep nurses; these are ants which the others have captured in war; they are made to wait on the wounded.—The Whole Family.

The experienced Christian has too solid a view of the mercy of God in Christ not to "rejoice," but too exalted views of the holiness of God not to "rejoice with trembling."—Arnaud.

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P-o-i-i-i-n.

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Kees tarif eht modguik fo dog.

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- (1) 157=quiet. (2) 56 + E = wicked. (3) 1500 + A = cross. (4) 1501 = clouded.

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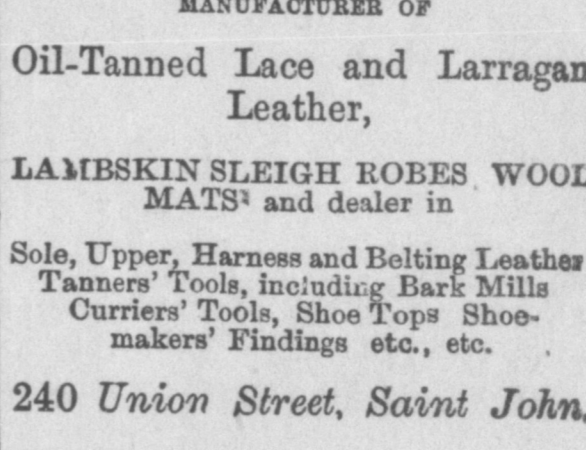
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