

bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over that and set a little water-wheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing the brook grew so large that cattle, horses, deer, and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill dam that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the sawmill. There, too, it turned a great water wheel that sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leaf-boats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, 'Dear River, look upward, see the blue sky and the sun watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost.'

She had scarcely ceased speaking when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.—'Presbyterian.'

Afraid of Spiders.

Carolyn jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. 'They are such hateful black things!' she said.

'They are curious black things,' said Aunt Nellie. 'They have eight eyes.'

'Dear me! and maybe she is looking at me with all eight of them,' groaned Carolyn.

'They are very fond of music.'

'I never shall dare to sing again,

for fear they'll be spinning down to listen,' said Carolyn.

'They can tell you if the weather is to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will be clear, they spin a long one.'

'That's funny.'

'They are an odd family,' Aunt Nellie went on. 'I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you didn't know that the spider can spin and sew, too. She spins her web and she sews leaves together for her summer house.'

'What a queer thing a spider is!' said Carolyn, forgetting her dislike.—'Child's Hour.'

Quality, Not Place.

Said A, 'Whene'er I stand between
The letters B and D

I'm in the midst of all that's BaD,
As you may plainly see.'

'How strange!' said merry, laughing E,

'When I between them am,
I'm tucked up comfortably in BeD,
And happy as a clam.'

'It's quality within ourselves,'

Then mused the letter A,
'And not the place we occupy,
That makes us sad or gay.'

—Exchange.

What a Library Book Said.

'Once upon a time,' a library book was overheard talking to a little boy, who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed when the next little boy borrowed me.'

'Nor leave me out in the rain. Books, as well as children, can catch cold.'

'Nor make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.'

'Nor lean on me with your elbows when reading. It hurts.'

'Nor open me and lay me face down on the table. You would not like to be treated so.'

'Nor put in between my leaves

a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.'

'Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corners of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stop, and then close me, and lay me on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.'

'Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.'—Selected.

First and Best.

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said:

'I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma.'

'Did you, darling,' and she clasped her tenderly. 'I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote? You and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together.'

'Yes, mamma; but I got tired of loving her.'

'And why?'

'Oh, because she never loves me back.'

'And that is why you love me?'

'That is one why, mamma; but not the first one or the best.'

'And what is the first and best?'

'Why, mamma, don't you guess?' and the blue eyes were very bright and earnest. 'It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back; that's why I love you so.'

'This reminds us of the blessed verse John wrote: 'We love Him because He first loved us.' (1 John 4: 19.)—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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