



SCENE IN INDIA.

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Our picture shows you one of the two-wheeled carts of India. Not a very easy one to ride in, nor very handsome. But still people ride in or on them. The sleepy-looking bullocks are probably as lazy as they look to be, for the repeated blows which they receive on their sides from their drivers have become so frequent that they no longer care for them. No one walks in India if he can get a couple of wheels and a bullock to draw him. I presume that most of my readers would prefer walking to riding, if the vehicle in which they were to ride resembled this one; but in India, where the weather is so warm, any means by which exertion is lessened is considered not only right and proper but very acceptable.

ADELE'S FAIRY.

Once upon a time a little French girl, whose name was Adele, sat upon a hassock waiting to put on her shoes, and wishing some one would come and dress her. The breakfast bell had rung, but still she did not move.

Suddenly a funny little woman came along and stopped right before her. She had bright, shining eyes, rosy cheeks and pretty white hair, and carried a basket on her arm.

Adele was afraid of the stranger at first, but the pretty woman smiled and said: "My dear, I am Mrs. Always B. Content, and live in Sunshine Terrace; sometimes I'm called Always Busy, or the good fairy that multiplies things. How can I help you smooth out the frowns and puckers that are spoiling your pretty face?"

The little girl found courage to tell her friend that she was just wishing that she didn't have to go to school and study those tiresome lessons; she wanted to take long

walks and play in the fields where the flowers grow.

"I never had anything like other girls; Estelle has a lovely string of beads," she continued. This prompted the fairy to lift the cover of her basket and say:

"You will have six times as many strings as Estelle; so pick them out, my dear."

Oh! how beautiful; there lay on pink cotton ever so many strings of lovely pearl beads, just what she wanted.

The little girl reached out her hand, hesitated and then began to cry because she did not know how many to take. She must take six times as many, no more, no less.

This made the good fairy feel pity for Adele, so she said, and closed the lid of the basket: "Since you do not know how many you want, I will go away and come again in Springtime, and perhaps your good friends yonder, pointing to the books in the bag will help you to become one of my family. Then you will know how to count your trials.

"By forgetting ourselves we increase our own happiness and that of every one around us.

"Don't loiter by the way to and from school. Don't dawdle in the morning when you are dressing. Learn to do everything quickly and well. I know somebody who sits on the floor with one shoe in her hand, dreaming away—consequently has to be called many times to breakfast."

While Mrs. Always Busy talked, Adele's face turned crimson.

How did this fairy know she did all that?

The truth is there are many little maids like Adele. Are you?

God will give us anything for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.

FOR YOU.

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man,
'Tis this: where'er your lot is cast,
Oh, do the best you can!
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest things to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands,
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully,
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do,
Just measure by the golden rule
That which is set for you;
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours,
Oh, keep your honor bright!

LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN

It was Saturday morning. When Benny woke the snow was falling heavily. This was a great disappointment, Benny had been promised to go to Aunt Mary's to spend the day with Bob and Dicky, but Benny had a cold, and mamma was afraid her little boy might add to should he go out in the chill, damp air.

He did not like this much and pouted a little before he thought. Then he said to himself:

"There isn't any use in being cross. Teacher told us that dark days are the best times to let a little sunshine in, and I guess p'rhaps this is a good time to try."

Looking about for some things to do, Benny spied his father's shaving mug and brush. "I'll paint a picture of the baby," he cried; "what a nice thing this brush is to paint with."

He filled the mug with water, rubbed some paint on a little plate which he found and was soon busily at work on his fine portrait. Just then there came a knock from the next room, where his baby sister whom his mother had asked him to take care of, had been sleeping.

"Oh dear," thought Ben, "I'm being I'm not going to look after her," and a little frown settled right between his brows.

"Let a little sunshine in," sang the voice in Benny's heart. The little boy heard it and smoothed out his forehead suddenly that the little frown tumbled right out, and Benny ran with a sunshine face into the room where baby was. She greeted him with a cry of delight and they were soon playing happily together.