

DEAR LITTLE MAID OF TWO.

Sing you a song to a nursery tune.
Of a dear little maid of two,
Who has poached cheeks and rosebud lips.
And eyes of a soft sea blue;
With charms of a gleeful innocence,
That are ripe at the age of two.

She is not an angel—no, no, no!
And heaven be praised for that;
She is fairly human from head to toe
With limbs that are daintily fat;
And where she trots, be it high or low.
There is wealth of surprising chat

Somebody's heart is strong and brave.
And somebody's love is true;
By day, by night, they are amply tried
By this dear little maid of two;
But somebody's love would never tire
Had it ten times more to do.

What reward does somebody get,
Dear dreamer with eyes of blue?
A kiss, a smile from the roguish pet,
A tender caress or two.
Why, each of these is a world of bliss
From a sweet little maid like you!

Come, happy maid with the sea-bright
eyes,
And prattle about my knee—
Then lay thy soft round cheek to mine,
And laugh in innocent glee,
That childish talk and downy touch
Give joy and strength to me.

Then grow my sweet as well as you
may,
And be like somebody true,
For high born dames of noblest heart
Have been as tiny as you—
And in the maiden of twenty-one
May we find the maid of two!

BAD BOB

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THE hero of this story was a dog. He was born with a short tail. Mr. Dixon, his owner, called him Bob for short. This name was easy to remember. He was a strange fellow. From his puppyhood up he was queer. He was not a bit sociable. He would have nothing to do with neighbour dogs. Some people said he was proud, and that it hurt his vanity to go into company where tails were fashionable. Even his name was a constant reminder of his misfortune.

Other people said Bob was a surly dog, he was never seen to smile. Mr. Dixon kindly said that poor Bob couldn't smile. He had nothing to smile with. There was nothing about him that would wag. But, really, he was ugly and cross. If you looked at him he would show his teeth; if you spoke to him he would growl; and if you touched him he would snap at you. He had only one friend, that was Mr. Dixon, his master.

But with all his badness he had some good traits. He was a great fellow to

stay at home. If he could only sing his favourite song would be, "There's no place like home." So many dogs, like little people, are never happy unless they are gadding about. They want to be forever visiting. They will hardly come home at all unless they get hungry and sleepy. Such runaway dogs and such restless people sooner or later come to some bad end.

Bad though Bob was he had pity for poor dogs that were in trouble. One time a neighbour's cur was hit with a stone and badly hurt on the leg. He limped to Mr. Dixon's barn and crept under. Nobody could get him out. But Bob had a tender place in his heart never found before. He carried bones and dainty scraps to him every day until he got well. Even this snarling brute could not bear to turn away from a whine of distress.

How many sour and selfish people in this world there are who care nothing for those who are in distress? The poor can starve, the sick may cry, the heathen may call for Bibles and for the light, but these selfish ones care not. It's a pity that bad Bob could not be a man awhile to show such men how to act.

"BY THE HELP OF GOD."

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLASS.

THEY were having a temperance society for the children in all the Sunday-schools, so, of course they had one in Willie's. How Willie did enjoy those meetings, when the superintendent would draw a beautiful apple on the blackboard and then make it into such a fine pig. Did he do so just to make the children laugh? Oh, no. He drew that pig to show how much better it would be to give the rotten apples to the pigs than to make them into cider, to make drunkards of the boys.

Then how Willie enjoyed the songs at the meetings, and the sweet little poems the children spoke! He liked the pledge, too, but there was one part of it that made him very thoughtful. It was the part spoke about God, for his pledge read thus.

"I hereby promise, by the help of God, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, beer, wine and cider included, also from the use of profane language, and of tobacco in all its forms."

"I can't be a temperance boy without the help of God," thought Willie, and how can God help me unless I am a Christian?"

Well, God can't help us much unless we are Christians, but he can help us to be Christians.

After thinking over the matter for some time, Willie did the wisest thing he could. He went and talked to his pastor. It is so much easier to get to God if we ask a good man or woman to lead us to him.

One day the minister heard a knock at his door. He found there a little fellow, not yet in his teens, but braver than many a man. His seventies, for old men are generally cowards in becoming Christians.

I came to ask you to pray with me," said Willie.

The clergyman looked kindly at the little man and invited him in. Had Willie brought him a costly gift, he could not have been more pleased.

Then he told the child how Jesus loves the little ones and keeps them from harm when they pray to him. He also taught Willie how to pray.

"But, what made you think to come here and ask me to show you how to be a Christian?" inquired the pastor.

"The temperance pledge made me think of it," answered Willie.

As the little fellow left the parsonage, he was a happier and a safer boy, for true happiness and safety are only found in Christ.

THE CONTENTED HERB-BOY.

IN a flowery dell a herb-boy kept his sheep, and because his heart was joyous, he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said, "Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why should I not be?" he answered, "our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed!" said the king, "tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand thalers for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world, I have food and clothing too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king with a laugh; "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart; keep it so, and you will always be happy."—*Christian Weekly*.

NOT YET.

"Our little baby is dead," said a little boy with tearful eyes to his teacher one morning.

"Would you like to die, my dear?" asked his teacher, after a few words on the nature of death.

"Not yet," replied the child thoughtfully.

"Why do you say not yet?" the teacher asked, thinking the child wished to see more of life on earth before dying.

"Not till I have got a new heart," said the boy.

That was a thoughtful reply for so young a child. I hope the teacher told him the good news of the readiness of the good Father in heaven to give him a new heart at once without money or price. Whether he did or not, I will assure you that the Great Teacher waits to give you all of you, new hearts just now. You need not live another hour without that precious gift. Let our whole family cry as with one voice, "O Lord, create in us clean hearts!"—*Sunbeam*.