

their hearts when they saw their Father's face and heard His voice. They felt then the full force of their own disobedience and ingratitude, and they knew, dimly, what His unforgetting love had ever been. And they felt a longing, stronger than any longing they had ever known, for His smile and word of love. And they knew He could never smile on them. They envied passionately those who dared even to kneel before Him. They dared not, and they fled. And what became of them I cannot say. Nor can I speak of the others, and of the joy their poor obedience, all faulty as it was, brought to them, now the King was back.

A Little Gentleman.

The very first snow of the season had come—just enough to slide on without going in over your boots.

It was a sunny November day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the terrace, all ready for fun. Mamie wore her blue hood and red mittens. Her eyes matched the hood, and her cheeks matched the mittens. She wanted the first slide down the terrace.

"O, please let me, Teddy!" she begged, in a happy flutter.

"No," said Ted; "I'm going to slide first, 'cause I'm the oldest. 'Sides, it's my sled."

"Then you're a *mean* boy," said Mamie.

"Say much, and I'll slide all the time," answered Ted, coolly.

Wasn't it a pity that a quarrel should cloud the beautiful, bright day? Mamma thought so. She had opened the window to get a handful of fresh snow, and she heard it all.

"Ted! Mamie!" she called, "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?"

They came hanging back a little.

"O, yes!" cried Mamie.

It was yet one of her delights to watch the new canaries bathe.

Ted didn't say anything; he didn't care much about such fun himself. But he looked on while mamma took off the cage-bottom and set the cage over a glass dish full of water on the oil cloth mat.

Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then all at once he seemed to remember something. He looked up at Cleo.

"Chip! chip! chip!" said he. Cleo understood.



Children

always

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"Che-up!" she answered, softly.

Then down she came, and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sang as if he meant to burst his throat.

When Cleo had finished her bath he took his, scattering the water-drops like rain.

Mamma looked at Teddy. "What do you think of it?" she asked, with a twinkle.

"I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Ted, promptly. "And I'm going to be one, too. You can slide first, Mamie."

"No! you can," said Mamie. It was to see who shouldn't be first this time! But Teddy conquered.

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—The best thing we can ask, either for ourselves, or for our friends is that the Lord will grant to them, that they may find mercy of the Lord, in that day when they must pass from time into eternity, and exchange this world for the other, and appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

—Some things, after all, come to the poor that can't get it at the doors of the rich, whose money somehow blocks up the entrance way.—George MacDonald.

—There are many persons who do not know how to idle their time alone; they are the scourge of those who are occupied.—De Bonald.

