

what was given to those little ones was just the same as giving to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as giving to the dear Christ child! I just supposed everybody would give. Why, some of the folks are worth as much as \$10, or \$100, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty.

"I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning, how she had given her two mits, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad my throat did choke up. But pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out. 'Has any little girl lost her gloves?' Nobody said anything, and he asked again, 'Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?' It was awful still in the room and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. 'It wasn't a mistake,' I told him; 'I wanted to help and hadn't any money, but I knew how the poor widow woman in the Bible gave her two mits, and so—' Then those folks just shouted, they did! and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

"I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if m-i-t-e-s don't spell mits, what does it spell? 'Course I cried, but my teacher put her arms around me and whispered, 'Never mind, little Nellie,' and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling, 'This little girl has given her greatest treasure; have we older ones done as much?' Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But, oh, how full that basket was! And when that gentleman counted it his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly (though I didn't know what he meant), 'A little child shall lead them.'—*Selected.*

#### MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF.

ON the corner of one of the business streets of the city the other morning a shoe-black had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentle appearing man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh! but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir," said the boy; "five cents is enough. I don't want to make any money out o' your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?—*Selected.*

#### "I LIKE TO HELP PEOPLE."

A WOMAN was walking along a street one windy day, when the rain began to come down. She had an umbrella, but her hands were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that wind.

"Let me, ma'am; let me, please," said a bright-faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hand.

The astonished woman looked on with satisfaction, while he managed to raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then, taking out one of those ever-handly strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle and politely handed it back to her.

"Thank you very much," she said. "You are very kind to do so much for a stranger."

"Oh, it is no trouble, ma'am," he said with a smile; "I like to help people."

Both went their ways with a happy feeling in their hearts, for such little deeds of kindness are like sweet-smelling roses blossoming along the path of life.

We all have our chances day by day, and shall one day be asked how we have improved them.—*Selected.*

#### ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

THE "blue line" street-car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother, as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered, politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I can't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches, if you just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter.

The child turned away as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car the little boy slipped quickly down, left temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face, "Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but, no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Youth's Companion.*

#### FORGET IT.

ON my way to one of the ferries, I passed two little girls about eight years of age.

They were evidently confidential friends, and one, with an indignant look on her face, was telling the other of some unkind word spoken by a little playmate.

"Oh, well," returned her companion, calmly and soothingly, "don't think of it; forget it."

The words rang in my ears all through the hours of the day, and since then have not been absent from my memory.

Did not the little one give good advice? How often we, in our intercourse with a dear friend, take offence at a hasty word, and in our indignation brood over it until