

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born,
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand,
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done,
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry,
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY W. P. MELTON.

The *Philadelphia Press* tells that in one of their city hospitals there is a blind, crippled five year-old boy, who is the light and joy of the institution and who has been the direct cause of a grown man's conversion. This curly-haired, pink cheeked child is called by the patients "Little Sunshine." Every morning he gets one of the nurses to lead him to all the wards and and private rooms, so that he can hear the patients pet him and feel their kisses.

"Little Sunshine's" purity and innocence appealed to one man who had been a great sinner. He looked upon the unfortunate but happy child and recalled the dear, gone days when at his mother's knee he learned to lisp his little prayer. He asked to see a preacher, and the pastor of one of the Methodist churches came and told him of the sweet story of the Saviour's love. In the twilight the man found peace. He sent for "Little Sunshine" and took the baby's hand, the one that is not crippled, into his own, and said, "Dear God, 'Little Sunshine' did it; he did it. The preacher said, 'A little child could lead a man, and 'Little Sunshine,' did it."

The child withdrew his hand and whispered to the nurse: "Tan he seo Dod? Wiss I could!"

This pathetic story should make ashamed



CHURNING.

some boys and girls who do not try to be good and then attempt to excuse themselves by such sayings as: "I don't see what good I can do." "What I do don't hurt anybody."

A blind man can see his way across the street with your eyes if you will let him. A lame boy can run up town and get him a book to read if you will loan him your feet. That sick girl with crippled hands wants some flowers, but she has none, if she had a garden full, she could not pluck them. You have flowers and hands. What are you going to do about it?

CHURNING.

We have heard this remark from people who wished to express their dislike of



HUNTING BUFFALO.

Fifty years ago buffalo on the great western plains were very common. From them the Indian obtained much of his food as well as his clothing. The skin, when dressed, made him a nice robe. In the cut you see their mode of catching these animals. In those days they were very numerous, but to-day the Indians have dwindled down in numbers, and the buffalo have become a great curiosity. The rifle of the white man has played havoc with them.

some duty required of them: "I would rather churn before breakfast." Only those who have tried it know what a task that is. And young people who have gone through this ordeal by candle-light with sleepy heads and sharp appetites know best of all how disagreeable it is. But what it would be with such a churn as that woman in the picture is using we can faintly imagine. "Churn?" some of you are ready to exclaim, "Why I don't see any churn!" Well, really, some explanation seems to be necessary. Instead of vessels like those with which we are familiar, these strange folks use a goat-skin, or leather "bottle," as it is called in Scripture. When the cream is poured in, the skin is hung up and vigorously shaken from side to side until the butter comes. If, as some wise men insist, slow churning—occupying from forty to sixty minutes—makes the best butter, a goat-skin churn with a lazy boy for a dasher would beat all the patent machines in the market. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate demand for butter produced in this way, so our young friends in the country may rest easy. If this sketch shall lead any to consider the great advantages of living in a gospel land its purpose will be accomplished. A residence of a few months in those countries where Christianity is not known would be an effectual remedy for those who are disposed to complain of the obligations which Christianity imposes. There is a blessing connected with everything Jesus requires of us. Obedience will save us from a multitude of unknown evils.

A GRIEVOUS FAULT.

Often we sin by speaking, and do incalculable harm with our words; but there are times when it is a sin not to speak, when to be silent is to fail in duty. We are not

to speak out the wrong thoughts that may be in our heart, but the good thoughts and feelings which burn within us it is usually our duty to utter. We should never hesitate to speak out boldly in confession of Christ when his honour is assailed by enemies. To walk with an impenitent friend day after day and never speak to him about his spiritual life, is to commit a grievous sin against him. We need to beware lest we fail to speak the words we should speak. Especially should we beware of silence about spiritual and eternal things. God gives to each of us a message, a message of life to others. We dare not fail to deliver it.