

THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

SAW the child to the youthful year:
 "What hast thou in store for me,
 O giver of beautiful gifts? What cheer.
 What joy, dost thou bring with thee?"

My seasons four shall bring
 Their treasures: the winter's snow,
 The autumn's store, and the flowers of
 spring,
 And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these, and more, shall be thine,
 Dear child; but the last, and best
 Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
 If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last best gift?
 'Tis a conscience clear and bright—
 A peace of mind which the soul can lift
 To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love
 If thou unto me can'st bring—
 I will set thee all earth's ills above,
 O child, and crown thee a king!"
 —*Celia Thaxter.*

"SAVE HIM FIRST."

IN one of the great tornados in a Western town last spring, a school-house was blown down, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Kind, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl who was pinned down by heavy beams begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "'cause he's only five years old!" The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal-mine near Bitton in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine when the handle of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened, they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging on to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be

rescued, and then they would be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried,

"Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little, but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted; save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.—*S. S. Advocate.*

NAN'S GIFT TO LITTLE GIRLS.

THE next time you put on a pretty new winter dress think of the little creature who used to wear it.

"I never wear cast-off clothes," says one little maiden with a proud toss of her head.

Do not be too sure of that. Let me tell you something about the one who used to wear your dress.

"What was her name?" you say.

Well, we will call her Nan. She was a gay little thing, full of fun and frolic. She used to scamper about the fields and frisk and play without a thought of soiling her dress. In those days it was pure white and very pretty, though it had no tucks and ruffles. But I am sure Nan never thought of being proud because it was soft and fine.

Of course it got quite dirty after a while, and one day your Nan was driven down to the brook and given a good washing, dress and all. She didn't like this at all; but something worse happened when she came out of the water. A man caught her and held her fast while he cut off her pretty dress with great sharp shears.

Oh, how queer and uncomfortable poor Nan felt! It was ever so much worse than when the barber clipped off your long hair last summer.

I fancy she must have run to her mamma and asked her what it all meant. Perhaps in her queer sheep-talk her mamma said, "Why, they have cut off our coats to make clothes for some poor little boys and girls who have no wool."

"No wool! Why, how do they keep warm?" asks Nan.

"They could not keep warm in winter if we did not send them our coats every spring. It is growing warm now, and we can do without them very well. Now go and play, and you will soon get used to going without your coat, and a new one will grow before winter comes again."

Nan only said, "Ba-a-a!" But that meant, "I am so glad that God made me a

little lamb, so that I can send my coat to the poor little things that have no wool to keep them warm in winter!"

When you feel a little vain because your dress is prettier than that of some other child, remember how many of God's creatures have helped to give you comfortable clothes.

THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
 As white as the snow or the lilies is she,
 She wakes up with a purr
 When I stroke her soft fur;
 Was there ever another white kitten like
 her?

My little white kitten now wants to go out
 And frolic, with no one to watch her about,
 "Little kitten," I say,
 "Just an hour you may stay
 And be careful in choosing your places to
 play."

But night has come down when I hear a
 loud "mew,"
 I open the door and my kitten comes
 through—
 My white kitten! Ah me!
 Can it really be she—
 This ill-looking and beggar-like cat that I
 see?

What ugly grey streaks on her side and
 her back,
 Her face, once as pink as a rosebud, is
 black!
 Oh, I very well know,
 Though she does not say so,
 She has been where white kittens ought
 never to go.

If little good children intend to do right,
 If little white kittens would keep them-
 selves white,
 It is needful that they
 Should this counsel obey,
 And be careful in choosing their places to
 play.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

"LET us form a new Society!"

"All right! What shall it be?"

"The 'Be Kind Club.' Don't you think that would be a good club to belong to?"

"Indeed I do; and let us get all our friends to join it."

"All right; and anybody who is no kind will have to pay a fine into the treasury."

Dear little people, how would you like to form a "Be Kind Club?" Ask mamma what she thinks about it too. I think she would like you all to join it.