

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by. And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold, And my shape is most elegant too to behold, Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true; But if I had half as much mischief to do, Indeed they would love me no better than you."

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing; They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing They cannot put up with, and that is your sting."

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see, Yet nobody ever is angry with me, Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware; Because, like the wasp, ill-natured they are, They will never be loved if they're ever so fair.

SALLIE AND THE FLOWERS.

BY D. STEVENSON, D.D.

WHILE all persons delight in the beauty and the fragrance of flowers, some few seem to discover in them a spirit of intelligence, and sympathy, and love, capable of responding to the gentle approaches of a human soul.

Sallie was one of these. From the time when she began to manifest any peculiarity of disposition whatever, she began to show a special fondness for flowers. She would move among them as if they had been little children endowed with feelings similar to her own. She sought their companionship, and seemed to be most at home with them when most alone with them.

Every coloured leaflet, whether found on a slender stalk near the earth, or on the branch of a tree overhead, attracted her attention and kindled her admiration. Quietly and lovingly she would place her hand around every rose or flower of any kind within reach of which she came, and kindly press it toward her face, while inclining her head to it, to behold its beauty and to receive its fragrance. And she would walk under fruit-trees in the spring-time, and look up lovingly and tenderly at the branches covered with white or pale-red blossoms.

One day she was found, when quite a small child, trying to climb the bent trunk of a small peach-tree, some of whose blossoming branches hung just above her head; and, when asked what she was doing there, said that she was "mellin' the flowers."

It was not her fortune always to have her home where flowers grew in great abundance, and richness, and variety. But she did not eschew any, however common or poor they might be, that she chanced to find. She seemed capable of discovering a soul of beauty even in those that were to the ordinary eye the least attractive.

The last place which was known to her as home on earth had a vegetable-garden, but few flowers, and these were not of a rich quality. Nevertheless, she would go about them and cherish them as if they had been the richest and the rarest, and would talk as she stood near them as if in communion with them. To have heard her, and not to have seen her, one would have supposed that she was gently pouring out her soul in confidence to some loved and loving friend.

She never broke forth in exclamations of ecstatic delight in beholding these beautiful things. She rarely uttered words of exalted admiration in regard to them. Usually a smile would dimple her cheek, while she would softly and caressingly say of something that she had culled from her scanty stock in the garden: "Isn't it sweet?" in very much the same manner and tone in which one would speak of a beautiful child.

She loved them, and went about them, and talked to them, rather than praised them. She seemed to hold them precious in her heart, rather than on her lips. They were her sisters, gentle, tender, and amiable, like herself; and she, like them, bloomed in beauty for a time, and then faded from the earth.

The last summer went by, and then the flowers, one by one, breathed out their lives. She was left for a season without them, and then she perished, too. But when last I saw her grave, I found the flowers blooming in brightness and beauty by the side of it, as if they had come to watch and to wait till she should awake to commune with them again.

TOM'S BATTLE.

"THERE isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, on Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again; but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him in the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you,

fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom, that night; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but if victory makes you stronger and him weaker; and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

THE FAITHFUL MOTHER.

TABBY was the proud mother of five beautiful kittens. Such darling kittens were never seen before, the Watson children thought. There were five children, too. They used to go many times a day to look at Tabby's treasures. One day there was a great stir at the Watsons', and the children forgot to look at the kittens. Furniture and carpets were carted off. Were the family going to move and leave her and kittens? thought poor Tabby. She ran back and forth to see what it meant. At last she caught hold of Mrs. Watson's gown and tried to drag her toward the shed where her kittens were. Mrs. Watson was busy and only said, "Sent." Then Tabby in despair took one of her kittens by the neck and laid it at Mrs. Watson's feet, and said, "Meow," and looked as if to say, "Are you going to forget us?" "Poor Tabby, don't fret," said she. "I'll send you and the children to the new house by the next load." Tabby seemed to understand, went back to her kittens purring and was soon quite as much at home in the new house as her friends were.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

DECEMBER 23.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9. 2-7.

MEMORY VERSES, Isa. 9. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.—Isa. 9. 7.

DECEMBER 30.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.—Heb. 13. 8.