

"But do you love her as well as yourself, dear? Think of something that you like to do very much, and see if you like to have Louise do it, too."

Clara painted away in silence for some minutes. Then she said:

"Mother, may I just call to Louise a minute? I've got something very particular to say?" A moment afterwards this was called across the piazza: "Louise, I'm sorry! I love you very much. When you come over you may hold Anita a long time."

Then from the other house came the sound of Louise's voice. "I'm sorry, too; and I love you best of all the girls."

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

LITTLE JAPS.

Here is a thing which every visitor to Japan at once notices: their love for children.

An American woman, who became acquainted with a Japanese mother, noticed that she allowed her little children to ramble through the streets at will, and one day spoke of it.

"Why," said the Japanese lady, "what harm can come of it? Our children never quarrel, and no grown person would harm a child."

"But," said the American, "the child might get lost."

"That would make no trouble," was the smiling reply. And then she showed how in each little child's apparel there is inserted a card containing its name and address, and explained that, should it stray, any person finding it will first give it a full meal, and then bring it home.—*Christian Guardian.*

THE PEACEMAKERS.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," repeated the children glibly. It was the Sunday-school text, and they had dutifully committed the words to memory, but no one thought what meaning might attach to them until it occurred to the gentle grandmother to question: "Do you know what a peacemaker is, Robbie?"

"Course," answered the small boy promptly. "It's Hetty when she makes pieces for us chil'ren—spreads bread'n butter'n sugar."

"Dear me!" cried the astonished Hetty; "I never saw anything very blessed about doing that. It strikes me as anything but a blessing when I have to stop my ironing or sweeping to fix lunches. Still it does stop a lot of fretting and crossness sometimes," she added thoughtfully. "Children are not very good-natured when they're hungry."

"And so it becomes the other kind of peacemaking," said the grandmother, smiling. "There's many a way of earning that blessing, Hetty, besides preaching a sermon or urging enemies to be reconciled. The bright story that breaks into a sharp debate, the kindly word that forestalls complaint or fault-finding, the watchful eye and the loving heart that are always alert to make things go smoothly—they all belong to the blessed peacemaker, and do the work of the children of God.—*Forward.*

WHEN HAROLD WAS LIKE A SOLDIER.

BY MARY SUTHERLAND.

Sitting in his favourite chair Harold was reading about soldiers. He wished he could do things like they did.

"But I never get the chance," he thought bitterly. "The things I have to do are such horrid things, helping mother in the kitchen, and taking care of Freddie, just like a girl." And Harold felt almost badly enough to cry.

"Harold," called mamma, "won't you please amuse your little brother for a while. Since he has been sick he is so restless, and you know how he likes to be with you."

Harold, however, did not want to "act the nurse," as he called it, one bit. Just now, after reading of the brave acts of soldiers, it was particularly irksome. Yet he could not resist the pleading look on Freddie's thin little face.

"Hello, old man!" he said brightly. "Come along down the lane for a walk."

"I can't," said Fred, almost in tears, "my legs shake so I can't walk."

"Well, we'll drive instead, then," said Harold. "Here's your carriage, mister, jump in."

So saying, he trundled the wheelbarrow up to Freddie's chair, and promptly bundled him in. Then he wheeled the

wee chappie away down the lane. The little invalid was perfectly happy, and even Harold for a while quite forgot his woes.

Soon a remark of Freddie's brought them to mind again. "Harold," said the little fellow, "do you know who you're acting like now?"

"No," replied Harold.

"Guess!"

"Grandma, I s'pose, or old Nurse Sarah." Poor models for a soldier, he thought sadly.

"No," said Freddie, "it was some one else. Mamma read me the story about him. I forget it now, only I know it was about his being very kind to a child. His name was General Roberts."

"Bobs," exclaimed Harold. "Bobs" was what he called his "own particular hero."

Harold said nothing for some time, but he thought a good deal. And he has never since felt ashamed of doing a kindly act, no matter how humble, for he has discovered that the truly brave are always tender-hearted.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest ye, all good people,
That hearken to our lay,
And hear the word—
That Christ our Lord
Was born upon that day.

We lift our voices gladly,
And gladly do we sing
Of that same night
That showed the light,
The promise he did bring,—

When angels sang to shepherds,
That kept their flocks that day,
And bade them seek
Where, mild and meek,
The infant Jesus lay.

So when our life grows older,
And brings its winter's night,
May angels sing
And to us bring
Our Lord, his truth and light.

TOMMY TUCKER'S TARGET.

Mr. Tucker set his little son to work to move a lot of small, loose stones out of the road near their house. He was to take them up and throw them over into a pasture across the way. It was a very tiresome job. How could he ever do it?

After picking and throwing for some time, Tommy sat down to think of some better way, he was so tired. "I have it," he said to himself. "I'll set up a narrow board for a target, and invite all the boys to come and play 'Fire at a mark.'"

"Boys," Tommy said, "here's good fun. Now for it! here goes!" And while the boys thought it rare sport, Tommy got all his stones over into the pasture in almost less than no time.

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