

## BOBBIE'S VERSES.

THE children were learning their verses one day,  
 When baby-boy stopped in his busiest play,  
 Saying, "Me, too, mamma—teach me what to say,  
 For you know Bobbie *did* learn "children obey!"

"Please say it quick, mamma—I mean say it slow;"  
 Then standing quite still, with face all aglow,  
 "Now see, I can say it, now Bobbie *does* know—  
 It is, "Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

"And, the n'other one, mamma—what Jesus said  
 When children came to him—they were not afraid  
 When he put his kind hand on every one's head,  
 Like grandpa does when I'm going to bed."

He climbed up, and sat himself down on my knee:  
 "See now, Bobbie's a big boy! Bobbie is *three*!"  
 His sweet voice was grave, as he said reverently,  
 "Suffer little children to come unto me,"

When papa came home, the boys called,  
 "Bobbie, hello!  
 Come quick, and tell papa the verses you know!"  
 One minute he stopped, then began sweet and low,  
 "Consider the . . little children, . . how they grow!"

—Virginia Dare.

## MABEL'S GOLDEN TEXT.

BY M. A. MILLER.

"HALLOA, Mabel! You didn't get up, did you?" shouted Charlie Moss. "I told your mother, so she knows all about it, he added, as he dashed along to do an errand for his mother.

Poor Mabel was more hurt than angry, for Charlie was her very best friend, and had always been kind and thoughtful. If he had stopped to think half a minute, I do not believe he would have hurt his little friend; for words hurt very often, and sometimes break friendships if they do not break bones.

Charlie and Mabel had begun school together when they were wee little tots, and had kept in the same class until this examination, when Oba. was promoted. As Mabel walked slowly towards home

the tears ran down her cheeks. She thought how disappointed mamma would be, and how mean it was in Charlie to be in such a hurry to tell her first, just as if she was afraid to tell it herself.

"Well, daughter, what news?" Mrs. Hart cheerfully inquired as Mabel came into the sitting-room.

She tried to swallow the great lump which came in her throat, but the tears fell so fast she could not answer.

"Never mind, dear, we are all very sorry, but we will try harder next time," said her mother, as she drew the sobbing little girl to her side and kissed her; and Mabel determined to do her very best to please the dearest mother in the world.

She could not forget Charlie's words, and she told mother about them, adding in a very hurt tone, "He might have waited, I think; it seems as if he was glad I didn't get up."

"Yes, he might have waited; but then he was so pleased for himself he did not stop to think how you would like it," answered mamma.

"But boys ought to stop and think, just as much as girls," persisted Mabel, although she looked at Charlie's conduct in a new light.

"That is true; and it is always best not to be in a hurry to tell bad news, but to let our feet be swift to tell *good* news," was the wise reply.

Six months rolled around. Mabel conquered the multiplication table, and all through the term had paid careful attention to whatever her teacher told her, instead of letting her thoughts fly off to mamma and darling little sister Eva or her new tricycle.

When the examination came she was promoted number one, and papa gave her the bright new gold dollar he had promised as a reward for being at the head of the class.

This time Charlie was among the disappointed ones, so they were again in the same class. As they met on the way home Mabel was just about to say, "Ah! you are left back now; how do you like it?" when something stopped her; it was a Golden Text which she had stored away in her heart: "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

So this little heroine shut her lips tight and walked away as fast as ever she could. It would have been a satisfaction to pay Charlie back; but it was braver in Mabel to resist the temptation.

Charlie learned a new lesson, and the friendship between them is stronger than ever.

## THE HAPPY SPARROWS.

CHIPPER-REE chipper-ree, chipper-ree, chee,  
 Never were birds so blithe as we;  
 Up above us the golden sun  
 Shining bright, till the day is done  
 Down below and beneath our feet  
 Shine the sheaves of the golden wheat.

Chipper-ree, chipper-ree, chipper-ree, chee,  
 What a beautiful lunch have we!  
 Chilly winds and summer rain  
 Never blighted our golden grain;  
 He who feedeth us all so well  
 Knows where all the sparrows dwell.

Where do you think those sparrows brown  
 Sleep, when the golden sun goes down?  
 Up in the top of a tall pine tree  
 Nestle snugly those sparrows three,  
 Each with its head beneath its wing,  
 Trusting in God for everything.

## A HAPPY HEART.

My little boy came to me this morning with a broken toy, and begged I would mend it for him. It was a very handsome toy, and was the pride of his heart just then; so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously a few moments and then said, cheerfully, "Never mind, mamma. If you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said, "Never mind, Freddie, just see what a nice cradle the top will make."

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.

## ARTIE'S DREAM.

A FEW weeks ago Artie and his mamma took a walk by the brook. The willows were just putting forth large buds. Artie's mamma said, "See, there are the pussy willows." Artie laughed at the thought of calling the big buds pussies. He told papa about it in the evening, and in the night he dreamed of the pussy willows. They were real live pussies, climbing up a slender stem.