

WHAT HAVE I ?

Two eyes have I, so bright and clear,
With them to see both far and near,
The birds, the flowers, the bright blue sky,
The waters deep, the sun on high;
The Lord, my God, gave them to me.
To him belongs whate'er I see.

Two ears have I, here on my head,
With them to hear whate'er is said;
When mother says, "Come here, my child,
Be always truthful, gentle, mild;"
When father takes me on his knee
And says, "My darling, I love thee."

A mouth have I, and well I know
What with that mouth I oft can do;
Can speak, and ask for many a thing,
Can tell my thoughts, and sweetly sing,
Can pray, and praise the Lord above,
And tell him all my care and love.

Two hands have I, both left and right,
To work and play with all my might;
Two little feet to leap and run
O'er hills and fields in merry fun,
To ramble by the brook so cool,
To go to church and Sunday-school.

A heart have I, that beats in love
For father, mother, God above—
The Saviour dear, so good and mild,
Who seeks the heart of every child.
Know ye who gave this heart of love?
'Twas God the Lord, who reigns above.

"I'M GOIN' TO."

NETTIE NEAL never did, but was always "goin' to." It was such a provoking habit, never to be quite ready to do as she was bid, never ready to put away her things, go on an errand, come to supper, or go to bed, but always, "Yes, mamma, I'm goin' to." Mamma Neal grew exasperated at last; she was tired of asking and telling, and calling over and over for her little girl to do what she wished her to. So she determined one day she would cure Nettie homœopathically, by which she meant she would use the same method in small doses, and see if she could effect a cure that way.

Therefore one morning, when Nettie came running in from the lawn with her doll's arm torn off its shoulder, and asked: "Mamma, won't you please fix my dollie's arm?" Mamma lifted her eyes from her work and answered, "Yes, Nettie, I'm goin' to," and t' n went on sewing. Nettie waited a little while, and then asked again: "Won't you please sew my dollie's arm on, mamma?" "Yes, I'm goin' to," replied mamma, not lifting her eyes from her work. "But, mamma, dear, I want you to do it now,

right away," and then there was a little break in the tremulous voice. "Why, do you? I didn't know you meant that; I thought my own time would suit you just as well." And then mamma took the doll, and sewed on its limp, hanging arm.

Nettie went out on the lawn again, walking a little slowly. There was a strange new thought stirring in her little brain, you see, but a romp with Ponto soon put it all out of her head; and when mamma called her into dinner, she answered as usual, "Yes, mamma, I'm goin' to," and went on racing over the lawn and across the brook and back again, until, by the time she was ready to come in, dinner was all over.

"Give me some dinner, mamma," she cried, as she saw the table being cleared away, and mamma preparing to go upstairs for her afternoon nap. "Yes, Nettie, I'm going to," answered mamma, going on up the hall stairs. Nettie ran on after her, clinging to her dress, sobbing, "But I'm hungry now. I want it now, mamma! Please come down, and give me my dinner."

Mamma stopped on the stairs then, and answered very slowly, "Do you see now from experience, Nettie, how trying and troublesome it is not to do a thing at once which is asked of you? If I should answer every time you wanted to be waited upon or cared for, 'Yes, I'm going to, Nettie,' as you do when I speak to you—and then not to do the thing at once which you ask, as you do—I fear you would go hungry and neglected, and be altogether a very unhappy little girl. Now that you see how disagreeable and uncomfortable a person can be made, by always 'going to,' and never doing at once a thing desired of them, I hope you will try to break yourself of the habit, and obey immediately when spoken to. And then mamma took Nettie up in her arms and kissed away the great tears trembling upon her eyelashes, and went downstairs to give her little girl her dinner; and after that day Nettie Neal always tried to do at once what she was told, without first answering, "Yes, I'm goin' to."

ROLFE'S LESSON ON FAITH

WASN'T Rolfe happy mounted on grandpa's shoulder, drumstick in hand? for grandpa had caught him while he was in the very act of drumming.

"Aren't you afraid, perched up so high, Rolfe?" I called from the next room.

"No, mamma," he called back, "grandpa's got me. He won't let me fall."

"Bless his little heart!" said grandpa; "what faith he has in me! I hope he'll have just such faith in God by-and-by."

"What makes you feel so safe, Rolfe?" I called again.

"Why, grandpa's just as strong; don't you see, mamma? and he's got his arm right 'round me."

"Perhaps he'll take it away."

"No, he won't; for then I should fall and get hurt; and you don't want me to be hurt, do you, grandpa, dear?"

"No, indeed, Rolfe; I love you too well for that. So God loves us too well to let us get hurt."

"I don't know 'bout God; I know 'bout you, grandpa, and papa and mamma," said the little one.

"And that's the way you are to learn about God, my boy. That's what the good God means when he gives a little child a dear loving papa or mamma."

"And grandpa, too, and grandma?"

"Yes, dear child. For God is your Father, too, and loves you as we do, only more. He is strong and wise and kind. You must feel just as safe in his hands as you do in mine. Will you always remember?"

SOUR OLD PEOPLE

"MAMMA," said a little boy to his mother, "is grandpa going to heaven when he dies?"

"Of course," said the mother; "your grandpa has been a Christian for more than fifty years. Why did you ask that question, my son?"

"Because if grandpa goes to heaven I do not wish to go there."

"Why not?" asked the mother.

"Because grandpa scolds so much; I know I would not be happy in heaven if he were there."

Let this little circumstance, which actually occurred, be a warning to parents and grandparents not to fret and scold. A fretful, morose, sour old man or woman is a terror to childhood, and brings reproach upon the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

BEING THANKFUL.

ROUND and round go the arms of the great windmill, as the November wind blows strong and sharp. But Ralph and Minnie and Carlo do not mind the wind. Shall I tell you of what they are talking? Of course, they have heard a good deal about Thanksgiving of late, and they are counting up the things for which they ought to be thankful. There are papa and mamma and each other, and kind friends, besides grandpa, and a whole host of uncles, aunts and cousins. Then there's food and clothing, and light and sunshine, and the warm fire at home and school, and Carlo.

Have you, my little one, thought of the many things for which you ought to thank God?