

and had picked them up, every one. Mr. Toots, the big snow-white rooster, was standing under the window, and the last button was disappearing within his beak when Bessie came around the corner.

Now Bessie was very fond of Mr. Toots. He was quite tame; and, whenever she caught him, she would lay her cheek against his smooth neck and hug him. Whenever he saw her he would come up on the doorstep 'on purpose to be hugged,' Bessie said. She fed him every morning, saving the nicest crumbs for his breakfast, and he loved to walk about the garden with her.

But now, when Bessie saw what he had done, she turned and ran into the house as fast as she could. She was almost crying. 'Oh, mamma, mamma,' she said, 'Mr. Toots has eaten six of my buttons and he will die!'

Mamma looked surprised, then she smiled. 'Oh, no, Mr. Toots won't die,' she said. 'Buttons are just the sort of things Mr. Toots needs to chew his food with.'

Bessie opened her eyes wide at that, and her mother laughed. 'You know Mr. Toots hasn't any teeth,' she explained, 'so he has to grind his food in a little tough bag inside of him, which is called his gizzard. But there needs to be something hard, like gravel-stones or bits of crockery, to mix with the food and help grind it fine as the gizzard squeezes and squeezes it. Your buttons, with their fine edges, will be nice for that purpose.'

And just at that moment Mr. Toots answered for himself in a hearty voice, looking in at the door. 'Cock a-doodle-doo!' he said, which meant 'Nonsense, don't worry about me!'

### Helping.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross faces looked down at it.

'It's too heavy for me,' said Jimmy.

'Well, you are as big as I am, 'cause we're twins,' said Nelly.

'I won't carry it!' said the little cousin, with a point.

Mother looked from her window and saw the trouble. 'One day I saw a picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long

stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for anyone of them to carry. What do you think they did?'

'They all took hold of it together,' said mother, 'and then they could fly away with it.'

The children laughed and looked at one another; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry.

'The way to do all the hard things in the world,' said mother, 'is for everyone to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help.'—Philadelphia 'Methodist.'

### The Difference.

'Willie, why were you gone so long for the water?' asked the teacher of a little boy.

'We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again,' was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

'Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary?'

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for a moment—he looked frankly up into his teacher's face.

'Yes, ma'am,' he bravely answered; 'we met little Harry Braden, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water, and had to go back.'

Little friends, what was the difference in the answer of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?—'Intelligencer.'

### He Hadn't Allowed For the Breadth.

('Child's Companion.')

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

'Why, Fred,' said Cousin Mary, 'you surprise me.'

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, with a show of humility:—

'It seems as if anybody might

learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses!'

'Oh, it was not the length of the lesson, but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart.'

'What do you mean, Cousin Mary?'

'I was just thinking about this little verse:—"If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive your trespasses." That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you say a few minutes ago that you never would forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you live!'

Fred was silent. He had never once thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his head he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But Cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

### The Child and the Berries.

('Morning Star.')

'Look, papa,' cried a child, 'at the berries I have found.'

As the little girl said it, she showed her father her basket half-full of them.

Why did he start and ask, 'Have you eaten any of them, my child?'

'No, papa.'

'Not one?'

'No, papa, not one!'

He was very pale, as though some great sorrow had touched him; but he murmured, 'Thank God!'

'Give them to me,' he said, 'every one.'

'Every one, papa?'

'Yes, every one; I must fling them all away.'

'Fling away my pretty black berries that I took so long to find?'

'Yes, dear child, they are poison.'

There were tears in her eyes, but she gave them up; and he dug a deep hole in the garden, flung them in, stamped them to pieces, and buried them.

'Why, what are they?' she asked.

When he answered, he said, 'They are the deadly nightshade.'

Hast thou, O Father, ever taken away the berries that it took us so long to find? We know thou didst it in mercy, but it was hard to think so then.

Give us faith to trust thee in this, or anything else thou mayest do.

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