

FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA.

Five little girls,
With their hair in curls,
And faces as clean as could be,
In white dresses neat,
And slipper-shod feet,
Sat down to a five-o'clock tea.

There was "Sugar and spice,
And everything nice;"
There was sandwich and cake and ice
cream,
And "cambric tea" hot,
From a tiny teapot—
All just like a fairy-land dream.

And you would have thought
That each maiden ought
To have been happy as happy could be—
And so they well might
But for a sad sight.
That spoiled all the five-o'clock tea

'Twas dark, ugly frown,
That settled hard down
O'er the face of one poor little maid
And it stopped all the fun,
For how could anyone
Be happy as long as it stayed?

But now she agrees,
At all five-o'clock teas,
To be as smiling and gay as she's able,
Because a cross face,
All times out of place,
Is even more so at the table.

THE LITTLE BOOK-KEEPER.

"Oh, dear! everyone has a better time than I do!" was the petulant exclamation of little Katie Williams, as she watched from the window the passers-by in the street below. "There go Jessie Brown and Jennie Hall to spend the evening with Grace Lee," said Katie, as she saw two handsomely dressed girls about to enter a gate opposite. "They don't have to stay at home to take care of a cross baby."

This last remark was called forth by the screams of poor little Willie, who had rolled over on the floor and could not get up without help. Kate picked him up with a jerk, tossed him some of his playthings and then turned her attention to the window again.

"Yes, and there are Fannie and Dora out in the street," she muttered, their mamma lets them out if it is cold. Oh, dear! and there's Carrie Stone going to ride, all dressed up, and Mamie Bowen skating on the pond. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! everyone but me—everyone but me! There you cross little thing! here are your blocks and toys; why don't you stop crying and play with them?"

"Kate! Kate!" said a gentle, quiet voice, and Mrs. Williams entered the room looking reproachfully at her little daughter. "I do not wish to hear any more complaints. Call Sarah to get Willie to sleep and then take a pencil and paper and sit by me."

Kate hung her head guiltily as she heard the grave tones of her mother.

"Do you know, my daughter, how papa earns the money to give us this pleasant

home, our food and clothes and all the comforts we enjoy?"

"Yes, mamma, he is book-keeper for Mr. Thompson."

"As you seem to be discontented this afternoon, suppose you try to be a little book-keeper."

"That will be nice," said Kate, brightening, "if you will show me how."

"Well, your papa has to set down on one side of a great book what his employers owe and on the other what they receive, the difference between these two is what he calls the balance. Now I have heard all your complaints this afternoon."

Here Kate blushed.

"You can set things you have to complain about down on your paper and call it the trouble side; on the opposite page you can put your blessings—all the good and pleasant things, then we will strike a balance and see which side has it. Now begin."

Kate got pencil and paper and wrote as her mother dictated:

TROUBLES.

Taking care of the baby.
Could not go to ride.
Could not play ball.
Could not give my doll a ride.

BLESSINGS.

A dear little brother.
Strong feet, which lame Carrie Stone has not.
A kind father, which Fannie and Dora have not.
A pleasant home.
A mother that loves me.
Nice things to eat.
Good clothes to wear.
A nice Sabbath-school.
A good teacher.

"Oh, mamma, there isn't room for any more blessings; we shall have to balance it now," cried Kate, her eyes sparkling with a new sense of richness.

"Well, in whose favour is the balance?"

"Why, the blessings, of course and we didn't put them all down, either. The next afternoon I have to stay at home I will think of my blessings and not my troubles."

"That is right, my Kitty," said her mother, kissing her. "Now you are my blessing. Whenever you feel that your troubles are too hard to bear, do a little book-keeping and you will find the balance to be on the blessing side. If that does not answer, then ask God to please help you to be patient and contented. Now run and tell Sarah to make your favourite cakes for tea."

"Thank you, mamma, that is another blessing." And Kate ran off as gay as a lark.—*The Little Sower.*

TRAPS.

MRS. MARCY was looking over a box of scrap pictures, and selecting some for a hospital screen. Harold was leaning over her shoulder, helping her choose the prettiest. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, stop! What is that antelope hanging up in that basket for?"

"Look closely, dear, and see if you can't tell for yourself."

"There are some wolves and they are trying to get the antelope. But I can't see why it is hung up there in a basket—is it alive?"

"Certainly. The antelope is fastened into the basket, and the basket is hung upon the ends of two bamboo poles. It is a lure for the wolves. Underneath the antelope a deep pit is dug, and covered loosely with brushwood. The cries of the antelope attract the wolves, and in their frantic efforts to reach it, they leap upon the brushwood, which tumbles down, carrying the wolves into the pit with it. You see men are too cunning for the wolves, and tempt them to their death by hanging before their eyes something they like very much."

"I guess that's the way Satan does, mamma, when he wants to get boys and men into his pit."

"What bait does he use, Harold?"

"Well, mamma, you know all boys like Christmas pudding, and so that old Satan put it into somebody's head to put wine and brandy into Christmas plum-pudding, so as to teach boys to like drink."

"Where did you ever see such things done, Harold?"

"James Ray brought some pudding to school one day, and told me his mother puts brandy and wine in sometimes; but I had read of that being done in my temperance paper. Old Satan can't catch me with that bait."

"Don't let him catch you with any bait, dear. Whatever is wrong is a trap of Satan's."

REAL PRAYER.

"WHAT do we mean by praying?" "Asking God for something," said a child in answer.

Boys and girls, do you really pray? Do the words you address to the Lord come from your hearts, or only from your lips? If you want a penny from father, or a biscuit from mother, you ask as if you really want it. Now do you mock the Lord by kneeling down and asking him for things that you do not want? You ask him to make you good? Do you want to be good, and are you really trying to be good? If you really try to be good, God will surely help you.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JUNE 10

LESSON TOPIC—Passage of the Red Sea.—Exod. 14: 19-29

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 14: 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith they passed through the Red Sea.—Heb. 11: 29.

JUNE 17

LESSON TOPIC—The Woes of the Drunkard.—Prov. 23: 29-35

MEMORY VERSES, Prov. 23: 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.—Prov. 23: 31.