

HER PARTY.

She twirled upon her tip-toes light,
Tossed back her tangled tresses bright,
And cried, "I'm truly tired of play;
I'll have a tea-party to-day!"
She set the table 'neath a tree,
With tempting tarts, and toast and tea,
Ten tiny cups upon the tray,
Ten plates and spoons in trim array,
Ten twinkling tapers thin and tall,
And then the feast was ready all.

The thrushes trilled and twittered sweet,
The turf was tender 'neath her feet.
"Now here am I and here's the treat!"
She cried, "But

who is there to
eat?
I am very thirsty
for my tea;
I think I'll be the
company."
And sipping now
and tasting
then,
She ate and drank
for all the ten!

TRAMPS.

Just look at those
dreadful-looking
men, you say.
Where do they come
from, and where
are they going?
We don't know ex-
actly where they
come from, and they
do not know them-
selves where they
are going. Poor men,
perhaps they once
had happy homes,
loving wives and
children, pleasant
faces, and better clothes than they have
now. What has made the change, you
ask? Just look at them and think. Don't
you know what is the only thing that can
bring men to look like that? Why, of
course, it is drink. They did not change
all at once, you know. Perhaps a little
whiskey shop was opened near their homes,
and they began to go in just once a week
or so for a little chat with a friend. That
was the case with one of them, we know,
the first of the five, and we may safely
conclude that it was the same with all.
This one, Bill Smith, found that he was
beginning to like the tavern better than
ever all the time, till by and by he spent
most of his time there, and then his home
was gone, his poor, hard-working wife
died, the children were scattered, and he
was left to wander alone. Poor, poor
men! Don't you pity them? and won't
you make up your minds, boys and girls,
to do all you can to stamp out this dread-

ful thing that has such power to ruin men,
body and soul?

MARY'S LESSON.

Little Mary Bevan had learned one
lesson, which all through her life was to
be a help to her. It was hard to learn, to
be sure, and sometimes tried her very
much; but she found herself happier for
it in the long run, and by it she became
"Little Sunshine" in the home. This is
what they called her, "Little Sunshine,"
and that name stuck to her till she grew
to be a woman.

Can you guess what this lesson was? It

three when we take in Mr. Owens. What
shall we do then?"

"I don't know, father," was the quick
reply, "unless I get out to make room."

"Well, then," said he, "we will
when we get there; but if it is too crowded,
I should like for you to give up your
for this time, as it is necessary that
Owens should go with me."

"All right, father, I will," said
dear child.

Sure enough, when they reached the
neighbor's it was discovered there was
not room for three, and Mary obeyed her
father without saying another word. S



TRAMPS.

helped her to learn easily how to be a
Christian and live to please God. And it
was something the lack of which has put
many a poor boy and girl in prison cells.

Just a little incident, perhaps, will help
you to understand this blessed lesson
which Mary learned so well.

One day, lovely and bright with spring
sunshine—and there was no school that
day—Mary's father invited her to take a
ride with him, as he was going far up into
the country to look after some wood land.
But he was to call for another man, a
neighbor, who had the promise of going,
too. The little girl was delighted, and
dressing herself quickly, she helped her
father to harness the horse and fix the car-
riage. She thought she was a great help,
and so she was, for she brushed out the
carriage very neatly, and held the harness,
piece by piece, for her father, to save his
steps, as he was lame. It was a narrow
buggy, and her father said, "Mary, per-
haps we shall find there isn't room for

stayed and played with Ella Owens
the carriage came back, and had a beau-
tiful time.

This was a good example for Ella,
she was not in the habit of minding
easily. "I should think you would
be a fuss," said she, "unless you didn't re-
want to go."

Mary's answer was, "I wanted to
just as my father wanted me to."

Happy Mary! This loving obedient
her father helped her to exercise the
towards her Heavenly Father, and
grew up to be a sweet Christian woman.

CLIMBING.

"There is but one way great heights
climb.

And that is to take them a step
time."

The love of heaven makes one heaven