

## WORK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE Lord hath work for little hands,  
 For they may do his wise commands;  
 And he marks out for little feet  
 A narrow pathway straight and sweet.  
 One little face may fill with light  
 A heart and home as dark as night;  
 And there are words for little eyes  
 To make them earnest, true, and wise.  
 One little voice may lead above,  
 By singing songs of Jesus' love.  
 One little heart may be the place  
 Where God shall manifest his grace.  
 Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring  
 To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.

## DOING UNTO OTHERS.

"WHAT a funny old umbrella ' and big enough for a soldier's tent. I say, Marjory, did it come out of the ark?"

Now it was rather a large umbrella for so small a girl, and Marjory did look funny walking along with it in her hand, for the top of the handle reached to her shoulder; but no one knew or felt that fact more keenly than Marjory herself, and it was very rude of Harold to speak in such a way. But then I suppose that Harold must have forgotten that a brave, manly boy is always polite to girls. He had hurt Marjory's feelings, and, what was far worse, had roused the temper with which the little girl had so many hard struggles.

"We've just moved, and everything is tumbled about, and this is the only one we could find. It was grandpapa's long ago, and you're the unpolitest boy in the world, and I'm not going to speak to you any more forever; so there, Harold Gray." And then angry little Marjory ran off to school as fast as the big umbrella would let her; and naughty Harold only laughed.

But he didn't laugh that afternoon when, on going to the door to go home from school, he found the rain pouring down. Not a light rain, but "enough to wet a fellow through in three minutes," thought Harold dolefully; for he had brought no umbrella. Marjory saw him standing there as she gathered up her books, and said to herself that "it served him just exactly right for making fun." Marjory was the only one who lived anywhere near Harold; there would be no one else to offer him an umbrella, and she wouldn't. Oh, no indeed!

"Marjory, Marjory," something seemed saying in her ear, "What about that 'doing unto others' text that you learned this morning? See! he is just going to

start." But only one foot was over the door sill, when Harold heard a voice beside him saying, "Come home under my umbrella, there's plenty of room for both."

"I say, Marjory," said Harold, as they trudged away with bent heads, each giving the other a hand to steady the great umbrella, "I'm awfully sorry that I laughed at you, and I think you're just the forgivingest girl I ever saw. I'm going to give you a ride on my sled the first time it snows."

## A HEART OF PRAISE.

WHEN Charlie was four years old his mamma took him to church one day. The minister prayed a long time—too long, Charlie thought, for he stood up and said out so loud that all could hear, "Now let's stop and sing 'Beulah Land.'"

Charlie wanted to praise more and pray less, but he ought not to have talked in prayer-time.



THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

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THIS little man thought he would just like to have a poke at the nest under the roof of the verandah, where he had so often watched the bees flying in and out; so he placed a stool straight underneath the nest, took a stick in his hand, and thrust it into the home of the harmless little insects that made him such delicious honey for breakfast. The stick broke, the nest tumbled down and the angry bees flew out to attack their thoughtless enemy. Here in the picture, we see him reaping his just reward. The nest with the broken stick in it, lies on the ground, and the furious little insects are stinging him all over his poor little bare legs and face and hands. The mischievous youngster will be laid up for several days with the swellings caused by the stings, and will thus learn a lesson that could have been taught him in no better way.

To pity distress is human; to relieve it is God-like.

## SOME OF MY PETS.

WHEN I was a little girl, I had no brothers or sisters, big or little, so my parents allowed me to keep all kinds of pets. The sizes varied from the little dormouse to a big retriever dog, and the colours from snowy white to jet black. I had at the time of which I am telling you, two dogs; one a small rough Skye-terrier, named Rose, the other a large black retriever, called Dinah. These two were firm friends. I remember little Rose had a present of a fine new collar. This collar was always coming off, and we could never make out how Rose managed it. One fine day, however, we watched Rose trot up to her big friend, evidently saying something in dog-language, for in a few minutes Dinah was carefully pulling off the terrier's collar. Dinah herself would never wear a collar, and always used to bury it. She used to hide her biscuits also; I suppose that she might have them when she felt more hungry. We watched her one day. She ate half her dinner, and set about storing up the other half. First of all she looked around to see if any one was watching her,—no, she could see no one,—she took up the biscuit, went on to the path, and trotted round the garden with it about a dozen times. She never left the path, but went on right in the middle. Presently she stopped, looked round, then commenced scratching a hole, stopping every now and then to look round. When the hole was deep enough she dropped the biscuit in, covered it up, and went to her kennel. She would never do it if she knew that any of us were looking at her.

She was always ready to help her friends. We used to keep a few fowls, and at one time had two cocks together. These used to fight so fearfully that we had to separate them at night—one was shut up in the fowl-house, the other slept on, and sometimes, I believe, in Dinah's kennel. Dinah and this cock became firm friends. During the day when the fowls were let out the cocks commenced fighting. Immediately Dinah saw them she would run up, strike her heavy paw between them, and leaving her cock alone, would chase the other round and round the garden. A funny thing happened once about our fowls. One fine summer's day we could not find some of them, but on going upstairs we found them carefully walking—no, jumping, I mean—up the stairs!

Four-footed and feathered pets are always interesting, though they are not nearly so nice as brothers and sisters.

## A LITTLE LIE.

A LIE is a little thing. Boys, you have told a lie, just one single word which is not true. But let us see what else you have done. First, you have broken the law of God. Second, you will have to tell many more to maintain that one. Third, you lose the love and friendship of school-mates.