



### "ROUGH PLAY."

HERE is the picture of some boys at play in China. But it seems to be a rough sort of play, doesn't it? Why, it seems they have fallen out with each other! Just see how that ugly fellow with his pig-tail flying out behind is pulling away at the hair of the other one! I really believe he means to pull it off. But, any how, boys ought not to be rough when they play, whether they are in heathen China or in this Christian land of ours. Yet, I am sorry to say, they will do it. I have seen it myself—seen them bite and scratch and pinch and slap each other just like they were wild animals from the woods. What a shame it is!—*Little Worker.*

### "ONCE A DAY."

THIRTY years ago, one of the most famous elephants that travelled in this country was "Old Columbus." During one of his summer trips through Virginia, he stopped at the town of D—. In the neighbouring town of H—, a boy familiarly called "Dave," and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks, determined to show off before the other boys at "Old Columbus's" expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable, Dave gave him, first, candy, then cake, and finally cried, "Now, boys!" and slipped a piece of tobacco into his proboscis, intending to get out of danger, and enjoy "Old Columbus's" disgust and anger.

But before he could move, Columbus seized him, and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by his unexpected "rise," Dave dropped on the hay mow. The other boys below, supposing this to be the "trick" promised them, cried out in admiration.

"Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, very earnestly answered:

"No, boys! I only do that trick once a day!"

### ORDERLY.

"WHERE'S my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who's slung my coat under the couch?"

There you go, my boy. When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked them

right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the drawers, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the sofa than place them in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than change it.

I own to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your foot right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit; if he is a turner his goods will look neat; if he is a merchant, his books will show neither blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer: "Be orderly; be accurate."

### A SELFISH BOY.

JAMIE took the largest banana on the dish the other day when the fruit was passed to him. He did this before his grandma had been helped. He looked ashamed when he saw her take the small one, but he was glad that his was so big.

But when he took off the skin, the fruit was black, and unfit to eat. His papa's eyes twinkled, and he said.

"The largest isn't always the best, is it, Jamie?"

And his mamma said, "Selfish boys often lose what they want to get."

### MISUNDERSTOOD.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,  
As much alike as pea and pea,  
Beside one heap a little lad,

With serious eyes and all intent  
Upon his work, with patience had  
Moulded a mound, and as I went  
Past him I wondered what it meant  
"A pie?" I asked. "A fort," said he

Beside the other pile of sand  
There sat a tiny gold-haired maid  
She patted with her baby hand  
The warm, white hillock, and I said  
"That is a noble fort you've made"  
"No, 'tis a pie," she answered me.

We grown folks hardly understand  
The happy fancies children have.  
Busy amid the sea-beach sand,  
That is washed white by many a wave  
That boy would be a patriot brave  
A housewife would hiss sister be.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,  
As much alike as pea and pea.

### BERTHA'S FAULT.

"MAMMA, please give me something to do," said Bertha one morning. "I was so busy."

Mamma said, "Yes, Bertha, you are enough now to feed and water the chickens all yourself, and you may do it, night and morning."

Bertha jumped up and down. "That will be such fun," she said.

"It is not just for fun you are to do," said mamma, "and remember dear, I don't tell you each time. You must remember it all yourself."

"I will," promised Bertha, "and I'll go now the first thing."

For a week the chickens were well watered, and then, one sad time, Bertha forgot! It was a very hot day indeed, and there were some new little bit chicks that needed food and water very much. Poor little things, to be starved day and all night in their little coops! The morning some of the weakest were dead. Mamma found them. "How sorry Bertha was!"

"You are not faithful," said mamma, "I trusted you, but you were not fit to be trusted."

Bertha took her big bowl, and with a sober face went out to feed the chickens that were too fat and too old to be starved in one day. She gave them three times as much as they needed, but this did not make the little dead ones alive again.