

you all of them. I would rather you would find out some of the ways for yourself."

"I s'pects to-morrow I can find some way," Leslie said, his face growing bright. The next day the circle of King's Daughters to which his mother belonged were going to bring out a party of little children from the city, and give them a long liappy day in the woods. It was a kindergarten school of little ones, none of them over seven years old, which was coming, and Leslie had heard a great deal about them, and had wanted to help in the beautiful work of making them happy, if he could.

He had been helping his mother fill bean bags for the little children to play with, and had laid aside some of his toys to give them to take home with them. Now that he had his nice express wagon, he wondered whether he could not take it to the woods and give some of the children a nice ride in it.

"Do you s'pose I can take some of the little boys and girls a ride in my wagon?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed you shall, darling," his mother answered. "I will take you to the woods in the wagon, and we will carry our luncheon in it under the seat. Wont that be nice?"

Of course Leslie was delighted with the plan, and when his mother told him that he might ask Almon, his special friend, to ride up with him, his delight knew no bounds.

It was just the morning for a picnic, clear and cool, with a pleasant breeze, and the bluest of blue skies. Leslie's eyes opened very early, for he had been afraid that he might oversleep himself, and not start as early as the others to go to the woods. He was too excited to care very much about breakfast, and could hardly finish his glass of milk, he was in such haste to get started.

First the lunch boxes and the cake were carefully packed away under the seat, and Leslie climbed up on the back seat, while little Almon sat in front. Almon was as happy as Leslie at the idea of going, and his blue eyes sparkled with delight when at last they were all ready to start.

A pretty picture the two children made: Leslie with his thoughtful face and dark eyes, and brown ringlets that curled about his head like the tendrils of a vine, and fair-haired Almon, with dimpled cheeks, blue eyes, and golden curls that looked as if the sunbeams had somehow been tangled in them.

It was a long ride to the woods, but the children enjoyed every step of it. First Leslie's mamma, and then Almon's mamma, drew the wagon with its precious freight, and at last they came near enough to hear the happy shouts of the party in the woods.

Leslie was a shy little boy, and did not like to talk to people. Very often when visitors came, and he was asked questions, he would

droop his head like a little flower with a broken stem, and not answer at all. He did not even like to talk to children, but to-day he had made up his mind that he would forget all about himself, and do whatever he could to make the poor little children from the city have a happy day.

All the little folks thought that they had never seen anything quite as nice as Leslie's express wagon. They gathered around it as soon as Leslie got out of it, and one little boy, Max, with brown eyes and curls, said:

"Please, may I have a ride in that beautiful wagon?"

"Jump in, and I will give you a ride," Leslie answered, so Max climbed into the wagon, and Leslie drew him about until Max was ready to get out, and let some one else have a turn.

All day long that express wagon was loaded with happiness. Almost every one of the forty little children had a ride in it, and though, of course, Leslie was tired sometimes, and could not help draw them about all day, yet Max took his place, and helped Almon give them a ride.

By and by it was lunch time, and the little children sat down in a large circle, and Leslie and Almon helped pass sandwiches to them. That was great fun, and they were such hungry little children and could eat so many, that it was a very good thing that the ladies had such willing little helpers as Leslie and Almon.

When Leslie saw any little boy or girl standing alone, he would go up to them, and, putting aside his shyness, would say, pleasantly:

"Wouldn't you like to have a ride in my new wagon?"

It was a very happy day to the children from the hot city, many of whom had never before seen the trees and grass growing, and who did not know what the country was, but it was a happy day, too, to the dear little boy who tried to make others happy.

He is only a very little boy, as yet, but I think if he keeps on trying to make others happy and share his pleasures with others, he will grow up into a very good and useful man, and each birthday, as it comes and goes, will find him following in the steps of the dear Saviour who spent his life in going about and doing good.

AMONG THE BASAS.

BY THE REV. E. F. WILSON HILL.



WHAT a pleasure it is to write to you, dear children! And you will try and think about what I am writing, won't you? B-a-s-a-s, that is how you spell the name of the tribe of people amongst whom two missionaries are working. The Basas live in West Africa, far