

"Alice," said her teacher, "your friends call you Sunny-face, and with good reason, for you are a happy child, and have the blessing of God upon you. But there is one ugly fault that spoils you. Can you think what it is?"

Sunny-face did not need to think long, the voice of the Holy Spirit in her heart had often told her about the bad temper that bubbled up so quickly and made her think and speak and act wrongly.

"I cannot help it," she said. "I do pray, but somehow it comes so quickly—the anger—and before I know how to stop it."

"That will not do, my child. What will happen if I leave this pretty apple for a day or two in this basket, and then look at it again? We will see."

In a few days little Sunny-face again was called to look at the apple, but what a change had taken place in it! The rosiness was nearly all gone, and instead, a great rotten patch covered the whole of one side.

Sunny-face was not a stupid girl; she knew what her teacher meant, that if she did not try to subdue this bad temper of hers, it would grow worse and worse, until it spoiled her life, and she could be Sunny-face no longer.

Years passed by, and one day a bright, happy-looking young lady was telling her little niece about Sunny-face and the apple.

"Oh, auntie, I know it was you, you have such a sunny face. But you have not got a bad temper."

"My darling, for a long time I had, and fought against it hopelessly, till a kind friend said to me, 'Why do you not cast it on Jesus, and ask Him to take it quite away?' At first I could not believe that it was possible. But I asked Jesus to make me understand, and to show me how He would do this. And after that I found indeed that He took my bad temper away altogether."

"And so you are still Sunny-face," said the little niece, lovingly. —*Selected.*

Little Things.

One step and then another.
And then the long walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended:
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

A Trade for Boys.

If I had my way I would insist that every boy should learn a trade, writes Foster Coates in the January Ladies' Home Journal. It was so in the olden times, and it should be so now. The man who has a trade is a thousand times better equipped than the man who has none. Let every boy select the trade that best suits his ability, and promises the highest honours and remuneration. When he has mastered his trade, if he dislikes it, or it is not profitable, he can begin to study a profession, or enter upon a commercial life. If he should fail in both of these, he is still master of a good trade—something that no one can take from him, no matter what exigencies may arise. The man who is master

of a good trade is as independent as a millionaire. He need never want; he can find profitable work in any corner of the world. I do not say one word against a professional career. But I do say emphatically that the man who has a trade and a profession as well need have no fear of the future. The boy who wants to master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty, and if he dislikes it, he still has time to study medicine, the law, or any other of the learned professions. But if he waits until he is twenty or over, he may not have an opportunity or feel inclined to earn either.

The Last Division.

Teacher—If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut?

Class—Eight.

Teacher—Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole, remember that.

Class—Yes'm.

Teacher—Suppose each piece were cut again, what would result?

Smart Boy—Sixteenths.

Teacher—Correct. And if cut again?

Boy—Thirty-seconds.

Teacher—Correct. Now suppose we should cut each of the 32 pieces again, what would result?

Little Girl—Hash.—*Good News.*

Thome Circle.

Life.

O Life, how slight,
A little sweet,
A brief delight,
And then—we meet.

O Life, how vain,
A little spite.
A little pain,
And then—good-night.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts in *Independent*.

Suspicious People.

People who suspect everybody are very unhappy, and we know of no remedy for their discontent except self-improvement. Let them root out of themselves whatever vicious propensity they suppose to have its counterpart in the breasts of all mankind, and their opinions of their fellow-men will at once change for the better.

People who have no faith in their kind are dangerous persons to deal with. Taking it for granted that everybody with whom they come in business contact is bent on overreaching them, their object is to spike the enemy's artillery by being the first to overreach. Candour is lost upon them; they consider it refined hypocrisy. Favourites they look upon as cunningly devised lures, intended to lead them into a trap, and while receiving them willingly, chuckle inwardly at the thought that they are old birds and cannot be caught by any such devices.

Nobody will lose anything by avoiding such people. —*Ledger.*