



we'll go over to the other orchard and get some lovely sweet ones for you to eat."

"Sweet ones are the kind to bake, miss," said Joel.

"You seem to understand about the cooking, little boy," laughed Mabel.

"Oh, I know all my mother does," said Joel, "I watch her and I hear her tell. I know how to bake sweet apples myself. Mary likes 'em, and mother says they are good for her."

"Who's Mary? and what's the matter with her?"

"She's my sister, and she's sick and weak."

"I'm glad you told me; I'll send her something special. Here's a lovely red apple for her to eat. Give it to her, with my love, and when these are gone come and get some more; will you?"

"Yes, and thank you, miss."

Mabel watched for a week, and gave the apples to many poor boys and girls, and when the week was over she did not want to stop.

"I guess Mabel has gotten more good this week than the poor folks have," said Farmer Ovington to his wife; which was very much like a verse in the Bible.

Can you think what it is? "It is more blessed to give than it is to receive."

WEAVING SUNSHINE.

"Mamma, you can't guess what grandma Davis said to me this morning when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples!" exclaimed little Mary Price as she came running into the house, her cheeks red as twin roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary. "She said: 'Good morning, dear; you are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try to weave sunshine every day."

"Mamma," continued Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful poetry, 'Four Little Sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If those sunbeams could do so much good I think we all ought to be little sunbeams."

After a few moments' pause a new thought seemed

to pop into Mary's little head, and she said, "O, mamma, I have just thought. When Lizzie Patton was here she told me that her Sabbath-school class was named 'Little Gleaners,' and I know another class called 'Busy Bees. Now, next Sabbath I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go weaving sunshine." It is a good plan. Sunshine weavers will be kindly remembered long after cross, hateful people have been forgotten.—*The Sunnyside*

CHOSEN FOR HIS WORTH.

ONE morning at the breakfast table Mrs. Grey said to her husband: "We had such a fine rain during the night, and I think the garden had better be weeded and the walk smoothed over to-day."

"Let Sam do it," said Mr. Grey; "he is large enough."

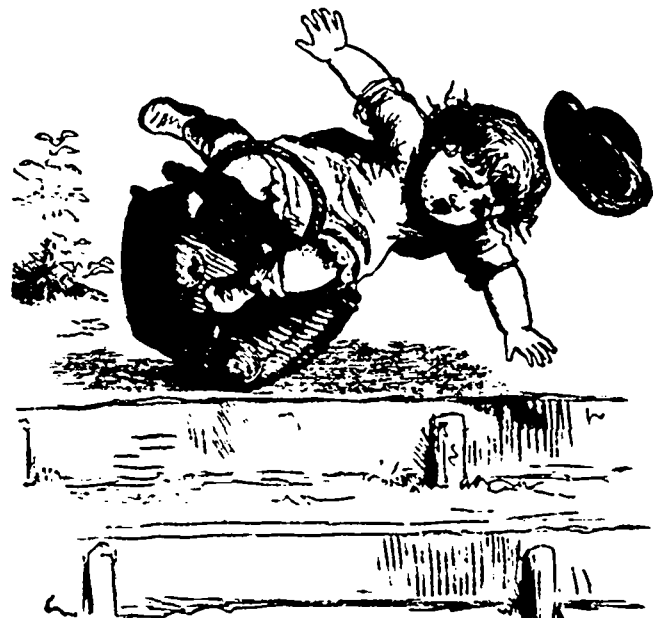
"But he is so careless," said his mother; "Johnny would do better."

"Johnny is too small," said his father.

"Johnny is small, but he is the best worker," answered his mother; "He is conscientious, and whatever he does he does well. You can depend upon him."

So Johnny was sent to the garden to pull up the weeds, and make the walks look trim and neat, feeling very proud and happy at the honour placed upon him by his parents.

Dear children, God has work for us all to do, and sometimes he calls very young people to do important work. He chooses only those whom he sees are fitted for the work. The pure in heart and life, and the earnest and faithful ones are those he wants. Try to be what he would have you, that you may be fitted for and able to do the work he gives you.



FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

"I wonder what we're going to do,"

Cries Nellie to her sister,

"Now Cousin Susie's gone away?

If she knew how we missed her!

There's not enough with only two

To have good times in playing;

I wish we two were five or six;

But what's the use of saying?

"Oh, look!" calls Fannie, full of glee;

Cries Nell, "Why, Fan, what is it?"

"There's some one coming—one, two, three;

They're coming here to visit."

Away they run to meet them all—

Louise and Dot and Dimple:

'Tis easy now to have good times;

Of course that's very simple.

IN THE ORCHARD.

MABEL lived in the country on a farm where there were two large apple-orchards, and more apples than Mabel's mother knew what to do with.

"What a pity," said she one morning, "to have so many apples decaying on the ground, when the poor people would be so glad to have them!"

"Mabel," said papa, "I'll give you leave to distribute them. You may give a basketful to every poor child you see this week."

"There's one now," cried Mabel, as she saw Joel Barton going from the house with a basket. He had been into the kitchen to bring the cook something from his mother. "Look here, Joel; do you want some apples?" called Mabel.

"Thank you, miss, I'm sure my mother would like some. She said this morning how good apple-sauce would be to eat with our bread. And she can make splendid apple dumplings, and we all love 'em so."

"Well, come here and fill your basket. There, that's enough from this tree. Now