

YOUR CROSS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Seek not to drop the cross you wear,
Or lay it down; for if you do
Another shall be built for you
More difficult and hard to bear.

The cross is always made to fit
The back which bears it. Be content,
Accept the burden which was sent,
And strive to make the best of it.

Think not how heavy is your load;
Think not how rough the road or long;
Look up and say, "Lord, I am strong,
And love makes beautiful the road."

Who toils in faith and knows not fear
Shall live to find his cross some day
Supported all along the way
By angels who are walking near.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO APRIL 27, 1901.

SOME GOOD SAMARITANS.

"Ho, ho! if you don't look funny!" said Sibley. "Look at his eyes, Harry, and his hair! oh my!" and Sibley laughed so loud that the boys a long way ahead looked back to see what was the matter.

Harry looked, and laughed. "He's in a nice scrape," he said. "Come on, Sib, we can't waste our time on him," and he walked on.

Poor little Teddy Connor did not laugh; instead, he cried. He was a little fellow, only six years old. He had stubbed his toe, and tumbled, and rolled down the little bank. He was not hurt, but oh, the mud! It was all over him—in his hair, and eyes, and ears, and on his little jacket; even the neat ribbon that tied his collar had splashes of mud on it.

"Oh, dear!" said Marian, "I should

think he would cry. He will have to go all the way back home."

"He can't do that," said Cora; "he is in the first spelling class, and he'll lose his place if he is late."

"Dear, dear!" said Nannie, "let's help him. Don't cry, Teddy; come over here to the brook and wash your face and hands. I have a clean new slate cloth and I will rub the mud off of your jacket with it."

"And I'll lend you the ribbon that belongs to my school bag to tie your collar with," said Cora; "it's the same colour."

"Come on, girls!" shouted Harry, in the distance; "you'll be late."

"We can't come until we have helped Teddy," said Cora, and she began to brush the mud from his hair.

"Don't cry any more," said Nannie; "the mud is coming off pretty well. Never mind if your luncheon is spoiled; we'll give you some of ours."

Just as the last bell stopped ringing four children rushed into the school hall, very warm and out of breath. One of them was little Teddy Connor, with clean face and hands, and a neatly tied collar, from which much of the mud was rubbed off.

At the tea-table that evening Uncle Charles said: "I hear that you young people lived the Sunday-school lesson today, instead of playing it. It seems that you had the two who passed poor Teddy and gave him nothing but a laugh, and then you had those who did all they could for him."

"It was like the Sunday-school lesson, wasn't it?" said Cora, "But I never thought of it!"

"The Golden Text is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,'" said Nannie.

"Teddy is our very nearest neighbour too," said Marian. "How queer!"

"He didn't fall among thieves," said Harry; "he only fell into the mud." But both Harry and Sibley looked ashamed.

LOVE'S SPELLING BOOK.

Harry found an old spelling book about the house which his grandmother had once used in school, and which had a very curious way of spelling many words. He was laughing over some of the funny, spelling, when his mother called him to her.

"How many ways of spelling 'love' have you found, Harry?" she asked.

"Only one," he replied. "It is just the same in this book as it is in my spelling book at school."

"Why," said his mother, "I know of more than one way. I think there must be at least a dozen ways, possibly a hundred or more."

Harry opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Just now," said his mother, "you gave up part of your dinner that the poor Jackson boy might have a good meal. You did not send a word in the basket, because you did not want to let your right hand know what your left did; but, nevertheless, there was one word

in the basket spelled out in very large letters. Can you guess what that was?"

"Was it 'love'?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered his mother. "And last week, when you put your dime into the missionary bank, you did not say anything; but as it rattled down among the other coins I heard it speak distinctly a word which you did not catch. Do you know what it was?"

"It must have been 'love,'" again answered Harry.

"Yes," said his mother, "that was another way of spelling 'love.' And a little while ago, as I was watching you play your games out in the yard, I saw you step out to make room for James Marshall. Why was that?"

"Why," explained Harry, "that was because he thought it was his turn, although I was sure it was mine, and so were all the rest of the boys; but I gave up to him just because I wanted him to have a good time."

"And you spelled our word in another way," said his mother.

"Well, I declare," said Harry, "it is such a wonderful word that it ought to have a spelling book all to itself."

"It has," answered his mother. "Our whole lives were intended to be primers of love, in which we should be constantly spelling out the word by kind, thoughtful actions, so as to make the world a beautiful, happy place in which to live.—Our Little Ones.

A FUNNY DENTIST.

Johnny had a loose tooth.

"That tooth must come out," said his mother, "because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it, and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"O no!" cried the little boy; "it will hurt!" and he put his hand tight over his mouth and ran out to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He had a big, sweet apple in his pocket for Johnnie.

"But you must ask your mother if you may eat it," said Uncle Ed.

His mother said "Yes," and the little boy sat down by the window to eat it. It was a very sweet apple, and Johnnie enjoyed it very much. All at once he gave a little cry: "Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mother!"

"O, I guess not," said his mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Johnnie; "it's white and hard."

A twinkle came into his mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she; and Johnnie showed it to her. "Go and look in your mouth, dear," his mother then said.

"O mother," cried Johnnie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was! Why—ee! Did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed, and then Johnnie laughed, too.—*Child's Hour.*

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