



LEARNING TO WRITE.

A QUARREL.

THERE'S a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight with a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will extend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun.
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done;
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

A LITTLE girl who was watching a sunset
of crimson, orange, and purple, said, "Is
that the power and glory?"

HOW KITTIE TAMED ANNA.

ONE day Anna's papa brought her a cute
little kittie, which delighted her greatly.

But kittie, she didn't know at first
whether to be delighted or not. You see
she was not at all used to children, and
was very wild, and would run from her
little mistress and hide.

This grieved Anna, but papa told her
kittie would soon become tame, so that it
would jump up into her lap, and rub its
nose against her cheek, if she would only
be careful always to speak gently; but if
it heard a cross, angry or fretful little voice
it would be afraid of her and remain wild.

Now, to speak gently, was one of the
things Miss Anna did not always think of,
and she was sometimes very snappish and
rude. But she loved her new kittie, and
so she tried hard to remember, and suc-
ceeded pretty well.

"Well," asked papa one night, "and is
the kittie tame yet?"

Mamma smiled and said, "I think, at
least, that kittie has tamed Anna, for she
has scarcely scolded or whined to-day."

"Bravo!" said papa, clapping his hands,
"and I guess she has tamed kittie, too, for
I think I see its pink nose peeping from
her apron. So kittie is a little girl-tamer?"

TREES WITHOUT ROOTS.

O MAMMA, come and see our little farm!
shouted Henry as mamma came to the
door to hear what the ringing of the bell
meant.

And sure enough, the children had set
up their toy house and barn and stable and
a little fence between them. Nor had they
forgotten to have a tree in the barn yard
for, you know," said Willie "we must
have some place for the horses and cows to
rest under on hot days." That was very
thoughtful in them, surely.

Mamma was much pleased with the good
taste and the thoughtfulness of heart shown
by his arrangement. But she told them
she was afraid that their tree would not
stand a hot sun very long. Nor did it.
It had no root, and soon withered and died.

Do you know what that makes me think
of? It makes me think of a boy or girl
who tries to act very nicely before com-
pany, without having any real kindness in
their hearts. Such politeness is like a tree
or flower without roots. If you want to
learn good manners that will last, first seek
a new heart from Jesus. He has promised
it to all who seek it.—*Olive Plants.*

A CITY ARAB.

PERHAPS you think this is a strange
name to give to a boy. But these poor
city boys are wild and rough—in character
a great deal like the Arabs of the desert.
In our larger cities there are a great many
such boys. Some of them hardly know
they have any parents. Most of them do
not know what home means in any such
sense as you do. They have to earn their
own living, such as it is. They sweep the
pavements, sell newspapers, and black boots,
and do such odd jobs as they can pick up.
Those who have no home sleep anywhere.
Many of them are smart and enterprising.
Sometimes they grow up into successful
men; but they live in the midst of a
much wickedness and are surrounded by
many temptations that many of them fall
into evil ways. Some of them grow up to
be criminals.

Good people are trying to do good to
these street Arabs. Sometimes these boys
are taken to homes in the country; and
then they learn what a good home is, and
grow up to be useful men.

How thankful you ought to be that you
are not one of these waifs of a great city.
But if you have great opportunities you
have as great responsibilities. "To whom
much is given, of him will much be re-
quired."