



PUSSY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE BALL OF YARN.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Father, we thank thee for the night
 And for the pleasant morning light,
 For rest and food and loving care,
 And all that makes the day so fair.
 Help me to do the things I should,
 To be to others kind and good,
 In all I do in work or play
 To grow more loving every day.

THE SAME OLD TREE.

"Mamma," Joe cried, running in from school one morning, "you know the old elm Uncle Fred had cut down last summer, because he thought it was too near the house? Well, there is a new little tree growing in the very same place, and its leaves look just like the old ones."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried mamma, "for I did love that elm. You know my father planted it the day I was born, and I was so sorry when it was cut down. I wonder who planted the new tree?"

Papa looked up from his paper.

"Let's go and see it," he said; "I've an idea it planted it-elf."

So they all three went to look, and there, sure enough, was a beautiful strong little elm tree growing bravely in the sunlight and holding up its green leaves, each one as beautiful as those that had grown on the old tree.

"Where did it come from?" asked Joe.

"It's the very same old tree, Joe, in a new form," his father answered. "The root of the old elm was hidden in the ground, and now it is sending up this little tree, which may grow to be a much handsomer one than the other."

"This makes me think of something," said mamma, softly. "Long years ago was a country, and an enemy came and carried all the people away; and they

thought they never would have a country any more, but God had sent them a story to comfort them. He said just as a tree would grow from an old root, so a new people would come from them, and a new country, and when it came it would be the happiest to live in that ever was."

"What would be so happy about it, mamma?" Joe asked.

"Oh, every one would be so kind and loving and gentle, for a wonderful King was to come, and even the animals would forget to be cross. I remember one thing was that wolves and lambs would live together, and fierce, wild leopards and little kids would go to sleep side by side, and a little child could lead them, and the earth would be full of the knowledge of the Lord."

"And did it ever come true, mamma?"

"Not yet, dear, but it is coming true some day, when our dear Lord Jesus is King of all the earth, for it was his country the story told about."

BEN'S BLACK DAY.

It was Ben Hardy's "black day." All the family knew it the moment he came to the breakfast table. There was that ugly frown, his mouth drooped, his eyes had no merry look in them as they so often had.

He had quarrelled with his brother all the time they were dressing. John was an easy, good-natured boy and kept his temper very well. This only seemed to enrage Ben the more. He seized John's comb and threw it with all his might down on the marble hearth. It broke, and Ben looked scared, but he flung himself out of the room and banged the door. His sister Lucy was in the hall holding her doll. Ben tried to throw it on the floor, but Lucy saved it. Biddy, the waitress,

had her share of Ben's temper. At last Ben's mother sent the boy upstairs to his room. Hours after Ben crept downstairs to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "my temper gets worse all the time, and Biddy says"—here Ben sobbed—"that I'll be an awful bad man some day!"

Mother drew her little boy very close to her.

"It is a heavy burden on you, dear," she said, "and you never can bear it alone, but God has promised to help you if you ask him. But he has told us that we must do our part, too."

"Oh, I'll do most anything!" Ben said.

"He has said that if we confess our sins he will not only forgive us, but make our hearts clean. Now, I think that, besides confessing to God, the least my boy can do is to confess to those he has treated so badly to-day."

Ben gave a great sigh. "Oh, I hoped it was being shut up—must I 'fess my sin to Biddy, too?" he asked.

His mother said, "What do you think, Ben?"

A little later Ben came running in: "I feel lots better, mother; I 'fessed up to everybody." Then he came close to his mother: "And I asked God awful hard to help me," he said softly.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit out of all the money he made, and then always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, which never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.