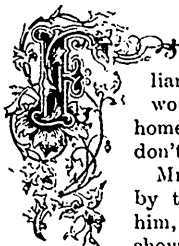


among the roses in the hospital garden, until now."

But her doting husband says: "There have been as many cloudy days in my Minette's life as in the lives of most of us, but she has made it a rule to live only in the sunshine, a bountiful portion of which the dear Lord gives to us all.—*Sel.*

MR. PARKER'S PEAS.



HATHER I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams one morning; I "wish you would always let me stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took the little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something."

Harry walked into the garden with his father who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the stems supported by thin branches which had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed.

"See how beautiful these peas are growing, my son. We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the peas in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in the fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road to look at Mr. Parker's peas. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said: "Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's peas?"

"Oh, father, I never saw such poor-looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves."

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds nor helped the stalks to grow right."

"Yes, that's just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This pre-

cious garden must be trained and watered and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden beds, and they must be tended even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you became a man, resemble the weed-covered bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think it right for me to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father, your garden is a good one, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars."

"Or, my son, do you think it would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his, allowing him to run wild, and his mind, uncultivated, to become overrun with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply, but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.—*The Little Christian.*

A GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I HEARD a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors, she looks so bright and sweet, and good, that you would like to kiss her. With a nice white dress on, and perhaps a blue sash and pretty little shoes, she expects her mother's friends will say, "What a little darling!" or, "What a sweet face! let me kiss it."

But, do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all the same little girl. If she cannot have what she would like, or do just what she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then.

So you see the little girl has two faces: the one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her best dress, and the other side she wears when she is at home alone with her mother.

I also knew a little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think that I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would most like to resemble.