

THE FAIRY THAT APRIL-FOOLED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A COMICAL young fairy
One bright spring afternoon,
Who long had been close prisoned in
A butterfly's cocoon,
Came flying round a barnyard
Brimful of elfish fun.
Said she, "To-day some tricks I'll play,
For April's just begun."

She touched the sheep and pony,
She gave the cow a pat,
She cast a spell o'er dog as well,
And chickens, birds, and cat.
And soon was great confusion.
The birds began to mew,
The cat sang loud, the cow bow-wow'd,
The dog said, "Moo-oo-oo!"

The sheep neighed shrill, the pony
Crowed, "cock-a-doodle-doo!"
The chickens haa-d, and in that yard
Was such a hubbubloo!
When lo! that way came speeding,
All dressed in gold and green
(Her steed a bee as gay as she)
The lovely fairy queen.

She waved her wand, and, presto!
Things were as they should be.
Then, quick as thought, the fay was caught,
And, long and earnestly,
Whack! whack! the royal slipper
Was plied with might and main;
And 'twas safe to say that frisky fay
Won't April fool again.

"MESSENGER OF SPRING."

THE Chinese name of the first convert in one of the Hakka villages means in English, "Messenger of Spring." His story is very interesting.

His family had been wealthy, but they lost all at the time of the great Taiping rebellion, about thirty years ago. And a greater calamity befell them than the loss of their wealth, for the whole family were killed by the rebels, Messenger of Spring and his mother only escaping with their lives. He did not know what to do. His troubles so depressed him that he fell into a state of melancholy. He tried to make some money by professing to doctor people, but he did not succeed and had to give it up.

When he was almost in despair he accidentally heard the Gospel. He was having his head shaved by a barber, who, as the custom is in China, was carrying on his trade in the street. Messenger of Spring was seated on the barber's stool, and the barber was busy with his razor when a native preacher, called Yong, began to preach the Gospel. His words were clearly heard by the barber and his customer. After listening for some time Messenger of Spring suddenly jumped off the stool, though the barber had still the half of his head to shave, and passing through the little crowd that surrounded the preacher

he knelt down and asked, "Can God save me?"

Yong replied, "Yes, if you repent and believe, God will certainly save you. But who are you, and what do you want to be saved from?"

"I am crushed to death with sin, and I wish to be saved," was the reply, a confession very rarely heard in China.

After some further talk Messenger of Spring returned to the stool, that the barber might finish his work. Then Yong went with him to his house, which was close at hand, and heard from him the sad story of his life.

In the house there was a very large idol of the Goddess of Mercy, with incense bowl and everything required for its worship. Yong told him of the love of God, and of the work of the Lord Jesus, and before leaving taught him, until he was able to repeat it, a short and simple prayer.

Yong had to return to his home, about twenty miles away, but he promised before leaving to come back in a week. Before the week was up, however, Messenger of Spring walked to the house of the preacher, to tell him that God had heard his prayer and had given him peace and rest. Yong returned with him to his village, and found the old mother delighted with the change that had taken place in her son. The Goddess of Mercy was still in the house, but the idol was no longer cared for by either the mother or the son, so it was taken down from the shrine and burned in the court before the house.

Messenger of Spring soon became well acquainted with the Gospel, and in the following year he was received by baptism into the fellowship of the Church. For the past nine years he has been an active worker for his Saviour.

WINNING BY KINDNESS.

A LITTLE girl one day had some fruit given to her, and she ran to show it to her mother.

"How very kind to give you so much!"

"Yes; but she gave me more than this. I have given some away."

Being asked to whom, she answered, "I gave it to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

"Why did you do that, dear?"

"Because I thought it would let her know that I wished to be kind to her; and she will not, perhaps, be rude to me again."

"HARD ON THE CHAIRS."

AMONG the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a touch of heredity which made him at five years of age a preacher.

His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlour, while a taller chair, with a Bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would denounce these wooden audiences by the hour.

"Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?"

"No, papa," wittily replied the boy preacher, "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs!"

SHUT THE DOOR.

Two gentlemen sat near the door of a rail-car on a cold morning. A young man went out and left the door ajar. One of the gentlemen rose and shut it, and then said: "This makes twice that I shut this door after that man during the last few minutes. Somebody will probably have to do it for him as long as he lives."

What amount of work just in shutting doors will this young man impose on others during his life! Boys, shut the doors after you! It is selfish and mean to take advantage of other people by making them do your work for you.

A PRINCE OF A BOY.

"HE is just a prince of a boy," said Mrs Hatton of Willie; and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see if Willie was like a King I read of.

When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly, I began to get my answer. When he came out of school, smiling instead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt pretty sure, but when he cut his apple in two and gave one half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied.

Yes, Willie is a "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that Son of a King who came to minister, and not to be ministered unto.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 28.

LESSON TOPIC.—A Paralytic Healed.—Mark 2. 1-12.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 2. 9-12

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

NOVEMBER 4.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jesus Lord of the Sabbath.—Mark 2. 23-28; 3. 1-5.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 3. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.—Mark 2. 28.

A LADY stood holding to the strap of a street car, when a workman in the far corner arose and politely offered her a seat. "I thank you," she said, in a very sweet tone, "but I dislike to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat"—*Our Dumb Animals.*