



THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Have you noticed, little children,
When the fire is burning low,
As the embers flash and darken,
How the pictures come and go?
Strange the shapes and strange the fancies,
As beyond the bars you gaze,
Bringing back some olden memories,
Thoughts of half-forgotten days!

There's the church across the meadows,
Shadow'd by the spreading yew;
There's the quaintly carven pulpit,
And the olden oaken pew.
Changed the scene, and on the ocean
Sails a ship amid the spray;
'Tis the one you watched departing,
When some lov'd one went away!

Yes! and there are faces plenty,
Faces dear, both old and young,
And they cause you to remember
Words their lips oft said or sung.

Fancy even brings the voices,
Tho' they may be far away,
Only pictures, only fancies,
Yes, but very sweet are they!

MASTER PIN AND LADY NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle, being neighbours in
a work-basket, and, both being idle folk,
began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin,
"what you are good for, and how you expect
to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied
the needle, rather sharply, "if you have
no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin,
"if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through
more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long, because
you have always a stitch in your side,"
said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said
the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't
bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me
again."

"I'll pull your eye if you touch me, re-
member, your life hangs on a single
thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little
girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she
very soon broke off the needle at the eye.
She then tied the thread around the neck
of the pin and attempted to sew with it,
but pulled its head off and threw it into
the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now,"
said the pin. "It seems misfortune has
brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them
sooner," said the needle. "How much we
resemble human beings, who quarrel about
their blessings till they lose them, and
never find that they are brothers till they
lie down in the dust together, as we do."

MARY'S PRAYER.

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and
make them twinkle happy, bless my two
ears, and help them hear mother call me;
bless my two lips and make them speak
kind and true; bless my two hands, and
make them good, and not touch what they
mustn't; bless my feet, and make them go
where they ought to, bless my heart, and
make it love God, mother, father, George,
and everybody. Please let ugly sin never
get hold of me, never!"

HOW HELEN HELPED.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

Sister Belle and her friends were plan-
ning to earn some money for the Babies'
Hospital. Helen listened to the talk, then
asked, "Can't I help, too, Sister Belle?"

"Why couldn't she sing her little songs?"
said Belle's friend Amy.

Helen's mother did not quite like to
have her little girl sing at an entertain-
ment, before so many people, but as it was
to be in their own house and Helen
begged so eagerly to help, she said "Yes"
at last.

The night came and the big rooms were
full of people. Helen wore her best white
dress, and came out on the little platform
to sing "When baby goes a-walking."

She didn't raise her eyes until the third
verse, and then—dear me! she saw so
many pairs of eyes looking at her that two
big tears came, and she called out, "Oh,
mother, mother!" and began to cry.

Some one took the little girl behind the
curtains, but every one clapped and called
her back. The curtains parted and there
stood a little tear-stained maid seeming very
much afraid. And so pretty and sweet
did she look that the people threw bou-
quets of flowers at her feet. Then Helen
smiled at them and was comforted, for she
had helped after all.