

different sails, and why it is that the Indian feathers his arrows? The sailor shifts his sails to get the help of the wind. The Indian feathers his arrows to hold their flight true. The squirrel uses his tail for the same purposes. Now watch the next squirrel that jumps from one tree to another.

In a few minutes a squirrel launched himself out from the top of a big tree. He seemed bound for the limb of another tree standing about ten feet away. Robert watched him give his feathery tail a sudden twist, and in a flash he landed upon the trunk of the tree instead of the limb. And then Robert said that he understood.

—Selected.

### Jennie's Selfishness.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party.

'You can pour out the tea, Jennie,' said Johnnie, graciously.

'And I will help cut the cake,' went on Johnnie.

'We—ll,' repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on, Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

'What is the matter?' asked mamma.

'Jennie's greedy, and selfish, too,' cried Johnnie, between his sobs.

Then he cried again.

'What is the matter?' repeated mamma, going in to find out.

'Why,' explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, 'we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie, she took it all!'

'That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!'

'Yes, it was!' Johnnie wept, 'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself.'—Selected.

### Jesus and the Children.

(Floss Grey, in 'Our Little Dots.')

Jesus was very fond of little children. He was always busy making somebody happy, but He was never to busy to love the boys and girls.

Once He went on a long journey to make a poor little girl well again. But the way was long, and Jesus had to stop and cure a sick woman, and when He reached the house the little maid was dead, and her father and mother were full of sorrow and despair.

But Jesus had not come all that long journey for nothing. Oh no! 'And what do you suppose He did? He took the little girl's hand and spoke to her—so gently and lovingly. He told her to rise, and then a wonderful

thing happened. The little girl that had been lying so still, quite, quite dead, got up, not only alive but well.

He did all this for one little girl, so you can see how much He cared for little children.

He cares just as much for you as He did for that little girl; you need never be afraid to go to Jesus and ask Him for help. Even tiny boys and girls want help sometimes, and Jesus loves you better than anybody in the world. Yes, more than father or mother! Don't you want to love Him very much, too? I feel sure you do.

### Freddie's Box.

Freddie had a box in his closet, where he was allowed to put the clothes he had outgrown, and the toys he was tired of.

'It shall be your charity-box,' said his mother. 'When it is full, I will pack up the things, and send them to some poor children, who will be very glad to get them.'

Freddie thought a great deal of his charity-box, and of the poor children he was filling it for; he did not always wait till he had grown tired of a book or a toy, but put some in which he prized very much.

'I don't think it's nice to give them all the bad things and keep the good ones only for myself,' he thought; 'they must like whole and pretty things as well as I do, I'm sure.'

His mother liked her little boy to have kind and generous thoughts, so she let him do pretty much as he pleased.

One day at the Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said the word meant love, and explained how the love of God in the heart produced all the sweet and heavenly affections described in the verses.

The next day Freddie said to his mother: 'I'm not going to call my box a "charity-box" any more; I shall call it a "love-box." It's because I love the poor children I keep it, and I love Jesus, too; and the poor children are his, and that's why I want to help them.'—'Messenger for the Children.'

### Shep.

It was a bright moonlight evening, when my brother Joe proposed a fishing trip up the river.

'Twas very pretty as we started out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was nowhere to be found, and we had to set out without him, and I felt rather lonely.

After we turned the first bend far above the wharf, we were about to start for home when he heard a faint barking up the river. We stopped and listened. First it was a bark and then a whine.

We girls thought it sounded like Shep, and papa took to the oars again and rowed up the river. When we got nearer Joe called 'Shep! Shep!' Answers came, excited and loud.

So papa pushed on until the dory was well up on the marsh. Shep jumped

for him, took his coatsleeves in his mouth and led him away through the wet and weeds, out of sight.

Joe and the girls sat silent in the dory, wondering what Shep meant.

Before long we heard a bark of delight, and then papa's voice, 'Brave boy! brave Shep!' They came up in a moment, and papa laughed and took from each pocket a tiny white kitten—one with a little black mark on its ears and tail. Shep was fairly wild, and, as I took the two chilled little beasts in under my shawl, he almost devoured me with his thanks.

After we pulled off, papa told us that some one must have carried the kittens to the marsh to perish there, and Shep had gone out and found them, and, moreover, that he had made a little bed for them and covered them with leaves!—'Little Folks.'

### The Happiest Boy in the Kingdom.

Once upon a time, we are told, there lived a king who had a little boy whom he loved very dearly. He gave him a beautiful room to live in and pictures and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on the lake, and servants.

He provided teachers who would give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: 'I can make your son happy, but you must pay me a great price for telling you the secret.'

'Well,' said the king, 'what you ask I will give.'

So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

The boy did as he was told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed those words: 'Do a kindness to some one every day.'

The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—The 'Child's Gem.'

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