

"Let's play pony," said Miss Cloud.

"You may drive," said Sunnybun.

All right, and away they go in fine style.

One of the lines breaks. Miss Cloud stamps her foot.

"We never play *anything* without *something* happens."

"I can fix it in a minute," says Sunnybun, cheerfully.

"The yard isn't large enough to play in."

"O, yes, it will do very well," I hear Sunnybun answer, who knew they were not allowed outside of the gate.

"You a'in't a good pony, and I won't play anyway!" and Miss Cloud goes into the house with *such* a scowl.

Sunnybun runs around by herself and looks like a sunbeam chasing a sunbeam.

I wanted to surprise my little girls one afternoon. When they came home from school, under the apple-tree in the yard they saw a round table spread with a white cloth. There were tiny cream biscuits, a small glass jar of honey, rice cakes split open and jelly spread between, cocoanut cakes, apple turnovers, and for a crowning ornament a tall glass dish of nuts and candy right in the centre. Such screams of delight, such shouts of joy, and such a scampering after wax dolls and china tea-sets!

After it was all done, I heard Miss Cloud ask:

"Don't you hope she'll give us another?"

"Oh, I don't think about another," said Sunnybun. "I think about this; isn't it splendid?" and her radiant little face smiled all over with happiness.

These little girls are both my pets, but I do wish that little unpleasant pout would go away and stay from Miss Cloud's face—for which do you think I like best? Which do you?

"CEASE, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge."—*Prov. xix. 27.*

### THE FIRST FRUIT.

A 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 to her one morning as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"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 he 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 even if you were able to do such a thing He would not care for them."

"O, I have found out the way," she said.

"Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to 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, who 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 sick child.

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

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

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

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD, visiting a neighbour, was asked if she would have bread and butter. "No, thank you," she said; "mamma said I must not take bread and butter when from home;" suddenly brightening up, she added, "But she said nothing about cookies."