



## A STITCH AT A TIME.

ONE day Maud said, as she took her sewing in her hand: "O mamma, I do hate to sew a seam! It looks so long and so horrid!"

"Shall I tell you," said mamma, "what to do when it looks 'so long and so horrid?'"

"O yes, please tell me something to make it seem a little better!"

"Well, then, I would just look at the next stitch. You have only to take one stitch at a time, you know; and if you are trying to see how well you can take that one stitch, you will not once think how long the seam is."

When Maud finished her seam that day, and carried it to her mamma, she said, "It was ever so much easier, mamma, to-day;" and Mrs. Gray saw, too, that the seam was sewed much more neatly than Maud had ever sewed one before.

"Remember, Maud," said Mrs. Gray, "that all through life you will find that to look ahead, and think about the steps to be taken, is just to make your work harder. Think of the present moment, and do that moment's work well, and no task will seem too hard for patience and perseverance."

## THE BETTER WAY.

"HELEN is a cross, hateful girl," said Frank.

"O Frank! what are you saying?" exclaimed Aunt Eunice.

"I don't care!" cried Frank. "Helen hid my book, and she would not cover my ball, though I have done lots of things for her. I don't want to speak to her again."

Aunt Eunice was sorry to hear Frank say this. It quite spoiled their walk through the woods.

"Hark! what is that?" cried Frank. He ran and peeped over the bank. "Come quick, Aunt Eunice; it is Helen's pet lamb. It has wandered off here and got hurt, poor thing!" Then he stopped suddenly, and

said: "I'll let it find its own way home; that is how I will pay Helen back for the manner in which she has treated me."

"O Frank! can't you think of a better way to pay her back?"

Frank was a Sunday-school boy. He knew what Jesus says about being kind, even to those who are not kind to us. Would Frank try to please Jesus? Yes, he would; he did. He took the lamb in his arms and ran home.

"Hello, Helen!" he cried, "here is your lamb. I found it down a steep bank in the woods."

When Frank saw how happy he had made Helen, he felt just like forgiving her "cross, hateful ways."

"You are right, Aunt Eunice," he said. "It is better to pay people back with kind deeds than with evil ones."

## SWEETLY THE BIRDS ARE SINGING.

SWEETLY the birds are singing,

At Easter dawn;

Sweetly the bells are ringing,

On Easter Day.

And the words that they say

On this glad Easter Day,

Are Christ the Lord is risen.

Birds! forget not your singing,

At Easter dawn;

Bells! be ye ever ringing,

On Easter morn.

In the spring of the year,

When Easter is here,

Sing Christ the Lord is risen.

Buds! ye will soon be flowers,

Cheery and white;

Snow-storms are changing to showers,

Darkness to light.

When the awakening of spring,

O sweetly sing

Lo! Christ the Lord is risen.

Easter buds were growing,

Ages ago!

Easter lilies were blowing

By the water's flow.

All nature was glad,

Not a creature was sad,

For Christ the Lord is risen.

HARRY and Charlie—aged five and three respectively—have just been seated at their nursery table for dinner. Harry sees that there is but one orange on the table, and immediately sets up a wailing that brings his mother to the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asks. "Because there ain't any orange for Charlie!"

## HOW WORDS COME.

A GOOD many wise heads have often been bothered about the origin of language. Many learned explanations have been given. A little girl was wearying over her spelling-book. At last, in a distressful tone, she said to her brother, a few years older than herself, "O Paul, where do all these miserable words come from?"

"Why, Gracie, you dunce, don't you know? It is because people quarrel so much! Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another, and that's the reason we have such a long string of them!"

"I wish they'd stop it," sighed Gracie, "then the spelling-book wouldn't be so big!" Paul's explanation was funny, if not quite correct.

## TROUBLE INSIDE.

ROBBIE loved the roses, and had coaxed his mamma to let him have his own bush, of which he was very proud; and when it first bloomed he clapped his hands and almost shouted, he was so happy.

But next morning when he ran out, the first thing after breakfast, to view his new beauty, he looked hard at it a moment and burst into a cry; it was all withered and faded. He ran back to tell uncle, who went with him and pulled open the rose, showing him a little worm in the heart that had caused all the mischief.

One worm, only one, will destroy the finest rose, and there is something like it in us—one sin, only one, will spoil the sweetest child, unless Jesus cast it out.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.

A GIRL six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine, celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese; it isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows."