



MOTHER'S OUT.

## MOTHER'S OUT.

MAMMA has gone out and the three children are alone in the house, so they are having a good time in the drawing-room. Nellie is playing on the piano, she thinks, as she has seen mother and auntie do; while Eddie and Walter are giving the kittens some milk from a basin on the floor. They had better be careful of mother's nice rugs, for kitties are not always very particular about such things.

## UNTO HIM.

"I WOULD like to have been that little boy; but Jesus isn't here any more; and I'm a little girl!"

Jeanie France had just been reading about the little lad who gave his loaves and fishes to Jesus, who with them fed five thousand people. Her mother smiled and, taking Jeanie's Bible, said:

"Even if Jesus had stayed upon the earth, he might never have lived just where we live; while now in heaven he hears every word we speak to him. But he knows, dear, that he would like all of us to do something for him, and so he kindly sends some one to each one of us, who stands in his place."

"O mamma, tell me who stands in Christ's place for me: I'll do anything for that person."

Mrs. France opened Jeanie's Bible and read: "'And he took a child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me.' Jeanie, is not Paul one of such children?"

Jeanie's face grew red and her eyes

filled with tears. Paul was a little orphan cousin who had lived with them nearly a year. At first Jeanie thought it great fun to take care of little Paul, but by and by she grew tired of washing his face so often and mending his clothes; and only lately her mother had heard the little girl speak sharply to Paul.

"I never thought," she said softly.

"Ah, Jeanie dear, we miss so much by not thinking!" And then Mrs. France put on her bonnet, for she was to spend the day at grandma's.

Paul came home at noon in a great hurry for his dinner. Generally Jeanie would have teased him and kept him waiting; but she was so kind and patient that Paul put down his knife and fork once or twice to see what was the matter! Why, auntie had left two little cup custards for their dessert, and Jeanie gave him the biggest! She was so kind that when she said, "Paul, I'd like to wash your face and hands and put on a clean collar before you go back to school," he tried hard not to grumble.

Jeanie found it was a quite different matter to wash and dress Paul for Jesus. She tried to be as gentle as possible, and felt so full of love and peace that when she tied his ribbon she kissed him. He ran off and told Charlie Dunn that his cousin Jeanie was "as good as her mamma!" But he did not know, as we do, what kept Jeanie kind and patient. Somebody stands in Christ's place in every home. Who is it at your house? It may be a little fretful baby, or a tired out mother, or a sick old grandmother. But whoever it is, Jesus says to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## THE ARMY OF TO-DAY.

BEHOLD, an army gathers  
From near and far away;  
The army of the children  
Is this we see to day.  
It stirs my heart like music  
Heard in the battle's din,  
To see the brave young heroes,  
God help them all to win!

You have a fight before you  
That may be fierce and long,  
Do not forget, my soldiers,  
The enemy is strong.  
But this one thing remember,  
In battle's hottest din,  
For right you have enlisted,  
And some day right will win.

Yours may not be the mission  
That wins a lofty name;  
They may not give you honour,  
Or wreath your brows with fame  
But there's no nobler hero  
In all the battle's van  
Than he who's true and steadfast,  
And does the best he can.

## THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

OFTEN a civil answer will save from rudeness and insult. Even ro men are softened by a few sweet, ge words of a child, just as I have read a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird. The boy was playing in the garden when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand. The boy looked at it for a moment; and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. His little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was in a moment of destruction, when the bird's tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes. Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again; and when the little warbler had finished its merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him, and asked him, "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him, and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up with a face of half shame and half sorrow and answered: "I couldn't 'cos he sung so sweet."

And civil words may sometimes save you from damage, just as its sweet song saved the bird.—Anon.