

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE chick, one day,
 Asked leave to go on the water.
 Where she saw a duck with her brood at
 play,
 Swimming and splashing about her.

"Indeed," she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn't let her,
 "If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
 Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered: "Listen to me,
 And hush your foolish talking;
 Just look at your feet, and you will see
 They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
 And didn't half believe her;
 For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
 Such stories couldn't deceive her.

Then she made a plunge where the stream
 was deep,
 And saw too late her blunder;
 For she hadn't hardly time to peep,
 When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
 The child my story reading,
 That those who are older sometimes know,
 What you will do well for heeding.

HOW FRED HELPED.

THEY were having a missionary-meeting
 on Saturday afternoon, and they all wanted
 to be missionaries—every one of them.
 Their teacher had been talking to them
 about the heathen in far-away lands—how
 some of them did not know anything at all
 about God and were worshipping images
 made by men's hands, and how, in their
 idol-worship, they sometimes made horrible
 sacrifices of themselves.

Then she told them about the children in
 their own land, where they thought every
 one served God, who were almost as bad off
 as these far-away pagans—children living
 in the streets of great cities neglected and
 homeless; who, almost from the time they
 could walk, had been accustomed to tell un-
 truths and swear and steal; who did not
 know or care about the difference between
 right and wrong. Some of them had never
 even been taught.

They all pitied these neglected boys and
 girls, and wanted to help them. Their
 teacher told them if they were willing to
 earn and give only five cents a month they
 would be doing something to help others to
 become better. Fred had listened to all
 the teacher said, and made up his mind to
 do what he could to help. He was sure he
 could earn ever so much in a month—may be

a quarter—for he knew his mother would
 pay him for weeding the garden whenever
 he was willing to do it. He thought he
 would always be as willing to work as he
 was now. While he was hurrying home as
 fast as he could he met Tom Byrnes. He
 was almost afraid of Tom, but he was
 getting to be such a big boy now—nine on
 his next birthday—that he was ashamed to
 run; so he thought he would walk quickly
 past him on the other side. Nearly all the
 boys teased Tom. He was a poor, half-
 simple fellow, who lived by himself in an
 old log hut down in the hollow. He dug
 gardens, sawed wood and did odd jobs for
 the farmers. When he could not get any
 work he begged.

Tom never seemed half as big as he did
 just now, and Fred almost made up his
 mind to go back the other way, but he saw
 that poor Tom looked very tired, and, in
 spite of the grime and dust on his face, was
 pale; so, instead of running, Fred thought
 he would ask him what was the matter.

There was a little quaver in his voice as
 he said, "What's the matter, Tom? you
 look tired." But he soon forgot his fear
 when Tom told him he had been digging
 all the morning in Rathburn's garden, and
 Mr. Rathburn had given him some meal
 and milk for pay. When he was on his
 way home some of the village boys had
 tied a tin can to his dog's tail, and when he
 tried to stop them had upset his milk and
 bag of meal, and then stoned him out of
 the village.

Fred thought this was mean. There was a
 great black-and-blue bruise on Tom's fore-
 head, and he had nothing to eat after work-
 ing hard all the morning. So he told Tom
 to come home with him and he would see
 what his mother could do for him.

Tom did not seem quite willing at first.
 The boys had treated him so badly that
 afternoon that he was almost afraid to trust
 any one. But after Fred had talked to him
 a few minutes he was ready to go with him.
 On the way Fred told him about their
 missionary society; and then, when Tom
 began asking questions, Fred found out—
 would you believe it?—that Tom Byrnes
 really did not know anything about God;
 he had taken his name in vain often enough,
 but he had never prayed to him once. He
 said he did not know any better; nobody
 ever told him. Fred told him just as plainly
 as he could about the Lord Jesus; and then,
 when they came to a quiet part of the road,
 they knelt down and said "Our Father"
 together. Tom promised to come to learn
 all he could if Fred would only teach him.
 There was no need to go to China or Japan
 now for work for Christ.

When they reached Fred's home, and his
 mother had given Tom his supper and sent
 him off with food enough for the next day,
 Fred told her about it. She kissed him,
 and gave him for his text that evening.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
 of the least of these my brethren, ye have
 done it unto me."

And when Fred did earn a quarter for
 the missionary society, do you not think
 the work seemed easier and more real when
 he remembered poor Tom Byrnes?—*Jessie.*

BITTER FRUIT

"This is very pleasant!" cried a young
 bear, as he floated down the river on a log
 he had found by the water's edge. "What
 a mistake my mother made when she told
 me not to get on it. It's the nicest time I
 ever had, and so I shall tell her when I get
 back."

And the log floated on down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other
 way!" cried the little bear, after a time, as
 the current bore him farther and farther
 from home; "I'm getting hungry."

But the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little
 bear again; "I've been quite far enough,
 and I'm getting stiff and cramped."

Still the log floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear; "I
 wish I'd listened to my mother; I believe
 she was right, after all, and when I get
 home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas, the poor little bear never had
 a chance of telling her so, for he never saw
 his mother or his home again. He was
 seen and captured by some fur traders,
 and many a time in his captivity did he
 mourn over the disobedience that cost him
 his liberty.

A BRAVE BOY.

WHY do I call Charlie a brave boy?

I will tell you. First, he always obeys his
 mother. When something says to him,
 "Don't mind about always doing just what
 your mother says," Charlie answers, "I am
 going to do just exactly what my mother
 says."

Next, Charlie is always prompt at Sun-
 day-school. School begins a quarter before
 nine, but Charlie is in his seat before the
 bell rings. When something says, "It will
 not make any difference, if you are just a
 little late," Charlie says, "Don't say that to
 me; I am going to be on time." I can see
 in Charlie's fine face that he loves his mother
 and his teacher. He loves Jesus, too. Some
 time Charlie will become a good and useful
 man.