

hateful feelings in my heart, and for no reason at all. Isn't it a pity that little ones should not always remember how the dear Lord loves to see their hearts filled with his own spirit of loving-kindness?

'There's Grace at the gate now,' said Lulu.

A bright-faced little girl came up the walk.

'I've been looking for you, Lulu,' she said. 'Why didn't you come to our house? I had to go a little errand for mamma. She was in a great hurry and told me not to stop at all. So when I saw you coming I ran fast so I could get back quick.'

Lulu smiled at her aunt and whispered, 'I'll remember,' as she kissed her good-by. Then the two little girls went away chatting together. —'Mayflower.'

### A Little Girl's Victory.

'Our Sunday Afternoon.' gives us this beautiful idea of forgiving child-life:

Two little girls were playing together. The elder one had a beautiful doll in her arms, which she was tenderly caressing. The younger one crept up softly behind her and gave her a sharp slap upon her cheek.

A visitor, unseen and unheard, was sitting in the adjoining room and saw it all. She expected to see and hear another slap, a harder one, in retaliation. But no. The victim's face flushed, and her eye had a momentary flash of indignation. She rubbed her hurt cheek with one hand, while she held the doll closer with the other. Then in a tone of gentle reproof, she said:

'Oh, Sallie, I didn't think you'd do that!'

Sallie looked ashamed, as well she might, but made no reply.

'Here, Sally,' continued the elder girl, 'sit down here in sister's chair. I'll let you hold dolly a while if you will be careful.'

Sallie's face looked just then as if there were some 'coals of fire' somewhere around, but she sat down with the doll on her lap, giving her sister a glance of real appreciation, although it was mingled with shame. The hidden looker-on was deeply touched by the scene. It was unusual, she thought, to see a mere child show such calm dignity and forgiveness under persecution. Presently she called the child and questioned her.

'How can you be so patient with Sallie, my dear?'

'Oh,' was the laughing answer, 'I guess it's 'cause I love Sallie so much. You see, Sallie's a dear girl,' excusingly, 'but she's got a quick temper, and Sallie forgets herself sometimes. Mamma said that if Sallie should do angry things to me and I should do angry things to her, we'd have a dreadful time, and I think we would. Mamma said I should learn to give the "soft answer," and I'm trying to.'

The lady took her in her arms and kissed her. 'My little dear,' she said, fondly and earnestly, 'I think you have already learned the lesson.'

### Bread.

One day I took a ramble through the business part of the city of Smyrna, in Asia. I purchased some beautiful grapes for a cent or two, and desiring something to eat with them I made my way to a baker's establishment and purchased some bread. So far as I can remember the bread was all one pattern, not unlike the Scotch bannock, as large as a small dinner plate. It was stamped with a peculiar pattern very like a honey-comb; the pattern was so prominent that it gave the name to the bread; it was this and nothing else which accompanied the broiled fish which the disciples in their wonder and joy gave to the Master, mentioned in Luke xxiv., 42—a verse which has often puzzled bible readers, and which commentators have not thrown much light upon.

The baker's establishment was a large one compared with other shops in the vicinity. The master, a benevolent and well-dressed Turk, gave me a smile of welcome as he took my money for the bread, and I tarried in his presence to eat it. In the interior I observed the foreman busily at work with two assistants, I had not tarried long in the presence of the master-baker when a customer hove in sight in the person of a lad very poorly clad and with naked feet. He did not bring money, but a stick. When the bread was put before the boy he handed the stick to the master-baker; who picked out its mate from a number of others hanging on the wall beside him; then he brought the two halves together in his hand, and when adjusted he took from his girdle the knife which Turks always carry and cut a notch in proof of the transaction; he returned the stick with the new notch to the boy, who

went his way with his bread, the baker hanging up the counterpart in its place. As a 'guarantee of good faith,' I thought this simple tally-stick was complete.

It is nearly fifty years since I stood in the presence of this master baker, who, thus making two sticks into one, as mentioned in Ezekiel xxxvii., 19, taught me more than any books I have consulted on that interesting verse.—H.M., in 'Everybody's Magazine.'

### Pride Had a Fall.

A little boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses, and was greatly elated thereby, was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

'O no,' said the boy boastfully, 'I can learn any verse in the bible in five minutes.'

'Can you, indeed? And will you learn one for me?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse,' said the minister handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther: 'Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is the month Sivan, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants, and the deputies and rulers of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, a hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language.'

Master Conceit entered upon his task with confidence, but at the end of one hour, to his mortification, could not repeat it without a slip.—'Christian Advocate.'

### Two Maidens.

I know a winsome little maid,

So fair to see—

Her face is like a dainty flower.

So lovingly

She looks upon this world of ours,

And all who pass,

That sweet content makes beautiful,

My little lass.

I know another maiden well;

She might be fair—;

Her cheek is like a roseleaf soft,

Like gold her hair.

But ah! her face is marred by frowns,

Her eyes by tears,

For none can please. I dread to think,

Of coming years.

—Gertrude Morton Cannon, in 'Little People.'