

## A LITTLE TEMPLAR'S ADDRESS.

I'm mamma's little darling,  
I'm auntio's little joy;  
I'm sister's little torment,  
And papa's cunning boy.  
I don't drink beer or whiskey,  
Some folks there are who do;  
I'd rather have cold water,  
I think its best, don't you?

I do not use tobacco  
Cigars, or even snuff;  
I don't intend to, either,  
I do not like such stuff.  
I think that I can travel  
Life's journey all way through,  
As well without as with them,  
And if I can, can't you?

I am a little Templar,  
I've signed the pledge for life;  
And, when in years I'm older,  
Please count me in the strife.  
The good, the true, the noble,  
Through life I will pursue;  
I'd live to aid the erring,  
And restore them, would not you?

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1892.

## GOD'S KITTEN.

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her eyes full of tears, said to him: "O, Philip! don't do that, it is God's kitten." That word of the little girl was not lost. It was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister had said. "God's kitten—God's creature—for he made it," he said to him-

self. "I never thought of that before." The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor, half-starved looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it, was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature."—*Selected.*

## THE ELEPHANT.

BUT all the elephant's exploits upon mankind are outdone by the trick it played on one of its own neighbours in the menagerie. One of the workmen had been engaged painting a portion of the house, touching off the ornamental projections with red paint. The young elephant watched him with great interest, apparently amused at the bright bits of colour that suddenly appeared wherever the brush touched. The painter was absorbed when the dinner-bell rang. He put his pot and brush down and went off to his meal. The elephant waited till he got out of sight, then carefully felt for the brush with its trunk. Next to Tom Thumb stood a sleepy camel, dreamily eating his hay. Tom Thumb took up the brush and streaked the camel's side. Tody happened in just then, and watched events. The elephant was beside itself with joy when it saw the red line of paint on the camel's gray flanks. When the painter returned the brush was back in its place, but the paint pot was empty, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was emblazoned all over with red stripes like a crimson zebra.

## TWIT AND FLIT.

It snowed all night. Wasn't it deep when Twit and Flit got up in the morning? Their house is on top of a pole in the back yard. Jack built it.

They flew down to the barn, and peeped in through a crack.

"Do somebody give us something to eat," they said; "everything is covered up with snow."

"Nay," said the horse; "I can't get the door open."

"And besides, it's too cold to feed folks out of doors," said the cow.

"And I can't get as much as I want myself," said Rover.

Pussy did not say anything. She was eating a saucer of bread and milk on the porch. But she thought how nice Twit and Flit would taste!

"O dear! its hard to go without break-

fast this cold morning," said Twit. "Let us go and tap on Jack's window."

"Tap, tap, tap!" Jack heard it; he saw his dear little birds. He opened the window, and scattered some meal on the snow.

They twittered their thanks to him as well as they knew how: "Tweet, tweet, thanks thanks!" they said again and again.

And so they hopped and twittered and ate, and ate and twittered and hopped.

## "BY HEART."

FRED said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred," said Cousin Mary, "you surprise me."

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, with a show of humility: "It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses!"

"O it was not the length of the lesson but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about that little verse: 'If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you declare a few months ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never once thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his head and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But Cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

Was Cousin Mary right? Do we ever really know a thing until we do it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive" by just forgiving Ralph in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that words of Jesus were meant to be done, and not said merely, he honestly set about doing them.

This must be the way then to learn a lesson "by heart"—to put it into practice. We do not always do that when we learn a lesson by head.

Jesus must have meant something, very practical when he said: "Why call me Lord, and do not the things which I say?"