

night with pailful after pailful of water. Immediately the toads came out of their holes to escape drowning, by tens, twenties, and fifties. The big ones fled in a ridiculous streak of hopping, and the little ones sprang about in the wildest confusion. The toad is just like any other land animal: when his hole is full of water he quits it.

**"WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME?"**

"Who will take care of me?" darling, you say,

Lovingly, tenderly watched as you are,  
Listen! I give you the answer today:  
One who is never forgetful or far.

He will take care of you! All through the day

Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;  
Walking or resting, at lesson or play,  
Jesus is with you and watching you still.

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TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1886.

**GOOD CREATURE.**

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her blue eyes full of tears, said to him: "O Philip! don't do that; it is God's kitten."

The 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 said. "God's kitten, God's creature—for he made it," he said to himself, "I never thought of that before."

The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, unmercifully beating a poor, half-starved dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it, was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature.—*Christian Harvester.*

**MINNIE.**

MINNIE liked to play, but she did not like to study or to sew. One day she ran home from school, and climbing on a high chair looked close at her mother's face: "Have you wrinkles, mother? and did I make them come?"

"Why, what do you mean, Minnie?" said Mrs. Barker.

"Old Mrs. True's face is full of wrinkles, and her hair has turned gray. The girls say it is because Mary is a naughty girl."

"But you are not naughty, dear, and you do try to please me."

"O mamma! I heard you tell father that I worry you when I begin a piece of work that I do not finish. I'll not do it any more, mother. This afternoon I'll try to finish something that I began a long while ago."

"It will be hard work, particularly if you want to play."

"I can do it though if I try," said Minnie.

"And if you ask God to help you."

After dinner Minnie locked herself in her own room. "What shall I do first?" she thought. In her basket was a handkerchief that she had begun to hem for the missionary-box. "They are to pack the box to-morrow," she thought.

She took her needle and began to sew. But hark! the girls were at the gate calling her. They were to pick berries along the creek, and at sundown the boys were to take them in a row-boat. Minnie wanted to go very much. But she wanted also to please her mother, and she remembered what the minister had said in the sermon on Sunday: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." So she sat still and did her work well.—*Exchange.*

**ARE YOU SAFE?**

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast;  
There by his love o'ershaded  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little one's talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.



BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off?"

Little sister looked very troubled a few moments, dropped poor dolly, thought seriously. Suddenly her face lit with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off. So I am safe!"—*Day Star.*

**BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.**

God's hand has made each flower  
And each spring,

Each leaf upon the tree;  
He guides the bird on gladsome wing,  
And little busy bee.

Much more his love and care provide  
For us who think and speak;  
For whom the blessed Saviour died,  
So gentle and so meek.

And those who, in life's early spring,  
Their hearts to Jesus give,  
Shall find it is a blessed thing  
Beneath his smile to live.

Jesus will guide them with his love  
Through all their days below,  
Then take them to the land above  
Where fadeless blossoms grow.

**THE BREAD OF LIFE.**

Ever may my soul be fed,  
With this true and living bread;  
Day by day, with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died.