

HELPING PAPA AND MAMMA.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
 Helping to scatter the seeds,
 Feeding the hens and chickens,
 Freeing the garden from weeds,
 Driving the cows to the pasture,
 Feeding the horse in the stall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Surely there is work for us all,
 Helping papa.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
 Bringing the wood from the shed,
 Ironing, sewing and knitting,
 Helping to make up the bed,
 Taking good care of the baby,
 Watching her lest she should fall,—
 We little children are busy;
 Oh, there is work for us all,
 Helping mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy—
 Makes us both active and strong,
 Play we enjoy all the better
 When we have laboured so long.
 Gladly we help our kind parents,
 Quickly we come at their call,
 Children should love to be busy:
 There is much work for us all,
 Helping papa and mamma.

WHAT MADE TOMMY GENTLE.

"YE—are—the—light—of—the—world." Ruthie read the verse out slowly, then looked up at her mother, who sat near, and said, "I don't know what that means, mamma."

Mamma smiled, but didn't answer for a moment; then she said,—

"Was Tommy Brown at school yesterday?"

Ruthie brightened up immediately.

"Yes, mamma, he was, and he gave me a big red apple. I like him a great deal better than I used to do. He isn't cross and hateful any more, and he doesn't get angry and fight the boys either. Fred struck him right in the face the other day. I saw him. But he did not strike back again at all, though I think he wanted to for a minute, for I saw him raise his hand; but he didn't."

"Does he trouble you little girls any more?"

"O mother! not a bit. You know he told us he was sorry, and wasn't going to do it any more."

"What do you think has changed him so, Ruthie?"

"Why, mamma, you know he became a Christian. He joined Church last Sunday, don't you remember?"

"Oh, what was your verse, Ruthie dear?"

Thus recalled to her Bible, the little maiden read again: "Ye are the light of the world."

"Who was talking, Ruth?"

"Jesus Christ."

"Who does he say is the light of the world?"

Ruth studied the chapter.

"'Ye.' It says 'ye.'"

"Read the first two verses, dear."

"Oh, it was the disciples—his disciples. It says so."

"Yes; he told his disciples they were the light of the world. What is light for?"

"To—to—why, to make things clear; to show things."

"And what should Christ's disciples show?"

"Show that they love him," said Ruth softly, after a pause.

"Yes; and that loving Christ makes them better and kinder too."

"Yes," said Ruth immediately; "it is so with Tommy. Everybody knows that he is a better boy, and everybody says it is because he has become a Christian."

DISOBEDIENT KITTIE.

KITTIE'S mamma had just come from Uncle George's. There was company waiting in the parlour to see her; so she just put her basket down on the table, saying: "Kittie, don't open that basket until I come back."

Kittie said, "No ma'am," and went on with her play.

But the company stayed a long time, and Kittie grew tired of her doll. Besides she heard a funny little noise in the basket. She wished mamma would come and tell her what was in there. By-and-by she stood close by the table and listened. What a funny noise that was! Then she said, "I'll just look in a wee little bit; it can't do any harm."

But it did. As soon as she raised the lid, out flew a dear little canary mamma had brought for her. And as the window was open, it flew off and was lost. When mamma came out she was very much grieved that her child had been so disobedient. She should have trusted that her mamma knew best, and have done just as she said.

WE should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves, and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Fuller.*

CIGARS AND ECONOMY.

"FATHER, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child. What of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girl don't think about," answered the father.

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was just thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot."

But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week and seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on; I'll surrender. Here take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I will do without cigars a week."

"Thank you, father, but if you would only say for a year. It would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet, and lots of pretty thing."

"Well, to make my little girl happy, will say a year."

"Oh, that will be so nice! But wouldn't it be about as easy to say always? Then we could have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us. O papa, please don't smoke any more."—*Selected.*

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shades and lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon and peace and eternal life for myself and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."