

A LITTLE SERMON.

Never a day lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

—Selected.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

EXAMPLES: WHAT ARE THEY?

"Do tell me, grandmother," said little Davie Johns, "what is an example?"

Grandmother took off her spectacles, and laid them down on the table beside her.

"I don't mean the 'rithmetic ones," said Davie; "I mean the Sunday-school kind."

"Well," said grandmother slowly, not quite sure how to explain to the little boy, "there are good examples and bad examples."

"I know that," said Davie. "Miss Kate said about that; but I want to know what they are, anyway."

"Let me see. Suppose I tell you two little stories, and then perhaps you will understand for yourself. Once there was a boy named Peter, and he had a little sister named Prue. They were having a beautiful time one Saturday morning playing menagerie, when nurse came in and told them to get ready for a walk. Prue

stopped being a panther right away, and jumped to get ready; but Peter's face grew as black and frowning as the sky does when a thunderstorm is coming up. He began to whine and fret, and then to shout and stamp his feet, and say that he wouldn't go; and all the time Prue was watching him. Pretty soon her face puckered up, too, and she cried and made almost as much fuss as Peter did; so that poor nurse had a great deal of trouble with them both. She would not have had any trouble with Prue if it had not been for Peter's example. That is one kind, you see."

Grandmother stopped, but Davie was looking out of the window, and had nothing to say; so she went on.

"Then, on another Saturday morning, this same Peter and Prue were talking about a long walk they were going to take. 'Let's start now,' said Prue, as soon as breakfast was over. 'It's Saturday,' said Peter; 'I guess we ought to learn our Golden Text and study over our lesson again first.' 'Oh, no,' said Prue, 'let's not. We can do that afterwards.' But we might forget,' Peter said, 'or something else might happen. I'm going to learn mine now.' And by the time he had found his lesson paper Prue had decided to get hers too. And that is the other kind of example, Davie, dear. Do you think that you know any better now what the word means?"

"Yes," said Davie soberly, "I think I do."

That night, when he knelt down to say his prayers, the very first thing Davie said was this: "O Lord, I'd rather be a good example than a bad one."

"I LIKE TO SEE EVERYTHING HAPPY."

"Take care, my dear! Mind you don't fall in! What are you reaching after?"

The words came from a lady passing along a country lane, and were addressed to a little girl who was leaning over a pond by the roadside, reaching after something with a long twig which she had apparently picked up in the hedge. She drew back as the lady spoke, and, turning to her, said simply:

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, here is a poor bee got into the water, and can't get out again, and I'm afraid he will be drowned. I was trying to push that leaf to him for him to crawl upon, but my stick is too small, and I can't reach it."

"Let me try," said the lady smiling. "I dare say I can manage it. Poor little bee," she said, as she took the twig from the child's hand; "you shall not be drowned if we can help you, we should not like to be drowned ourselves."

And, with a little effort, she succeeded in guiding the leaf to the drowning insect. They watched it with deep interest as it struggled to gain a footing on the dry leaf; and when at length it succeeded, and be-

gan to wipe the water from its wings, it would have been hard to say which was the more pleased, the lady or the child.

"There, I think it will do now," said the lady. "The warm sunshine will soon dry its wings, and it will fly away as gaily as ever."

"But I have known children," she said, as they went along the lane together—for they were both going in the same direction—"both boys and girls, who would have taken more pleasure in seeing that poor little creature drowned than in helping it out of the water. I know one boy in particular who, I fear, would even have thrown stones into the water to sink the poor thing. I am glad no such boys or girls caught sight of it before you."

"So am I," said the child. "I like to see everything happy."

CROTCHETY, CRABBED AND CROSS.

BY ELEANOR A. STERLING.

Crotchety, Crabbed, and Cross, one day, Went out for a sail on the Sulky Bay.

Their boat was leaky, their sail was torn, And hung on the bow was a dinner-horn. "We'll sail to the North," said Crotchety, "I'll stand by the helm to steer," said he.

Bounding and scudding they sailed along; The waves rolled high and the wind blew strong.

"I won't stay here to be drowned at sea; We'll sail to the South, where the wind is free!

I'll steer for awhile," said angry Cross, "For I don't see why you should be boss."

Seizing the helm with a wrathful frown, He steered for the South, and the wind went down.

"We can't drift home, for there is no tide. We're stuck here, becalmed!" was what Crabbed cried.

"We'll sail to the Eastward now," said he, "No, you won't," laughed the Wind, across the sea.

Out of the Eastward the wind blew strong, And swift in its path they were borne along.

The westward shore and the setting Sun Were laughing to see what the Wind had done.

"You went for a pleasure sail, you say? You will never succeed on Sulky Bay.

"Go to the harbour of Smiles and Fen," Said the Wind, with a wink at the setting Sun.

"You'll find a boat which will sail alone. If pleasure, not anger, is only shown." The darkness descended on all the three, And they steered by the stars for the Sunshine Sea.

—The Outlook.

The more God helps us the more we ought to help others.

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