



GOING TO BED.

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

Is there anything sweeter than a mother's good-night kiss and cradle hymn before a child goes to sleep? How they drive away all the cares and little troubles of the day, and bring sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

WHAT TRUE RELIGION DID.

A LITTLE girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian; "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

LOST TREASURES

"Come, Mamie darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly towards her mother and said, "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you've been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him, when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, my dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are

sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong; but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day?"

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against him again."—*The Mistle.*

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MADE
A TABLE.

"Who comes here?" asked Uncle Edward, looking up from his carpenter's bench and plane, as he heard somebody pushing at the door, and when, an instant after, a little head with short brown hair showed itself, he said, "Oh, it's my little boy, Nan!"

"I ain't a boy!" said Nannie, coming quite in then, and moving her feet restlessly in the sawdust.

"Oh, ho!" said Uncle Edward. "Then what makes you slide down hill, and beg for skates, and fly kites, and have a bag of marbles, and ride the old horseback, and borrow my tools?"

"I don't care; I ain't a boy. I'd despise to be!" replied Miss Nannie, hanging a long, curly shaving over each ear as she spoke. "Say, Uncle Edward, I want to make a little table. May I have that little square piece of board?"

"Yes, yes," said the uncle, and he handed it to her.

"Now, may I take your big gimlet? I want to bore some holes for the legs."

Uncle Edward passed down the gimlet, and Nannie bored a hole in each of the four corners of the square board. Then she borrowed a knife to whittle out some legs with, and when they were done she hammered them stoutly in. Now the table was done, and it stood as level and firm as anybody's table.

"I'm going now," said Nannie, taking it up. "I'm going to give a tea party, and I had my little set of dishes already; and Aunt Lizzie let me make some tiny pies and cookies when she was baking this morning, but I didn't have any tables to set the things out on, so I thought I would come in here and make one. You may come to my party, if you want to, Uncle Edward."

And off went the little girl, with great satisfaction, to set her table.

"That's a smart one!" said Uncle Edward, looking after her as the door shut. "I'd like to see the thing she can't do! I'll warrant her pies and cookies are done to a



SOUND ASLEEP.

turn. It's a thrifty little housewife that can cook a meal, and make a table to put it on!"

Then he went back to his planing, while Nannie set her table out on the flat rock under the apple-tree, where the birds sang, and no one in all the world, whether boy or girl, was happier than she.

SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

THE witches get in my boots, I know,

Or else it's fairy elves;

For when I study they plague me so

I feel like one of themselves.

Often they whisper, "Come and play,

The sun is shining bright!"

And when I fling the book away

They flutter with delight.

They dance among the stupid words,

And twist the "rules" awry;

And fly across the page like birds,

Though I can't see them fly.

They twitch my feet and blur my eyes,

They make me drowsy, too;

In fact, the more a fellow tries

To study, the worse they do.

They can't be heard, they can't be seen—

I know not how they look—

And yet they always lurk between

The leaves of a lesson-book.

Whatever they are I cannot tell,

But this is plain as day;

I never'll be able to study well,

As long as the book-elves stay.

—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good that I have to do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can help others in trouble. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can trust him for strength to do it. I can listen to the voice of conscience.