

## A LUCKY TRAVELLER.

"I've travelled much," said the elephant;  
 "Both sea and land I've crossed;  
 I've always sent my trunk ahead,  
 And it never has been lost."

## WHAT ELSIE FOUND.

ELSIE had been very sick, and the doctor said she must go to the seashore to try if the salt wind would not bring back the pretty pink roses to her cheeks.

Mamma could not go with her, for she had to stay at home with a wee new baby, so Auntie Belle went with Elsie. Auntie bought Elsie a spade and a bucket and a pretty basket. After Elsie had been at the seashore a week, she was so much better that she could play out in the sand for hours by herself.

One day she had been picking up seaweed and putting it in her basket to bring in to Aunt Belle for her to fasten into a book to take home to mamma. She saw something on the sand she had never seen before. She bent down and touched it, then picked it up and ran as fast as she could to the house, and to the room where Aunt Belle was sitting with some other ladies.

"Oh, Aunt Belle," she cried, "I've found a star. I have, I truly have. It must have been the one I saw last night that you said was falling. It fell right down on our beach, but the shine was all knocked out of it, and it's mashed real flat. It feels pretty soft, too."

Poor Elsie did not know why all the ladies laughed so hard, but she did not like to be laughed at; so her little face grew very red, and she almost cried. Then Aunt Belle said: "There, dear, don't mind our laughing. So it is a star, but not the kind that shines in the sky. This is a little animal called a star-fish. I am glad you found it, for mamma will like to have it."

## WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied. "Ella, when mother told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said

who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor, and her school bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. She took her Bible, and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Ah! little readers, never ask what this one and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say at the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.



## THE FAITHLESS UMBRELLA.

POOR little fellow! How we pity him in his misfortune. He is, it seems, just coming home from the market, for there is his basket on the side of the road full of the different things which his mother has probably sent him to buy for the house.

But what shall we say for the unfaithful umbrella? The fault is probably as much the little boy's as the umbrella's. A heavy basket and so big an umbrella were too much for the little man, and the wind caught it and with one strong gust blew it inside out. It will be no more use to him now, for the stays are broken, so the best thing he can do will be to take up his basket, put a brave face on it, and run home out of the storm as fast as his little legs can carry him.

## FIVE WORDS.

BY S. L. CUTHBERT.

"The Lord thinketh upon me." (Psalm xl. 17.)

FIVE blessed words for me to-day—  
 I read them o'er and o'er;  
 They cheer me whilst upon the way—  
 To yonder heavenly shore.  
 And all the time, at work or play,  
 A happy child I'd be,  
 Because I know that night and day  
 My Saviour thinks of me.

I may be poor, and have no store  
 Of silver or of gold,  
 But, oh, his thoughts are valued more—  
 Their worth cannot be told!  
 For rich am I, with heart so light,  
 From care and grief so free:  
 I must be precious in his sight,  
 When Jesus thinks of me.

In summer's days, in winter's snow,  
 In hours that brightly shine;  
 Through all my journey as I go,  
 A holy joy is mine.  
 His loving thought makes me rejoice;  
 What bliss it gives to me,  
 Whilst in my heart I hear his voice,  
 "Dear child, I think of thee."

## "I LIKE TO FEEL THAT I'M A GENTLEMAN."

PROF. GAINES was inviting a few of the boys of the sixth grade to spend the evening at his home, first to take tea with him, and then to enjoy a delightful season in his study, which was filled with a number of rich treasures dear to a boy's heart.

Mark Bennet had felt sure that he would receive an invitation; but when school was dismissed, and he was not among the number to turn in at the professor's gate, Mark was certain that it was because his toilet had not been attended to with the carelessness that warranted his sitting down at the same table as the professor's sister who was the "daintiest, kindest, and sweetest old lady," the boys declared, the city held.

"I noticed that the professor looked at my muddy shoes as I came into school this morning, and at my necktie," Mark said to himself as he trudged home. "I wish I'd minded mother. She said that I wasn't fit to be seen. Oh, well, whether it was for being untidy or not that I wasn't invited, after this I'm going to try keeping myself up with the best of them. I like to feel that I'm a gentleman."

When Prof. Gaines invited some of the boys to his home again Mark was among the number. And none stood prouder, cleaner, or neater to look upon than did he.

THE Lord loves the youth. He sees in them great possibilities, and is ready to help them to reach a high standard, if they will only realize the need of his help and lay a foundation of character that cannot be moved.