

"What is this," cried the artist, "tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"O, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said that I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.—*Exchange.*

A LITTLE HEROINE.

NANNIE, dear, I want you to hem those napkins this afternoon, without fail. Can I trust you to do it? I must go out for the whole afternoon, and cannot remind you of them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

"Yes, mother, dear, I will; you can trust me," said Nannie.

Now, Nannie did not like to hem napkins any better than you do, but she went at once to her work basket, took out her needle and thread and thimble, and began work. Pretty soon she heard a sound of music. It came nearer, and at last it sounded right in front of the house. She dropped her sewing to run to the window, and then she stopped.

"No, I promised mother, and she trusted me," said Nannie to herself, and she sat down again and went to sewing. Soon the door burst open, and in rushed several little girls.

"Nannie, Nannie, where are you? There's a monkey out here, and a trained dog, and they're playing lovely tricks. Come on!"

"I can't; I promised mother, and she trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no purpose; so they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her mother came in. "My little heroine," she said, as she kissed Nannie.

"Why mother, I didn't save anybody's life, or do anything brave; I only kept my promise," answered Nannie, wonderingly.

"It is sometimes harder to keep a promise, and to do one's duty, than to save a life. You did a brave, noble thing, and I thank God for you, my dear," said Mrs. Barton.—*Our Little Ones.*

A CONTENTED CHILD.

DURING a time of famine in France a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket is a loaf for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children, seizing the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, and gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

The mother was alarmed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

WHERE IS GOD?

THE plague was in London, and people were flying from it.

Lord Craven had his travelling carriage at the door, and a negro servant was helping to pack it. Suddenly he turned to a fellow-lackey, saying, "Since my lord leaves London for fear of the plague, his God must live in the country, I suppose."

The words were repeated as a joke to Lord Craven, but he took them very seriously.

"That poor black has taught me something," he said. "My God is truly everywhere, and can keep me as safely in the midst of this sickness as at my country seat."

So saying, he ordered his carriage to be unpacked and sent away, resolving to remain in London himself to take care of the plague-stricken.

The dwelling of Lord Craven was one of the very few into which the plague never entered.

"It may be little we can do
To help another, it is true;
But better is a little spark
Of kindness when the way is dark
Than one should miss the road to heaven
For lack of light we might have given."