



SOMEBODY'S PAPA.

THIS poor drunken man was lying stretched out in the street one day as I chanced to be passing by, and around him were several men and boys. Some of them were pulling at him, and laughing and talking saucily to him, because they knew the poor fellow was too drunk to touch them. But just then a little girl, more thoughtful than the rest, came along. She did not enjoy the fun they were having, and as I stepped up, I heard her say "Don't, let him alone, he is somebody's papa." And sure enough it was Nellie Jones' papa. Poor little Nellie had been at Sunday-school once, but now she had not clothes to wear nor shoes to keep her feet warm. And worse, dear children, she had not enough to eat. Many a time Nellie cried for bread when she could not get it. Now, this was not Nellie's fault. No, she was a very good little girl, and ought to have a good papa. So, children, when you see a drunken man, don't forget that he may be some good little Nellie's papa.

GOOSE-GIRLS.

I HAVE read a story about a boy named Harry, whose father owned a flock of geese. One of these geese was given to Harry. He made her a nest of straw, lined with hay, and placed fifteen eggs under her, expecting to surely get from them a dozen goslings. These he intended to sell, when large enough, for half a dollar each. Then he would have six dollars to buy a new sled and a new pair of skates. Harry was delighted at the prospect. His father said to him.

"Do not disturb the goose while sitting. Let her remain on the nest thirty days, only leaving it a few moments at a time to take her food."

Twenty days passed. Then it occurred to Harry that it would be fine fun to take the goose to the pond and see her swim. So off they went together. They stayed

away from the nest so long that when they returned to it the eggs were cold.

On the thirtieth day, Harry watched for the little goslings; also on the thirty-first and thirty-second days, but not one appeared. He felt very sad. When the snow and ice came, he was without his six dollars, and had to make out another winter with an old sled and a pair of old skates.

As I think of Harry not obeying his father's instructions, and so losing the reward which would have been his, I am reminded of that hymn we so often sing:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I must forever die.

Jesus says: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Let us each try to be one of those faithful servants whom our Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A THIMBLE, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know it is only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that

people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."—*Little Folks' Magazine.*

THE SWINGING CHAIR.

BY AMY TALBOT DUNN.

COME let us make a swinging chair—
And this is how it is;
I hold myself my own left wrist,
And brother he holds his;
We grasp each other's right wrists now
And make an even square—
And here we have the rockaway,
The little swinging chair.

"Here now, you bonny Baby Bell,
Come here and take a seat,
We'll carry you across the stones
That hurt your little feet
Just put one arm around my neck,
And one around our brother—
O, don't we have such jolly times
A-playing with each other!"

Their mother said, when they came up—
Their three heads in a row—
"Why, that's a play I used to play
Some twenty years ago!"
"Some twenty years ago!" they cried,
"Can you remember plays
That happened twenty years ago—
That many thousand days?"

WHAT IS PRAYER.

A LITTLE child, six years old, in a Sunday-school, said, "When we kneel down in the schoolroom to pray, it seems as if my heart talked." That, dear children, is prayer. All our words are vain, if our hearts do not talk to God.

LONESOME.

SAID a little girl to her father. "Papa I'm so lonesome I don't know how to live" The father replied. "Well, dear, I'm sorry for you, and I believe that you do not yet know how to live. Now as for me, I have no time to get lonesome. I feel that I must work for the Lord with my hands and feet and my head—with all there is of me and all the time. And this is not hard, for I love his service; and when I thus do, he comes and abides with me, and he is good company, I assure you. Will you not thus invite him into your heart, my daughter, and see if your hours will not glide sweetly away while leaning on his word?" When we work for Jesus, we have no time to be lonesome.