



OUR NELLIE.

Our Nellie is the pet and pride of the family. Everybody loves her because she loves everybody, and is kind and good to all. She dearly loves the Sunday-school and has learned a great many of the children's hymns, which she goes singing about the house like a canary, only much more nicely. Best of all, she is one of Jesus' "little lambs," and loves the dear Saviour with all her little heart. That is the way to be happy here, and then to form the great company of those who are happy forever in heaven.

JIMMY PAYNE'S ERRAND.

BY H. T. WILDER.

JIMMY PAYNE was a great deal like other boys in this one thing—that he thought very hard about some things, and thought nothing at all about others. I will tell you what I mean.

"Jimmy, my son," said his mother one cold afternoon in December, "Aunt Polly Lind is coming down the street, and I think she is coming here. Of course we will ask her to stay to tea and for fear I shall not have enough, I want you to run over the river, to the bakery, and get me a loaf of bread. Get stale bread if you can. If not, to-day's will do."

Jimmy stated immediately, as it was a pleasure to go over to the business street and look in the shop windows, especially when they were bright with electric lights which were ablaze nowadays quite early. It was a crisp afternoon, and Jimmy ran down the hill and on to the bridge which

connects the two parts of the city. The snow crackled beneath his feet, and his nose grew red, and he put up his mittened hands to his ears as he stopped every now and then to look in the windows. But he did not spond as much time as usual on account of the cold; and the hot air of the bakery, as he entered, was doubly welcome, for the warmth and for the savoury odours which greeted his nostrils. He looked with longing at the display of jelly-rolls, and cookies, and doughnuts, and he stamped his feet while the young woman with a white apron waited on him.

"We shall have to give you to-day's bread, young man," she said smiling, as she handed the paper bundle to him.

"Very well, ma'am," said Jimmy, laying down the money and drawing his cap over his ears closer.

Oh! how warm it was against his arm! and what a smell!

"Um-m-m," said Jimmy as he trudged on. And he peered around the bundle carefully and gave a good sniff. "I wonder," he said aloud, as he crossed the bridge with the sharp wind blowing, "I wonder."

He picked a hole in the paper, and there was the warm brown corner of the loaf, and such a smell!

He broke it off, he just couldn't help it—he thought. It was so cold, and so near tea-time, and he was so hungry. And then somehow, the hole in the paper grew bigger, and he picked off another piece. "Bread comes to pieces so funny, when it's new," he said aloud as the long shreds came off.

"I didn't know I could eat bread without butter before," thought he, "but it's awful good," and on he went with his mouth full.

"Hi, there, Jimmy," shouted Ben Lord as Jimmy was turning in the yard, "come over a minute. Something to show you." Jimmy forgot all else. Ben was his chum. "All right," he answered.

"Ma, here it is," he cried, bursting into the kitchen, and out again before Mrs. Payne could say a word.

Aunt Polly stayed to tea; and Cousin Mary, his beloved cousin and Sunday-school teacher was there also, and it was many weeks before Jimmy recovered from the shame of seeing that portion of the loaf of bread just as he left it, on the bread plate, all jagged, and broken, and rough edges.

"Like new bread, don't you, sonny?" said Aunt Polly with twinkling eye.

"So do I," said Cousin Mary, "sometimes, but I think it is nicer in slices!"—*Child's Hour.*



A STRANGE ANIMAL. WHAT IS

MY KINGDOM.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

DOWN by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea,
The little hills were high to me;
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said;
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows, too.
This was the world, and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas, and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms.

IT IS A PITY.

A LITTLE boy was riding along with his father, and there was an empty seat behind them. Presently they overtook a tired looking man, walking. "Father," said the little boy, "it is a pity to have an empty seat while somebody needs it." So the father asked the tired man to ride, for which he was very grateful.

It is often a pity children, to keep things you cannot use when somebody else needs them.