

when he had received it he added, laughingly, 'Now, it will do very well to light my pipe.'

The colporteur felt sorry, but he said to himself 'Well, as I have given it, it must go.'

The following year that same colporteur found himself in the centre of France. He sought lodgings at an inn, the people who kept it being in great distress at the death of their son. The mother explained that her son had gone to the Crimea, and returned to die of his wounds. "But I have such consolation," she said, "he was so peaceful and happy, and he brought comfort to me and his father."

"How was this?" asked the colporteur.

"Oh," said she, "he found all his comfort in one little book which he had always with him."

The colporteur begged to see the book, and they brought him a copy of the New Testament of which the first fifteen or twenty pages had been torn out. But on the inside of the cover was written: "Received at Toulon (with the date,) despised—neglected—read—believed—and found salvation." The place and date were recognized by the colporteur and thus he reaped the seed he had sown."—*Children's Friend*.

A TOUCH OF SUNSHINE.



YOU can easily put a touch of sunshine into the lives of others.

Anyone can do it. Sometimes a single smile or a kind word will do it, and a good deed always brings happiness to some one.

A poor ragged, dirty old crone of a woman was crossing a city street with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her back. She was bending low under her burden, and had reached the edge of the pavement when the cord that bound the bundles together broke and the boards came clattering to the pavement around her. A trim, tidy, well-dressed boy of about fifteen years stood on the corner. He did not laugh and jeer as did several boys across the street, but he went to the poor old woman's assistance.

Lifting his hat he said, politely, "Let me help you."

She looked at him in dumb amazement for a moment. Then a smile came into her yellow, wrinkled face, and she said in broken English:

"I t'ank you, good boy, I t'ank you, here."

She pressed her claw-like hand to her heart, while she bowed and smiled with pleasure.

The boy helped her to collect the boards and sticks and tie them together again. Before lifting them to her back, she wiped her hand carefully on a corner of her apron, touched the boy lightly on either cheek with the tips of her fingers and then, taking his hand, lifted it to her lips, saying:

"I t'ank you, oh, so much!"

Then, with the boy's help, she lifted the bundle to her back and went on her way. At the next corner she turned and waved her hand, with her face wreathed in smiles.

Was not that putting a touch of sunshine into a dreary life? It was one of the good deeds that are never lost. He who sows deeds of kindness will reap a golden reward.

BE PATIENT WITH THE OLD.



NOTHING is more beautiful in this world than to observe the tenderness of some girls toward their aged relatives. Dear grandmother cannot thread her needles so easily as she used to do, and is sensitive on the subject and does not like to be obviously helped—to have attention called to her failing eyesight, which she so much regrets and does not like to admit.

There are two ways of meeting the difficulty. Mattie, a kind-hearted girl without much tact, will exclaim: "Oh, Gran! What perfect nonsense for you to fuss over that needle! You know you cannot find the hole where the thread should go in—your eyes are too old. Give me the thing; I'll thread your needles." The intention is most excellent, but the old lady is hurt, and stifles a sigh. She had young eyes once, and she has the same independent spirit still. Edith in the same circumstances, manages in another fashion. She simply threads a dozen needles and leaves them all ready for grandmamma in her needlebook, saying pleasantly: "It saves so much time, dear, in these busy days, to have one's needle all ready and waiting."—*Harper's Round Table*.