



NUTTING TIME.

Up and out the trees, there,
Merry voices sound—
Where the bark is steepest,
Ripest nuts are found.

Reach a hand and catch them,
Clusters small and great;
Take care, little maiden,
Set your basket straight.

'Twould not be so pleasant,
Gathering them again,
If they once went spinning
Down the dusty lane.

WHAT BERTIE GAVE.

Mrs. Burton had been calling upon Mrs. Rogers and telling her about the new hospital for children.

Bertie stayed in the parlor all the time that Mrs. Burton was there. She had a very interesting way of telling about the suffering little ones, and Bertie had hard work not to cry right out loud when she told of the little boy who had been kicked downstairs by a drunken man and would never walk again; and of the little girl whose arm had been so badly crushed by a trolley car that it had to be cut off at the elbow.

Mrs. Burton saw how much Bertie was interested, and she asked him if he did not want to make life a little brighter for these poor children, and help them bear their hours of pain. She said that she knew he would gladly spare some of his pretty toys, if mamma was willing. Of course he would; and of course mamma was willing.

As soon as Mrs. Burton had gone, Bertie rushed upstairs to gather some toys for the hospital children.

Mrs. Rogers thought that she would go up and see what her little boy had selected to send. It was well that she did. Bertie had two picture books, a Jack-in-the-box, a big rubber ball with pictures on it in gay colors, his express waggon, and in it the weak-old baby kitten, in a fur cap. Poor mamma cat looked very much distressed.

"Why, Bertie dear," said mamma, "you are not going to send away the kitten?"

"Yes, mamma, I am, 'cause it's the sweetest thing to pet and cuddle. If I had to stay in bed with a back all broke, I'd want kitty all the time."

"But you have no right to send away pussy's baby from her. Besides, kitty would die away from its mamma. It is not old enough to eat. Send the other things, dear, but give back the little passy to poor Tabby."

Bertie very reluctantly put the kitten back in its box, and filled the waggon with toys, which were sent away that very day. The next day Bertie went himself to the hospital, and when he saw how

happy his toys made the poor, suffering little children, his heart was filled with joy that he had been able by his gifts to make them forget their pain for even a little while.

THE LOVE BOX.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes he had outgrown and the toys he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity-box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children who will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity-box any more; it is a love-box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children."

JOHNNY CLEBURNE.

One cold Sunday in December a Sunday-school teacher picked from the sidewalk a dried oleander branch. Putting it in her muff, she began to muse about this branch thrown out to be trodden under foot of man. She had taught in mission schools, and the stick reminded her of Johnny Cleburne. To-day, when she watered her thriving red oleander, she thought of the day that she put it in her muff, laid it on her table in the Sunday-school room, and afterwards put it in a glass of water, and placed it in the sunshine in her living room; then, after a time, putting the roots in clean sand, and seeing the plant grow.

Johnny Cleburne's teacher could do nothing with him. Johnny was motherless, fatherless, and loveless. The teacher who picked up the oleander stick asked to have Johnny come into her class. She put him in the sunshine of her love.

It was never words for the sake of words; she loved Johnny. He is now one of the brightest boys in his college, and a straightforward Christian young man.

Sometimes it seems as if there were no "sticks" in the world, but every one is a living branch or vine. If they are left to die because no one cares to stop and lift them up, who will at the last bear the responsibility? It will be useless to ask: "When saw we thee naked, cold, hungry, homeless, friendless?"

TWO FRIENDS.

"In a minute" is a bad friend. He makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

"Right away" is a good friend. He helps you to do what you are asked to do pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.