

A MUSIC LESSON.

BY RUTH CADY.

You can learn to play it, dearie,
Hold it up just so.
Put your finger here where mine is;
Touch it soft and low.
Lots of tunes are shut up in it,
Just like birds with wings;
And it sets them all to flying
When you touch the strings.

If you try your very hardest,
You can learn to play:
Then maybe we'll give a concert
For poor folks with wings,
When you play as well as I do.
We can do it soon,
For I know six exercises
And 'most half a tune!

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2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1901.

KIND-HEARTED CARLO.

Jack and Carlo are fast friends, though Jack is fifteen years old, and Carlo but three. Jack is a poor old sorrel horse, so lean he shows all his ribs, and Carlo is a homely little yellow dog; but when I tell you what he really did, you will think he has as noble a heart as the most costly, fancy-bred dog could possibly have.

Jack's master drove him to town one day, and Carlo followed along behind the waggon as usual. When his master hitched Jack in front of the store and went in to do his trading, Carlo climbed up on the waggon seat, lay down with his nose on his paws, and appeared to be asleep. Old Jack hung down his head and went to sleep, too.

A grocer's team dashed by with a basket of big, red apples, and one of them bounded off and rolled across the street. Quick as a flash Carlo bounded out of the

waggon and caught the apple almost before it stopped. What do you think he did with it?

He carried it in his mouth, and standing on his hind legs gave it to Jack, who "woke up bright," and took the apple as readily as it was offered. Carlo stood and watched Jack chew it down, seeming to enjoy it equally with him, then went back and climbed up on the waggon seat again, with a happy sigh of satisfaction.

Wasn't that lovely?

MR. BUZZ'S POWDER-BOX.

Mr. Buzz was dreadfully angry. He fussed and fumed and scolded away until Mrs. Buzz, who had just stepped into Neighbour Rose's to borrow a little perfume, came flying back to see what could be the matter. "Dear, dear, Bumby, what is it?" she asked, looking very cross at having to come home so soon.

"What is it?" he repeated with a scowl. "Well, it's enough to make any bee stinging mad. Some one has been at my powder-box. Here I've spent half the afternoon brushing up my velvet suit, and was all ready to powder up, and there isn't enough left to dust a housefly's foot."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Buzz, with a reproving shake of her wise little head, "I wouldn't make such a time over it; we can find some more."

"There isn't another bit like it on the place, and we haven't time now to go scouring around for any. The party begins at four, and it's after three now. I'd counted on looking my best. Mr. Stinger has been rubbing up his yellow jacket all day. Mr. Hopper says he's worn out six flies' wings on it. "I wish folks would leave my things alone!" he added, as he angrily stamped the floor of his pretty little "Lily Lodge."

"Now, Bumby," began his wife—but she broke off in astonishment as Mr. Buzz suddenly darted off towards the hotel veranda.

"O!" screamed Dorothy Bell; "go 'way, you horrid thing!"

"Give me back my powder! give me back my powder!" said Mr. Buzz, trying hard to light on her chubby little nose.

But Dorothy didn't understand the talk, and only screamed harder.

"Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking at him with her sand-shovel. "O mamma, mamma, come quick!"

Mrs. Bell dropped her sewing, and came running out of the sitting-room door just as Mr. Buzz fluttered down at Dorothy's feet with a broken wing. "There! he shan't try to sting my little girl again," she said crushing him with her foot. "O!" she laughed as she caught sight of Dorothy's nose. "What a funny-looking little girl! You've been smelling that big tiger lily, and now just come and look at your face."

How Dorothy laughed when Uncle Jack held her up at the buffet mirror!

Out in the "Lily Lodge" a little bee wife sat in her best black-and-gold gown waiting, waiting, all the long afternoon

"Mr. Stinger was the best-dressed man on the floor," so the Gats told her the next morning; but on a violet leaf Mrs. Buzz had found part of a crumpled black velvet suit, and she had no heart to listen.

WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning—all but the buttons "that run up and down ahind."

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder-blades, so he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work he had on hand, the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort, so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down, "hind side 'fore," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now," shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said papa, soberly, "You haven't put everything on yet!"

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you!"

And, if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.

I CAN.

I read about a little child who was often called "Little I Can." Why did they call her so? Because she was always ready to jump up to wait on some one, and to say: "I can; yes, I can." Would not you like to be so called?

You may long for better chances. All right, if you do not long in a bitter, discontented way. If you do your best with what aids you have, you will be better fitted for wider privileges and higher places, and they are pretty sure to come to such kinds of workers. No matter about the kind of work which is yours, if it is right work. The lowliest of labour can be done with the highest spirit and intent, as well as so-called greater deeds. "Do your best," tending baby, washing dishes, learning that hard history or algebra or music lesson. Let it be your best truly everywhere, whatever it is, right along. The strong Helper is always at hand. And then see how fast you rise.

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Matt. 26. 5

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