



GOING INTO THE ARK.—(See Lesson for January 28.)

## WINGS BY 'AND-BYE

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple; "how is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said: "My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said, in a low voice, but with a smile: "I am looking forward to having wings some day, lady."

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission; doing, in his measure, the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall, by-and-bye, "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run, and not be weary; shall walk, and not be faint."

## WHAT HENS SAY IN SLUMBER-LAND.

"Go 'way, you horrid chickie," cried Juliet; "you shan't have any of my nice little yellow tomatoes. I want every one myself."

But the Biddie was very tame, and perhaps very hungry, and doubtless specially fond of yellow tomatoes, for she stepped slowly up, until she could have taken bite about with Juliet.

But the angry little girl sprang up, clutching the pretty yellow balls, and flew up to the nursery. "Now, old chickie," she said triumphantly, "you won't get one." But hardly had she eaten her last tomato, and put her head on the edge of the trundle-bed, before there stood the hen, with her feathers ruffled up, in the middle of the floor.

"Very well, miss," she said, "since you won't obey the Golden Rule, you can't get the benefit of it. The hens have all agreed

not to let you have another egg this summer. Brindle says you can have no milk. Prices will not ride you a step. the birds will stop singing as soon as you appear, and pussy-cat has gone to hide her kittens."

Juliet sprang to her feet. Mother was rocking baby's cradle, and saying "Hush sh sh."

"Where's the chickie?" asked Juliet. "There's no chicken up here," whispered mamma, raising her finger, "you've been asleep."

"But, mamma—" began Juliet; then she stopped and thought maybe she had been dreaming. She went back to the yard, and the tame old hen strutted right up to her, to see if there were any yellow tomatoes left.

"I'll get you one, chickie," said Juliet. So she unlatched the garden-gate, and went boldly in, returning with two beauties. And I don't think she was ever quite so stingy again, after the visit that hen paid her in slumber-land.

## CROSS SALLIE.

"Put me down! Put me down! you bad boy. I don't like you." And two little feet kicked hard against the shins of the big boy who was lifting up the screaming child.

"O cross Sallie! Shame on Sallie!" cried half a dozen voices.

Little Sallie stood off and scowled at all of the mocking children.

"See here, Sallie," said the boy who had picked her up against her will, "I thought you wanted to get up there, and couldn't 'cause you were too little. I didn't pick you up to plague you."

Sallie stood off and looked into his face. The smiling eyes, looking down into hers, pleased her. There was no teasing and mocking there, only kindness. She slowly drew near, and at last took hold of his hand. Soon the big boy had "Cross Sallie" in his lap, telling her stories that made her laugh.

"Ho! look at Cross Sallie!" called out one of the big boys.

"Who makes her cross?" answered Sallie's friend. "Nice work it is for big boys to tease little girls until they make them mad, and then call them names."

The big boy thought it was time to go home to supper, and Sallie smiled at her friend, and said:

"Good boy; Sallie won't be cross any more."

Sallie was good now because the big boy was good and had acted toward her as a friend.

Our little boy of four, and his sister, a year older, were "playing doctor" one day, and he was called in to see a sick doll. When the little girl inquired what he thought "the matter could be," he replied, "Seems a good deal like the new monie (pneumonia), but I guess," he added after a little reflection, "there is some old monie mixed in with it."



THE DELUGE.—(See Lesson for January 28.)

## WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John; Then forgetting his word, his cap went on And he was off to the garden swing, And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Rosy Nell: "I love you better than tongue can tell." Then she teased and pouted full half a day Because she could not go out to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan; "To-day I'll help you all I can; How glad I am that school doesn't keep!" So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she brought the broom, And swept the floor and tidied the room. Busy and happy all day was she, Helpful and happy as child should be.

"I love you mother," again they said— Three little children going to bed. How do you think that mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?

## ONE WAY TO CURE FAULTS.

No one has ever tested this remedy so thoroughly as it ought to be tested. A little group of mothers were talking one afternoon about their boys, who were children of about the same age, and of the habit of exaggeration into which the little fellows had been falling.

Said one mother: "I have reasoned with my boy repeatedly, but so far without success."

Another said: "I have been scolding Willie every day, but it seems impossible to break him of the habit."

Still another said: "I have been compelled to punish my boy, and yet he does not seem to be cured of the bad habit."

Another said: "I believe that my child has entirely broken himself of the habit." "How did you accomplish it?" asked chorus of voices.

"Well," said the mother quietly, "I just loved him out of it."