

## WHAT IT WAS.

Oh, they were as happy as happy could be,  
Those two little boys who were down by  
the sea,  
As each with a shovel grasped tight in his  
hand,  
Like a sturdy young labourer, dug in the  
sand.

And it finally happened, while looking  
around,  
That, alongside a big shell, a star-fish they  
found,—  
Such a wonderful sight that two pairs of  
blue eyes  
Grew large for a moment with puzzled  
surprise!

Then—"I know," said one, with his face  
growing bright,  
"It's the dear little star that we've watched  
every night;  
But last night, when we looked, it was no-  
where on high,  
So, of course, it has dropped from his home  
in the sky!"

—Malcolm Douglas.

## THE STORY MAMMA TOLD.

BY BESSIE PEGG MAUGHLIN.

ONE afternoon Maud and Dotty North  
were seated on the library floor eating chest-  
nuts. Mrs. North was writing a letter at a  
table near by.

Maud was fond of her younger sister,  
but she loved herself much better.

She was also fond of chestnuts, but had  
a great dread of the worms that are often  
found in them.

"Now, Dotty," she said, "you just bite  
this chestnut and see if it's wormy, but  
don't bite it all!"

Dotty did as she was bidden, and Mrs.  
North looked on, but said nothing at the  
time.

As the day drew near its close, the chil-  
dren perched themselves one on each arm  
of their mother's great easy chair, and  
begged for a story.

"I will tell you a very old story," said  
Mrs. North. "Once upon a time there was  
a monkey who had a great liking for chest-  
nuts, and, having found a few in the kitchen  
pantry, he put them in the fire that was  
blazing on the hearth to roast them. The  
family cat sat near and watched him. Now,  
when the nuts were done, they were so hot  
that he did not want to handle them  
himself, so he took poor kitty's paw in his  
own, and pulled the nuts out of the fire."

"O, what a mean, old, naughty monkey!"  
exclaimed Maud. "I'd like to kill him."

"But he was only a monkey," replied

her mother. "What would you think of a  
little girl who did the same sort of a thing?  
I saw one once. She wanted a chestnut,  
but was afraid it was wormy, and so made  
her little sister bite it for her, just enough  
to find out that it wasn't, and then she took  
it and ate it."

"O, mamma," said a voice from the back  
of Mrs. North's chair, "I'm 'fraid 'twas me!  
I wouldn't be like that howwid monkey for  
anything."

"Then, dear, don't ever ask anybody to  
do for you what you are unwilling to do  
yourself."

## YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

IN John Falk's school for poor and out-  
cast boys in Germany the grace which was  
said before eating was this: "Come, Lord  
Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou  
hast provided."

A small boy asked Mr. Falk,—

"Will you tell me, sir, why the Lord  
Jesus never comes?"

"Only believe, dear child," answered he,  
'and you may be sure he will come. He  
does not despise our invitation."

"May I set a chair for him every day,"  
asked the simple boy.

"Yes," was the kind reply.

Not long after this, while they were at  
supper, a poor boy, ragged, chilled, hungry,  
came in and begged for a night's shelter.  
He was made welcome, and, as there was no  
other chair empty, he took the one the little  
boy kept for the invited Guest. As the  
wretched boy ate and grew warmer the  
little boy roused up from deep thought,  
saying: "Ah! I see it now. Jesus Christ  
could not come, and so he sent this poor  
fellow. Is that it?"

"Yes," answered Falk; "that is it."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one  
of the least of these, ye have done it unto  
me."

## MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

"That tenon does not fit the mortise by  
a quarter of an inch," said an employer to a  
young carpenter who had just begun to  
work for him.

"I thought that for a garden gate you  
would not be particular, and it would make  
no difference," answered the young man.

But it did make a difference. It made  
just the difference between the young  
carpenter having a summer job at good  
wages, and having his time unoccupied  
upon his hands. The employer found no  
further fault; but when the gate was  
finished, he paid the maker without another  
word, and dismissed him. The next day

there was another man in his place. He  
happened to be a man who thought it did  
make a difference how everything was done;  
he always did his best; and he kept his  
situation till the end of the season.

So it happens. Frequently some little  
thing which was not expected to attract  
attention is noticed by some one to whom  
the excellence of the work has commended  
itself, and the man who has made pains-  
taking the rule of his labour, is surprised  
by a sudden and unlooked-for accession of  
good fortune. He has been brought into  
note by some unconsidered trifle, which was  
well done merely because it was his habit  
to do everything as well as possible.

On the other hand, many a man who is  
lamenting his ill fortune, and does not know  
what to attribute it to, owes it to some  
such carelessness in the way of doing his  
work as that which doomed the young  
carpenter to a summer of profitless idleness.

## THE RECKLESS DRIVER.

HARRY LINDSAY was what is called a  
"headstrong" boy. He thought he knew  
what was best as well as anybody, and he  
was, therefore, slow to take advice. So  
when his father said, "Don't drive the new  
horse past the steam saw-mill," he merely  
thought, "Father thinks I can't manage that  
horse!"

Harry asked Bert Leo to ride with him,  
and without much thought about the matter  
one way or another, drove past the steam  
saw-mill! "Buzz!" "buzz!" went the  
great saws, and Prince reared and snorted,  
and plainly meant to give Harry a chance  
to "manage" him. What a run they had  
to be sure! Harry and Bert came out alive,  
and with no bones broken, but the pretty  
buggy was badly damaged, and Prince had  
one of his legs cut severely.

Harry didn't drive Prince again very  
soon, but it is very doubtful if the concert  
was taken out of him. It takes so many  
hard blows to convince a headstrong boy  
that he can be mistaken!

But it remains true that young folks had  
better take the advice of their elders.

## WHAT WINNIE THOUGHT.

"Now, do you suppose," said Johnny, as  
his little cousin laid away her largest,  
rosiest apple for a sick girl, "God cares  
about all such little things as we child en  
do? I guess he is too busy taking care of  
the big folk to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to  
mamma, who had just lifted baby from his  
crib.

"Do you think," said Winnie, "mamma  
is so busy with the big folk—helping the  
girls off to school and papa to his office—  
that she forgets the little ones? She just  
thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest  
and needs it most. And don't you think  
God knows how to love as well as mamma  
does, Johnny Gray?"