



A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

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This is a funny carriage for a little girl to ride in, but the little baby in the picture enjoys it just as well as if it had wheels. These little children live out in the country a long way, and do not have nice little waggons and velocipedes like you little children have. Their papa and mamma are very poor and cannot afford to buy them for their children, so baby's little brothers think she will take a ride on the switch and I can tell you she does. They will pull her up and down on the nice green grass, while baby laughs and enjoys it splendidly. The boys say that bye-and-bye when they grow up big they will make enough money to buy her a nice little cart; I guess they forget that she will be a big girl when they are big boys.

## FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny, not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny saying, to himself. "I suppose I must, because all the others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so

poor, so ignorant and so miserable." That was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his, saying, "For thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, that the heathen may hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

## GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to her usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"O," replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to put us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say dear, why ought we not to steal apples and pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother—"because God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said the mother, "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands, we are bound to do, and what he forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his words. If ever you are asked, by any one you know, why you

should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one I have given me—'because God says we mustn't.'"

## HOW ANSWER.

WHAT would you do if you had a waggon, and I were to ask you these questions:

Asking you daily such questions these:

"Mamma, does God simply turn down the light

Just when he guesses it's time to go to night?"

"Are flowers made out of butterfly wings?"

"Why do the trees put their clothes on in spring,

And when cold winter comes get undressed?"

"How does the robin get blood on his breast?"

"Will Santa Claus answer that letter Zeb's?"

"Are bicycles made out of big spider webs?"

"Does the man in the moon smoke when he is looking about?

And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs out?

And the stars, are they just the sparks he lets drop?"

"Do cats-tails grow up from—?"

Here I will stop

And ask you again—will you tell me, please,

How you would answer such questions as these?

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL KITTIE.

MINNIE's kittie was poor and round and afraid of anyone. That was because Miss Minnie forgot to feed it, and often lifted it roughly, and squeezed it, and cuffed its ears. When Biddy told her she ought not to do so, she would say, "It is my kittie, and I can do as I please." But one day she found out different. At Sunday-school she heard her teacher read that all the beasts and birds were God's, because he made them. She went home thinking about it, and said to Biddy, "I guess if she is God's kittie, I must have her looking so, or God might not like it," and then she told Biddy about what she had heard at Sunday-school.

After that, whenever she forgot to feed her kittie well, Biddy would remind her of the Sunday-school lesson, until she got to calling the cat "the Sunday-school kittie," who soon got fat and smooth.