



BABY'S FIRST STEP.

ALEC'S FRIGHT.

Alec lived in the country, and it was a great event to him when his mother took him to the city to pay a visit to his little cousins. Everything seemed new and strange to Alec, and he asked questions all day long. A day or two after his arrival he was out in the front yard, when a policeman came by.

"Who is that man dressed up in blue?" asked Alec.

"That's a policeman," answered his little cousin, Arthur. "If you're not good, he'll arrest you and take you to gaol."

Alec was very much frightened, and ran into the house. No one could coax him to go out again, and he stayed close to his mother all the time. Two or three days passed, and still he would not go out. He cried and screamed if any one tried to

make him do so. "I'm afraid a policeman will arrest me," he said.

The children at last made him promise to go to the museum to see the monkeys and goldfish; but when they had gone only a little way he ran back to the house, and would not go out again. Then his Aunt Florrie put on his hat, and said that she knew Alec would go with her; and, by promising him all sorts of pretty things, she at last got him as far as the corner where they were to take the street-car for the museum. As they waited there, three policemen came along, and Alec turned very pale and began to tremble; but his aunt held on tight to his hand, and called one of the policemen to her, and told him how frightened Alec was.

"Why, I never hurt little boys; I take care of them," said the policeman; and he

lifted Alec up in his arms and showed him his badge, and then carried him to the car and put him in.

Alec was very pale, and for a long time did not say anything, and he held on very tight to his aunt's hand; but at last he looked up and smiled. "I'm not afraid of a policeman now," he said; "but I'm glad we don't have policemen in the country."

After that Alec was willing to play in the yard, and did not run when he saw a policeman coming.—*Olive Plants.*

GOD'S CARE AND LOVE.

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy caring for the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to her mother, who had just lifted the baby from its crib. "Do you think," she said, "mother is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—*Selected.*

THE HEIGHT OF PATRIOTISM.

Jesus made sacrifice a test of faithful discipleship. Those who would "follow him" must also be willing to "leave all" that they hold dear. What such self-denial may mean is well shown by this anecdote of a soldier who loved his country above all:

In the Franco-Prussian war a French gunner was commanded by his colonel to fire on a small house which was believed to be a nest of Prussians.

"Try it with a shell, my man," said the officer.

With pale face, Pierre obeyed. He sighted his piece deliberately and accurately, then fired it.

"Well hit, my man, well hit!" said the officer, as he looked through his glass. "That cottage could not have been very solid, for it's completely smashed." Turning round, he noticed a tear stealing down the gunner's cheek. "Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, roughly.

"Pardon me, colonel," was the answer. "It was my own little house—everything I had in the world."—*The Classmate.*

SWALLOWING SUNSHINE.

Katie was eating her breakfast one day. She had a spoonful of oatmeal, and was just about to raise it to her mouth when the sun shone across it, making it look yellow and warm.

"O, mamma," said Katie, "think what I have just swallowed!"

"What was it, dear?" said her mother. "A whole spoonful of sunshine!"—*The Evangelist.*