

THE GOLDEN RULE.

LITTLE Alice and May
Are in Sunday-school ;
The lesson to-day
Is the Golden Rule :
To do unto others—
You know it runs thus—
As we would desire
They should do unto us.

They have come very early,
And no one is in ;
I'm afraid they'll be tired
Before we begin.
But no : Alice thinks,
"I'll try to please May
And keep her contented,
So she will stay.

"I have some sweet pictures,"
She says with a smile ;
"Will you look at them, dear,
For a little while ?"
So page after page
She patiently turned
Explaining each one
As at home she had learned.

When the teacher came in
They were happy as birds,
And she was so pleased
With dear Alice's words,
"I've tried to amuse
Little May," said she,
"Cause I'd like to be pleased
Were I little, you see."

H. K. B.

THROUGH THE HEMLOCKS.

MANY years ago there was a mission among the Chippewa Indians at Sault Ste. Marie in Michigan. A yearly camp-meeting was held, and the Indians used to come to it from a considerable distance. Many of them had embraced Christianity, but there were some who clung obstinately to their old pagan belief in the happy hunting-grounds as the Indians' heaven.

There was a little Chippewa girl, about eight years old, who had been converted, and who was deeply anxious for the conversion of her father, whom she could not persuade to attend any of the meetings.

The camp was in the midst of a dense growth of young hemlocks. The tents were pitched in a circle round the speaker's stand. The wigwam of the little girl's father was at some distance outside of this circle, and between it and the camp the young hemlocks grew so thick that it was almost impossible to force a passage through them. But the little girl found a hatchet

in her father's wigwam. While he slept, she worked.

The sun shone down through the hemlocks and lighted up with wonderful beauty a long, straight, narrow path that she had cut very neatly all the way from her father's wigwam to the camp where the meetings were held. The pagan father was astonished. "Daughter," said he, "what does this mean ?"

"My father," said she, "I have chosen the strait and narrow way that leads to eternal life. I have made this path for you. Won't you come to the camp-meeting and hear about Jesus ?"

Then she took him gently by the hand. The path was too narrow for two to walk in side by side. So they went in Indian file. The little girl led the way. Slowly and reluctantly her father followed. He listened to the simple story of the Lord Jesus Christ, and went back through the hemlocks to his wigwam. But he came again and again, and the path cut with his own hatchet proved at last a path to the Saviour, for the pagan Indian became one of his humble followers.—*Selected.*

UNWILLING.

A WHITE and blue sky reflected in clear, still waters ; a soft breeze, rocks, grasses, trees ; a hill-side. What more did Mr. Artist want ? But he looked about uneasily until the spectre of a minute little pink sunbonnet appeared and disappeared like the noon-day will-with-the-wisp. "Just the thing!" said Mr. Artist. "Hello!" The sunbounet came nearer, and two blue eyes and an open mouth revealed themselves from underneath.

"What are you doing, little girl ?"
"Gettin' thweet flag," she answered.
Mr. Artist sketched rapidly.
"Where do you live ?"
"There," pointing to a tiny brown house close by the bank.
"What's your name ?"
"Thity."

"Sissy ? Well, Sissy, will you stand on that stone for me a minute ?" still making quick strokes.

"No, I muth go home."
"But I'll—I'll give you five cents."
"Don't want five thenth."
"But, let's see"—(if she would only stand still !)
"I'll tell you a story."
"Bout a little girl and a cow and a pig ?"
"Once there was a little pig."
(Lightning strokes of the pencil.)
"No, a little girl."
"Oh, yes ! Once—stand a little more this way."

"I don't want to thtand."

"But wait—Once there was a little girl and she had a black pig with red spots, and—and—the cow jumped over the moon, and—just one minute longer—Ah, I have you now !"

Which was fortunate, as Sissy's small patience had quite disappeared.

A wail brought her mother.

But Sissy attracts many an eye in her well-lighted corner of the city art-museum. Some day she will herself see the little grief-stricken figure. Then wistful memories of God's sweet wonderland and her childhood will follow her through long years of city cares.

CAT AND PARROT.

GAUTIER, the French writer, had a cat which slept on his bed nights, on the arm of his chair daytimes, followed him when he walked, and always kept him company at meals. One day a friend left his parrot in Gautier's charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight. Gautier followed her thought, and read there clearly : "It must be a green chicken."

Thereupon she jumped from his writing-table, crouched flat, with head low, back stretched out at full length, and eyes fixed immovable on the bird. The parrot followed all the movements, raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war. The cat lay still, but Gautier again read in her eyes : "No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat."

Suddenly her back was arched, and with one superb bound she was on the perch, when the parrot screamed out, "Have your breakfast, Jack ?"

Pussy was almost frightened out of her wits. She cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down and hid under the bed, from which no threat or caress could bring her out for the day.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

"POOR PAPA :"

THE other evening the little daughter of a rich man was paying a visit at a neighbour's and the respective mothers were talking of physical ailments and their remedies. After awhile the little girl saw an opportunity to make a remark.

"My papa," she said, "always drinks whiskey when he is sick."

Then she stopped for a minute, her eyes softened and saddened, and she continued slowly :

"And poor papa is sick nearly all the time."—*Banner.*