

**TWO LITTLE MAIDS I KNOW.**

I KNOW a little maiden,  
Whom I always see arrayed in  
Silk and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and  
petted little elf;  
For she never helps her mother, or her  
sister, or her brother,  
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely  
for herself.

So she simpers and she sighs,  
And she mopes and she cries,  
And knows not where the happy hours flee.  
Now let me tell you privately, my darling  
little friends,  
She's as miserable as miserable can be,  
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another little maiden,  
Whom I've seen arrayed in  
Silk and ribbons, but not always; she's a  
prudent little elf;  
And she always helps her mother, and her  
sister, and her brother,  
And lives for all around her quite regard-  
less of herself.

So she laughs and she sings,  
And the hours on happy wings  
Shower gladness round her pathway as they  
flee.

Now need I tell you privately, my darling  
little friends,  
She's as happy as a little maid can be?  
This is surely the little maid for me.

**THE UNSEEN WITNESS.**

THERE is a little machine, made something  
like a clock, which can be fastened upon a  
carriage, and in some way connected with  
the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged  
that it marks off correctly the number of  
miles that the carriage runs. A stable  
keeper once had one upon a carriage that  
he kept for letting, and by this means he  
could tell just how many miles anyone  
went who hired it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a  
town some ten miles distant. Instead of  
simply going and returning, as they prom-  
ised to do, they rode to another town some  
five miles farther, thus making the distance  
they passed over, going and coming, some  
thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the  
establishment, without being noticed by the  
young men, glanced upon the face of the  
measuring instrument, and discovered how  
many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked  
them.

"Where we said we were going," was the  
answer.

"Have you been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened,  
and there, on the face of the instrument,  
the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were astonished at this  
unerring testimony of an unseen witness  
that they had carried with them all the  
way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness  
in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry  
it with us. He keeps it wound up and in  
order. Without our thinking of it, it  
records all our acts, all our words, and all  
our thoughts.

We sometimes seek to deceive our friends,  
but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By  
and by God will touch the spring and all  
that is written will then be seen. Many  
things we do we should not, if we knew the  
eye of another person were looking upon us.  
We always carry a witness with us.

A little boy was urged by an older per-  
son to do an act that was wrong. He was  
told that no one would know of it. "Yes,  
somebody will," said the little fellow, "my-  
self will know it."

We cannot dismiss the witness. God  
has fastened it to our minds. It is our  
conscience, and whatever our lips may  
deny, it will always tell the truth. If we  
should attempt, in the great day when God  
judges the world, to deny our actions, there  
upon our hearts they will appear, written  
down, when we did not know it, by the  
unseen witness that God has made to  
accompany us every step in our life.

Think daily, little readers, of that instru-  
ment which we carry with us, out of sight,  
on which is written everything we do and  
say.

Think how you will feel when God opens  
it, that its records may be seen by all the  
world.

**THE CAT AND THE FOX.**

MR. FOX one day met his friend, Mrs.  
Cat, and said to her, "You think you know  
a great deal. I have in my sack ten times  
ten tricks." Mrs. Cat said, "As for me, I  
have but one trick, but I think when the  
time comes my one trick will be as good as  
your sackful."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Mr. Fox.

"Well, we'll see," said Mrs. Cat.

Just then they heard the blast of a horn,  
and up came a pack of hounds barking and  
yelping.

Mrs. Cat said, "Look! this is my one  
trick." As she said the words she ran up  
a high tree. She saw Mr. Fox run this

way and then that way, until he had tried  
all his tricks, but at last the hounds caught  
him.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cat, "I see that my  
one trick is worth your hundred."

Moral: One good trick is worth a hun-  
dred poor ones.

**KISSED HIS MOTHER**

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine

As I went down the street—

A woman whose hair was silver,

But whose face was blossom sweet,

Making me think of a garden,

When, in spite of the frost and snow

Of bleak November weather,

Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,

And the sound of a merry laugh,

And I knew the heart it came from

Would be like a comforting staff

In the time and the hour of trouble,

Hopeful and brave and strong,

One of the hearts to lean on,

When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,

And met his manly look;

A face like his gives me pleasure,

Like the page of a pleasant book.

It told of a steadfast purpose,

Of a brave and daring will;

A face with a promise in it,

That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing,

I saw the woman's eyes

Grow bright with a wordless welcome,

As sunshine warms the skies.

"Back again, sweetheart mother,"

He cried, and bent to kiss

The loving face that was uplifted

For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;

I hold that this is true—

From lads in love with their mothers

Our bravest heroes grew.

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving  
hearts

Since time the earth began;

And the boy who kisses his mother

Is every inch a man!

**VERY HAPPY.**

CLARABEL is always happy. I have  
never heard her fret nor cry nor complain  
of anything. She sits on the rug and plays  
with her blocks. She goes out with Susan  
for a walk, or with brother Tom for a ride.  
She laughs so merrily when she hears the  
birds sing, that the birds might almost  
think she was one of their bright family.  
I do love Clarabel, for she is such a lovely  
child.