

HOW GRACIE EARNED HER PENNIES.

Some days I wiped the dishes,
I did it very nice;
Katie said she'd hire me,
And let me set my price.

One day I hemmed a towel,
One day I kept quite still,
Once I carried mamma's toast,
The time that she was ill.

I get so many pennies
My sister says that she
Believes I have been shaking
'The fairies' "Penny tree."

But she is wrong, for every one
I earned the best I could,
By working hard, and most of them
I got for being good.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

NELLIE'S TEMPTATION.

BY PANSY.

"What little girl is this?" the teacher asked, and she looked kindly at the child who wore a faded dress too small for her and a queer hat trimmed with faded ribbons.

"Nellie Potter knows her," said one of the scholars.

"I don't either!" said Nellie, and she drew her pretty dress away and looked ashamed and cross.

"Why, Nellie Potter! I saw you playing with her last Saturday."

"What of that?" said Nellie, her cheeks very red. "I tell you I don't know anything about her."

"Never mind," said the teacher, "she is a little new scholar, and we are glad to see her; we will all be very kind to her and make her want to come again."

So the children gathered about her and were very kind, all but Nellie Potter, who kept to one side and looked unhappy. No wonder! Poor, foolish, naughty Nellie had told what was not true.

The new little girl was the daughter of their washerwoman, who lived down on Lane Street; only the Saturday before she had been at Nellie's home with her mother and had played with Nellie for an hour. But because she came to Sunday-school in a faded dress and a queer bonnet, Nellie was ashamed to say that she knew her.

It was not strange that, as the lesson went on, she began to cry so hard that she could not hear what the teacher said, for the lesson was about Peter, how he said that he did not know Jesus.

"I was just like that naughty Peter," she told her mother, sobbing bitterly. Then mother turned the leaves of the Bible and found where it told how sorry Peter was, and how Jesus forgave him, and and Nellie promised that she would never, never be so mean again.

A GRASS POULTICE.

When Willie kicked his little sister his mother told him she would punish him. He forgot or did not care. So he kicked her again. His mother called him in the house.

"Didn't mother say that she would punish you if you kicked your sister again?"

"Yes, mother," Willie answered.

"Well, go into the dining-room and wait till mother comes."

Then his mother went out into the yard. There she pulled an apronful of grass. She came into the house with the big bundle. She found her little boy crying. He was very much scared. She told him what a naughty foot he had. She said she must put a poultice on it. So she put the grass on Willie's foot and tied it up in an apron. She made him lie down on the lounge. Poor Willie! He cried and he sobbed and he moaned. A gentleman came in just then.

"Why, what's the matter with Willie?" he asked.

"Oh, he has a naughty foot," his mother said. "It will kick his sister. I have put on it a grass poultice."

"Oh," the gentleman said, and he understood it all, and Willie was so ashamed that he didn't look up.

GOOD USE FOR MARBLES.

There was once a very poor little chimney-sweep in London who longed to learn to read. But how could he? He saw no way.

One morning he was going to his work and passed a number of boys who had hung their books on a fence, and were playing. Our little sweep began to look at the books. He couldn't understand anything, but how he wished he could! Presently one of the boys came up, and in a very unpleasant tone asked what he was about. But the poor child did not get

angry, he put his hand in his pocket, and took out a marble, and said, "See here, I'll give you this if you will let me look at the books, I won't hurt them."

When the boys had done playing, and came to get their books, he asked one of them to read a little to him. He did, and then a bright thought came into the little sweep's head.

"See here," said he, "tell me the letters. I'll give you a marble for every one."

The boy was pleased, and began; but in a day or two he came, saying he couldn't teach him any more; the black fingers soiled the books, and his parents had forbidden it.

The poor chimney-sweep turned sadly away. How disappointed he felt. But as he went down the street he passed a graveyard, and saw the letters on the tombstones. "I can learn there," said he. "My sooty fingers won't stain these; or if they do, the rain will wash them clean."

Again he went to the school-boy, and asked him to come to the grave-yard and teach him; and there he learned the alphabet. By this time the boys had become interested in their little scholar. They took him to Sunday-school, and soon he could read the Bible. And as he read he learned to love it. He became a Christian boy, and lived to be a useful, faithful Christian man.

Did he not put his marbles to very good use?

SNOWBALL AND THE HEN.

Something was the matter with Snowball, the mother cat. She cried round the kitchen door so loudly that Bridget thought she must be hungry and set out a saucer of cream.

Snow would not touch it.

"I hope nothing's been after hurting yer babies, or sure Master Willie's heart will be broken entirely," said the cook.

Snowball was still crying when Willie came home, and he ran out to the waggon house to see if her kittens were there.

A barrel in a corner was Snow's home. Willie reached down his fat little hand. Something flew up and pecked him sharply.

Peter was in the harness room. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"A hen has gone and eaten Snowball's kittens, and now she wants to eat me!"

Peter reached down and brought up Mrs. Hen.

"Here's your kittens," he said; "the hen wanted to raise them for you."

AN EVENING PRAYER.

I thank thee, Lord, that all this day
Thou hast my footsteps led;
O, keep me through the night I pray,
In this my small white bed.
And when the day begins to dawn,
And birds and children wake,
O, keep me ever at thy side,
I ask for Jesus' sake.

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