

little Flo, that the greatest happiness does not come merely by pleasing one's self.

And Flo did not forget her lesson. She kept the wings as a reminder of the day she was a fairy. —'Union Gospel News.'

### 'Giveuppity.'

Two little sisters, Daisy and Bess, had been given a parasol, which was to be held and shared in common. It was a dainty bit of blue satin, with ribbons and lace which might charm the most exacting little girl. They were to take turns in carrying it; but mamma noticed at the end of a week, that Bessie's 'time' never seemed to come, although the unselfish little girl made no complaint.

One day, as they started for a walk, Miss Daisy, as usual, appropriated the coveted treasure, and gentle Bess was moved to remonstrate: 'Sister, it's my time to carry it.'

'No, it's not; it's my time! I have had it hardly a bit,' retorted little Miss Temper, with a flash of her brown eyes, as she grasped the parasol more tightly.

'Daisy,' interposed mamma, 'give it to your sister. She has let you have it every day, and you must learn to give up.'

'Oh, mamma, I can't! There is no "giveuppity" in me' sobbed the little girl, dropping the parasol and hiding her flushed face in her hands.

'Ah, little one! You spoke more wisely than you knew—"no "giveuppity" in me!" How many of us must learn, through sorrow and tears, that we cannot fitly do the Father's will without "giveuppity" in our hearts!—"Daybreak."

### If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept.

No matter how large the key  
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,

'Twould open, I know, for me;  
Then over the land and the sea broadcast

I'd scatter the smiles to play,  
That the children's faces might hold them fast

For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough

To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I would like to gather them, every one,

From nursery, school, and street;  
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,

And turning the monster key,  
I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
To the depths of the deepest sea.  
—Waif.

### The Miracle of the Egg.

'An egg a chicken! don't tell me!  
For didn't I break an egg to see?  
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,

With a bit of mucilage round it all—  
Neither beak nor bill,  
Nor toe nor quill;  
Not even a feather  
To hold it together,

Not a sign of life could any one see,  
An egg a chicken? You can't fool me!

'An egg a chicken! didn't I pick  
Up the very shell that had held the chick—

So they said?—and didn't I work  
half a day

To pack him in where he couldn't  
stay?

Let me try as I please,  
With squeeze upon squeeze,  
There is scarce space to meet  
His head and his feet,

No room for any of the rest of him  
—so

That egg never held that chicken,  
I know.'

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,

Felt his trouble, and helped him,  
as mother's can;

Took an egg from the nest—it was  
smooth and round:

'Now, my boy, can you tell me  
what makes this sound?'  
Faint and low, tap, tap,  
Soft and slow, rap, rap;  
Sharp and quick,  
Like a prisoner's pick.

'Hear it peep inside there?' cried  
Tom, with a shout.

'How did it get in? and how can  
it get out?'  
Tom was eager to help—he could  
break the shell.

Mamma smiled and said, 'All's  
well that ends well.

Be patient awhile yet, my boy.'  
Click, click,

And out popped the bill of a dear  
little chick.

No room had it lacked,  
Though snug it was packed;  
There it was, all complete,  
From its head to its feet.

The softest of down and the bright-  
est of eyes,

And so big—why, the shell wasn't  
half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. 'Mam-  
ma, now I see

That egg is a chicken—though the  
how beats me.

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know  
and declare;

Yet an egg is a chicken—see the  
proof of it there.

Nobody can tell

How it came in that shell;

Once out, all in vain

Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma  
mine,

As much as that of the water and  
wine.'

Mamma kissed her boy: 'It may  
be that we try

Too much reasoning about things  
sometimes, you and I.

There are miracles wrought every  
day for our eyes

That we see without seeing, or feel-  
ing surprise;

And often we must

Even take on trust

What we cannot explain

Very well again.

But from the flower to the seed,  
from the seed to the flower,

'Tis a world of miracles every hour.'

—'Youth's Companion.'

### From the Kitten.

I am only a kitten and what can  
I do

To keep myself busy the longest  
day through?

I can eat a good dinner and drink  
some warm milk,

And smooth my soft fur till it's  
glossy as silk;

I can play when I'm frisky and  
sleep and grow fat,

And in time I'll be known as 'the  
family cat.'

—'Little Folks.'

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