



IN THE ORCHARD.

## A LITTLE PRAYER.

Dear and blessed Saviour,  
Hold our little hands;  
Lead us in thy footsteps,  
Heeding thy commands.

Help us to please our parents dear,  
And do whate'er they tell;  
Bless all our friends, both far and near,  
And keep them safe and well.

So shall we in gladness  
Spend our earthly days,  
Till thy voice shall call us  
Home to prayer and praise.

—Lessons for the Little Ones.

## IN THE ORCHARD.

Why are these three children looking up into that tree. What do you suppose they see there? It is a harvest-apple tree, and amid its spreading branches,

hidden behind the leaves, the luscious golden fruit is hanging.

These children all live in the city, but they have come to spend the day in the country, and the kind old farmer, at whose house they are visiting, has told them that in the fine big orchard across the road, they will find all the apples they can eat, and as many as they wish to take home with them too.

So all four run off gleefully, and are soon gathered beneath a fine old tree with splendid big apples on it. Quite a few have fallen to the ground, but there are some specially tempting ones on the tree. So it was decided that one of the boys should climb up and shake the branches.

Here we see Harry trying it. He is a wee bit nervous, for he never climbed a tree before, but though he has not got very far, if he is persevering and cautious and holds tightly to the limbs he will be able to get up to the higher limbs and shake the fruit down.

## A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled, and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—O no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said her father tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry to old Peter my orange that I saved from my dessert."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to Peter's, and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.

## A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH

One winter a little boy six or eight years of age begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" asked the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little." "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked up with perplexed and inquiring eyes, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him, and who then does the best he can?" Oh, for a childlike faith!