

fresh air. The porch was about six feet from the ground and faced the east. An old, somewhat loose board walk, twenty feet long and about a foot lower than the street sidewalk, which was more or less open beneath on the side towards the porch, extended from the street to the porch. The street was alive with people, cars and vehicles of all kinds, but the yard was deserted.

Soon a big fat toad hopped from the rather long grass, near an opening under the street sidewalk, on to the walk in the yard. He seemed to be quite at home and succeeded in catching an insect or two very soon, in his queer way, but what surprised me exceedingly, was to see him walk, or waddle, as well as hop. The motion was about like that of a fat duck when walking, only that he had four feet instead of two; if he was startled by a sudden jar or noise, had an opening to cross, or saw an insect, he would hop, but several times he indulged in walking, which moved his fat sides in quite a comical way. Three evenings in succession the same thing occurred; then a cold wave came, and I have not seen Mr. Toad since. —L. I. Bartlett in 'Popular Science News.'

Five Words.

'I think sheep are awfully uninteresting creatures,' said Cecil, turning over the encyclopaedia carelessly; 'I never care to hear anything about them.'

'You would if you had heard the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, as I did last year, at Eastbourne,' said his mother.

'Oh, preachers! of course,' said Cecil, 'because I know there's a lot about sheep in the Bible. But except for that—'

'Then you would be like the Scotch minister, who begged Mr. Pearse to tell the Highland shepherds about anything but sheep!'

'He preached about sheep, after all! He told them what their minister had said; but for all that he talked to them about one of the "Five-word texts" that mean so much.'

'Which?' asked Cecil.

'The — Lord — is — my — Shepherd.'

'When Mr. Pearse got outside after his sermon, there in the north, one of the shepherds was waiting for him.

'Please minister,' said the shep-

herd, 'that's a good text you gave us to-day! Those five words are life to some of us! Do you see yon cottage up on that mountain?'

'Yes, Mr. Pearse could see it far away on a distant hill.

'So the shepherd went on with his story.

'There was a little lad very ill up there; and the minister, he came to see him, and he said to him, "Little lad, can you say, "The Lord is my Shepherd?"'

'Yes, the little lad had learned that at school. He could say that, right enough.

'So the minister took the little lad's hand, and he repeated the five words over to him on his fingers, and he said, "Everything depends, little lad, on whether you can say "my Shepherd!" Hold on to that third finger and say "my Shepherd. The Lord is my Shepherd!"'

'The next day the minister called again to see how the little lad was.

'"Oh, he's just lovely!" said his mother, leading the way to the inner room. And there lay the little lad dead.

'But when his mother drew back the covering she repeated again, "Isn't he just lovely?"

'And then the minister knew what she meant. For the little lad's right hand was holding firmly to the third finger of his left hand, for before he died he had learned to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd?"'

* * * * *

Cecil was looking down at the picture, and his mother added softly, 'How patient Jesus, the Shepherd, is! how he gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom! how he loves his sheep! how he feeds them in green pastures and leads them beside still waters! how he gave his life for them, that they might have the right to say those five words, "The Lord is my Shepherd!"' —'Our Darlings.'

In a Fog.

'Mother, may we take our new story-books to Willie Bell? We want to lend them to him,' said Daisy, one morning.

'Very well, dear, you may go,' said her mother.

Away went the children and their good dog Don. They stayed only a short time at their sick friend's house, then started for home. They had only gone a short distance when

a dense fog came on, and they could not see their way. Poor Denis ran against a lamp-post, hurt himself, and began to cry.

'Oh, don't cry,' said Daisy; 'I'm sure God can see us all through the fog, and I am sure he will take us safe home.'

Don barked and then jumped up at the little girl as she spoke.

'Do you know the way, Don?' said Daisy; 'if so, go along and we will keep close to you.' Don did know the way, and he led the children safe to their own home.

'Don brought us home, mother,' said Daisy; 'but it was God who gave him the sense to find his way, was it not?' —'Our Little Dots.'

Always Growing.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,

Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?

'Why, do you not know?
I grow.'

What do you do in the nest, little bird,

When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?

'What, do you not know?
I grow.'

What do you do in the pond, little fish,

With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water-grass,
Never to rest, I see you pass.

'Why, do you not know?
I grow.'

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,

With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?

'Ho! do you not know?
I grow.'

Always growing! by night or day,
No idle moments we see:

Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say,
In the goodness of God
We grow!

—'Our Little People.'