



THE HUDSON FROM WEST POINT—FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.

#### ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together  
The figures on my slate;  
The teacher calls it "adding,"  
And I like it first-rate.  
There's one queer thing about it:  
Whenever you get ten,  
You have to "carry on," she says,  
And then begin again.  
That's what we do with pennies:  
When I have ten, you see,  
I "carry one" to Jesus,  
Who's done so much for me.

—Selected.

#### A LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

BY F. E. WILSON.

Allow me a space in your valuable little paper. The little folks will be glad to hear of another little garden added to God's vineyard. Let me tell them about Grace Church Sabbath-school, the youngest of the Wesleyan body in Bermuda. It is increasing fast; the average attendance of the children is over seventy. This school is two years old; it has stepped on the threshold of another year. Pastor, teachers, and superintendent seem so much in earnest about their work.

The Sabbath-school truly is a garden of the Lord; the children are the plants that we have to nourish and cherish. The pastor of this church and Sabbath-school, Rev. Mr. Porter, has taught them to sing very nicely. They are greatly improved; they all seem to be glad when school hour arrives by their happy countenances, both teachers and children. If we are spared to reach another milestone in our era, we will be able to tell the little folks more about this beautiful garden of the Lord, where we delight to work in.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER.

Once upon a time three Indians went a-hunting. They walked for three long days and nights, but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree, which one of them climbed to the top in order to look for a hunting ground. From the tree a path led to an Indian tepee which was in the clouds. Arriving there, they entered and found other Indians smoking their pipes. After eating they all went out to hunt. The reports of their guns were heard, and the Indians to-day believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting upon the happy hunting grounds. One of the Indians, coming home, told the story that offering up smoke to the

thunder as a sacrifice would stop the thunder.—*Red Man.*

#### TWO BABIES.

When Mamma Brown came home she brought a rag doll for Baby Grace, such a chubby rag baby, and as large as Baby Grace herself. She had soft golden hair, and her face was painted in a very rosy, natural way. Mamma thought the new doll much too cunning to be dressed in calico and a sunbonnet; so she made dainty clothes, just like Baby Grace's own, and named the rag doll Violet, because her eyes were blue. Baby Grace loved Violet dearly, and they were seen together every day. The rag baby looked so real in her pretty clothes that people were often puzzled to know which baby was alive.

When grandpa saw them coming in the carriage he hurried to put on his spectacles to see which was Grace; and one day Uncle Jack actually waved his hat and kissed his hand to the rag baby, who was sitting in the window as he went by. Papa and mamma laughed over these funny things. They wondered how any rag doll could be mistaken for their bright little daughter.

One day as papa entered the hall he caught sight of the white dress and baby shoe just at the top of the stairs. "My baby!" he cried, and rushed upstairs two steps at a time to save his darling child, who at any moment might turn and fall. Mamma, who had heard papa's cry of distress, hurried after him. They met at the head of the stairs, and saved—the rag baby. They laughed and cried too when they found the real baby safe in the nurse's lap, and they gave her a great many

loving kisses. Mamma, that very evening, made a calico dress and a sunbonnet for Violet. She and papa agreed that there must be some way to tell the babies apart.—*Babyland.*

#### HELPING THE HORSE.

That was a thoughtful little boy of whom I read the other day, and it would be a splendid thing if some men would learn to show the same spirit as that little boy.

It was cold, wintry weather, and the street had become coated with ice. This made it very hard pulling for the horses, especially up the hill near where Robbie lived.

"Papa," said Robbie, when his father came home that evening, "I helped a horse pull a load of coal up the hill to-day."

"How did you do that?" inquired his father.

"Why, it was just this way," answered Robbie. "The hill was covered with ice, and the horse was slipping all around; but I went and got some ashes and sprinkled them under the horse's feet, and all the way to the top of the hill. The driver thanked me, too, and said that I had helped to pull that load of coal up the hill."

"Well, I think you did myself," was the reply, "and I'm very glad my little boy is ready to help in a case like that. Keep that up as long as you live, Robbie, for it's a noble thing to help even a poor, dumb animal."—*Apples of Gold.*

The untidy boy or girl wastes three times as many minutes every day hunting for things as it would take to keep each article always in place, yet the stock excuse always is: "I haven't time to put things in order."



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.