



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

SOME little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off just for to-day;
It cannot matter much."

But time is always on the wing,
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks;
You'll happier be at night.

For little duties, if put off,
Will end in "Never done;"
And "By-and-by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

A BOY WHO WAS CURED OF TEASING.

BENNIE BUNNING was a dear, funny little fellow, but he had one big fault. When mamma said "No," Bennie acted as if he did not understand, and whined and fretted, "Why can't I, mamma? Say, mamma, why can't I? Mamma, please let me. Why can't I?" You may be sure that every one grew tired of the whining voice, and poor mamma was really sad over Bennie's naughty habit.

One morning Bennie was eating a cookie, and Fido came up to him jumping and barking, and asking for a bite as plainly as a dog could ask. But Bennie was not used to dogs, and stood holding his cookie as high as he could reach.

Silly Fido barked and leaped and would not let poor frightened Bennie take a single step. At last the little boy could bear it no longer, and began to scream for help.

Mamma heard the frightened cry and ran to see what was the matter. When she came into the room she saw in a moment that Bennie was in no danger, and her eyes began to twinkle. "Oh, mamma, take him away, he acts so queer!" screamed Bennie. Mamma smiled and said, "Why, Fido is only teasing, Bennie, just as some little boys do." Then she spoke sharply to Fido

and sent him out of the room. When he had gone Bennie ran and hid his face in mamma's lap, and when he raised it again it was a very sober little boy who said, "Mamma, Bennie won't tease again—never!"

TAKING A PITCH-FORK TO CHURCH.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was talking to his class about cheerful obedience. He said: "How ugly it is when mamma calls you in the morning and tells you it is time to get up, to say, 'Yes, mamma, I will get up after awhile;' or, 'Oh, no, mamma, I don't want to get up now;' or, worse still, to fret and cry, and be cross."

When he stopped, a little boy brightened up and said: "Oh, I wish sister would hear that, for it is so hard for mamma to get her up in the morning."

Then a little girl looked up with beaming eyes and said: "Franky is so hard to get up; and he gets so cross when mamma calls him."

The teacher told the children that he called that using a pitch-fork in church. It is pitching the lesson over to our neighbour. Some big folks do the same thing.

"AS BIG AS WE ARE."

ONE day the teacher of the infant class asked them this question:—

"How big must you be to give your heart to Jesus? Must you be as big as I am? All that think so raise the hand."

Quite a number thought they must be as big as their teacher.

"Well, all who do not think so raise the hand."

A good many hands were raised in response to the invitation.

"Well, Lizzie, how big do you think we must be to give our hearts to Jesus?"

"Just as big as we are!" answered the little girl.

WHY SHE WAS DISSATISFIED.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking!" said Bessie, looking out of the window, with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."

A BRAVE BOY.

A VERY pleasant incident is that related of King Cyrus when a boy, which shows he was both brave and wise. He had a grandfather, called Astyages, who was King of Media. When Cyrus was only twelve years old he went on a visit to his grandfather, and when there he one day asked to be allowed to act as cup-bearer to the King. The request was granted; so Cyrus dressed himself for his duty in the costume of a page, and, coming into the king's presence, he balanced the wine-cup nicely on three fingers, just as he had seen the regular officer manage it, and kneeling down, he handed the cup to his grandfather. The old man looked on, well pleased, smiled at his little grandson, and told him that he had done his duty very gracefully; but he had forgotten one very important thing.

"What is that, grandfather?" asked the boy.

"Why, you should have poured out some of the wine into the palm of your hand and tasted it yourself before you handed it to me. Then I would have known the wine was all right." This was always the custom in those days, the cup-bearer first tasting the wine before handing it to the king.

"No," said the boy, "I did not forget it, grandfather."

Said the grandfather, "Why, then, did you not do it, my child?"

"Because," answered Cyrus, "I thought there was poison in the liquor."

"Poison, my boy! Why could you think so?"

"Why, grandfather, the other day, when you gave a feast to the lords in your court, I noticed, that after they drank the wine they acted differently. They became noisy, and talked such silly talk. There must be poison in it to make them do so. People who drink only water don't act so: it quenches their thirst, and that is all."