



JAPANESE KAGO.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

"If you love me," Jesus said,
 "You must show it!"
 If you really love the Saviour,
 You will know it.

If you love your little brother,
 Your dear father, or your mother,
 You don't have to ask another
 It it's so;
 For you know
 That your hearts are bound together.

ROSE, BIRD AND BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume,"
 said the rosebud, holding its pink petals
 tightly wrapped in their tiny green case.
 The other roses bloomed in splendor, and
 those who enjoyed their fragrance ex-
 claimed at their beauty and sweetness;
 but the selfish bud shriveled and withered
 away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not
 want to sing;" but when his brother
 soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a
 flood of melody, making weary listeners
 forget sorrows and bless the singer, the
 little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets I shall
 not have enough myself," said the brook;
 and it hoarded all its waters in a hollow
 place, where it formed a filthy, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake
 rose, a buoyant singing bird, and a lesp-

ing refreshing brooklet,
 thought of these things,
 and said: "If I would
 have and would be, I
 must share all my goods
 with others; for
 "To give is to live;
 To deny is to die."

A LITTLE BRAVE.

BY ADRIANA HERMAN.

It was an old game
 with the Monros chil-
 dren; they had played
 "Wild Indian" ever
 since Jessie and Dick
 could remember. And
 now that they were at
 Longdale farm for the
 summer, it was so much
 easier to go on the war-
 path across fields and
 through "sure enough"
 woods, than up and
 down the nursery stairs
 and out on the back
 porch.

One sunny afternoon
 Eben took his tribe on
 a long tramp. All of a
 sudden they found the
 sun gone, and twilight
 settling down. And
 where were they?
 Where was Setter Hill,
 back of the farm-house?

The children looked around, and it
 seemed a strange world they were in; they
 climbed a fence and crossed a field and it
 seemed stranger than ever.

Alas! they did not see a tree or hill or
 bridge or barn that they had ever seen
 before!

"We are lost," said Eben throwing him-
 self down on the grass, tired and dis-
 couraged and unhappy; "I don't believe
 we'll ever get back."

Dick began to whimper.

"Will the bears eat us?" he asked us in
 a shaky voice, for bears had played a large
 part in their game.

Now Jessie had not been allowed to be
 anything but a prisoner in the Indian
 game, because she was only a girl, and a
 girl could not be an Indian brave and wear
 paint and feathers. But it was Jessie that
 said, "Pshaw! there are no bears in these
 fields, and if we just stick up my apron
 for a flag, father will soon come to find
 us."

So they gathered in a little group, and
 Dick held up the flag bravely. Every now
 and then Eben would give a long war-
 whoop. The darkness came close about
 them, and once an owl swept by them,
 hooting so dismally that Dick was terribly
 scared. Dear little Jess' heart trembled
 in the darkness out there on the hill, but
 she was so hard at work trying to comfort
 the boys, that when father at last found

them, out under the stars, by Eben's
 whoops and halloos, she hadn't shed
 a tear—the little unpainted, unfeathered
 brave!

THE THREE KITTENS.

Three little kittens, one stormy night,
 Began to quarrel and then to fight.
 One had a mouse, the others had none,
 And that was the way the quarrel begun.

As we said before, 'twas a stormy night
 When the three kittens began to fight;
 The old cook seized her sweeping-broom,
 And swept the kittens right out of the
 room.

The ground was covered with frost and
 snow,
 And these three kittens had nowhere
 to go;
 So they laid them down on the mat at the
 door,
 While the old cook finished sweeping the
 floor.

Then they crept in as still as mice,
 All wet with snow and cold as ice,
 And found it better that stormy night,
 To sleep in peace than to quarrel and fight.

LITTLE HELPERS.

What do little people like best to do
 to play? to make the funny figures 1, 2,
 stand in straight rows on their slate.
 Yes; but isn't the best thing helping
 mother or father in their very own work.
 Edith had such a happy playtime because
 she had first wiped the breakfast dishes
 and shelled the peas for dinner. Chan-
 found father busy pulling morning-gloves
 among his tomato vines, and went
 work with a will. "I think this little
 workman deserves a blackberry dumpling
 for dinner," called father when mother
 came to the window. But little child
 and grown people too find that there
 nothing so good as being helpers to Jesus.
 Everything kind you do is a help to him.
 A cup of cold water, a happy face, a kind
 word—these are little things; but Jesus
 will know about them, and be glad.

Four boys were playing marbles in
 street. One boy said: "That isn't
 play! You cheat, and I won't play with
 boy who cheats!" The boy became
 angry, and said that he didn't cheat,
 though he did. A minute after, he
 cheated again, and the first boy said: "You
 cheat, and my mother won't let me
 play with a boy who cheats. If we can't
 have fair play, I won't have any." So
 gathered up his share of the marbles
 and left the players. That is right, boys,
 you can't have fair play, don't play at
 all. Two of the other boys stayed and play
 but they kept quarrelling all the time,
 and it is better to not play at all than to quarrel.