

on her lip. Such a few old broken toys! And yet these little ones looked with brightening eyes and cheeks as Miss Dayton held up an old doll saying:

'This is the baby of the school, and the girls take turns owning it. Here's the waggon that the boys take the doll riding in.'

She went through the list of all the basket held, and she watched her little-girl visitor. She saw something that her pupils did not. She saw tears in Laura's brown eyes, and she noticed, too, that she was in a hurry to go away.

As soon as they were out of the room, Laura said:

'O mama! I'm going to pick out the best of my broken toys, and take them to Miss Dayton's children. Poor little things, to be glad of having such old broken toys! The worst of mine are not so bad as theirs. Do you think Ellen will help me fix the dolls while baby's asleep? I want their clothes clean and nice, and maybe we can mend some of the dolls.'

'Yes, I'm sure we can,' Mrs. Hale answered. 'Ellen will wash the clothes, and we'll see what we can do about the mending. I'm a pretty good doll's surgeon, you know, and so is Norn.'

'O mama, let's hurry!' And Laura skipped on ahead, and was in the house, upstairs, and talking breathlessly to Ellen about what she had seen, and what she was going to do, by the time Mrs. Hale reached the street door.

It was a busy time in the nursery for a day or two, and it was astonishing to see how very respectable the heap of broken toys grew. When all repairs were finished, there was a full half-dozen very nice-looking dolls in clean dresses. Ellen said, as she winked slyly at Nora:

'An', now they're so pretty, I'm sure Miss Laura'll kape 'em all her own self.'

'Indeed I will not,' Laura said earnestly. 'I'm so glad they look nice! But I wouldn't keep them, not for a houseful of new things, unless I might give the new ones to Miss Dayton's children.'

When Laura saw her mother and Miss Dayton unpack the basket of repaired toys, she felt, without

knowing it, the full blessedness of giving. The wonder and delight on the faces of the little cripples, their exclamations and their thanks, were sweeter to Laura than anything she had ever experienced.

Little Susie, the one with the bad arm, crept shyly up to Laura, and asked:

'Do you ever sleep with a dolly?'

'Yes, I always do,' Laura answered.

'I never had one least little dolly to sleep with.' And the child's mouth quivered pitifully.

'Oh, please, Miss Dayton,' Laura said eagerly, 'here's the little rubber doll; let Susie have it. It's name is Nannie, and it's slept with me so long it'll be lonesome in the night if it's left here in the basket.'

'Surely,' said Miss Dayton. 'Each little girl may have her own doll now to take home with her, and I know she'll keep it clean and bring it to school every day, so that it may have tea on these pretty little dishes, and see all the others.'

And Laura never forgot the lesson she had learned from the little crippled children.

What Jack Did.

There is a story told of a monkey called Jack. His master always took him out with him when he was out gathering chestnuts, and when they would not shake off he climbed to the top of the branch and knocked them off. One day Jack's master and some friends stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. There was about half a glass left, and Jack took the glass and drank the contents. Soon he became merry, and hopped and danced about, making them all laugh. They agreed to go to the tavern next day, and make Jack drunk again. Jack was unwell next morning, so they waited three days. But when they offered Jack a drink, he ran away, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is very afraid of a gun, so Jack slipped over the back of the house. His master then got two guns, one at each side of the house, and pointed them at him, but Jack went up the chimneys and went down into one of the flues. Thus

his master was beaten. His master kept him for twelve years, but could never persuade him to touch another drop of whiskey. — Louis T. Runciman, in 'Temperance Record.'

Troubled.

Nobody saw me do it,
Nobody came that way,
When I found the box on the closet shelf,
Where the cakes for supper lay,

Nobody could tell me not to,
Nobody knows but myself,
But, oh! I wish that cake I took
Was back again on the shelf.

Nobody knows my trouble,
Nobody ever would guess
That a cake could cause a little girl
So much unhappiness.

Nobody can tell mother
Who took it from the shelf;
But I know before I go to sleep
I'll have to tell her myself!
—Ella Randall Pearce.

How a Little Girl Started a Revival.

An American magazine tells a story about a little girl who went into a neighboring town, where there was a revival. She attended the meeting, and heard the story of the Cross, and gave herself to Jesus. When she returned home she went to an old man who was a Christian, and said to him, 'Can't we have a prayer-meeting?' 'We!' said he. 'I don't know of any other Christian in this district,' 'Well,' said she, 'you are a Christian, and I am a Christian; can't we have a prayer-meeting?' 'Well,' said he, 'we can say "we," then.' They did have a prayer-meeting. The next day two or three more came. God answered their prayers, and now between twenty and thirty have found the Saviour.

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates—First, 'Is it true?'
Then, 'Is it needful? In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest—'Is it kind?'

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech maybe.
—'The Housekeeper.'