

## WHO IS IT?

THERE is a little maiden—  
Who is she? Do you know?  
Who has a welcome  
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,  
Her voice is like a bird's;  
The sweetest of all music  
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,  
As if she were the sun;  
And she is sought and cherished  
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,  
By lofty and by low—  
Who is this little maiden?  
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;  
You certainly can guess—  
What! must I introduce her?  
Her name is—Cheerfulness.

## DAN'S JOB.

"WHAT'S the matter, Dan? Don't you like your job?"

"No, Mother Martin," said the market-boy; "I don't like it one bit."

"Well, now," said the good old fruit-woman, whom everybody called "Mother Martin," "I wouldn't be after calling it a tough job, at all."

"It's tougher than you think," said Dan, shaking his head.

"You see Mr. Small gave me orders as to how I was to sell this basket of pineapples. Says he, 'Look sharp, boy, and see that you work off this stale fruit with the rest. When a customer comes, pick 'em out a fresh piece and tell them they're all like that, the whole lot; when you get an order for half a dozen, put at least two of this kind in. Look close, now, and mind your business.' That's what Mr. Small said, but lying ain't any part of my business, and I've got to lose my job."

"Sure, and you took a good while to think so; why didn't you be after telling Mr. Small right off you wasn't for that job?"

"Why he took himself off before I could say 'Jack Robinson;' but there he is now: I'll go and catch him."

Dan sighed as he went on this errand; jobs were very scarce now, and the sick mother at home needed every penny he could earn.

As dark came on eight or nine hours later, Dan bounded into his mother's room with a very bright face; "What do you think, mother? I've a steady job driving a cart—five dollars a week, and more by an' by."

Then he told her about the pineapples "And instead of giving me a kick as I expected," said Dan, "when I told him I couldn't sell bad fruit, Mr. Small gave me a knowing look, and says he, 'If that's the timber you're made of, maybe I can trust you to drive my cart and bring back the money you get.' So there I am, mammy, ain't you glad?"

"I am glad of several things," said his mother, smiling. "Do you know, Dan, that being honest is one of the forms of godliness that have 'the promise of the life that now is,' as well as for that better life to come?"

"Yes," said the boy; "that promise has come true to me already."

## LAUGH WHILE YOU SOW.

WHEN the editor was a child about eight years old he was sent by his mother to the garden to sow a bed of parsley-seed. An old lady present said, "You must laugh while you sow, and the seed will come up better." So the child-gardener went and sowed his seed, laughing all the while as if something very funny was transpiring. In due time the seed came up, and a bed of parsley, rich, green, and beautiful, rewarded his expectations. Perhaps the laughing had nothing to do with the rich luxuriance of the bed. Perhaps the parsley would have grown just the same if the sower had winned instead of laughed. Let all this be so, and still one thing is certain: There is an immense gain in going cheerfully to one's work. The man who laughs or whistles, or sings will gain a crop of sunshine and joy, even though failure may sometimes attend his work. In the shop, in the field, in the store, in professional life, the cheerful man will always be immensely better off than the whiner and complainer. The men and the women who sing at their work will not only perform a larger amount, but they will perform it more easily, and the quality of the work will be better when it is done.

## JOHNNIE'S DECISION.

JOHNNIE had been having a fine time at Frank's birthday party. When supper was ready, they all sat down to the pleasant table with its cake and nuts and fruit. Johnnie tasted of the clear, white jelly by his plate, and thought it very nice indeed, but just then he heard some one say it was wine jelly.

Now Johnnie was a strong temperance boy, but the jelly was very tempting. He hesitated a little, and then asked Frank's mamma to excuse him from the table for a few moments. He hurried home and ran into his mother's room.

"Mamma," he said, "there's some wine

jelly on the table, and I've tasted it, and it's very nice. What shall I do?"

"Well, you know, Johnnie, what you and I think about these things," said his mother.

"But, mamma, tell me what to do."

"No, myson, I can't do that," said mamma, very gently. "You must decide for yourself."

"But, mamma, I wish you'd just tell me."

"No, Johnnie," replied mamma again, while she sent up a little thought-prayer to God that her dear boy might be "kept from the evil."

Johnnie thought for a moment, and then ran back to the party. When he went to bed that night his mamma asked: "Well, Johnnie, what did you do about that wine jelly?"

"I didn't touch it, mamma," said Johnnie, bravely. "And when they asked me if I didn't like it, I said, 'Yes, but I've signed the temperance pledge.'"—S. S. Adewale

## GOD'S LOVE.

"SEE the pretty birdies," said little Hetty. "Those are not birds," said her sister Polly; "they are butterflies."

"Can butterflies sing?" asked Hetty.

"No, I guess not," said Polly.

"What can they do?" said Hetty.

"Well, I don't know," said Polly; "I guess we'd better go and ask mamma."

So they toddled into the house, and Polly said, "Mamma, what do butterflies do?"

"Nothing except fly about in the sunshine, I guess," said mamma.

"But, mamma, you said everything that God made is good for something."

"So I did," said mamma; "and aren't the butterflies good to look at?"

"Yes," said Polly. "They're just the colour of gold."

"And the sunflowers are gold too," said little Hetty.

"That must be because they stay in the sunshine," said Polly.

"And what do those beautiful sunshiny things make you think of, dears?"

"Oh, just—that I like them," said Polly.

"They make me think," said mamma, "of how God is to make so many sweet and beautiful things just for us to look at. They tell me that he loves his children and wants to make us happy. He has made plenty for us to eat and to wear, and besides that he has made so many things just for us to look at and enjoy. Think of it, my darlings, whenever you see a flower or a bird or a butterfly. They are made because God loves us. Don't you think we all ought to love a Father who is so loving and kind to us?"