

TWO STUDENTS.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A little boy sat on the shore of a pond
While a bullfrog sat in the pool;
And each one gazed on the other one
Like scholars in a school.

Then at last the little boy spoke and said:
"Why, Frog, do you gaze at me?
Pray swim or jump, that I may learn
Some Natural History!"

The frog he croaked out his reply:
"That's what I'm here for, too.
I'm studying Boys, and their curious
ways,
For I've nothing else to do!"

Then the boy he turned and went away,
And the frog he sank below;
While circling ripples on the pool
Were all that was left of the show.

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TORONTO, JULY 21, 1906.

HAROLD'S LESSON OF FORGIVENESS.

"Meow-ow," said Duffy. "Meow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Harold!" This time it was his mother's voice. "Let go of Duffy's tail this minute! Go upstairs and take off your clothes," she added.

As his mother pulled off a stocking, Harold cried out: "O, be careful; that is my sore knee! Harry Lloyd pushed me down and hurt it;" and at the thought he cried harder than ever.

"Just think how poor Duffy's tail hurts," said his mother, severely.

"Duffy's tail doesn't hurt," said Harold.

"Yes, it does; it hurts just as much as your knee, Harold."

When Harold was ready for bed, his mother said: "Now ask God to forgive you for hurting Duffy."

After he had finished the Lord's Prayer, she said, again: "Did you mean what you said when you repeated, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?' Did you mean that you forgave Harold Lloyd for hurting you, and wanted God to forgive you for hurting Duffy?"

Harold hesitated. There was a bit of a struggle in his heart; but at last the good conquered, and he said: "I'll forgive Harry." Then, as he jumped into bed he asked: "Will God forgive me now?"

"Yes, dear; he will," said his mother, kissing him good night.

Some time later, as his mother went into the room, Harold turned to her and said: "I'm so glad because I forgave Harry and God forgave me. I am not going to hurt Duffy any more; and, mother, I don't think Harry meant to hurt me."

True to his word, Harold hasn't pulled Duffy's tail since he received his lesson on forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS.

"I'm mad at Harriet Todd! I shan't speak to her again so long as I live!" Mary Hepburn burst into the library with these words, her face flushed with anger.

Mary's gentle-eyed mother looked up in surprise. A strange smile dwelt on her lips as she said: "I'm sorry for you."

Mary turned in astonishment. She had expected sympathy, or at least an invitation to relate her grievances. This was a queer sort of sympathy, indeed.

In answer to her daughter's inquiring glance, Mrs. Hepburn continued: "I'm truly sorry for you—sorry that you will miss Harriet's company, for you always have had good times together. Then I'm sorry that you'll not let her forgive you."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mary, still puzzled.

"Well, you know we must forgive before we can be forgiven, and that is true outside of the Bible as well as in. So long as you feel as you do about Harriet, of course you cannot expect her to forgive you."

Then Mrs. Hepburn gathered up her sewing and went to the kitchen, ending the conversation at a very strange point. Mary thought. Nothing more was said on the subject, until that night, when Mary kissed her mother good-night.

Instead of "pleasant dreams," Mrs. Hepburn's words were: "I am sorry that you cannot say your prayers to-night."

"Why, of course, I shall say my prayers!" said Mary.

"How will it sound to say, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,'

when in your heart you have not forgiven Harriet Todd? Surely, you do not want God to forgive you as you are forgiving Harriet Todd?"

Mary colored, and for a moment she sat in embarrassed silence and thought. "Well, I'll forgive her this once!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"How many times did Peter think he should forgive his brother?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, with an odd twinkle in her eyes.

"Seven," replied Mary mechanically. "And how many times did Jesus say he should forgive him?"

"Seventy times seven."

"And that means—"

"Why, I guess that means as many times as he needed forgiveness."

"And my girlie is going to forgive her chum only once?"

"O, mother, I was very foolish and very naughty! I'm sorry."

"Then suppose you tell God that to-night, and thank him, too, that you have learned that we must forgive our enemies as often as they need forgiveness. And I suppose," with a light laugh, which restored Mary's spirits wonderfully, "there will be no very great difficulty about making up with Harriet in the morning."

WHAT MARION FOUND.

Little Marion had sat at the window long enough watching the boys outside making their snow man, and now she wanted to go out and help.

Now she was a sensible little girl for one of her years. Instead of crying, as most little girls do, she went to mamma and asked the following question:

"Mamma, please, can I help Charlie make his snow man?" She had such a pitiful look on her face that mamma put on her little red cloak and fur-lined bonnet, and armed her with the fire-shovel, so that she might shovel snow.

But her older brothers did not want her in the way. She had to content herself with shovelling snow all by herself. She said to Charlie, "I'm going to shovel a path under the clothes-line for mamma." She trotted off merrily and went to work, but made no perceptible progress, so far as the path was concerned.

Charlie was a little lame, and could not play as long as the other boys, so he concluded to see what his little sister was doing. As he approached her, with a big lump of snow in his hand, he heard her calling to him and holding something up for his inspection.

"Why, Marion, what have you found in the snow?" he asked. "Why, it is a little sparrow that has been frozen."

"Poor little sparrow," responded Marion. After showing it to mamma, they buried it, and Marion went to find poor sparrow's brothers.

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