



GATHERING BUTTERNUTS.

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Jack Frost has come back once more. The leaves, all red and brown and gold, are covering the ground. But the frosts that have stripped the trees of their leaves have ripened the butternuts. Katie and her good dog Watch are wandering through the October woods gathering the butternuts, that Katie knows just where to find. Sometimes Katie will gather enough to sell a bag or two, and in this way she earns her Christmas spending money. What a sweet, bright face Katie has, and what good care Watch seems to take of her! Her basket is well filled, and they are going back through the woods to Katie's home.

LITTLE ALICE'S RESOLUTION.

Little Alice arose one bright May morning, just as the sun was peering through the white curtains of her little

bedroom; and after offering a simple morning prayer from the depths of her happy heart, she said: "I will see if I cannot do good to some one this day. I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something." And with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining-room just as the bell rang for family worship.

When breakfast was ready, the baby cried, and would not sit on the chair as usual, and amuse himself. Mother looked weary, and it was evident that she had a bad headache.

"Please let me take Willie, mother," said Alice. "I would rather wait, and I know he will be quiet with me."

"I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alice. Poor little fellow!"

Alice borrowed Frank's marbles, and sat down with baby on the carpet. The bright-hued balls pleased him, and he loved to roll them about with his little fat hands. His sister patiently gath-

ered them up when they rolled beyond his reach; and thus the meal-time passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast; the thought of helping her dear, kind mother was a hundred times more satisfaction. The influence of a good example is often contagious; and, after breakfast, the usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

She did not think that now she had done enough for one day, but after baby had drank off his cup of new milk, she coaxed him into his cradle, giving him one of her gayest toys, and then sang a sweet, lulling song, which presently soothed the restless little one into a quiet, refreshing slumber. It more than repaid all her trouble to hear her mother say: "Dear Alice have helped me very much this morning; and your little brother will feel very much better for a good sleep."

Just then her grandfather entered, leaning on his staff, and walked feebly, as he felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to his side and assisted him to cross the room, where his easy chair was placed by his favorite window.

"I will bring you in your toast and tea, grandfather, as soon as Margaret makes them," she said, cheerfully.

"Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them; my appetite is very poor to-day."

"Just try a little," she said, as she passed out into the kitchen. She returned presently with a nicely-laid tray; and, placing it before him, she poured out a cup of fragrant tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old man's heart warmed as he listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish he did not anticipate, and his wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

And thus she passed her day, going about the house with a sunny face, which delighted and did good to every one around her. Not even the old cat and the chickens were forgotten. When she went to rest that night her heart was full of sunshine; and, with a thankful spirit, she renewed her good resolution for the coming day. Who of my little readers will form the same, and then carry it out as faithfully as did little Alice?

A CHILD'S VERSION.

A bright little child of two summers, who is accustomed to improvise some simple petitions at the close of her "child's prayer," a few evenings ago added these words: "Bless fadder and mudder and sister and Pudy (the dog), and give me my bottle o' milk. Amen." The following evening she closed her prayer as follows: "And, Dod, look down on me while I take my bottle o' milk. Amen." This was but another way of saying, "Give us this day our daily bread," and it showed faith in the little child's heart.