

## CRACKED.

"TWAS a set of resolutions,  
As fine as fine could be,  
And signed, in painstaking fashion,  
By Nettie and Joe and Bee;  
And last in the list was written,  
In letters broad and dark,  
(To look as grand as the others),  
Miss Baby Grace, her mark!

"We'll try always to help our mother;  
We won't be selfish to each other;  
We'll say kind words to every one;  
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun;  
We won't be cross and snarly, too;  
And all the good we can, we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them,"  
The children gaily cried;  
But mamma, with a smile, made answer,  
"Wait, darlings, till you are tried,"  
And, truly, the glad, bright New Year  
Wasn't his birthday old,  
When three little sorrowful faces  
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are your resolutions?"  
We asked of the baby Grace,  
Who stood with a smile of wonder  
On her dear little dimpled face;  
Quick came the merry answer—  
She never an instant lacked—  
"I don't sink much of em's broken,  
But I dess em's 'bout all cracked!"  
—*Youth's Companion.*

## STORY OF BANBEE.

BANBEE was a little heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol which was kept in her home. It was a very horrible-looking thing, with long, stiff hands, crooked legs, and a face that made one want to turn right away from it. But little Banbee prayed to this wooden image and gave it food and some of her little treasures. One day she hurt her hand very badly with some pieces of glass; and when the blood ran she became frightened and showed it to the idol and asked him to help her. At last Banbee's arm began to look red, and sharp pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her fingers. This new trouble the little girl told to the idol; but the great, dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her.

At this time a good missionary was going home; and, hearing piteous cries from the house where Banbee lived, she looked in and saw the child sitting close to an ugly idol and begging him to stop the pain in her hand and arm. She would hold her hand a moment in her well one, and then

lift it close to the great, staring eyes, as if to ask for pity and compassion, saying words you could not understand, but that meant, "See, see! help Banbee!"

The missionary had some medicine with her; for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went softly towards the little girl and took her hand, telling her she was a friend and wanted to help her bear the pain. And, as she bathed the hand in a cool wash, she told her the story of Jesus and his great love for little children—how he came to earth to save just such little ones as Banbee. And then she explained how perfectly useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood. It was indeed a wonderful story for Banbee to hear; and Jesus seemed just the friend that she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. And at last she took Jesus for her friend and Saviour, and is now telling the story of his love and tenderness to children.

## CARRIE'S HYMN.

"I WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard him speak."

So sung little Carrie as she ran lightly down the steps and along the garden-path. Over and over she sung it in her sweet, childish voice, and while she sung she felt very good and happy. But Carrie was not thinking the words down in her heart; they were only on her lips. If they had been in her heart, she would not have done what she did just after she had skipped down the garden singing.

At the gate stood a poor ragged little boy. He was peeping through the railings, and thinking how pretty the flowers looked and what a nice little girl Carrie was. He could not hear the words she sung, but the tune pleased him, and when the little girl came near he looked at her and smiled, to show that he liked her. But how grieved he was when Carrie said to him roughly, "Go away, you naughty boy, and don't stand looking in at our gate!"

At first he thought she was in play, and he said, "Mayn't I look at the flowers?"

"No, you mayn't; so go away," said Carrie angrily. "I don't like little beggars."

Then the boy went away very sadly; and Carrie's papa, who had followed her, said: "O Carrie, who was singing 'I want to be like Jesus' just now? My little girl did not think what she was saying."

Carrie hung down her head, and wished that she had not been proud and angry;

and after that day she always tried to think what the words meant that she was singing. Will you not remember Carrie, and try to live your hymns as well as sing them.

## THE LITTLE VICTORIA.

WHEN Queen Victoria was a little girl she had a governess who was very strict; but, like many other little girls, Victoria didn't like to study very well. One day she found in her history a paper from which she learned that she would probably one day be the Queen of England. She did not know this before. The governess had put the paper there on purpose to attract the little girl's notice.

As soon as she found out the grand place she would have to fill some day, she went to her governess and said very earnestly, "I will be good; I will learn all you can teach me," and from that day she was very industrious and obedient.

This was the right spirit, and we all know how it led her to become the great and good queen she is.

Now you, little children, will never be kings and queens, but if God spares your lives, all of you can become good and useful men and women, and do a great deal to help your fellow-creatures.

## NAUGHTY WORDS.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said a little boy.

"It's no matter," said another boy; "what Joe Smith says goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," rejoined the other little boy, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right, "keep them out," for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in—*Selected.*

## OUR HAND IN CHRIST'S.

A LITTLE girl lay near death; she had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but her body was racked with pain; the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her father as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling: "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

Precious faith! "Jesus will not let it go." He loveth his own and will not leave them. No power can pluck them out of his hand.

Dear reader, does Jesus hold you by the hand? If he does not, it is only because you refuse to trust him.