



JAPANESE RIKSHAW.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

"If you love me," Jesus said,
"You must show it!"
If you really love the Saviour,
You will know it.

If you love your little brother,
Your dear father, or your mother,
You don't have to ask another
If it's so;
For you know
That your hearts are bound together.

ROSE, BIRD AND BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendour, and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness, but the selfish bud shriveled and withered away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not want to sing," but when his brother soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making wary listeners forget sorrows and bless the singer, the little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets I shall not have enough myself," said the brook, and it hoarded all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a filthy, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide awake rose; a buoyant, singing bird; and a leap-

ing refreshing brooklet, thought of these things, and said: "If I would have and would be, I must share all my goods with others; for

"To give is to live;
To deny is to die."

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THE LITTLE BRAVE.

BY ADRIANA HERMAN

It was an old game with the Monroe children; they had played "Indian" ever since Jessie and Dick could remember. And now that they were at Longdale farm for the summer, it was so much easier to go on the war-path across fields and through "sure enough" woods, than up and down the nursery stairs and out on the back porch.

One summer afternoon Eben took his tribe on a long tramp. All of a sudden, they found the sun gone, and twilight settling down. And where were they? Where was Setter Hill, back of the farm house? The children looked around,

and it seemed a strange world they were in; they climbed a fence and crossed a field and it seemed stranger than ever.

Alas! they did not see a tree or hill or bridge or barn that they had ever seen before!

"We are lost," said Eben throwing himself down on the grass, tired and discouraged and unhappy; "I don't believe we'll ever get back."

Dick began to whimper.

"Will the bears eat us?" he asked in a shaky voice, for bears had played a large part in their game.

Now Jessie had not been allowed to be anything but a prisoner in the Indian game, because she was only a girl, and a girl could not be an Indian brave and wear paint and feathers. But it was Jessie that said, "Pshaw! there are no bears in these fields, and if we just stick up my apron for a flag, father will soon come to find us."

So they gathered in a little group, and Dick held up the flag bravely. Every now and then Eben would give a long war-whoop. The darkness came close about them, and once an owl swept by them, hooting so dismally that Dick was terribly scared. Dear little Jess' heart trembled in the darkness out there on the hill, but she was so hard at work trying to comfort the boys, that when father at last found them, out under the stars, by Eben's whoops and halloos, she hadn't shed a tear—the little unpainted, unfeathered brave!

HER NAUGHTY HAT.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

And mamma looked in surprise
As wee Mary stood before her
With weeping but flashing eyes.

"I thought you would be so happy
When you saw your lovely hat.
What does make you cry so, dearest,
What does make you look like that?"

"It's my naughty new hat, mamma,
I don't want it on my head;
There's a beautiful birdie on it,
But the beautiful bird is dead.

"I think I will have a fun'ral;
The children shall come and sing,
To show all the other birdies
We grieve for the dear, dear thing.

"Yes," said mamma, as she kissed her;
"How thoughtless I must have been;
Better the birdie were buried
Than that it a hat should trim."

GOD, AND THE BOY IN KNEE PANTS.

"Why, that was thousands of years ago!" exclaimed Fred, in amazement.

"Well, the sun shone thousands of years ago, and the same sun is shining to-day," replied his mother.

"But, see here; I'm just a boy in knee pants."

"That is nothing dreadful. There are probably a hundred millions of you in the world, and knee pants are no farther from God than long pants."

Fred went out of the room, and pretty soon his father found him staring straight up into the sky. "Hunting for stars?" he asked, laughingly.

"No, sir," Fred stammered, confused; and then he, too, laughed and asked: "How much nearer to heaven are you than I, papa?"

"If you mean the blue heavens above, the top of my head is probably two feet nearer than yours; but if you mean the heart of God, there is not even that much difference, I am sure; for he loves a boy as well as a man."

"That's what mother said, but I could not understand what he could want with a boy in knee pants yet."

Fred's father pointed to where the workmen were building the stone walls of a house, and said: "You see, the mason is just fitting a small stone in the wall. A large one would not fit there. So there are hundreds of places where a boy fits into God's plan of the world, but a man would not. Time and again he has used boys, thousands of whom we have never heard of. So if you see any good that a boy can do—making another boy see the meanness of a mean act or the glory of an unselfish one, or protecting a dog or other creature, lightening life's burdens a little here and there for weary ones, and getting ready for the work of a man by-and-bye—remember that is one of God's calls to you to serve him, and that he wants all the boys in knee pants to stand in close to him, ready for his commands."