

This is only a sort of fable; but it shows us the good that patience does.

We have just had an illustration from an assembly of great men about the use of patience, now let us take another from an assembly of animals.

A LESSON FROM THE BARN-YARD.

"I learned a great lesson once," said a Christian lady, "in a barn-yard. It was a cold, frosty morning. I was looking out of a window into the barn-yard, where a great many cows, oxen, and horses were waiting to be watered. For a while they all stood very quiet and still. Presently, one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour. In a moment this cow kicked and hit her neighbour. She passed on the kick and the hit to the next. And directly the whole herd were kicking and hitting each other with great fury. I laughed to myself, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit!'"

And just so, we often see one cross word set a whole family of children to quarrelling. And if we feel impatient or cross when we are spoken to, let us remember how the fight began in the barn-yard. A little patience will save us from a great deal of trouble.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"O George Hays, just look here!" said little Madgie. "The old gray cat has jumped through this window, and broken cousin Alice's beautiful rose-geranium. Oh, isn't it too bad? How angry Alice will be!"

"My sister doesn't get angry at such things, Madgie," said George. "I never saw her angry but once in my life, and that was when some boys worried a poor little kitten almost to death."

"But this is so provoking, Georgy. Anybody would be angry."

"It is really too bad, but you see if Alice does not try to make the best of it—"

"Perhaps she may," said Madgie, "but I don't see how it can be done!"

Pretty soon Alice came into the room. Her sunny face was beaming with the bright spirit that reigned within. She was humming a sweet morning song, but she stopped suddenly before the broken geranium. "Ah, who has done this?" she cried.

"That ugly old cat broke it, cousin Alice," said Madgie; "I saw her myself."

"Poor puss, she didn't know what mischief she was doing. It was the very pet of all my flowers. But come, little cousin, don't look so long-faced about it; we must try and make the best of it."

"I don't see that there is any best about this, Alice," said Madgie.

"Oh yes, there is. It is not nearly as bad as it might be. The fine stalk is not injured, and it will soon send forth new shoots. This large broken branch will be lovely to make bouquets of. Let us arrange a little one for mother's room. We will put this cluster of scarlet blossom in a wine-glass, and you may run out into the garden and gather a few snowdrops to put round it. There, now, was there ever anything so beautiful? Now we will set the wine-glass in this little saucer, and put some geranium leaves around the edge with a few snowdrops mingled among them. Mother will admire it; she loves flowers so much. Now, my little cousin, don't you think there is a bright side to this accident? I am not sure but that pussy did us a favour by giving us so much pleasure in an unexpected way."

"I think you have found the bright side, Alice; but I never could have done it. I almost wanted the old cat killed."

"There is a bright side to everything, my dear Madgie," said Alice, "if we only have patience to look for it, and ask God to help us. Always look for the bright side. It will save you from a great deal of trouble, and will be like the famous stone which so many have